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HENNELL ON THE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY.*

THE present aspect of the world of Theology is highly interesting to a philosophic looker-on; a new geological formation seems to be taking place in the Great Sahara of theological speculation. Doctrines which have come down to us, bearded with venerable antiquity; conclusions that have passed unchallenged through centuries of doubt; oracles and myths and confident assertions and timid conjectures, emboldened at last by success to assume command over ingenuous youth and experienced wisdom, — all of these meet with a reception in our time a little different from what they have received in days of yore. There was a time when the Spirit of Freedom dared not enter the domain of Theology. The Priest uttered the Anathema: HE THAT DOUBTETH IS DAMNED, and Freedom fled away. Next, men insinuated what they dared not say. The descendants of Porphyry, Celsus, Marcion, might be hanged or burned, but the children of Lucian and Olympiodorus continued to flourish. Servetus could be got rid of, but Bayle could not be hanged; and as for reasoning with such men, it were as well to reason with a cloud, or to wrestle with Proteus and Nereus. They defied equally argument and faggots. Now a different day has come, and grave men venture in their own name, and with no coverture, to assail doctrines ancient and time-honored, and ask them their RIGHT TO BE. It is curious to see how this spirit

* An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity, by CHARLES C. HENNELL. Second Edition. London: Sold by T. Allman, 42 Holborn Hill. 1841.

appears in all countries distinguished by liberal culture, at the same time; and often under circumstances, which prove that hearty thinkers have come independently to the same result. We see this in New England, in Old England, France, and Germany. Matters long ago hammered and pronounced complete, are brought up again to the furnace and the anvil; old questions are asked over anew, when the old answer did not suit the case; others come up each century anew.

Some tell us the Reformation was a mistake; that "we have too much religious knowledge," exclaiming at sunrise, as the Jews in exile, "would God it were night!" They see the religious world lies weak and low, diseased with materialism, covetousness, sick as Job with complicated distress; that the consecrated leeches are confounded, and have no counsel, but that of Job's friends; they look back to the hour of past darkness and say, "We remember the flesh which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers and the melons and the leeks and the onions and the garlic. Let us return thither; the gods of Egypt were true gods, they baked us bread, and they thought for us. Let us put on the surplices and the copes and the stoles and the hoods and the cassocks and the bands of our fathers, and let us kneel as they knelt, and repeat their prayers and their psaltery and their vows, and we shall be as gods." Others think the past was all wrong, the present all bad. We are to prepare for the future by forgetting all that has been learned in six thousand years of toil. "Experience," say they, "lies; History is a deceiver; a fact is a falsehood; nothing is so doubtful as what men are certain of. The world is sick, but the cure is easy. Abolish marriage, and unchastity will perish; annihilate property, covetousness and indolence will die out with no struggle; repeal the laws, destroy the jails, hang the Judges, crime shall end; shut up the schools, annul the Sabbath, burn the Bible, and pluck down the churches, all men will instantly become wise as Plato, and holy as Francis of Sales. Cold and famine shall be no more, if you will go naked and leave the earth untilled. Come up to us, ye sons of men, and we will teach you the way of Life."

Now between these two parties — which we have but little overcolored — are all sorts of sects and opinions,

fighting with promiscuous din. Men of one idea, which they call the universe; men of vast thought, at least of vast counsel; a philosopher, chasing his own shadow and clutching thereat, as if it were the very substance, or even the Archetypal Idea; a poet, who would reform the world with moonshine, and men here and there, who apply right reasons to facts, and all these, acting with freedom never known before — no wonder there is some little confusion in the world. We have often thought if there were what the ancients called "a soul of the world," it must have a hard time of it. But out of what seems anarchy to finite eyes, the all-bountiful Father surely wins the fair result of universal harmony; —

"All nature's difference makes all nature's peace."

But to return from our wanderings. There is one point in theological discussion of great interest at the present day, that is, the History of the New Testament, or the History of Christ, for the two are most intimately connected, though not essentially so, for it is plain Jesus was the same before as after the New Testament was written. The New Testament has never since the second century been so freely examined and speculated upon as now. The several important works relative to this subject, which have recently appeared in France, Germany, and England, are curious signs of the times.* If we compare these, as a whole, with former works on the same theme, we see they are written in a new method and in a new spirit; written with freedom and openness, and without insinuations and sneers. Some writers, we believe, still contend that every word in the New Testament and Old Testament is to be regarded as the word of God, infallible, divine, miraculously given to mankind. Others attempt, though guardedly, to separate Christianity from its documents; so they deny that it is to stand or fall with the inspiration of the Old Testament. Then they attempt to rationalize the New Testament by expunging from it, as far as possible, all that is most hostile to reason. Thus some, in high theological place, do not hesitate to say that mythical stories run through the New Testament; that Paul sometimes reasons ill; that the early apostles were deceived in

* The works of Salvador, Hase, Strauss, and Bauer.

fancying the world was soon to end, in their time; that, even in the Gospels there are things which cannot be credited; that the conscientious Christian is not bound to believe that the angels, who announced the miraculous birth of Jesus, had Hebrew or Babylonian names, or that they sung passages out of the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament, and misquoted as they sung. Some grave men in New England, of undoubted soundness in the faith, teach that the angel, who delivered Peter from the prison, was a man with a bag of money to bribe the jailor. Some, too, while they hold fast to each iota of the canonical text of the New Testament, allow themselves good latitude in explaining the Old Testament, and teach that Moses wrote no part of it; that its miracles are false; its Psalms but good devotional poetry; and its Prophets were but pious and noble-minded men, who had no more of miraculous inspiration than Malchus and Cassandra and Tiresias. These admissions they make from love of truth, and out of regard to the letter of the New Testament, for they are willing to save the most valuable by losing the inferior part.

The questions about the origin of the Christian records, about the origin and history of Christ, we think are not *religious* nor even *theological* questions. They are interesting subjects of inquiry, and belong to the department of human archæology; subjects of great interest, but not of the same vital moment with the inquiry about God, the Soul, Religion, Immortality, and Life. We rejoice exceedingly in the attention now bestowed upon these themes, and have no doubt it will produce much good for the present and the future. The work of Mr. Hennell is a remarkable phenomenon in English Theology, appearing contemporary with the strong conservative movement of the more spiritual part of the established church. The author — like Abelard, Grotius, Leclerc, Eichhorn, and Gesenius, and other great names in Theology — is not a clergyman. He is, we are told, a merchant of London, who has found time to make the requisite research into ancient and modern writers, and produce this new and valuable treatise on the origin of Christianity. The first edition was published in 1838. He says "the hypothesis, that there is a mixture of truth and fable in the Gospels, has been admitted . . by

many critics bearing the Christian name. The same method of free investigation, which led Priestley and Belsham to throw doubt upon the truth of the opening chapters of Matthew and Luke, may allow other inquirers to make further excisions from the gospel history." * The author began his own inquiry in the belief, that the miraculous facts supposed to lie at the foundation of Christianity could not be shaken. He aimed to get at the truth; thus avoiding the twofold error of the *believer*, who starts with the fixed idea, that the New Testament is divinely inspired, and of the *unbeliever*, who searches for faults rather than the truth. He wishes his book to be considered "as employed in the real service of Christianity rather than an attack upon it." His aim is "simply to investigate the origin of the religion, uninfluenced by speculation on the consequences."

The work is divided into eighteen chapters, on the following subjects: — Historical Sketch from the Babylonish captivity to the death of Jesus, and thence to the end of the first century; the date and credibility of the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; Examination of the accounts of the Resurrection and Ascension, and on the other miracles in the four Gospels, and those in the Acts of the Apostles; general objections to the miracles of Jesus, and the evidence afforded to the miracles by the Apostolic writings; on the prophecies; the parts of Isaiah supposed to relate to Christianity; on the book of Daniel; whether Jesus foretold his own death and resurrection; on the character, views, and doctrine of Jesus; comparison of the precepts of Jesus with Jewish writings; concluding reflections. A brief Appendix is added, which treats more minutely some points touched upon in the text.

We will give an analysis of the more important portions of the book. He shows the gradual growth of the Messianic idea among the Jews, and the romantic form it assumed in the time of their restoration from captivity. He gives, from Josephus and Philo, an account of the Essenes,

* This has been done already by some moderns. Mr. Norton, in his highly valuable treatise, The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels, Boston, 1837, thinks the following passages highly doubtful: Math. chaps. i., ii., xxvii. 3–10, 52, 53. Mark xvi. 9–20. Luke xxii. 43, 44. John v. 3, 4, vii. 53, viii. 11, xxi. 24, 25.

the third philosophical sect of the Jews. As Josephus is in all hands we will only refer to his works,* but will give the extract from Philo describing the Essenes.

"Palestine and Syria are not unproductive of honorable and good men, but are occupied by numbers, not inconsiderable, compared even with the very populous nation of the Jews. These, exceeding four thousand, are called Essenes, which name, though not, in my opinion, formed by strict analogy, corresponds in Greek to the word 'holy.' For they have attained the highest holiness in the worship of God, and that not by sacrificing animals, but by cultivating purity of heart. They live principally in villages. Some cultivate the ground; others pursue the arts of peace, and such employments as are beneficial to themselves without injury to their neighbors. They are the only people who, though destitute of money and possessions, felicitate themselves as rich, deeming riches to consist in frugality and contentment. Among them no one manufactures darts, arrows, or weapons of war. They decline trade, commerce, and navigation, as incentives to covetousness; nor have they any slaves among them, but all are free, and all in their turn administer to others. They condemn the owners of slaves as tyrants, who violate the principles of justice and equality.

"As to learning, they leave that branch of it which is called logic, as not necessary to the acquisition of virtue, to fierce disputants about words; and cultivate natural philosophy only so far as respects the existence of God and the creation of the universe: other parts of natural knowledge they give up to vain and subtle metaphysicians, as really surpassing the powers of man. But moral philosophy they eagerly study, conformably to the established laws of their country, the excellence of which the human mind can hardly comprehend without the inspiration of God.

"These laws they study at all times, but more especially on the Sabbath. Regarding the seventh day as holy, they abstain on it from all other works, and assemble in those sacred places which are called *Synagogues*, arranging themselves according to their age, the younger below his senior, with a deportment grave, becoming, and attentive. Then one of them, taking the *Bible*, reads a portion of it, the obscure parts of which are explained by another more skilful person. For most of the Scriptures they interpret in that symbolical sense which they have zealously copied from the patriarchs; and the subjects of instruction are piety, holiness, righteousness; domestic and political economy; the knowledge of things really good, bad, and indifferent; what

* *Wars*, ii. ch. 8. *Antiq.* xviii. 1.

objects ought to be pursued, and what to be avoided. In discussing these topics, the ends which they have in view, and to which they refer as so many rules to guide them, are the love of God, the love of virtue, and the love of man. Of their love to God they give innumerable proofs by leading a life of continued purity, unstained by oaths and falsehoods, by regarding him as the author of every good, and the cause of no evil. They evince their attachment to virtue by their freedom from avarice, from ambition, from sensual pleasure; by their temperance and patience; by their frugality, simplicity, and contentment; by their humility, their regard to the laws, and other similar virtues. Their love to man is evinced by their benignity, their equity, and their liberality, of which it is not improper to give a short account, though no language can adequately describe it.

"In the first place, there exists among them no house, however private, which is not open to the reception of all the rest; and not only the members of the same society assemble under the same domestic roof, but even strangers of the same persuasion have free admission to join them. There is but one treasure, whence all derive subsistence; and not only their provisions, but their clothes are common property. Such mode of living under the same roof, and of dieting at the same table, cannot, in fact, be proved to have been adopted by any other description of men.

"The sick are not despised or neglected, but live in ease and affluence, receiving from the treasury whatever their disorder or their exigencies require. The aged, too, among them, are loved, revered, and attended as parents by affectionate children; and a thousand hands and hearts prop their tottering years with comforts of every kind. Such are the champions of virtue, which philosophy, without the parade of Grecian oratory, produces, proposing, as the end of their institutions, the performance of those laudable actions which destroy slavery and render freedom invincible.

"This effect is evinced by the many powerful men who rise against the Essenes in their own country, in consequence of differing from them in principles and sentiments. Some of these persecutors, being eager to surpass the fierceness of untamed beasts, omit no measure that may gratify their cruelty; and they cease not to sacrifice whole flocks of those within their power; or like butchers, to tear their limbs in pieces, until themselves are brought to that justice, which superintends the affairs of men. Yet not one of these furious persecutors has been able to substantiate any accusation against this band of holy men. On the other hand, all men, captivated by their integrity and honor, unite with them as those who truly enjoy the freedom and independence of nature, admiring their communion and liber-

ality, which language cannot describe, and which is the surest pledge of a perfect and happy life." — pp. 17 – 20.

Of the Pharisees and Sadducees nothing need now be said. He gives an account of what Josephus calls a *fourth* philosophic sect, of which Judas, the Galilean, was the author, and adds: —

"It appears very clear that the most distinguishing feature of the new sect of Judas, was the revival in a more emphatic manner of the ancient traditionary expectation of a Kingdom of God, or of Heaven. He taught that men should regard God as their only ruler and Lord, and despise the apparent strength of the hateful foreigners, since God who had so often delivered his people, would be able to protect them again, if they were not wanting to themselves. He called into new life the slumbering hopes of Israel, and bid him endeavor to regain the glories of his long-lost theocracy, which might possibly be destined to reappear speedily, and in splendor proportionate to its present obscuration, provided only the nation would perform its own part." — pp. 27, 28.

He considers John the Baptist an enthusiastic Essene, who imitated Elijah, as announced by Malachi, and combined the doctrines of the Essenes with those of Judas, omitting the warlike tendency of the latter. John produced a strong excitement; crowds came to hear him, and such as believed "partook of the waters of purification," and were baptized after the fashion of the Essenes. Among his followers "was a Galilean named Jesus, the son of Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, — a peasant of Galilee, possessed of one of those gifted minds which are able to make an impression on mankind." He expected the miraculous elevation of the Jews, and thought himself the prophet and prince who should fill the throne of David. A sincere believer in the authority of Moses and the prophets, he drew his chief materials of thought from observation on men and things about him; commented freely on the Scriptures, giving them his own meaning, and delivering his own thoughts with great power. He retained the pure morality of the Essenes, but omitted their austerities; adopted the liberalism of Judas, but not his incendiary policy. Jesus determined to imitate Moses by assuming the character of the Messiah. The preaching of John raised him from the obscurity of a carpenter of Nazareth, and he then began to

preach the kingdom of Heaven, which was quite as much political as spiritual.* This, we think, is one of the weakest parts of the book, and wonder how a writer so clear-headed and free from prejudice should arrive at this conclusion. But to proceed. Rude men would suppose a man of great spiritual power must command nature as well as man; Jesus himself might share the opinion; therefore, when the multitude urged him to heal their diseases, he spoke the word, and their confidence in his power in some cases effected a cure.† Certain diseases were popularly ascribed to demons entering the human body; it was believed some men had power of expelling them. In some an authoritative word might effect a momentary calm, or the excitement of the patient produce the appearance of recovery. The story would be enlarged in passing from mouth to mouth, and the reputation of Jesus as a miracle-worker soon be established. The Jewish rulers who had put John to death, sought to arrest Jesus. He avoided the danger by flying to the desert. But this could not last long. He determined to go to Jerusalem and claim the Messiahship; made his entry into Jerusalem riding on an ass-colt, to apply to himself a passage of Zechariah supposed to relate to the Messiah. The people proclaimed him as the Son of David, and he preached to them in defiance of the rulers. A few of the nobles befriended him in secret. But Jesus began to change his own views, and to expect a kingdom hereafter to be revealed from Heaven, and when in the time of greatest trial "behaved like a Prophet, Messiah, and Son of God, for he believed himself to be such."

After his burial in the tomb and garden, Mr. Hennell thinks Joseph feared that trouble might befall him for his connection with Jesus, and therefore removed the body from the tomb, or that part of it where it had been first placed, and "directed the agent who remained in charge of the open sepulchre to inform the visitants that Jesus was

* See Reinhard's Plan of the Founder of Christianity (New York, 1841), where this and similar views are ably opposed.

† Instances of this sort, we are told, are not unknown to medical men. A writer so enlightened as Mr. Furness (Jesus and his Biographers) thinks great spiritual excellence gives power over nature. Father Matthew, it is said, has sometimes found it difficult to convince the rude men of Ireland that he could not *work a miracle.*

not there, but that they should behold him in Galilee." The message was first given to Mary Magdalene, and the occurrence was at length converted into the appearance of an angel, of two angels, and finally of Jesus himself. Then came the old notion that the Messiah must come in the clouds of Heaven, and the apparently mysterious circumstances of his death strengthened their belief in his Messiahship, and the expectation of his approaching kingdom returned as the belief of his future reappearance gained ground. The followers of Christ were only to wait. They now preached as before the kingdom of God, but added, that Jesus was the Messiah and would soon reappear as King of Israel and introduce that kingdom. The resurrection of Jesus confirmed the Pharisaic and popular doctrine of the restoration of the body. At the feast, seven weeks after the crucifixion, three thousand joined the followers of Jesus, and a little later five thousand more. Here was a new religious party among the Jews. The Pharisees favored it; but as it became unpopular with them, it became acceptable with the Judaizing Gentiles. Cornelius, a centurion of Cesarea, and others, were baptized as followers of Jesus. Two parties were formed in the new sect, the one adhering strictly to the old Mosaic ritual, the other departing from it. The character of the Messiah is changed from the "Son of David," and "King of Israel," to "the Judge of mankind." Paul is converted, and the new faith is modified still more.

"The form, then, which the Essene Judaism assumed in the hands of Paul was this, — that men were everywhere called to repentance and purity of life, in order to prepare them for the kingdom of God and the second coming of the Messiah or Christ, whose office was to judge the world; that Jesus of Nazareth had been proved to be the Messiah by being raised from the dead; and that, in order to partake in the privileges of his kingdom, an open acknowledgment of his authority, and a belief in his resurrection, were alone necessary." — p. 68.

"Judaism, or the religion of one Deity, as reformed by Paul, and disencumbered of circumcision and the Mosaic rites, found a ready reception amongst the Greeks and Romans, with whom polytheism was nearly grown out of fashion. The philosophy of Epicurus had degenerated into sensualism. Platonism consisted of speculations unintelligible out of the schools. Christianity as preached by Paul was well adapted to fill the void in the philo-

sophic and religious world. It contained the sublime and agreeable doctrines of the paternal character of God and the resurrection of mankind; its asserted miracles and accomplished prophecies, the resurrection of Jesus, and the coming judgment of the world, were of a nature to please and excite the imagination; and its fraternal system of society tended to excite emulation and keep up enthusiasm. To follow a crucified Jew might be at first a fearful stumbling-block; but the mournful fates of Osiris, Adonis, and Hercules, followed by a glorious apotheosis, would suggest parallels sufficient to throw lustre on the story of Jesus; and the Messiah, persecuted to death and raised again, probably appealed more strongly to the imagination and the heart than if he had appeared merely as another triumphant hero demanding allegiance. Besides, the death of Christ came to be invested with a mysterious grandeur, by being represented as the great antetype of an ancient and venerable system of sacrifices, and as the offering of a paschal lamb on behalf of all mankind." — p. 70.

When the great troubles befel the Jewish state, the Christians expected the end of the world, and the reappearance of Christ. The men of Jerusalem showed that the Messiah must be only a spiritual king. The first Gospel was published about 68 or 70, A. C., and followed by many imitations. The distance of thirty-seven years from the death of Christ allowed the introduction of many fables concerning his person and character, and the doctrine of the miraculous conception arose, which the greater part of the Jewish church refused to admit. Christianity formed an alliance with the Platonism of the Alexandrian school, the result of which was a new doctrine concerning the person of Jesus, to which prominence was given by the publication of another Gospel under the name of John. Plato had spoken of the Logos, the divine wisdom or intelligence. The Platonic Jews personified it as a divine emanation, — the visible image of the invisible God, the medium by which he made the world and communicated with Abraham, Moses, and the prophets. The writer of the fourth Gospel added that *Jesus* was the Logos. Thus to the Jews, Christ fulfilled the Law and the Prophets; to the Greeks, he appeared to complete the scheme of Plato. Thus the Judaism of Nazareth gave the important truths of Platonism an influence in the business of the world, and opened for them an entrance into the affections, and ob-

tained for them an empire over the will of the multitudes. By the end of the first century "Jesus of Nazareth had advanced from the characters of the carpenter's son, the prophet of Gallilee, the king of Israel, the Judge of mankind, to be the LOGOS, OR INCARNATE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DEITY; and shortly afterwards the gradation was completed by IDENTIFYING HIM WITH GOD HIMSELF." p. 93.

Mr. Hennell next proceeds to consider the credibility of the four Gospels. The contents of the first Gospel show that it was written between 66 and 70, A. C., for chapter xxiv. mentions things which agree very well with events up to that time, but disagree with them after it. Irenæus, Origen, and Epiphanius, mention a Gospel of Matthew written in Hebrew, but we know little about him. He quotes from the Old Testament, as prophecies relating to Jesus, texts which are found to have nothing to do with Jesus.* If he would force the prophecies to *accommodate* his own views, he might also tamper with facts. In the second series of fourteen kings, ch. i., he omits four kings. The account of Herod murdering the young children is not confirmed by other historians; that of the birth of Jesus, if found by itself, would be considered as a wild Eastern tale; his adventures with the devil would be mentioned by few persons in modern times, except as a poetical vision. In the account of the crucifixion, the author of this Gospel mentions an earthquake, a rending of the rocks, the opening of the graves, and the resurrection of many bodies of the saints, — events no where else alluded to in the New Testament. He mentions six supernatural dreams;† sometimes he relates events in a natural manner; but sometimes adds what could not be known. Thus he gives the prayers and tells the movements of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane, when the only persons present were asleep. This sort of embellishment shows itself frequently in the discourses and parables. The passage, x. 16 – 42, contains some things which could hardly have been intelligible in the time when they are alleged to have been spoken, but were suitable to the period when the book was written.

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* E. g. ii. 15 (compare Hos. xii. 1) ii. 6, (Mic. v. 2) ii. 23 is not in the Old Testament, (but see Jud. xiii. 5, ch. ii. 17 sq., iv. 19 sq., xxi. 1; Zach. ix. 9, &c. &c.)

† I. 20; ii. 12, 13, 19, 22; xxvii. 19.

He thinks that real events occupy a larger part of this book than fiction; that it contains many things as they were delivered by the original eyewitness, and many more proceeding from him, but with some variation. It is clear that Matthew was this eyewitness, but not that he was the compiler of the *whole* Gospel. Many parts could scarcely proceed from an eyewitness. If the writer had been an apostle, he would have written independent of the church traditions, and if necessary have corrected them; but, on the contrary, he seems to gather his materials from them, as it appears from the double version of the same event, the cure of the blind man, the feedings, the demand of a sign, the accusation respecting Beelzebub. Again Papias and others say that Matthew wrote in *Hebrew;* but no one mentions that he ever saw the Hebrew original of the Greek Gospel according to Matthew. Hence it might be supposed that Matthew wrote only some fragments (*Logia* as Papias calls them) in Hebrew, and some one after him wrote the Greek Gospel in our hands, incorporating those fragments, and so it was called the Gospel *according* to Matthew, and in the next century the work of that apostle.*

"Upon the whole, then, the most that we can conclude seems to be, that this Gospel was the work of some one who became a member of the Jewish church before the war, and who collected the relics of the acts and sayings of Jesus reported by Matthew the apostle, introducing some traditions which he found elsewhere, and filling up copiously from his own invention. His aim was, probably, to do honor to Jesus and the common cause, to strengthen the church under the trying circumstances of the times, and to be the author of a work which should be generally acceptable to his brethren. That such a man should not always adhere to strict truth seems quite consistent with human nature, since in the subsequent times, and in the Christian Church, we find pious men and sincere believers allowing themselves to countenance palpable falsehoods." — p. 124.

The second Gospel is ascribed to Mark, the companion of Peter. For its authorship we have the testimony of Papias, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Eusebius,

* See the recent literature on the subject of the language and author of the first Gospel in Neudecker, Lehrbuch der hist. krit. Einleit. in N. T. Leip. 1840. § 23. sqq.

Epiphanius, and others. But these authorities do not decide that Peter sanctioned or knew what Mark wrote. He copied from Matthew in part, and adds other historical details, but mixes these relics of reality with some spurious matter. He seems to "have had access to one of the channels of original information not very far from its source." But he is often unconscious of the primary nature of what he records, for he saw things through the medium of his time and place, and not in their original light. He has lost sight of the semi-political bearing of the Messianic scheme; identifies the kingdom of God with the spread of the gospel, to soften the severe Judaism, that appears in Matthew, into a shape more fitting for Gentile readers.* He attempts to aggrandize Jesus by repeating the amazement of the beholders of his miracles, the great numbers attracted by him, the confession of the devils, and neglects the greater part of the most eloquent discourses and parables in Matthew. He becomes a kind of tacit commentator on the first Gospel, and we see that an intimate friend of Peter omits some of the most striking passages of Matthew, the miraculous birth and temptation of Christ, Peter's casting himself into the sea, the promise of the keys, and the miracle of the fish with money in its mouth. He omits also the dream of Pilate's wife, as well as the other five dreams of Matthew; the resurrection of the saints, and the earthquake. "It is difficult to avoid concluding that he omitted these things because he did not believe them." "He found that they were not sanctioned by Peter, or by any traditions of repute, . . and determined that his work should not be encumbered with so much total and pure ornamental fiction."

"It is impossible to regard Mark's suppression of these passages otherwise than as a tacit condemnation of Matthew. In later times, when the means of ascertaining the truth of each story had diminished, and the whole four Gospels came to be believed in a mass, as resting upon the same authority, divine inspiration, these same questionable passages have been favorite ones with Christians, as proving most strikingly the miraculous character of Jesus." — p. 148.

* See i. 14, 15; compare iii. 14, 15, with Math. x. 1-8; vi. 30, 31, with Math. xiv. 12, 13. He omits passages of Matthew which related chiefly to Jewish interests.

Taken by itself the second is less intelligible than the first Gospel; but with that and Josephus, it not only throws light on the attempt of Jesus, but marks the grade in the modifications under which his disciples afterwards viewed him.

Luke made use of both his predecessors, but has many stories and parables of his own, which he selected from popular tradition or previous writers. He sometimes agrees with Matthew and Mark, but sometimes differs from them; for in his time they were not received with the same deference as now. His order is confused, and probably in some instances he did not know the meaning of what he repeated. He does not expand parables and discourses to suit his own times. The fictions he adopts — the visits of Gabriel to Zacharias and Mary, the scenes at the temple, the appearance of the angels to the shepherds, and of Jesus to the two disciples at Emmaus, — indicate a more refined imagination, than the tales of Joseph and the angel, Herod and the Magi. The parables which he adds, — the lost sheep, the prodigal son, the good Samaritan, Lazarus and the rich man, — are equal to any in the Gospels. But we find also in him the ascetic and monastic doctrines of the more rigorous Essenes. Luke does not say he had his facts from eyewitnesses.

To take all the three Gospels together — it appears that they were written a considerable time after the events they relate; it is probable, though not certain, that the writers learned some parts from apostles or eyewitnesses, but it is uncertain which the parts are, and it is probable they are largely mingled with second-hand narratives, hearsay, and traditions; "there is strong probability that the accordant portions of the three histories contain a tolerably correct outline of the chief events of Christ's life; but some errors might find their way into all three by the mistakes or inventions of the first writers, or the traditions on which they all depended." "So in the three Gospels, after making every allowance for probable, veritable, and fiction, . . . there still seems to remain so much of reality, that the attempt of Jesus to assume the Messiahship, his public preaching in Galilee and Jerusalem, and his crucifixion might be considered from the testimony of these three writers alone, as facts deserving a place in history; which

conclusion is strongly supported by other writings and subsequent events." — pp. 175, 176.

The fourth Gospel, he thinks, was written about 97 A. C. This is of a very different character. Christ's discourses are long controversial orations without parables; the Kingdom of Heaven is nearly lost sight of; the fall of Jerusalem never alluded to. Several new subjects are introduced: the incarnation of the Logos in Christ; his coming down from Heaven, and the promise of the Comforter or Holy Spirit. Mr. Hennell thinks it probable that John did not put the detached parts of the book together himself, and adds that it is difficult to determine whether the compiler or transcriber did not add the last chapter, and improve upon the apostle's words elsewhere. The circumstances of the place (Ephesus) and time explain the difference in the subjects treated of in this and the former Gospels.

"This Gospel appears accordingly to be the attempt of a half-educated but zealous follower of Jesus, to engraft his conceptions of the Platonic philosophy upon the original faith of the disciples. The divine wisdom, or logos, or light, proceeding from God, of which so much had been said in the Alexandrian school, he tells us became a man or flesh in the person of Jesus, dwelt for a time on earth, and ascended up where he was before, and where he had been from the beginning, into the bosom of the Father.

"Consequently, this Gospel shows throughout a double or Christiano-Platonic object; first to prove that Jesus is the Christ, which was common to all the apostles, and secondly that the Christ is the Son of God or Logos which descended from heaven to give light to men." — p. 180.

"To endeavor to reconcile John with his predecessors on the hypothesis, that all four wrote invariably true and correct history, is evidently hopeless. The discrepancies are so far important as to lead us inevitably to infer that in some of them, and probably in all four, there is a large measure of that incorrectness which proceeds from imperfect knowledge, forgetfulness, or neglect. In the case of John, they are to such an extent as to show that neither he nor his compiler paid much regard to the Gospels of his predecessors, or used them as a guide in forming a new one. An apostle indeed could not be expected sedulously to frame his discourses so as to agree with the works of previous compilers, if he had known them; but a disregard of them, allowing of manifest contradictions, implies either that those works were but little known in his church, or that they had not yet become standards of authority." — p. 186.

In Ch. VII. he examines the accounts of the resurrection and ascension of Christ, with much ingenuity, patience, and candor, as it seems to us, and comes to the conclusion we have already stated. Perhaps it is the most valuable chapter in the whole treatise. We shall attempt no analysis of it. From the valuable chapters on miracles we will quote the following.

"John alone relates the raising of Lazarus, which, if his account were true, was the most splendid and public of all the miracles. For, according to him, it was done before friends and enemies, without any of the usual prohibitions to tell of it; many came to see Lazarus at the supper at Bethany, and the people bare record of it when Jesus entered publicly into Jerusalem.

"But, notwithstanding all this, neither Matthew, Mark, nor Luke appears to have had any knowledge of the affair." — p. 280.

"The story of Lazarus seems again to be forced upon the attention of the first three Evangelists, when they relate the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the conduct of the multitude; for John says, that the people then bare record of his having raised Lazarus. But here also they make not the slightest allusion to it.

"It is impossible to conceive any plausible reason for this concealment, when the same three Evangelists appear so willing to relate all the miracles they were acquainted with, and actually relate some which were said to be done in secret. That they had all forgotten this miracle so completely that it did not once occur to them whilst relating the connected circumstances, cannot be imagined; and if any miracle deserved a preference in the eyes of narrators disposed to do honor to Christ, or even to give a faithful account of him, it was this.

"The Acts and Epistles nowhere allude to this story, although it would have afforded Paul a very good instance of the resurrection of the body. 1 Cor. xv. 35.

"The first mention, therefore, of the most public and decisive of the miracles appears in a writing published at Ephesus sixty years afterwards." — pp. 281, 282.

"Most of the miracles attributed to Christ are of the same kind, viz. the removal of natural penalties. If, on opening the book which records his claims as a divine messenger, we were to find, instead of these stories of such difficult verification, declarations of the causes of blindness, fever, and palsy, and warnings to mankind to abstain from the courses which lead to such evils, the book would carry with it an evidence increasing

with the lapse of ages; since the possession of such knowledge by a person in the age, country, and circumstances of Christ, would be as miraculous as any of the works referred to: and all readers on finding that the results of the most advanced stages of human knowledge had been anticipated by the peasant of Galilee, must themselves exclaim, "Whence had this man this knowledge, having never learned?" and "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher sent by God, for no man could have this wisdom unless God were with him." — p. 298.

Chapters XII., XIII., and XIV. on the prophecies, are valuable essays, which we shall pass over, as similar views have long since been openly avowed and publicly taught by some learned men in this century.* We will, however, give the following extracts.

"There are few nations whose early literature does not contain predictions and pretended accomplishments of predictions. But Cumæ and Delphos lost their credit even in ancient times. The supposed Jewish oracles still play a conspicuous part in the religion of the day. Yet on comparing them closely with history, accomplishment and failure alternate to such an extent, that one important resemblance to their heathen kindred becomes palpable: their credit can only be maintained by preserving their ambiguity."

"As to the New Testament fulfilling the prophecies of the Old, — in the two most conspicuous features of Jewish prophecy there could not be a more decided failure. A triumphant successor of David was promised, and a carpenter's son was crucified. Zion was to be exalted, and Zion was demolished. Nor were the Christian prophecies more fortunate. — The Son of man was to appear again before that generation passed away, and he has not yet appeared."

"The Æneid contains many prophetical allusions to the affairs of Rome, and in the sixth book the shade of Anchises shows himself well acquainted with Roman History up to the time of Augustus, but attempts to foretel nothing beyond it. From passages of this kind the common reader would have inferred the time of the writer to be about or after that date. But suppose that Virgil had concealed his name and date, and that some religious interest were attached to the belief in the divine inspiration of his writings; it would then be taken for granted that the author lived at the beginning, not the end, of the prophecy, and the whole poem might by the allegorizing system be easily converted into a prophetical type. If the interpreter were a

* See Christian Examiner for 1833, vol. xvi. p. 321, sqq. See also vol. v. p. 348, sq.

Catholic, the victories of the Trojan hero might prefigure the small beginnings of the Roman see on the same plains of Latium; his pious abandonment of the Carthaginian queen being exactly the type of Papal Rome's compulsory separation by divine decree from its mistress Constantinople. The prediction of Anchises, 'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,' was fully verified, as Peter's pence could bear witness. "Cœlique meatus describent alii melius,' Galileo proved to be true. 'Debellare superbos,' how exactly fulfilled in the person of the Emperor Henry IV., and 'parcere subjectis,' in the lenity shown by Pius VII. towards Napoleon, who was, or ought to have been, spiritually his subject! Certainly a Papist, who might be inclined thus to turn Virgil to account, would find less labor than has been encountered by Protestant divines, with the Book of Daniel, for the sake of identifying the Pope with the 'man of sin.'" — pp. 401, 402, 403.

Mr. Hennell thinks Jesus naturally foresaw that he must fall a martyr to his convictions, but by no means uttered such distinct prophecies of his death and resurrection as the Evangelists put into his mouth. If he had done so, we could not explain the surprise of the disciples and their unwillingness to believe the resurrection, which John explains by saying, "They knew not the Scriptures, that he must rise again from the dead."

The chapter "on the character, views, and doctrine of Christ," is to us more repulsive than any other in the book. He considers Jesus to have been an *Enthusiast*, who believed himself the predicted King of the Jews; a *Revolutionist*, expecting to restore the kingdom to Israel, by means of a popular insurrection, and procuring everlasting life to such as forsook houses and lands for his sake! How any one can come to this conclusion we cannot readily discern. True, he calls himself the Son of God; but does he make that claim for none but himself? True, he preached the kingdom of God; but is it so certain that kingdom was political? Did he not shun all chance of personal aggrandisement; forbid the love of power; bless the meek, the peaceful, the suffering? But we shall not now enter into an argument on this point. Mr. Hennell also makes him a *Reformer*, who taught that Religion consisted in the internal purity of the thoughts, and the practice of morality. He thinks, however, that he did not design to depart from the ritual Law of Moses, and would not in

this matter have gone so far as Paul! But he that summed up the Law and Prophets in LOVE to GOD AND MAN, is hardly chargeable with Jewish conservatism. Again he adds, Jesus was a *moral and religious teacher*. Here he finds the sublimity of Christ's character. His teachings are marked by their devotional spirit, the belief in immortality, which he found popularly taught, by the great stress he lays on the rare and unpopular virtues of humility and resignation. He thinks that the character of Christ was not without its defects; but adds in closing the chapter:—

"Enough is seen of Christ to leave the impression of a real and strongly marked character; and the dimness, which is left around it, permits the exercise of the imagination in a manner both pleasing and useful. The indistinctness of the image allows it to become the gathering centre for all those highly exalted ideas of excellence which a more closely defined delineation might have prevented from resting upon it. To the superhuman powers attributed to him by his early followers, later admirers are at liberty to add all the qualities of mind and character which can delight and attract in a human being. To awaken men to the perception of moral beauty is the first step towards enabling them to attain it. But the contemplation of abstract qualities is difficult; some real or fictitious form is involuntarily sought as a substratum for the excellence which the moralist holds to view. Whilst no human character in the history of the world can be brought to mind, which, in proportion as it could be closely examined, did not present some defects disqualifying it for being the emblem of moral perfection, we can rest with least check, or sense of incongruity, on the imperfectly known character of Jesus of Nazareth. If a representative be sought of human virtue, enough is still seen of his benevolent doctrine, attractive character, and elevated designs, to direct our eyes to the Prophet and Martyr of Galilee." — p. 450, 451.

The last chapter, entitled "Concluding Reflections, is one of great beauty and richness both of thought and sentiment.

"Whatever be the spirit with which the four Gospels be approached, it is impossible to rise from the attentive perusal of them without a strong reverence for Jesus Christ. Even the disposition to cavil and ridicule is forced to retire before the majestic simplicity of the prophet of Nazareth. Unlike Moses or Mahomet, he owes no part of the lustre which surrounds him to his acquisition of temporal power; his is the ascendancy which mankind, in proportion to their mental advancement, are

least disposed to resist — that of moral and intellectual greatness. Besides, his cruel fate engages men's affections on his behalf, and gives him an additional hold upon their allegiance. A noble-minded reformer and sage, martyred by crafty priests and brutal soldiers, is a spectacle which forces men to gaze in pity and admiration. The precepts from such a source come with an authority which no human laws could give; and Jesus is more powerful on the cross of Calvary than he would have been on the throne of Israel.

"The virtue, wisdom, and sufferings of Jesus, then, will secure to him a powerful influence over men so long as they continue to be moral, intellectual, and sympathizing beings. And as the tendency of human improvement is towards the progressive increase of these qualities, it may be presumed that the empire of Christianity, considered simply as the influence of the life, character, and doctrine of Christ over the human mind, will never cease.

"When a higher office is claimed for Christ, that of a messenger accredited from God by a supernatural birth, miraculous works, a resurrection, and an ascension, we may reasonably expect equal strength of evidence. But how stands the case? The four Gospels on these points are *not* confirmed by testimony out of the church, disagree with each other, and contain relations contrary to the order of things. The evidence on these points is reduced to the authority of these narratives themselves. In *them*, at least, the most candid mind may require strong proofs of authenticity and veracity; but again, what is the case? They are anonymous productions; their authorship is far from certain; they were written from forty to seventy years after the events which they profess to record; the writers do not explain how they came by their information; two of them appear to have copied from the first; all the four contain notable discrepancies and manifest contradictions; they contain statements at variance with histories of acknowledged authority; some of them relate wonders which even many Christians are obliged to reject as fabulous; and in general they present no character by which we can distinguish their tales of miracles from the fictions which every church has found some supporters ready to vouch for on its behalf." — pp. 476, 477, 478.

"The miraculous birth, works, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, being thus successively surrendered, to be classed amongst the fables of an obscure age, what remains of Christianity? and what is there in the life and doctrine of Jesus that they should still claim the attention and respect of mankind in remote ages? This: Christianity forms a striking passage in the history of human nature, and appears as one of the most

prominent of the means employed in its improvement. It no longer boasts of a special divine origin, but shares in that which the Theist attributes to the world and the whole order of its events. It has presented to the world a system of moral excellence; it has led forth the principles of humanity and benevolence from the recesses of the schools and groves, and compelled them to take an active part in the affairs of life. It has consolidated the moral and religious sentiments into a more definite and influential form than had before existed, and thereby constituted an engine which has worked powerfully towards humanizing and civilizing the world.

"Moreover, Christianity has given currency to the sublime doctrines of man's relationship to the Deity, and of a future state. The former was a leading feature of Judaism, and the latter of Platonism. Christianity has invested them with the authority of established principles, and thereby contributed much to the moral elevation of mankind." — pp. 480, 481.

"Christianity itself proceeded from a nation in deep adversity; out of the distresses of Israel issued the cry for immortality. May we not regard all irremediable earthly afflictions as intended to suggest Christianity to each sufferer, and to whisper, that there must be a Father in heaven, and mansions of the blessed?"

"We see at present the incipient upheavings of another of these revolutions — the subversion of the belief in miraculous revelations, and the gradual advance of a system of natural religion, of which we cannot yet predict the whole creed, but of which we may already perceive two essential features, the recognition of a God, and that of an inherent moral nature in man. As the clearing away of the antiquated piles of the old law made way for the simpler structure of faith in Christ, so will the release from the exclusive authority of written precept enable men to hear more distinctly the voice of the moral nature within them. Reformed Judaism will be succeeded by reformed Christianity, and each change appear the transition to a more perfect law of liberty.

"Let not, then, the mind which is compelled to renounce its belief in miraculous revelations deem itself bound to throw aside, at the same time, all its most cherished associations. Its generous emotions and high contemplations may still find an occasion for exercise in the review of the interesting incidents which have forever consecrated the plains of Palestine; but it may also find pleasure in the thought that, for this exercise, no single spot of earth, and no one page of its history, furnishes the exclusive theme. Whatever dimness may gather from the lapse of time and the obscurity of records about the events of a distant age, these capabilities of the mind itself remain, and always will re-

main, in full freshness and beauty. Other Jerusalems will excite the glow of patriotism, other Bethanies exhibit the affections of home, and other minds of benevolence and energy seek to hasten the approach of the kingdom of man's perfection. Nor can scriptures ever be wanting — the scriptures of the physical and of the moral world — the book of the universe. Here the page is open, and the language intelligible to all men; no transcribers have been able to interpolate or erase its texts; it stands before us in the same genuineness as when first written; the simplest understanding can enter with delight into criticism upon it; the volume does not close, leaving us to thirst for more, but another and another epistle still meets the inquisitive eye, each signed with the author's own hand, and bearing undoubted characters of divine inspiration. Unable at present to comprehend the whole, we can still feel the privilege of looking into it at pleasure, of knowing a part, and of attempting the opening of further leaves. And if, after its highest efforts, the mind be compelled to sink down, acknowledging its inability, in some parts, to satisfy itself with any clear conclusion, it may remain serene at least, persuaded that God will not cause any soul to fare the worse for not knowing what he has given it no means to know. Enough is understood to enable us to see, in the Universe itself, a Son which tells us of a Father, and in all the natural beauty and moral excellence which meet us in the world an ever-present Logos, which reveals the grace and truth of its invisible source. Enough is understood to convince us that, to have a place on this beautiful planet, on almost any terms, is an unspeakable privilege; that virtue produces the highest happiness, whether for this or another world; and that there does exist an encircling mysterious Intelligence, which, as it appears to manifest its energy in arrangements for the general welfare of the creation, must ensure a provision for all the real interests of man. From all our occasional excursions into the abysses of the unseen world, and from all our efforts to reach upwards to the hidden things of God, both reason and piety bid us return tranquilly to our accustomed corner of earth, to use and enjoy fully our present lot, and to repose implicitly upon the higher wisdom in whose disposal we stand, whilst indulging the thought that a time is appointed when the cravings of the heart and of the intellect will be satisfied, and the enigma of our own and the world's existence be solved." — pp. 486, 487, 488, 489.

There are several things in this book to which we cannot assent; some things we should regard as errors. But when the whole work is examined, a very high praise must needs be granted to it, whether we agree or disagree with

the writer. It is marked by candor, faithful research, good sense, and a love of truth to a degree almost unequalled in theological works. Nothing is conceded; nothing forced. It is free from sneers and denunciations. We see in it neither the scorn of the Pyrrhonist, nor the heartless blasphemy of the bigot. It is cool, manly, and tranquil. Sometimes the author rises to a touching pathos and real eloquence. Love of man, and reverence for man's Maker, are conspicuous in its pages; and we thank him heartily for the service he has done the Christian world by the timely publication of a book so serene and manly.

But what is to be the effect of such publications, in this sickly nineteenth century? Some men appear to heed not the signs of the times, nor to notice that the waters of theology are getting troubled in all corners of the world. One effect is obvious. Some will decry human reason altogether, and go back as far as possible into the darkness, seeking to find the Kingdom of Heaven in the past. It is not easy to understand all of the numerous classes of men, who take that course. But is the matter to end in the publication of their books; in the retrograde movements of some timid or tenacious men, of some pious men and some pharisees? They know little of the past, who will hazard such a conjecture. Four centuries ago it was contended, that the vulgate Latin version of the Bible was divine, and the infallible word of God. How many men in Europe now think it so? In the seventeenth century men contended that the Hebrew vowel points were ancient and divine; that the Alexandrian version of the Old Testament was made by miraculous help from on high. But the vowel points and the Alexandrian version have gone to their proper place. Now some men will contend, that the miraculous part of the History of Jesus of Nazareth is not worthy of belief; that the Christ, so far as we can learn, was a man, born as we all are, tried and tempted like the rest of us; man's brother, not his master; that his inspiration was only supernatural, in the sense that all truth is of God; that the Bible is divine so far as true, but no farther, and has no more right to bind and to loose than any other collection of books equally good. New questions will be asked, and will get answered. It is not many years since Transubstantiation and "the Real Presence" were

subjects of great dispute. But they have gone their way; and the windy war they once provoked seems as foolish to us — who happily live some thousands of miles from Oxford — as our contentions, logomachies, and skiomachies, will appear in the next century. No doubt in a hundred years the work of Mr. Hennell, that of Dr. Strauss, and many others of our day, will be turned over with a smile, at the folly of an age, when such books were needed; when Christians would not believe a necessary and everlasting truth, unless it were accompanied and vouched for by a contingent and empirical event, which they presumed to call a miracle! Well they might smile; but such as live in our day can scarcely see the ludicrous features of the matter. It is said to be dangerous to be wise before one's time, and truly it is scarcely decorous to be merry before it.

We cannot dismiss this work of Mr. Hennell without mentioning another from his pen, which forms a sort of sequel to the first, we mean his Christian Theism,* a work of singular beauty and worth. We will content ourselves with a few extracts.

"With no hostility, then, towards Christ and Christianity may the Theist renounce his faith in miracles and prophecy; and without inconsistency may he be willing that the long train of associations which Christianity possesses with the history, the literature, the poetry, the moral and religious feelings of mankind, should long contribute their powerful influences in behalf of the cause of human improvement. Let all benefactors of mankind continue to look to Jesus as their forerunner in this great cause, and recognize a kindred mind in the Galilean who preached lessons of wisdom and benevolence in an early age of the world, and fell a sacrifice to the noble idea of introducing a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Let the good Samaritan still be cited as the example of humanity; the passover-supper be remembered as the farewell of Jesus to his friends; and God be worshipped under the character which he attributed to him, — the Father in heaven. Let painting and music still find solemn themes in the realities and fables relating to Jesus; let feasts and holydays still take their names from the events of his life, our time be dated from his birth, and our temples be surmounted by his cross.

* Christian Theism, by the Author of An Inquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity. London: Smallfield and Son, 69 Newgate Street. 1839.

"Christianity, then, has been neither evil nor useless; but out of it will proceed a further mental growth. The religion of Egypt, Judaism, Christianity, and the more advanced system, which at a future time may, by the appearance of some remarkable individual, or combination of events, come to be designated by another name, — are all so many successive developments of the religious principle, which, with the progress of mankind, will assume a form continually approaching nearer to perfect truth. And in proportion as other religions make the same approximation, it will be gradually recognized that God hath made all nations of one mind, as well as of one blood, to dwell upon all the face of the earth." — pp. 18, 19.

"In what manner do we know a man best and most thoroughly? — By his appearance? No. — By his conversation? Better; but not so well as by experiencing his conduct in a long series of deeds. These speak in the surest manner; they speak to our moral and intellectual senses; and thus may we know thoroughly him whom we have never seen or heard.

"And thus does God chose to speak to man — by *deeds*. A more subtle mode of communication than the brightest vision or the softest whisper; but, to the thinking, more refined, more pleasing, more intelligible. Let children look for cherubim, and rhapsodists for voices from heaven; mature reason and feeling appreciate more highly Works of beauty and beneficence. In what language should God have spoken to men from heaven, or written his message in the sky? In Hebrew! In Greek! In Sanscrit! He has chosen his own language; and has he not well chosen? Does not the rose or the hyacinth speak as plainly as could any noun or participle, the verdure running before the breeze exceed the sense of any aorist, and the star rising above the wood convey more than any Hebrew point? God can do without hiphil and hophal, without pluperfect and paulo-post future: he is perfect in the language of signs, and the whole material creation is his symbol-picture to all ranks of intelligence." — pp. 37, 38.

"With this Scripture we may be well content; and knowing that here it is appointed for us to learn all we can and ought to know of God, his nature, and his will, cease to regret the loss of that strange existence which made a capricious covenant with Abraham, or of the voice which delivered to Moses moral precepts, intermingled with directions concerning the fringe of the tabernacle and knobs of the candlestick, or of the Being who declared himself at one time long suffering and gracious, and at another denounced heavy punishments for sparing the wives and children of the vanquished. A more refined conception followed these, in so far as man's expanding mind began to

catch the tone and spirit of nature. But nature is more durable than man's words, whether conveyed through other men's memories, or by paper and parchment. We can appeal to her direct, without help from any translator or expounder, besides our own head and heart. The God whom she proclaims is a certainty in a far higher degree than any God revealed to us through distant records, for the pledges of his existence are the things around us and within us every moment, free from all suspicion of forgery, delusion, or imposture." — p. 53.

"Honored be the spirits which have anticipated such a religion of nature, and depicted the Cause of the universe in this attractive form. The lower feelings found in the godhead a mere Jupiter Tonans, a vindictive and jealous tyrant of heaven, the partial protector of a family or chosen nation. But more enlarged thought and higher feeling described him as the King and Father of men, Jupiter greatest and best. Especially honored be he who loved to contemplate, and to address, the unseen Mind as the Father in heaven, hearing and having compassion on all men; and who taught men to avail themselves of this refuge for sorrow. Whatever else he were, he was one of those who have helped to raise and refine, as well as to strengthen, human nature. Philosophy sitting calmly in the schools, or walking at ease in the groves, could not do all that men require; the despised Galilean, with his religion of sorrow, gave strength where philosophy left them weak, and completed the armor of the mind. It was reserved for a persecuted man of a persecuted nation to open the divine depths of sorrow, and to direct men towards the hidden riches of their nature in abysses where, at the first entrance, all appeared barren gloom." — p. 60.

"The distinction between God's works and God's word no longer exists. They are the same. His works are his word. No longer need the mind which seeks its Creator be cramped within the limits of a written volume. O thou, whose earliest conceptions of a creative intelligence awakened by the sight of a wonderful world, and, seeking for further expansion, have been directed to the so-called word of God as the proper fountain of this high knowledge, where the sublimest ardor was to be satisfied, and the great idea fully developed, — hast thou never experienced something like disappointment, when, turning wearily over many pages of the boasted revelation, thou hast found but little to respond to thy nascent desires of truth, and timidity, half self-accusing, asked thyself, Can this really be that loudly extolled book of Revelation, which is to instruct men fully concerning God and his ways? Is it indeed so superior to the instruction of nature, that it deserves to be called pre-eminently

the Word of God? I find here and there high thoughts and beautiful conceptions, which shew that between the Nile and the Euphrates, as well as elsewhere, men possessed a nature capable of being moved occasionally to the contemplation of the mighty Cause of heaven and earth; but do these ancient writers really impart knowledge concerning him beyond the reach of all other sages, and speak in strains unequalled by any other muse? Alas! they seldom sustain my mind long in that high region which it was seeking; but drag it down into an earthly atmosphere of low trifling thoughts, petty local interests, and individual or national resentments. This, the book to which stupendous Nature itself was only the preface! — which the Creator of sun and skies has thought it worth while to attest by special messages and inspirations! Neither its genealogies, histories, nor poems, satisfy my want. The spirit of adoration seems to be, by long perusal of this volume, excluded from the great temple of the universe, and compressed into the holy ark of Israel, or into an upper chamber at Jerusalem. Can this book really be the highest field of human study and thought? There must be some mistake.

"Rejoice, and set thy mind free; there has been a great mistake. The book, as well as thyself, was injured by the false pretensions set up on its behalf; and the workings of the *Human* mind in remote ages, in themselves deeply interesting, rendered ridiculous by being extolled into oracles of the *Divine*. Cease to weary thyself in following Israel through the desert, and in pondering each supposed weighty sentence of prophets and apostles. Neither Moses nor Samuel, Isaiah nor Zechariah, nor Jesus, nor Paul, nor John, can speak more of God than they themselves have learned from the sources which he has placed within the reach of all, nature and man's own mind. But look up and around, and say if man may not be well satisfied with these; and if in Orion and the Pleiades, in the green earth and its copious productions, and especially in the Godlike Human Mind itself, manifested in art, science, poetry, and action, God has not provided eloquent and intelligible evangelists." — pp. 65 to 67.

"Jesus made *virtue* the chief qualification for partaking of the kingdom of heaven. To love God and one's neighbor, was to be not far from the kingdom of God. And he laid particular stress on virtues of the meek and benevolent kind. Blessed are the *meek*, for they shall inherit the earth..... Blessed are the *peacemakers*, for they shall be called the children of God..... Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Those who in spirit are like little children, rather than the contenders for greatness, are

fit for the kingdom of God. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another.' 'Love your enemies.' In all this, Jesus accords strikingly with the most advanced morality of the present age, which admits that the prevalence of these dispositions is the most essential requisite to the improvement of the world." — p. 10.

P.

A DAY WITH THE SHAKERS.

Between two and three miles northward of the centre village in the township of Harvard, Massachusetts, the traveller discerns a rustic guide board, on which is inscribed "To the Shaker Village." Uncouth name for any association of serious people seriously to adopt; yet we never hear them called otherwise. The Quakers, we all know, denominate themselves "the Society of Friends," but these people seem to have no other appellation besides this grotesque one thus placed at the road's head. Possibly, however, the town erected the board, and they did not originate the popular and current designation of themselves.

At about half a mile up this road we arrive at three or four houses of no very attractive exterior, with a large stone barn, having very much the appearance of a prison, which for the animals contained therein probably it is. At this station, which is the probationary village for such persons as propose to join the family, the visitor is met by some of the brethren, amongst whom will be found one of superior intelligence, who in good temper answers questions to which he has probably responded some hundreds of times before. Most likely the conversation turns upon the subject of self-denial, and thence naturally to their especial instance of it, that is to say abstinence from marriage. Of him you may learn that the number in the family is about two hundred persons, of whom only thirty-eight are under sixteen years of age, and not one is younger than four; that they did not settle here from any choice of this rough and sterile domain of about fifteen hundred acres, but because their founder, Ann Lee, received from the persons

who resided here during her brief earthly sojourn that cordial support and sympathy which frequently attends the career of the pious.

Passing this group of buildings, on a turn of the road to the left hand over a broad slab of rock, a street of houses is presented to the view. Some of these buildings are small and old; some are large and new. Many active laborers are in the fields and gardens, and improvements are carried on with vigor; but there is much to be done, by reason of the original rudeness of this spot, in order to bring the external appearances to a like elevation with that which common report has assigned to other stations. The orchards and gardens are the most striking achievements, and this family trades extensively in seeds.

No formal introduction is required; on the contrary, there is a general disposition on the part of both the more intelligent men and women to enter into free conversation at once upon their distinguishing practice of self-sacrifice. On the subject of abstinence from outward marriage they are as lively and energetic as recent converts. It reigns so monarchically in their hearts that they have always a stirring topic whereon to speak, and an exalting object for which to act. So far from being lifeless or indifferent about other persons, they seem to be fully aware that unless fresh comers are gathered in from the world at large, their family must decline gradually to total extinction. There is, therefore, great promptness manifested in laying their arguments before sincere inquirers, although they are not so zealous as to send forth especial missionary brethren. Words alone they may perhaps consider would be fruitless; while in conjunction with a life fully realizing them, they become almost irresistible. The family being thus sustained by the addition of convinced minds, and not by the imposition of educative habits, there will probably be ever found a degree of animation and heartfelt zeal unknown amongst other religious orders.

Our business being the purchase of a few seeds, and the gardener being occupied out of doors, the trading agent attended us to the store, and supplied the articles with an activity and business intelligence, which prove him qualified to conduct any such transactions they may have with the old world. Their trade, he informed us, amounts generally

to the large sum of ten thousand dollars a year. For persons of simple habits, desirous of relief from circumstances morally depressive, this is far too great an involvement in money affairs; but it seems to grow out of their peculiar position, and the want of true simplicity in many particulars. Their estate does not at present produce a full supply of bread-corn; most of the members, except the children, consume flesh-meat; much milk is used; and the aged amongst them still drink tea, or coffee, and the like. For these reasons some of their produce has to be exchanged, which occasions considerable traffic. To provide for their wants they also are extensive manufacturers of various clothing and other fabrics, and have to buy raw material to work upon, as well as to sell the goods when finished. These proceedings require more extensive interchanges of money, and more frequent intercourse with the world, than seems compatible with a serene life.

Yet their life is serene. The repose, quiet, and cleanliness reigning throughout the establishment are indeed as remarkable as attractive. As a retreat for the thoughtful or poetic mind, it seems most desirable. You could there "walk gowned," conscious of feelings as reverential as those which pervade the bosom of the worshipper when he enters the ancient cathedral. Nor is the superstition there, nor the outward devotion which results from the artistic effects of architecture, painting, music, and the rest. Of these they can boast none. As they have built several spacious houses for themselves, their idea has necessarily been expressed by an architecture of some character, yet wanting in most or all of those artifices which distinguish edifices erected by other religionists. The building last erected is large and plain. Externally it has somewhat the appearance of a school-house or church. Internally, however, it is divided into separate apartments, and is of several stories. Corridors in the middle, with rooms on each side, keep the whole well-ventilated, light, and cheerful. The stairs and most of the floors being covered with a home-made carpet, the foot-tread is inaudible. At this house visitors are received and entertained; and, if they remain during a meal time, here take their repast; the accommodations being reported too small to permit even all the inmates to eat together. The internal fittings of the new

house are of the most comfortable kind. Window-sashes, spring-blinds, closets, &c. are of the best workmanship and most convenient contrivances for endurance. The joinery is not painted, but varnished slightly, so that it can be cleaned with facility; and the only objection seems to be the use of close stoves instead of open fire-places. The furniture is not home-made, but is wrought mostly in a more ancient fashion still common to the country, and much more cheap than elegant or luxurious.

Here we enjoyed an animated conversation with several of the brethren and sisters, or, as they would say, men and women. They are faithful to the precept of "Aye" and "Nay" in their replies, and are as new and fresh in mind as we may suppose the Society of Friends were within sixty years of their founder's time.

It appears that in consequence of the number of visitors who came to their weekly worship, with other than devotional feelings, they have ceased to permit any chance of interruption, so that we had no optical evidences of their peculiar religious modes and forms. But their books, of which we purchased copies, show that they advocate dancing as a religious exercise, claiming for it the same virtues and station which are by most churches awarded to singing. Their scriptural confirmations of its propriety strongly fortify them in the practice, though they admit, that what was originally an involuntary emotion is now repeated as a voluntary duty.

The clearest book they have published is entitled "A Summary View of the Millennial Church, or United Society of Believers, (commonly called Shakers,) comprising the rise, progress, and practical order of the Society;" printed at Albany in 1823. This work, in the first place, reveals their legitimate title; and secondly, narrates the origin and progress of the Society under the auspices of Ann Lee, who was born at Manchester in England in the year 1736, arrived in America in 1774, and collected the first family in 1787, at New Lebanon, near Albany, in the State of New-York. Notwithstanding the difficult passage they had to steer during the revolutionary war, so as to avoid the charge of partisanship, and subsequently the still more limitary effect of their doctrine and lives, the number of believers in all the States of the Union is considered now to be over six thousand.

Their theological system is strictly scriptural. At the same time they are not mere verbalists. They say that "nothing but *the real* and abiding presence of *Christ*, by the indwelling of his spirit, ever did, or ever could *save one soul*. Such as reject *Christ*, and take their own wisdom for their guide, never were, nor ever can be saved. And in no better situation are they who profess faith in an absent Saviour, who believe that Christ was once upon earth, but is now departed to some remote and unknown heaven, where it is impossible for the weak capacities of mortals to reach him." They look upon Ann Lee as the female principle or supplementary nature to Jesus Christ, who was the male complement, and that she initiated the second advent, of which this church exhibits the progress.

As Christ did not marry, neither will true believers who really "take up the cross and follow him." The number of scripture texts in favor of a celibate life, quoted in this book, is much greater, as well as much more decisive than ordinary readers suppose; and we do not hesitate to say, they have strong authority on their side. At the same time, there is nothing gloomy in their general doctrines, nor monkish in their tone of mind. They have not yet banished all the lusts of the table, though these are evidently the excitements to other lusts which they find it to be their principal cross to restrain. They still believe in the perpetual battle against this desire, and scarcely contemplate a life on earth which shall be above this temptation in the same degree as the really sober man is superior to the allurements of the glass. Though they do say (p. 99) "The doctrine of *christian sinners*, or the idea of christians living in sin, so strenuously advocated by many, is utterly inconsistent with every attribute of God. All doctrines, which imply that real christians cannot live without sin, are inconsistent with the attributes of power and goodness, and indeed with every divine attribute. 'Whosoever abideth in him, sinneth not; whosoever sinneth, hath not seen him, nor known him.'"

In this book all the leading theological doctrines are ably discussed on scriptural and rational grounds. They esteem the Adamic fall to consist in a yielding to sexual temptation. "The temptation was first addressed to the mind: 'Ye shall be as Gods;' and thence applied to the animal

propensities, which were inferior to the rational powers. The faculties of the soul, being superior to those of the body, ought to have had the government. But when the man's animal sensations were addressed, and excited by the temptation, though he possessed a governing power in the faculties of his soul; yet he gave up that power, and gave loose to his animal desires, and under their excitement yielded to the temptation. This occasioned his fall; and hence the loss which ensued." p. 107. A doctrine which coincides with that held by most of the ancient philosophers, as narrated by Jamblichus in his work on the Mysteries. p. 250. "There is a time when we become wholly soul, are out of the body, and sublimely revolve on high, in conjunction with all the immaterial Gods. And there is also a time when we are bound in the testaceous body, are detained by matter, and are of a corporeal-formed nature. Again, therefore, there will be a twofold mode of worship. For one mode, indeed, will be simple, incorporeal, and pure from all generation; and this mode pertains to undefiled souls. But the other is filled with bodies, and everything of a material nature, and is adapted to souls which are neither pure nor liberated from all generation."

The believers have undoubtedly stronger ground than conjecture for affirming that the government of the animal propensities is what is signified by the command to abstain from the good-and-evil-knowledge tree. "As the power of generation was given to man solely for the purpose of procreation, and not for the gratification of his animal nature, the dignity of his creation required that he should maintain a greater degree of order and purity in the work of generation than was required of the inferior part of the creation, which was governed by the law of nature. This was the more essential, as the offspring of man were to be rational and immortal souls. The power was entrusted to the living and rational soul of man; and the command of God was sufficient to maintain that power so long as the soul maintained its obedience. This was the point of trial; on this depended the state and character of his offspring: for like begets like; and if parents are alienated from God, they will of course produce an alienated offspring." p. 124.

Without resorting to repetitions, which, in their disconnection, might be more tiresome than convincing, it is not

possible to do justice to their whole argument. In both the mystic and actual senses there is much truth in the doctrine of the Female Messiah. As the emblem and personification of Moral Love, Woman must ere long give the ruling tone to society; and Love itself, as the Spirit substance, must rule in the human heart. So the woman-seed shall bruise the serpent-head.

Nor are their arguments directed against union under all circumstances. On the contrary they affirm the generative law in terms which can scarcely be gainsaid. "The original law of nature was given of God, and was very good in its place and order, and might have remained so till repealed by the Lawgiver, had it not been violated, and basely corrupted: and that it still continues to be violated in the most shameful manner, has been sufficiently proved. Therefore, those who still plead the law of nature, or the law of God, to justify sexual coition, under a pretended necessity of maintaining the work of generation, *ought first to examine their secret motives in it;* and if they are able to lay the propensities of lust entirely aside, and enter upon that work without the influence of any other motive than solely that of obeying the will of God, in the propagation of a legitimate offspring, to be heirs of the kingdom of heaven, *then they are able to fulfil the law of nature.*" p. 145.

"It may be proper to remark, that it is not the work of generation, in itself considered, in the order of nature, which is condemned; but it is that libidinous and lawless passion which was infused by the serpent at the beginning, and by which the work of generation has been, and still continues to be so basely corrupted; it is that which has filled the earth with abominations, and that is the object of condemnation. If that cursed nature could be *entirely purged out of the natural man,* so that his feelings could be wholly governed by the will of God, he would feel a very different sensation in this act, and would be in no danger of violating the true order of nature by it." p. 146.

To literary minds the Shaker principles may present little of an attractive nature; as to the artist their external appearances may indicate but a moderate love for the beautiful. Yet the truth must be affirmed that in the absence of much literature, of the fine arts, and of those studies which are

thought to be essential in human progress, they seem to be far on the road, if they have not already attained the solution of a chaste, scientific, and self-sustained life. It was a notable saying of their mother Ann, "Put your hands to work, and give your hearts to God." Here is no provision made for the disposal of the intellect. Yet they are neither void of common sense, nor of refinement. Their simplicity has not descended to rigid forms, nor to ungracious deportment. For economy they have adopted one fashion in the cut of their garments, though at first glance it is scarcely observable. The men do not disuse the ordinary courtesies of life. They are not afraid of nodding their heads to familiar acquaintances, or of bending their bodies to receive the stranger. This flexibility in behavior is attributable to their recognition of one principle, which in theological parties is as rare as it is beautiful; that is to say, the principle of progress. From what has been quoted above regarding the eternal presence of Christ as the living Spirit, we are prepared for this result. But, then, what sect is there which has not put forth, in its origin, a similar declaration? And how soon it has fallen to a verbal dogma! When the Quakers were no older as a sect than the Shakers now are, they too were an animated, lively, spirit-moved party. By the time the Shakers are as aged, they may be as sepulchral and frigid; but from the essential nature and constitution of the society we have higher hopes. In fact it seems scarcely possible that a church, which, if it continue in existence at all, must be kept together by the addition of new and integrally convinced members, should ever fall into the melancholy mood which characterizes so many parties, who at their outset most efficiently proclaimed the Spirit's work in them. The union of the two sexes in government, in influence, in religion, in chaste celibacy, is an achievement worthier of renown than many works of greater fame. The extent of its operation, and its important consequences, are yet but faintly discernible. It is also worthy of remark, that this most successful experiment of associate life, and community of property, was founded by A Woman.

Ann Lee seems to have had in her mind the true idea of a holy family; that of representing through the simplest domestic labors the most exalted spiritual sentiments. In

speaking to a spiritual sister she gave the following counsel: "Be faithful to keep the gospel; be neat and industrious; keep your family's clothes clean and decent; see that your house is kept clean; and your victuals prepared in good order; that when the brethren come home from hard work, they can bless you, and eat their food with thankfulness, without murmuring, and be able to worship God in the beauty of holiness. Watch and be careful; don't speak harshly, nor cast reflections upon them; but let your words be few and seasoned with grace." p. 29. And her brother, though he had been bred in the rough school of the royal *Oxford Blues*, was so meliorated and humanized by her spirit, that he was wont to reprove the believers for walking about in a careless, undignified manner, as if regardless of the divine presence; and would say to them, "In your intercourse you should salute or pass each other like angels."

Like the Roman Catholic church, this people requires of any one joining the family, that he or she should consecrate all property to the divine service; but there is no stipulation for the bringing in of any wealth; and not many persons rich in this world's goods have joined them. Although they have a noviciate process, their family is evidently no place for those who are merely speculating on the practicability of association. Unless the heart and hands are given up, a true union is impossible; and where those are really and sincerely devoted, wealth cannot be retained. The soul determined to a holy life, as soon as rationally convinced of the stability of the associates, does not wait to count coins, nor does it stipulate for a possible self-renegation.

The world as yet but slightingly appreciates the domestic and humane virtues of this recluse people; and we feel that in a record of associative attempts for the actualization of a better life, their designs and economies should not be omitted, especially as, during their first half century, a remarkable success has been theirs. A further proof that whatsoever is sown in piety, must, under the sun of Divine grace, ripen to an abundant harvest.

C. L.

June, 1843.

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

[Continued from p. 58 of last Number.]

LETTER V.

FANNY ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Doughnut.

My Dear Brother,

No letter from you yet, although you have now been a fortnight at Lovedale. This is too cruel. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to have you in the country, and away from College; but for mother's sake you should write her a full account of yourself. She grieves and laments over your abrupt departure, as if you were ruined for life; and seems to think you can never retrieve your lost standing in your class. You know she had set her heart on your success; and this frightful dissolution of your collegiate bands has created a perfect dismay in her tender heart. If you will only write her a full account of it, how it all took place, she will, I doubt not, become perfectly satisfied, and you will regain your place in her affection.

Who do you think has visited us, to our evident consternation as I fear, but the illustrious head of Triflecut College, the majestic President Littlego. Of all pompous persons he is the chief; and the extreme self-sufficiency of the man put me out of patience with him in five minutes. He held a conversation with mother about you, which I will report for your benefit as nearly as I can.

"Madam," said the President, "I hope your health is good. We have had very hot weather this season; and the boys returned to their tasks without much spirit. Have you received any intelligence from your son Edward since he saw fit to leave his duties?"

"We heard from him," she replied, "through his friend, Mr. Hope."

"I hope he did not remark in that letter," said the majestic Littlego, "that any too difficult tasks had been imposed upon him by the several departments in college. We treat all the boys alike; the utmost republicanism prevails in our system; and it is impossible that Ashford should

have been overloaded with requirements. I am surprised he should have left us, and I am authorized to say by the board of control, that even now, if he chooses to return immediately, he will be permitted to again unite himself with his class. This privilege has been conceded to him for your sake Madam, no less than his own. I shall feel it my duty to correspond with Ashford on this subject;" and bowing very gravely, this majestic gentleman stalked slowly out of the parlor.

Poor mother was nearly frightened to death by this visit of the dignitary, and I fear it will hold as long in her memory as the visit of "my gracious Prince" to Mrs. Bellenden in the novel. Since you left, we have had a little party, as usual, at this time; but it went off poorly, however, as mother mourns over your absence so severely; and she, you know, is the life of all parties. Your friend Hope came, out of whom I can make nothing, except as being your friend, seemed in capital spirits, and whenever he talked with mother about you, smiled with more than his usual brilliancy. Pray write us at once.

Your affectionate

FANNY.

LETTER VI.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

I am yet on the river, and love to float on the sparkling waters; but I feel sad and cold this sunny day. It is too solitary, I believe, yet much better than the dull noise of the city, and the stupid form at college. Nature can never be enough, yet how much better than the society of most men. I run away to the forest as if I was pursued by a demon, to avoid the fellowship of these kind-hearted people, yet know not why. I suppose we were not born in the same planet, and different colored blood runs in our veins. What a mistake that we are all brothers in this world, and how rarely we find a true brother's, or even a cousin's friendly eye fixed on us.

To-day has been pure golden sunshine since morning; and how the day-god played with the trunks of the trees, as if the forest were one great harp. In the morning, as I sat among golden-rods, under the shade of a pine, where on every side these sunny flowers grew, it seemed as if the sunlight had become so thickly knotted and intertwined with the roots and stems of the plants and grasses, that it could not escape, but must remain and shine forever; yet the pine tree's shadow, at sunset and before, fell long across the place, and the gay light had fled, like the few bright days of life, which fly so rapid by. The old tell us we are young, and can know nothing of life; to me, it seems I have lived centuries, out of which I can reckon on my fingers the days of pleasure, when my heart beat high. I fancy, there is a race of men born to know only the loss of life by its joys, — to live by single days, and to pass their time for the most part in shadowy vistas, where there is neither darkness nor light, but perpetual mist. I am one of these; and though I love nature, the river, the forest, the clouds, she is only a phantom, like myself, and passes slowly, an unexplained mystery, like my own consciousness, which shows through a want of perfect knowledge. I see myself, only as what I do not know, and others, as some reflection of this ignorance, an iceberg among other icebergs, slowly drifting from the frozen pole of birth to the frozen pole of death, through a sunny sea.

I feel, that within lies a heap of perpetual snow, encircled by a fair ring of grass and flowers, over which the sun plays, yet this central cold never melts to nourish their roots, but shines mild and graceful, though never warm. Can I ever become warm in this snowy peak? I should be, for there alone does it seem that the air of my life is clear. I should be resigned to this penance, would society leave me to myself; but, in addition to this pressure of inward ice, I am doomed to perpetual conflict with those around; and I have not only my individual part to play, but to act in domestic tragedies beside.

At the earnest request of a mother, who, if too tender-hearted, has a real love for me, though of my character she understands no one part, I went to the college, in hope to burrow concealed behind stupid folios while in the house, and leave them to stand and smile grim defiance in

the face of the tutors while away. I resolved to devote so much time to one or two languages as would keep up the appearance of study, for my mother's sake, and for the rest to wander in the fields, if I could find any in the mean village of Triflecut. In doing so I felt I was acting so far for my mother, without making the life too wretched to bear. I came out of the sanctity of my little chamber at home, where at least all was in keeping, where I had memories of many a walk, my favorite books, and a few pictures, into the barren interior of the staring brick edifice at Triflecut. I recited some two or three lessons tolerably I believe, although I felt it was useless work; and went I think to five prayers. But the latter, I very soon gave over, for I could submit no longer to the dull, droning voice of the college minister, grinding out his requests for health and happiness, with not near the life of a hand-organ. I became so perfectly tired of this nonsensical stuff, that I unconsciously went in any direction sooner than to the Chapel. On Sunday, I did not go to church, and was summoned before the President, who told me I must go like a good boy to church, or be turned away; to which I replied, that I should do as I thought best, and returned to my room. I saw that in reciting our lessons to the conceited tutors, who think College is the Universe, and the President Jupiter, they had the impudence to give us marks for what we did, as if we, paying them for so much aid in our lessons, were therefore to be rewarded by them with a couple of pencil scratches. Such a system as this fell below the discipline of the school I last attended, where we had neither marks nor punishments, were neither kicked nor flattered, blamed nor praised. At College, I found we were treated, not only as machines, but to be set up or down, at the discretion of these tutors, who had merely to scratch down a mark, and thus decide our fates. This foolery I felt I could not agree to, even for my mother's sake. I was led, by what predisposition I cannot say, unless by the general idea I had of a class, called scholars, to fancy there was something romantic and beautiful in the life in Colleges. I conjured a ghost from the middle ages, dim cloisters, retired meditations, and beautiful persons, who dwelt together in a religious community, where only sunrise and twilight divided the day, and all was

order, silence, and gentle repose. I saw the pale scholar, gliding like a shade through the aisles of a solitary chapel, or studiously bent upon his mighty volume in a recess of the vaulted library. I should be one of these scholars, have my gown and spiritual republic with the rest, and take my place in mysterious debates on subjects too lofty for the vulgar eye to profane, and feel fear as I wandered in the retired court-yards, that I should never rise to the lofty place of the true scholar. I had wove some such webs, which, it is true, hung on my mother's request, before I went to Triflecut.

I found here no scholars whatever. Some young men, deficient in grace, were wearing out the elbows of their coats, in getting by heart some set lessons of some little text-books, and striving, which should commit them the most perfectly to memory. This perfection lay in the point of a tutor's pencil, and was at last decided on by the votes of a band of professors, who loved wine and puddings better than literature or art, and whose chief merit lay in keeping their feet dry. The collegians seemed lost in the microscopic side of learning; and I felt I could see no poetry there, nor get any marks, and might either wait to be formally turned out by the vote of the professors, headed by the President, or fly myself. I chose the latter.

I have had a little formal letter from the President, informing me, that I may come back, if I will be a good boy, or stay away, if I will be a bad one; I shall not reply, for I have nothing to say. It was childish to go to College, and yet more childish to stay more than one day, when I was there.

As I sat on my sand-bank to-day, looking at a finely-shaped arrow-head I had found, I could not but recall the forms of those uncivilized men who once pitched their wigwams under the groves on its border. I saw them circling me, in their mazy dance, like a company of demons come from the depths of nature, to torment me in my poor condition; they shook their long, straight hair, in raven clouds above their flat foreheads, while some maidens, who sat in a group apart, smiled on me, with those moon-like watery smiles, which make me at once frantic and powerless. Apart from the maidens, and the dancing group, to the trunk of a tree, bared for the purpose, was bound by tight-drawn sinews

a youth, whose curling hair, and pale cheeks showed he had been stolen from some other clime. Those fearful bands pressed close into his tender flesh, and it seemed the blood would gush from them every instant; yet the expression of his countenance was calm and resigned, as if the patience of years lay within his unaltering eyes; as the Indian girls smiled, I saw a fainter smile yet, of the same cast, flow over his thin cheek, and a tall, muscular chief from the dancing group raised his heavy spear and balanced it, in his upraised arm, as if he would throw it.

There was a most glorious sunset this evening, and I stood on the high bank of the river to watch it. The long line of dancing light was traced from my feet across the river, till it sunk at the foot of some black hills. The sky above was flecked with spots of fused gold, with a lake of the richest blue, surrounded by yellow banks, and crimson mountains, rolling and towering into a host of laughing rosy clouds. This is the setting of the life in the clouds, while our sunlight here falls into the arms of the black hills. Still, our little boats dance down the golden tide, play with the shining foam, and leave behind a long row of pretty bubbles, which expand and fade in an instant. I shall love better to play among the purple mountains, and the silver trees. I am haunted to-day by some figures from the sky, though O! how seldom they come.

EDWARD.

LETTER VII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

Easton.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I have received your letter, in which you describe your friend Edward, and wish to know my opinion, as to what you can do for him, in his present situation. I am not sure that I can offer you one suggestion on the subject, which will clear your mind of doubt, or render your duty as a friend more easy. It is not unknown to you, that I have long regarded Edward, from his connection with you, as one of my

friends; and the various conversations we have held upon him make me feel, though I have never seen him, as if I was an old acquaintance.

He is one of a class of young persons, who have lately sprung into existence, as distinct from the youth of the last generation, as Italians from Icelanders,—the children of the new birth of the century, whose places have not been found. This mania for what is natural, and this distaste for conventionalisms, is exhibited as the popular idea, yet inaccessible to the class in which he was born, and which is the last to feel the auroral influences of reform. But not in our day will this new idea of civilization complete itself, and hence these unconscious reformers will be the last to discover their true position. They cannot unite themselves with sects or associations, for the centre of their creed consists in the disavowal of congregations, and they wander solitary and alone, the true madmen of this nineteenth century. The youth of our age will be the manhood of the next, and though Edward will not become a man of the world so deep are his peculiarities, the great number of those, who profess a like belief with him, disavow in later life the ideal tendencies of their early years. The vein in them was not a central one, which ran to the core of their existence.

I sympathize with what you say of Edward's family, and especially of his mother. Educated as she was, to say nothing of her original character, I fear she cannot stand in the right place, to see him as he is. She feels sensitive about each new step he takes, without comprehending how impossible it is for him to run astray in the vices and follies, which followed the want of occupation, in the young men she was brought up with, and asks anxiously of his every movement, how will the world regard this? forgetting, how indifferent the world is of her son's affairs. Your desire, that I should write her on the subject, with her previous knowledge of my character, I cannot accede to; for though I am older than you, and better known, she would have more confidence in what you might furnish. If you write, I would not insist on Edward's youth, or advance the old common-places, that years will bring discretion, and experience open closed eyes, as I know you would, if you happened to be struck with the folly of the

opinion; I would calmly ask her to wait for a season, and not precipitate her judgment, and dwell upon the exquisite delicacy of her son's character, which I do not believe either she or her daughter appreciate.

You inquire, "Do you think Ashford a poet, or simply a lover of verse, who writes by force of imitation?" What the world generally calls a poet, I believe he will never be, that is, to carefully prepare a good many dull verses, print them on the whitest paper, with notes of introduction, and engage a favorable critic to make them a pretty review. Whether he publishes anything, I consider doubtful; but from the poem you showed me, I judge the production of verse is natural to him, and that by abundant encouragement from his friends, he may be led to write with more attention to critical rules, though for some years he will pay the least possible respect to measure and formal art. He will have a favorable beginning for a poet, and his verse become the product of necessity and nature. I am glad he inclines to so much privacy, for this port-folio literature has long had a charm for me, which I cannot value too greatly. I would do my best to inspire him with a belief in his powers, though I should make a very gradual approach to any formal criticism of what he may send. Above all, I would leave his life to himself. How many years I required to untie the dexterous noose, which the stern education of my youth knotted about my faculties, and in fact, what day passes, in which I do not wage violent war with the legends of boyhood. How much more difficult for such a person as Edward, who has scarcely any control over himself, to become free, should he once fall into the snare of custom. I hope he will remain at Lovedale, as it pleases him, for I long to hear some one brought up poetically in nature. Soon enough, time will hammer his chains of practice, if they are not forging already.

M. G.

LETTER VIII.

RICHARD ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

Doughnut.

My Dear Ned,

Thou art no more to be come at than the south shore, under a north-easter, and I have abandoned all hope of

seeing your face again. I have been besought by your acquaintances, both male and female, excepting your friend Hope, to communicate with you at Lovedale in person, and so "beard the lion in his den." To say nothing of the rheumatism, of which I have had several horrible twinges lately, I hold any intrusion into your solitude a paltry business; I am willing to let you alone, and would not write you a letter for a Dukedom, was I not the only medium of communication between the main land and your island.

You have played us a snug trick, and graduated at a college of your own founding. I heard a piece of your letter to Hope, which forced the water out of my eyes, as if they had been sponges. Your magnificent explosion of the College, as if it was a fuze, and very wet at that, exceeds in comic these old plays, I am reading; and if I was not a tolerable hand at laughing these many years, I had become one at reading that. The President took an oath on the four evangelists, that you were mad as a March hare; the Board of Control washed their hands of you at once, and you are now no more a member of Triflecut, than of Bedlam. Being free of College, consider within yourself what line of business you mean to pursue, and send us word. Your mother's heart is nearly broken, if that affords you any satisfaction, while your sister thinks you a cold-hearted villain, just good enough for the State's Prison, or the Lunatic Hospital. These agreeable conclusions, to which I have arrived from actual inspection, I fear will throw a fog over your passage, and perhaps induce you to put your helm hard up, and run for some other beacon. One thing consider settled, you cannot go back to College, for they are all your mortal enemies there, except Hope, and he is a quiz.

I am authorized, by your mother, as your oldest male relative, to inform you, that you can, if you choose, return to Doughnut, and enter the office of Lawyer Smealmin, to study law. Smealmin I advised with yesterday. He is a dry, spare, plugged-looking creature, with more laws in his head than straws in a wheat-stack. He sits at an angle of forty-five degrees, and lives on apples and sour milk. In his office you will be expected to hold a law book between your face and the fire in winter, and in the summer

try to keep your temperature low, by drinking iced water, and playing the flute. In his premises are two other young gentlemen sucking law, who look plump, and appear very cheerful. I cannot form an opinion as to your fitness for the law, as a profession, but will inform you, what is expected of a lawyer, and then you will be able to judge for yourself. I was once engaged in a protracted law-suit, which lasted three years, and then died of consumption, its lungs (the lawyers) having absorbed the whole substance. If you are a lawyer, you must be able to eat two dinners every day, one with your client, and the other with the bar; to purchase a dozen volumes, bound in law-calf, and full of law-veal, or, as it is sometimes called, mutton-head. In the morning, you enter your office at half-past eight, read the paper till nine, and then, if you feel able, walk as far as the Court-house. There you are provided with a seat by the Sheriff, and cold water by the deputy Sheriff. You next stare at the Court, consisting of one or more judges, twelve jurymen, a criminal or civil case, four baize tables, and a lot of attorneys. You next begin to make motions, which consists in getting a case put off, or put on, as you happen to feel, and run your eye over the docket, which is kept at the clerk's table, in a ledger, for the accommodation of the county, and the clerk's family. If it is your case which comes on, you open your eyes wide, talk a great deal about nothing, and dine with the bar. Occasionally you will feel sleepy after dinner, but awake yourself by smoking a cigar, or driving into the country. This, my dear Ned, is the general life of lawyers, so far as I have been able to learn, into which you can be initiated, if you will only say so.

Your mother is equally willing you should study medicine with Doctor Phosphorus, whom I have also consulted. Of the two, I should prefer to become a doctor. In this case, you enter the medical College, and attend three courses of lectures, and pass one examination. Medicine seems to be a delicious occupation. You have great privileges at the dissecting room, where you will find a greasy demonstrator in a red jacket, cutting up the carcase of a refugee Frenchman, who died at the poor-house of starvation, and as nobody would bury him, took shelter here, in the pleasant society of the students. You will be in ad-

dition allowed to visit the public hospital every other day, and become acquainted with all the Doughnut paupers, who preferred to be scientifically killed by the doctors, to unskilful death in the streets by the city authorities. These form an interesting class of men, and their diseases are so exceedingly compound, that if they cannot die of one complaint, they can certainly of some other. Besides this, there is Doctor Phosophorus' private practice, who physics all the old women *gratis*, and produces highly diseased conditions by artificial methods for the sole benefit of science and his students. The medical books are all written in what we sailors call "hog-Latin," and are far more entertaining, than if they were composed in common English; besides nobody can read them, except Doctors. As a physician you will not only be compelled to work all day, but frequently be called up at night, to visit a three-year-old infant, who eat an apple-peel in the morning, and has the gripes, besides living two miles in a straight line from your office, and when you prescribe, its affectionate parent will inform you, that she guesses it will do pretty well without any physic, and that she only wanted you to come and look at it. This, my dear boy, is a delicious manner of passing your earthly existence, and has claims on your attention, which, I fear, will prove irresistible. — There is still left to you, if you choose it, to become a merchant, in which condition many of the most respectable citizens of Doughnut pass their lives. The great art in being a merchant is, to look wise, and ride in a carriage, — to build a large house, and invite your friends to dinner. At first, very true, you must learn to cipher and write letters, but this will not detain you long, — the great thing is, to look wise, and ride in a carriage.

I, my dear Ned, have always been accounted a humorist, since I came home from my last voyage, mounted a wig, and smoked a pipe; and I believe myself, that I am more than half. As to what you really mean to do, I will not venture one word of advice, for I have been to sea all my days, and can tell nothing about what trades suit the land best. Only if you begin to do anything, stick to it, like a burr, and never desert the ship, as long as you can keep a rag dry. Set your canvass, handle your rudder, and make straight to some point by the chart of the passage. Do'nt flounder about, like a lobster-box, without a tie.

Your mother is willing to set off what property belongs to you, and let you have the whole control, now and forever, if you choose; but I advise you to leave it where it is, for it will burn, like as not, in your pockets.

I have seen more of your friend, Hope, and I maintain what I said, the fellow is a quiz, whether he knows it or not. A good boy, though, and I am glad he takes so much interest in you. The rarest thing in this life is a true friend. Interest ties us mostly together, and our chains are made of bank-bills. The golden bracelets of love unite very few.

Your Uncle,

DICK.

LETTER IX.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

How much more we see of nature in some moods, than in others. It seems, I could be for an instant content in the sunny beauty of the calm, autumn day. I cannot blame my constitution, that varies its sympathy so often, but I mourn I am cold and indifferent to the common customs and occupations of men. If each man has been entrusted with the gift of doing some one thing better than another, how happens it, I discover no pursuit which seems my rightful destiny?

At times, I think I must be a poet; and am armed with a strong resolve to compose some verses, which shall utter the music of my thoughts. The rhymes come, the essence is wanting, and what I meant for song, has only its form. I am desirous to be as humble as a child. If I am granted any success, how proud I shall feel; I never ask for a greater blessing. I have this ardent desire after verse, if I begin to write, I can think of nothing else, either when walking, or in the house. Some spirit inhabits the else empty chambers of my mind, and leads me after this mirage, over the bare fields of existence, and entreats me to quench its thirst at the sweet spring of poetry. When I write, and see what poor success I meet,

I feel more dispirited than before. Was it once thus with the masters of song? I should be glad, had they left the record of their experience in their mighty vocation, for I might then be better prepared to fail. There remains only their beautiful success, and it is impossible to believe they faded beneath these harrowing disappointments, under which I lie cold and sorrowful. I read the sublime strains dejected by my feeble trial to follow their daring footsteps, and have concluded many times, that I cannot be a poet. Again the desire comes, again I long to sing, and add a new thorn to my pillow in my failure.

You cannot think how singular it is, you should say I was born a poet. Your keen eyes, that usually search every secret, have been blinded by love. You do not see, with the impartiality of a stranger, of what in another, you call trifling with the muse, you think, because I send it, poetry. I lately wrote some verse which I send you, as I do not feel like writing more to-day.

E. A.

AUTUMN.

A VARIED wreath the autumn weaves
  Of cold grey days, and sunny weather,
And strews gay flowers and withered leaves
  Along my lonely path together.

I see the golden-rod shine bright,
  As sun-showers at the birth of day,
A golden plume of yellow light,
  That robs the Day-god's splendid ray.

The aster's violet rays divide
  The bank with many stars for me,
And yarrow in blanch tints is dyed,
  As moonlight floats across the sea.

I see the emerald woods prepare
  To shed their vestiture once more,
And distant elm-trees spot the air
  With yellow pictures softly o'er.

I saw an ash burn scarlet red
Beneath a pine's perpetual green,
And sighing birches hung their head,
Protected by a hemlock screen.

Yet light the verdant willow floats
Above the river's shining face,
And sheds its rain of hurried notes
With a swift shower's harmonious grace.

The petals of the cardinal
Fleck with their crimson drops the stream,
As spots of blood the banquet hall,
In some young knight's romantic dream.

No more the water-lily's pride
In milk-white circles swims content,
No more the blue weed's clusters ride
And mock the heaven's element.

How speeds from in the river's thought
The spirit of the leaf that falls,
It's heaven in this calm bosom wrought,
As mine among those crimson walls.

From the dry bough it spins to greet
Its shadow in the placid river,
So might I my companion meet,
Nor roam the countless worlds forever.

Autumn, thy wreath and mine are blent
With the same colors, for to me
A richer sky than all is lent,
While fades my dream-like company.

Our skies glow purple, but the wind
Sobs chill through green trees and bright grass,
To-day shines fair, and lurk behind
The times that into winter pass.

So fair we seem, so cold we are,
So fast we hasten to decay,
Yet through our night glows many a star,
That still shall claim its sunny day.

SOCIAL TENDENCIES.

"THE DIVINE END IN SOCIETY IS HUMAN PERFECTION."

[Continued from Dial for July.]

Our organic reforms are not organic enough. Or rather organic reform throughout all forms and all organism will never reach to the life which is in the organ, and that most needs reform. Change the present social order altogether, and introduce forms entirely new; let the organs of exhibition and imbibition for social man be newly created, still man himself, who is the being in the organism, remains unchanged. He is thereby made no better, and it is his bettering which is the one desirable end. Whereas if he were elevated, the organization and form of society would necessarily be also elevated. Were man drawn to the centre, all his circumferential motions would be harmonious. Few truths are now more obvious than that reformers themselves need to be reformed. So will it be visible with regard to associative experiments. They cannot be better than the men and women who jointly make them; upon whom, after all other expedients, the work of reform has to be commenced.

It is not then by means of a vision seen from his present state, that man can project a better life. But by living up strictly to-day to his deepest convictions of rectitude, there may be opened to him new and deeper consciousness to-morrow. Thus not from day to day will he project new schemes, but from day to day he lives new life. And in this faith, both the scoffer and the hopeful may find a common ground for union. This seems to be the mastering obstacle. This is the thread which it is so difficult to wind up, — a golden thread too, hanging down from heaven to earth preserving unbroken man's celestial relation. Man appears to progress by a certain law in which time is not an essential element. He may be as long as he will, before he takes a second step, but he can never attain to the third until the second is complete. Social infancy has no fixed period, but youth must come next, and manhood afterwards. Let the boy be ever so old in years, yet as long as his delight rests in playing at marbles and other childish pursuits,

he never ranks as an adult. Our social youth stays too long playing at commerce in the market-house. His commercial marbles have rolled into all places and things, foul and clean, from heaps of human flesh to linen and silk, and his fingers are yet unwashed.

Though none of our projectors may yet have alighted on it, there is undoubtedly somewhere discoverable the true avenue to human happiness. The idea of a true life is almost a universal intuition, and by consequence that the present life is false. Admitted to be possibly in order when contemplated as a whole from beginning to end, yet by the pain we experience, we know it to be but the order of disorder. Invisible, inaudible, intangible as are pain and pleasure, of their reality none can doubt, and such knowledge should suggest that deeper realities are also in the hidden and spirit-world. Amongst such realities this of a true life may there be learnt. In no other quarter may it successfully be sought. Whence man receives the intuition of true life, thence he should seek the knowledge of what it is. They, who have received this information from men by tradition, will naturally look to men for the solution, and to scientific facilities as the means. But they, who have the higher authority of a nature for it in themselves, will look in the same direction for further advice. To such the question now remaining is rather that one only, "What are the hindrances to the realization of true life?" For they no longer doubt that there is a true earthly life to be realized.

Consistently with their metaphysics, the advocates of the omnipotence of circumstances may plead, that the great and prevailing hindrances to heroic and virtuous existence lie in the very many untoward conditions by which humanity is surrounded. But the really courageous heart takes a different view; and, looking broadly as well as deeply at the facts, is free to admit that the great difficulties do not reside in the circumambient materialities or spiritualities; neither in the world of actual life nor in that of opinion, but in the being itself. Human degeneration is a self-act. To an escape from degeneration human volition is necessary. The primary hindrance to holy life is to be found in the Will itself. Men are not yet disposed for it; they are not yet Willing. In their self-willedness, active and

deep, and all-prevalent as it is, there is no room for the universal will and impulse to enter. To which the circumstantial philosopher replies to the effect, that man makes not his own will or disposition, but that it is made for him by circumstances. Not to wander too deeply into the question of free will, nor to assume more than may without prejudice be conceded, we may confine the assertion to these limits, that so far as man knows what is true and good, and is at liberty to act up to his knowledge, he does not do so. There is not a resignation to the absolute true so far as it is revealed. There is not a sect nor perhaps a man at this moment acting fully up to their knowledge and perception of right; and that not because of any obstructive influence in the circumstances, but from a lack of courage or self-denial or self-resolution, of which there is at the best and calmest moments an entire consciousness. Each one apprehending the inmost truth has to say, it is in myself that the principal hindrance lies. The primal obstruction is in myself, or rather is myself. Something in the nature of a sacrifice, a giving up, a forbearing to take, is needful on my part; and no outward influence prevents my practising this, which my heart and my head, my feelings and my rational powers alike demonstrate to be the first great needful step in human melioration.

Either this principle is denied, or it is admitted. If denied, on account of the supremacy of circumstances, then men must be left to suffer and complain, until the despot circumstances shall be changed by some other circumstances, which are to be generated of circumstances in some manner yet hidden. But if the principle of man's self-power, or heaven-derived influence be admitted, then, we say, the point is clear, and every one has to avow, it rests with me to let the world be amended. I have a revelation of the good and true, which is not yet realized so far as I am capable of elevating it to practice, and I am not justified in looking abroad for reasons for my inertia, when I am sensible that the defection is in my own will, in myself, in the very identity and individuality of my own existence. Next to the hindrances which a man discovers in his own inmost existence, may be ranked those moral obstructions which grow out of his own wilfulness. The opinions, thoughts, modes of reasoning, which form, as it were, the

store of his mind, have been all collected or formed by that will or wilfulness which is his grand misfortune. They accord with it; they are almost one with it. In case, however, of a conversion of will, or of a semi-conversion, which is a disposition to good, these mental stores are seen to be prejudices, conjectures, and habits difficult to be overcome. These form the glass through which we doubly see all other men and all created things. "Such is the condition of man," says Dugald Stewart, "that a great part of a philosopher's life must necessarily be spent, not in enlarging the scope of his knowledge, but in unlearning the errors of the crowd, and the pretended wisdom of the schools." These may be called accumulations on the outside of the soul; and amongst these may also be classed those appetites and passions whose indulgence takes place through the body. For they do not, as is sometimes assumed, belong to the body. The attractions of eating and drinking and other sensualities are not attributed to our physical nature. Greediness is a vice of the soul, which is only manifested, not originated, in the body. It is sometimes embodied in heaps of gold and silver, at other times in popular applause, or private ease, at others in viands and stimulants, at others in wife and children. These are but its modes of life; the passion itself is in the soul; and it but goes forth and reënters through the portals of the senses. Such are amongst the most potent obstacles to present progress. It is not difficult to obtain mental assent to beautiful creeds, doctrines, or speculations, which demand no practical change in habits or diminution of personal indulgence; but whenever it is proposed in the smallest degree to abridge gratifications which hinder the soul's clearness, and really prevent progress in goodness, the intellectual powers become suddenly active, and energies are exhibited which by their self-origin put to ignominious flight the notion, that man is always mentally ruled by mental circumstances. For an original intellect of comparatively surprising acuteness suddenly springs up. It is not until these formidable opponents within doors are subdued, that we need look abroad for any reasons to account for the non-attainment of our convictions of true life. These have, however, been so frequently exposed and so diligently assailed, that there

seems little occasion to dwell further on them. They have their origin in the same source where as our individual obstacles are accumulated. Every opinion and principle, right or wrong, commenced in an individual mind, and the congregate acceptance of these we call church and state, according as they relate to sacred or to secular affairs. The prejudices of art, science, taste, and profession are not small, yet they may all more or less be escaped, until they take the concrete nature upon them, and become part and parcel of church or state. So long as they remain unstamped by either of these seals, their plastic nature remains in a semi-fluid condition, and the strong-minded individual may counteract their oppressions. But as soon as warm spontaneous thoughts are chilled into orthodoxy, the fluid stream, which would facilitate our progress, is frozen into an unyielding barrier.

The clearness with which men see that the present state of human affairs is incapable of furnishing to them the desirable results for which they live, is the hopefullest indication observable in the moral horizon. No noisy demagogue, no exciting writer is needful to the production of this state of mind. Even those, who thrive most brilliantly on what is deemed the prosperous side of social arrangements, are ready to admit their inefficacy for permanent good. Life at the heart appears to be a toilsome engagement in a process which has no termination; a preparation for which there is no post-paration; a perpetual circulation of steam-engine and machinery which do no work beyond moving themselves; a hunting in which nothing is caught; a shaft without an aim; a pursuit without a goal.

These are the feelings and views in considerate minds, and next follow speculations for the future. Led, or rather misled, by the rule of experience, men have in vision beheld a public social state, in which every family being developed, every want satisfied, every tendency elevated, existence should become as redolent of bliss as now it is of woe. Competition, punishment, dogmatism, private property being banished, there would remain coöperation, pleasure, freedom, common property, and a cessation of every evil would ensue. But on examination it must be concluded, either that such plans do not proceed far enough, or that they are projected in a wrong direction. They

seem to be made too dependent on extensive scientific arrangements, into which we do not glide in an almost unobservant manner, as the growth of animate bodies proceeds, but there is a strained effort to a preordained result more comparable to the erection of a dead granite building than the perfection of a living being. The future state of man will not be any one that is scientifically prophesied, although scientific prophecies may have some influence; and so far as they are utterances from the law of life in man, they must influence. But in action, men proceed socially as they do artistically. Human society is in fact an art, and not a science. It is erroneous to treat it exclusively in a scientific manner. The "science of society" is a phrase and an expression of feeling which must be superseded by that of the "art of society," which includes, too, the all of science which is needful, but in a subordinate manner only. The social art is the engagement and occupation of the true artist. And as the divisional artist instinctively proceeds to utter himself through such materials as he finds lying about, whether they be rough or refined, so the social artist manifests, by the like unerring instinct, the law of his being in new life, through whatever social or human materials may be present. Both work instinctively. The law of criticism is to be developed from their works, and their works cannot be constructed according to a prescribed critical dogma. So far as this artist-spirit is born, there is an actual effort to embody it in some work. The artist-spirit always recoils from the dictation of science, to obey which, would indeed seem to be like a submission of the painter's design to the colors and pencils. Society attempted wholly on scientific principles, without the central artistic nature, would be found as impracticable as the opposite attempt of producing an outward work or object of art without the aid of science. It is in the marriage of the two, that the resulting offspring of an outward social existence is possible. As to painters, poets, and sculptors, so there is a perpetually new revelation to the social artist, but it comes not through science. Science lies on the other side; and it is from the social artistic nature, through science as a means, that the revelation is to be made manifest. This art, like all others, is progressive; and the progress of science, originally an issue from it, yet aids

it. The music-art developed musical instruments, and scientific improvements lend an aid in return to the artist in his expressions. These are the relative positions of art and science; and if scientifically arranged associations have not yet met with that cordial response which their benevolent projectors anticipated, they should be reminded that this omission is necessarily fatal. Without the feminine principle, without piety, without poetry, without art, as the primal origin, the prevalent idea, no project seems worthy of the time and thought required in the attempt to realize it.

Society is worthy in the degree in which art, in this sense, rules in it. Because there is no poetry, no warmth now in it, is the soul moved to a change. The wrecks of feudalism served long to sustain the succeeding crafts and guilds; but these stores being all exhausted, and science having swept up every scrap of chivalry to be converted into bread, the skill of political economists being now worn to its last remnant, some change is demanded to succor the famished soul. Now, it is very certain that man in this state will take up that which lies nearest to his hand. He appears individually incapable of much; — so that a bold conduct on the part of scientific projectors may elicit a support they do not legitimately claim. Such a course would merely amount to another chapter in the present order of disorder, a beautifying on the outside, and would not be very productive of either good or harm. We shall, in that case, simply have to return, or rather we shall still have to discover the right course.

Again man will adopt that which next is offered, and unless that is in harmony with his true progress, the result is again disappointment. There are, however, always two roads lying equally near to his feet. One is really out of his way, but seductive; the other is the true way, but is at the outset repulsive. Hitherto he has oftenest travelled out of his way, or the outer way, and has not really taken up that pursuit which lay next him. He still looks abroad for that which he can find only at home. He seeks in science that which dwells alone in art. Really that which stands next to a man to do, is to live up this day, this hour, to the best intuition of which he is sensible. This is an inner road which it is hard to travel, but the principle is that

which all moralists have enunciated, and which they who most diligently pursue, are oftenest charged with deserting

How mistaken men are as to the cause of their unhappiness, or how unready they are to admit it, is evident in the great variety of subjects to which human misery has been attributed. Hereditary monarchy, hereditary aristocracy, a law-established church, corrupt parliaments, national debts, taxation, machinery, education, ignorance, over-production, over-population, excessive commercial enterprise, banking, and various other facts have been suggested to account for the discontented condition of man. It only needs a geographical survey to see that in countries, where most of these afflictions are unknown, happiness does not yet attend man. A survey of the old or eastern continent of the globe shows almost no nations exempt from most of these forms of ill; and from the rest, the greater part of the new continent is exempt. It is not to be denied that more or less of physical misery abounds, as these forms of evil more or less prevail, but the soul-sickness seems to depend little on these causes. When the English emigrant escaped from the dark and dismal miseries of the manufacturing town of his birth, to the American swamp, he no more left behind him the origin of unhappiness than he did his mother tongue; and we must not be surprised to find his descendants heirs to one, as well as to the other. Misery they inherit as a generation; language they learn to lisp by education. But the initiation of both is equally certain, and from the same source. This fact is, we trust, becoming too well known to permit many more classes of ephemeral reforms or exoteric amendments to be seriously proposed or extensively relied on by mankind. It ought to be well understood that to rely so much on external plans, which are to be worked by others, is the most backsliding and treasonable treatment conceivable of that original impulse which is the basis of our amending desires. These persons and these plans become the great deluders. Their operation is that of throwing a tub to the whale. Minds which left alone would become intense in purpose, clear in thought, and strong in action, have been induced to lean on crutches, which will let them down into the mire. As soon as the weight is really placed on them, they break. Echoes of the great sounds of political economy,

which but a few years ago promised emancipation to man, have not all died away. At this forge were to be wrought machines to support men in every predicament. Yet how soon these fires are cold, and the hammers silent. Economy as a science has been as little prolific of good, as factious party politics. So do all short-sighted schemes wear out, and we have to return to the primitive stimulant which moves us. Were this the universal course, there would be no want of outward concurrence. In fact this is the only sound mode for its attainment. Outward union is not brought about by calling for it, but by the like spirit working in all men. We have now to see whether the present appetite is really one in all the individuals, which is partly to be known by the sort of food it craves. We have to ascertain whether the new spirit is an unfolding from the universal basis, and if it tends to one social order.

Viewed broadly, and as a whole, there is much that is cheering in the moral prospect. A deeper sense, a purer tint, seems spread over all moral thought. Wit has possibly run almost to the end of its barren career, and must await the coming up of affection.

In the general demand throughout the world for reformed government, we remark one of the workings of the youthful spirit. It is not by an accident; it is not by local association that men have become thus like-minded. Sympathy comes not by the rubbing together of corrupt human frames. Unity in mind is not generated by the aggregation of bodies. We may no longer fancy that men are urged as of old to a demand for political privileges by local or temporary scarcity of bread. We can no longer believe that the "*vox populi*" issues only from an empty stomach, though in famishment it requires a deeper, bolder, wilder tone. The politician now seeks rather by the organization of imposing numbers, than the array of physical instruments, to attain his end. His argument now is accumulation of minds, not the best dry gunpowder. He is no believer in force by bodies; or at least his idea of physical power is changed from that of muscular energy, to that of mind, as the mover. This is at length brought in as the primary element in the new political compound, and is the heart in the modern tyrant "public opinion;" a heart which joined with an undivided head and an unbroken

body would be unbearable. But integrity the body never had, and never can have. Integrity is not constituted of an aggregate collection, and this is the highest unitive idea which occurs to the mind of the political reformer.

This is the very infancy of central thought; the crudest notion of unity. The development of but one leaf more in the human bud exposes the externality of this object, and effects a reaction inwards, throwing the mind more consciously on itself, when the idea of universal education is next vividly entertained. Hence over-honest politicians expand into educationists. As soon as it is perceived that wise and liberal government is only possible with wise and liberal citizens, the effort is to make them so.

No thinker, at least no benevolent thinker, can have missed of the idea of universal education. The redemption of all mankind from the degradation of ignorance is the aim of every true scholar. The student who labors incessantly in his closet, apparently for himself only, is working for the entire human race, whether he knows it or not; and ultimately he discovers this fact with exceeding joy. The joy of aiding human emancipation by pure mental means is unknown to the political agitator, who is only tolerable in the roughest sketchings of social thought. Even the sluggish conservative joins in schemes of education, though with a different motive. For he perceives the assuaging effects of literature and gentle pursuits, and relies on them to tame the public spirit, and spare him a little longer the position wherein he stands.

There is a stage in human development where the frivoilty of politics, and the short-coming of education are rendered manifest. At this stage, a deeper work is demanded. Political reform succeeds political reform, and men are no better—and no happier. Education proceeds, and with it, penitentiaries and jails, hospitals and insane asylums are multiplied. Churches compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and the result is as of old.

The consciousness of such results frequently drives men back to individual narrowness. In his fruitless reliance, the publicist turns misanthrope. In contemplation of perverse humanity, the mentalist sinks into the book-collector, the literary critic, or the speculatist. The churchman becomes a skeptic.

Some few, qualified to act a leading part, are neither misanthropic, nor visionary, nor skeptical under any want of outward success. They are loveful, real, and faithful. But they are not found on every hill-side, nor in every study, nor in every factory. In courts and colleges we seek them not. With spade, or mallet, or shuttle in hand, they are to be found, full of youth, and practicality, and hope. Of what they really stand in need, many such are yet unaware. Their immediate object is nearly as obscure as the deep-moving impulse. Collected, located, united, they would be as a city seated on a hill; while dispersed, they are unknown to each other, and are overshadowed by the dark mass of the world, by which they are either to be wholly hid from light, or suffered to rise in egotistic splendor equally fatal to all good.

These are willing laborers; they shrink not from physical nor from mental duties: they desire not to avoid the outward responsibilities, in making a provision for the inward life. The lower necessities they joyfully submit to, for the happiness of the higher freedom. The love-spirit is strong in them potentially, as the labor-principle is present in them actually. The unitive means alone seem wanting, the mediator between love and labor.

Baffled, beset, or persecuted by the old hindering spirit, as progressive newness ever has been, the first aim is now, as in all foretime, to erect a fence against such assaults. The few new must defend themselves from the many old. The first duty — spirit-integrity; the first law — spirit-conservation, demand such a course. The most beautiful corollary of this law, the conservation of good in the whole, equally enforces it.

Are the few new yet numerous enough or strong enough to erect this fence in the outward world? Are they prepared to be this stockade? Are they sufficiently potent and certain in being? Rude may be the assaults attempted from without, but ruder far are those which must be mastered within. Man meets with a great enemy in the declared opponent; he finds even a greater in false friendship; but his greatest enemies are in his own heart; verily, just where his greatest friend also abides. And there they are, face to face, the fiend and the friend. Which shall triumph? Shall we have the strength of friendship to join the old

world in its hindering negation, or shall we be embraced by the love in friendship, and join the new world in its creative affirmation? Onward we must. The distinguished mission of the love-enlightened is to create a new sphere for the acting man; to construct a new cradle for the infant humanity, to nurse the new-born, to tend the weak, to foster the needful, to enlighten the dark, to sympathize with the lowly, to meliorate the arrogant, to sweeten the bitter.

Creation, construction, generation, not of life itself, but of new, beautiful, harmonious modes of it, is now man's great work. He is to open a place, to clear an arena for the manifestation of spirit under a new aspect. This precinct must be kept pure and unspotted from the world, free from old corruption in food, in raiment, in law, in commerce, in wedlock. Holiness, innocence, lustre must overspread all things, inspire all acts, permeate all being. Such a commencement shall be as the Word in the Beginning, in the ever Beginning; a seed whose tree shall overshadow all nations, and find sap for its roots in every soil.

Although future events are not to be read out of the past, yet may the coming be glanced at from the same point which generated the past, and generates the present. If there be any one fact in human existence deserving the character of universal, it is, that every human being enters the world as the member of a family. The creator, in using two human instruments to produce a third, maintains an irreversible decree, which may not be left unconsidered. The family may now be an example of anything rather than of amity; yet exist it must; and from this relationship all action must be dated. Marriage is something more, and something better than a contrivance for the perpetuation of the animal nature. Universal love rather than old-bachelor philosophies may suggest that public kind of treatment of children, which has so often been discussed, yet at the same time there seems no greater infraction of universal love in parental than in connubial affection. Moral sympathy is the basis of wedded union; a mental likeness precedes the liking, and these elements, no less than physical similarity, are repeated in the offspring. Were entire separation of parents and children decreed at the earliest movement which physical sustenance permits, sym-

pathy and likemindedness would, in no small number of cases, generate an unerring family register. Affection then is something; sympathy, passion, tendency, genius, are to be taken into the account. Falsely fed hitherto, they yet are true wants in human nature. Universal love is ever manifested in individual acts, and on individual objects in different degrees. Divinity itself has not made the tree and the man susceptible of the same amount of divine love; yet the love is one. Neither can man, though he love all objects with the same love, love them all in the same degree. The family then need not be a hindrance to a love for the whole human race. Nor indeed is it so; though not unfrequently is it made the apology and excuse for unloving conduct. Where the family originates in self-love, its existence is likely enough to manifest the fact in the strongest manner. Marriage and children do not generate selfishness, but selfishness generates them. Marriage is the mode of it with the married, as is single life with the bachelor and the spinster. Marriage and its results are not more corrupting than any other social institution; they do but serve to declare in the most marked manner, the power which rules in humanity. By its fruits the human tree is known.

Considerations of the kinds here glanced at, indicate the possibility for human emergence by easier transition than is presented in extended scientific arrangements. While the family kindred is a universal ordinance, it is equally certain that every individual is related to the whole human race; yet not in the same degree. Divine justice would scarcely be perceptible in making the improvement or health of one individual wholly dependent on the improvement and health of every other. In a measure, it is so; but the relation of some is so distant, that the influence scarcely reaches. And, at all events, the more it is so, the more potent the outward influence may be deemed — the greater is the urgency for individual healthfulnéss. So of the family. In the mere fact of association, families will not be improved. In the scientific and artistic association of families, something may be attained, but such an arrangement calls for skill in outward arrangements and knowledge of human materials, which the world has not yet witnessed. And, in the mean time, the regeneration of

any one should not be so wholly dependent on the regeneration of all. The one willing should not be a victim of the unwilling many. Moreover it is at least questionable whether individuals or families can be harmoniously associated until harmony reigns in them individually.

The family has no more received justice at the hands of the world than the individual has. Institutions, laws, customs, habits, are as opposed to the well-working of true family as of true individual life. Yet it is the fashion to condemn the one as the origin of social ill, and to pity the other as the victim. Public life commits a serious error, on its own principles, when it recognizes individuals, or rather individual man only without admitting female influences to a like extent. Society is male, not family, not humane. The sacredness of the family has only been talked about; while really it never has been profaned. The supremacy of the family has not so much as been contemplated. Church, state, commerce, wealth, wit, command. To the external forms of some of these all family claims succumb; and although, as an idea, it has been mentally entertained, and, as a fact, has had its influence, yet the position which to the family duly belongs has never been awarded. In this the Church and State should live. In this alone should they be exhibited in outward form; living form. On no other basis can living forms depend. Neither Church, nor State, nor Commerce can produce one living human being. They are but dead externals, animated by so much of life as creeps into them from the family origin. Commerce should consist in the interchanges of affection. The State is rightfully the family economies: in this all questions of law, of government, of justice should be discussed and determined. The Church is nowhere, if not in the holy family: its prayers, its sacraments, its praises are hourly, continually repeated.

The necessity for permitting what may be called the female element in society to grow up in its due proportion, has recently pressed more and more upon the mind. Woman and her rights, duties, and position, is the theme for many pens. In almost all cases, whether of male or female authority, the mistake seems to exist, that whatever advance woman may make in the social sphere, is to take place by reason of a concession granted by man. This is clear-

ly so large a vice in the premises, that the consequences must be vicious too. It must not be so. Man may indeed cease to hinder woman's just life; but with no other sentiment than that until now he has been in error; he has done too much, and he must now do less that the right may be.

In many other ways, also, we may catch glimpses of a coming newness, as much broader in outward character than the present, as it is deeper in spirit-origin. That origin really may be one, but in the apparent world it works step by step. First one round of the ladder is mounted, and then another is attained, leading unto a third. We have only to be certain that we do go upwards, and are not merely shifting our feet and coming back continually to the same level. Clearly this is too much the case; or rather it has been. Let us hope the world is wiser now. And there is so much the greater promise, inasmuch as for the bettering of both man and his conditions, the greater part of the achievement consists in that easy process of ceasing to do. The honest man inquires, "shall I go into trade?" and the prompt response is "no." The aspirant says "shall I benefit men as a legislator?" and common sense replies "you cannot elevate man by degrading yourself." The pious mind would find in a church the fraternal sphere which conscience tells him the hireling desecrates. How much of that which exists, must the new man cease to touch. Neither wealth, nor public life, nor church, as at present known, presents an attraction to him which he dare accept. Cleanliness of hand, of head, of heart, are not found compatible with these things. As the laws against smugglers, or slave-traders, they are nought to him. He touches them not; they touch not him; unless indeed as affording ground for false accusation, of which no small share awaits him. In this sense of living out of the present order, the progressive man may be said to outlive it. And daily are the ranks of such progressive men augmented. It is the legitimate order of human progress in this twofold manner to effect its purpose. He who abstains from alcohol, effectively destroys the distilleries, and need not be so unwise as to strike his mallet against the building. Active destructiveness is not the function of the true man, but his cessation of use causes by-gone customs to fall off like tattered garments.

Practically, the steps will be gained somewhat after this manner. More and more recruits will daily be enlisted from the old crowd, and swell the orderly of the new phalanx; but let it not be forgotten that the family relations cannot be lightly or irreverently treated. Not in public halls, but around the hearth-stone it ever has happened that improvement has been first discussed. Not in the noisy bustle of life where they are preached, but in the quiet recesses of home, all high, dignified, and heroic actions have their origin. In the family, the last, the noblest, the redeeming secret lies hid. Perhaps it is true that in this circle man's fall originated, and in it is perpetuated; but logically and retributively that fact should at least not preclude, if it does not confirm the prognostic, that in the family are to be sown the permanent seeds of new life.

Man's healthfullest feelings are of home-origin. Even the most ambitious will confess this. Catch the busy scribe, on whose pen the public waits for its miserable newspaper-wit, or for its political instructions, and he will own he hopes by his labors to make his family happy. — Speak in private with the orator, and he will admit that between the shallow pretensions of his cause, and the stimulants necessary to keep up his frame, he is a ruined being. Of the wealth-seeker we need make no inquiry. His only pretence for chicane is the protection of his family from his own morally disastrous process. These pursuits are so foreign to the legitimate purpose of life that devotion to them is social and domestic death; and, as far as permanent good is concerned, the world has to be ever begun anew. The public sentiment which now condemns war, and slave-trading, and hanging of men, must extend its condemnation to the quieter and subtler contrivances of legislation, and tradecraft, and presscraft, which more certainly obstruct the attainment of human happiness. These institutions are equally fatal to the reign of the human family, and the highest, purest human affections on earth. While the sceptre is in the hands of an artificial and factitious father called King, or Governor, or President, it cannot be with the true parent. All usurped dominion has to cease before the lawful empire can be commenced. To this consummation, as we predict, there is a strong tendency. Notwithstanding the great activity infused into the

present order, there is little faith anywhere in its stability. Thrones, credits, estates, fame, may almost be calculated at so many years' purchase. But there is not yet so clearly presented, as some minds desire, that unity on which a new faith is to be built. Here lies the difficulty in the new movement. Men cannot give up the old rites and ceremonies of the church, until they are vitally sensible of the ever present God within their own hearts. Men cannot abandon courts of law and state legislation, until they are fully conscious of the permanence of eternal justice and divine law in themselves. Men cannot give up the pursuit of wealth, until they are quite convinced that they are themselves the true riches of the earth. It is not on the exchange, it is not in the public assembly, it is not in the formal church that men will become aware of these deep truths. Hence the quivering anxiety to draw them to the meeting and the mart. The great opponent of death, as the great friend to life, is privacy. Quiet, serenity, vigor of soul, originality of thought are fatal to a system which lives by noise, bustle, decrepitude, and imitation.

Sacred precinct is the family: and supreme it should be also. Every home-act should be as sacred as the secretest emotions in the soul; effusing a perpetual sabbath. Every humane action is a sacrament, every human effort a work of art, having for object its own construction. This is the great end in creation. But humanity can only work in this order, when connected livingly, purely, generatively with the creating spirit. Until then, all is disorder, chaos, profanity. All that attracts men, all that engages their attention, is only tolerated on the excuse of its subserviency to the sacredness of home; a sacredness which is pretended to be upheld by the very processes which violate its sanctuary, so that really it is not. Men are hopefully asking why this illusion should be prolonged. And as no satisfactory response is heard, they ask it more and more earnestly. Their earnestness is the omen of its downfall.

C. L.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

CHINESE FOUR BOOKS.

[PRELIMINARY NOTE. Since we printed a few selections from Dr. Marshman's translation of the sentences of Confucius, we have received a copy of "the Chinese Classical Work, commonly called the Four Books, translated and illustrated with notes by the late Rev. David Collie, Principal of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca. Printed at the Mission Press." This translation, which seems to have been undertaken and performed as an exercise in learning the language, is the most valuable contribution we have yet seen from the Chinese literature. That part of the work, which is new, is the Memoirs of Mencius in two books, the Shang Mung and Hea Mung, which is the production of Mung Tsze (or Mencius,) who flourished about a hundred years after Confucius. The subjoined extracts are chiefly taken from these books.]

ALL things are contained complete in ourselves. There is no greater joy than to turn round on ourselves and become perfect.

The human figure and color possess a divine nature, but it is only the sage who can fulfil what his figure promises.

The superior man's nature consists in this, that benevolence, justice, propriety, and wisdom, have their root in his heart, and are exhibited in his countenance. They shine forth in his face and go through to his back. They are manifested in his four members.

Wherever the superior man passes, renovation takes place. The divine spirit which he cherishes above and below, flows on equal in extent and influence with heaven and earth.

Tsze Kung says, The errors of the superior man are like the eclipses of the sun and moon. His errors all men see, and his reformation all men look for.

Mencius says, There is not anything but is decreed; accord with and keep to what is right. Hence he, who understands the decrees, will not stand under a falling wall. He, who dies in performing his duty to the utmost of his power, accords with the decrees of heaven. But he who dies for his crimes, accords not with the divine decree.

There is a proper rule by which we should seek, and whether we obtain what we seek or not, depends on the divine decree.

Put men to death by the principles which have for their object the preservation of life, and they will not grumble.

THE SCHOLAR.

Teen, son of the king of Tse, asked what the business of the scholar consists in? Mencius replied, In elevating his mind and inclination. What do you mean by elevating the mind? It consists merely in being benevolent and just. Where is the scholar's abode? In benevolence. Where is his road? Justice. To dwell in benevolence, and walk in justice, is the whole business of a great man.

Benevolence is man's heart, and justice is man's path. If a man lose his fowls or his dogs, he knows how to seek them. There are those who lose their hearts and know not how to seek them. The duty of the student is no other than to seek his lost heart.

He who employs his whole mind, will know his nature. He who knows his nature, knows heaven.

It were better to be without books than to believe all that they record.

THE TAOU.

Sincerity is the *Taou* or way of heaven. To aim at it is the way of man.

From inherent sincerity to have perfect intelligence, is to be a sage by nature; to attain sincerity by means of intelligence, is to be such by study. Where there is sincerity, there must be intelligence. Where intelligence is, it must lead to sincerity.

He who offends heaven, has none to whom he can pray.

Mencius said, To be benevolent is man. When man and benevolence are united, they are called *Taou*.

To be full of sincerity, is called beauty. To be so full of sincerity that it shines forth in the external conduct, is called greatness. When this greatness renovates others, it is called sageness. Holiness or sageness which is above comprehension, is called divine.

Perfection (or sincerity) is the way of heaven, and to wish for perfection is the duty of a man. It has never been the case that he who possessed genuine virtue in the

highest degree, could not influence others, nor has it ever been the case that he who was not in the highest degree sincere could influence others.

There is a divine nobility and a human nobility. Benevolence, justice, fidelity, and truth, and to delight in virtue without weariness, constitute divine nobility. To be a prince, a prime minister, or a great officer of state constitute human nobility. The ancients adorned divine nobility, and human nobility followed it.

The men of the present day cultivate divine nobility in order that they may obtain human nobility; and when they once get human nobility, they throw away divine nobility. This is the height of delusion, and must end in the loss of both.

OF REFORM.

Taou is not far removed from man. If men suppose that it lies in something remote, then what they think of is not *Taou*. The ode says, "Cut hatchet handles." This means of doing it, is not remote; you have only to take hold of one handle, and use it to cut another. Yet if you look aslant at it, it will appear distant. Hence the superior man employs man, (that is, what is in man,) to reform man.

When Tsze Loo heard anything that he had not yet fully practised, he was afraid of hearing anything else.

The governor of Yih asked respecting government. Confucius replied, Make glad those who are near, and those who are at a distance will come.

The failing of men is that they neglect their own field, and dress that of others. They require much of others, but little of themselves.

WAR.

Mencius said, From this time and ever after I know the heavy consequences of killing a man's parents. If you kill a man's elder brother, he will kill your elder brother. Hence although you do not yourself kill them, you do nearly the same thing.

When man says, I know well how to draw up an army, I am skilled in fighting, he is a great criminal.

POLITICS.

Ke Kang asked Confucius respecting government. Confucius replied, Government is rectitude.

Ke Kang was harassed by robbers, and consulted Confucius on the subject. Confucius said, If you, sir, were not covetous, the people would not rob, even though you should hire them to do it.

Mencius said, Pih E's eye would not look on a bad color, nor would his ear listen to a bad sound. Unless a prince were of his own stamp, he would not serve him, and unless people were of his own stamp, he would not employ them. In times of good government, he went into office, and in times of confusion and bad government, he retired. Where disorderly government prevailed, or where disorderly people lived, he could not bear to dwell. He thought that to live with low men was as bad as to sit in the mud with his court robes and cap. In the time of Chou, he dwelt on the banks of the North Ka, watching till the Empire should be brought to peace and order. Hence, when the fame of Pih E is heard of, the stupid become intelligent, and the weak determined.

E Yin said, What of serving a prince not of one's own stamp! What of ruling a people which are not to your mind! In times of good government he went into office, and so did he in times of disorder. He said, heaven has given life to this people, and sent those who are first enlightened to enlighten those who are last, and has sent those who are first aroused to arouse those who are last. I am one of heaven's people who am first aroused. I will take these doctrines and arouse this people. He thought that if there was a single man or woman in the Empire, who was not benefited by the doctrines of Yaou and Shun, that he was guilty of pushing them into a ditch. He took the heavy responsibility of the Empire on himself.

Lew Hea Hooi was not ashamed of serving a dirty Prince, nor did he refuse an inferior office. He did not conceal the virtuous, and acted according to his principles. Although he lost his place, he grumbled not. In poverty he repined not. He lived in harmony with men of little worth, and could not bear to abandon them. He said, "You are you, and I am I; although you sit by my side

with your body naked, how can you defile me?" Hence when the fame of Lew Hea Hooi is heard of, the mean man becomes liberal, and the miserly becomes generous.

VIRTUE.

Chung Kung asked, What is perfect virtue? Confucius said, What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them.

Sze Ma Neu asked, What constitutes perfect virtue? Confucius replied; It is to find it difficult to speak. "To find it difficult to speak! Is that perfect virtue?" Confucius rejoined, What is difficult to practise, must it not be difficult to speak?

Confucius says, Virtue runs swifter than the royal postillions carry despatches.

The She King says, "Heaven created all men having their duties and the means or rules of performing them. It is the natural and constant disposition of men to love beautiful virtue." Confucius says, that he who wrote this ode knew right principles.

Confucius exclaimed, Is virtue far off? I only wish for virtue, and virtue comes.

Confucius said, I have not seen any one who loves virtue as we love beauty.

Confucius says, The superior man is not a machine which is fit for one thing only.

Tze Kung asked, Who is a superior man? Confucius replied, He who first practises his words, and then speaks accordingly.

The principles of great men illuminate the whole universe above and below. The principles of the superior man commence with the duties of common men and women, but in their highest extent they illuminate the universe.

Confucius said, Yew, permit me to tell you what is knowledge. What you are acquainted with, consider that you know it; what you do not understand, consider that you do not know it; this is knowledge.

Confucius exclaimed, How vast the influence of the Kwei Shin (spirits or gods). If you look for them, you cannot see them; if you listen, you cannot hear them; they

embody all things, and are what things cannot be separated from. When they cause mankind to fast, purify, and dress themselves, everything appears full of them. They seem to be at once above, and on the right, and on the left. The ode says, The descent of the gods cannot be comprehended; with what reverence should we conduct ourselves! Indeed that which is least, is clearly displayed. They cannot be concealed.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,
Marking with reverent look each passer's face,
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace
That primal soul whereof he is the show.
For here still move, by many eyes unseen,
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept,
Through every guise these lofty forms serene
Declare the all-holding Life hath never slept;
But known each thrill that in Man's heart hath been,
And every tear that his sad eyes have wept.
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants, —
We greet them still as most unwelcome guests,
Answering their smile with hateful looks askance,
Their sacred speech with foolish, bitter jests;
But oh! what is it to imperial Jove
That this poor world refuses all his love!

C. A. D.

A WINTER WALK.

The wind has gently murmured through the blinds, or puffed with feathery softness against the windows, and occasionally sighed like a summer zephyr lifting the leaves along, the livelong night. The meadow mouse has slept in his snug gallery in the sod, the owl has sat in a hollow tree in the depth of the swamp, the rabbit, the squirrel, and the fox have all been housed. The watch-dog has lain quiet on the hearth, and the cattle have stood silent in their stalls. The earth itself has slept, as it were its first, not its last sleep, save when some street-sign or wood-house door, has faintly creaked upon its hinge, cheering forlorn nature at her midnight work. — The only sound awake twixt Venus and Mars, — advertising us of a remote inward warmth, a divine cheer and fellowship, where gods are met together, but where it is very bleak for men to stand. But while the earth has slumbered, all the air has been alive with feathery flakes, descending, as if some northern Ceres reigned, showering her silvery grain over all the fields.

We sleep and at length awake to the still reality of a winter morning. The snow lies warm as cotton or down upon the window-sill; the broadened sash and frosted panes admit a dim and private light, which enhances the snug cheer within. The stillness of the morning is impressive. The floor creaks under our feet as we move toward the window to look abroad through some clear space over the fields. We see the roofs stand under their snow burden. From the eaves and fences hang stalactites of snow, and in the yard stand stalagmites covering some concealed core. The trees and shrubs rear white arms to the sky on every side, and where were walls and fences, we see fantastic forms stretching in frolic gambols across the dusky landscape, as if nature had strewn her fresh designs over the fields by night as models for man's art.

Silently we unlatch the door, letting the drift fall in, and step abroad to face the cutting air. Already the stars have lost some of their sparkle, and a dull leaden mist skirts the horizon. A lurid brazen light in the east proclaims the approach of day, while the western landscape is

dim and spectral still, and clothed in a sombre Tartarean light, like the shadowy realms. They are Infernal sounds only that you hear, — the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs, the chopping of wood, the lowing of kine, all seem to come from Pluto's barn-yard and beyond the Styx; — not for any melancholy they suggest, but their twilight bustle is too solemn and mysterious for earth. The recent tracks of the fox or otter, in the yard, remind us that each hour of the night is crowded with events, and the primeval nature is still working and making tracks in the snow. Opening the gate, we tread briskly along the lone country road, crunching the dry and crisped snow under our feet, or aroused by the sharp clear creak of the wood-sled, just starting for the distant market, from the early farmer's door, where it has lain the summer long, dreaming amid the chips and stubble. For through the drifts and powdered windows we see the farmer's early candle, like a paled star, emitting a lonely beam, as if some severe virtue were at its matins there. And one by one the smokes begin to ascend from the chimneys amidst the trees and snows.

> The sluggish smoke curls up from some deep dell,
> The stiffened air exploring in the dawn,
> And making slow acquaintance with the day;
> Delaying now upon its heavenward course,
> In wreathed loiterings dallying with itself,
> With as uncertain purpose and slow deed,
> As its half-wakened master by the hearth,
> Whose mind still slumbering and sluggish thoughts
> Have not yet swept into the onward current
> Of the new day; — and now it streams afar,
> The while the chopper goes with step direct,
> And mind intent to swing the early axe.
>
> First in the dusky dawn he sends abroad
> His early scout, his emissary, smoke,
> The earliest, latest pilgrim from the roof,
> To feel the frosty air, inform the day;
> And while he crouches still beside the hearth,
> Nor musters courage to unbar the door,
> It has gone down the glen with the light wind,
> And o'er the plain unfurled its venturous wreath,
> Draped the tree tops, loitered upon the hill,
> And warmed the pinions of the early bird;

And now, perchance, high in the crispy air,
Has caught sight of the day o'er the earth's edge,
And greets its master's eye at his low door,
As some refulgent cloud in the upper sky.

We hear the sound of wood-chopping at the farmers' doors, far over the frozen earth, the baying of the house dog, and the distant clarion of the cock. The thin and frosty air conveys only the finer particles of sound to our ears, with short and sweet vibrations, as the waves subside soonest on the purest and lightest liquids, in which gross substances sink to the bottom. They come clear and bell-like, and from a greater distance in the horizon, as if there were fewer impediments than in summer to make them faint and ragged. The ground is sonorous, like seasoned wood, and even the ordinary rural sounds are melodious, and the jingling of the ice on the trees is sweet and liquid. There is the least possible moisture in the atmosphere, all being dried up, or congealed, and it is of such extreme tenuity and elasticity, that it becomes a source of delight. The withdrawn and tense sky seems groined like the aisles of a cathedral, and the polished air sparkles as if there were crystals of ice floating in it. Those who have resided in Greenland, tell us, that, when it freezes, "the sea smokes like burning turf land, and a fog or mist arises, called frost smoke," which "cutting smoke frequently raises blisters on the face and hands, and is very pernicious to the health." But this pure stinging cold is an elixir to the lungs, and not so much a frozen mist, as a crystallized mid-summer haze, refined and purified by cold.

The sun at length rises through the distant woods, as if with the faint clashing swinging sound of cymbals, melting the air with his beams, and with such rapid steps the morning travels, that already his rays are gilding the distant western mountains. We step hastily along through the powdery snow, warmed by an inward heat, enjoying an Indian summer still, in the increased glow of thought and feeling. Probably if our lives were more conformed to nature, we should not need to defend ourselves against her heats and colds, but find her our constant nurse and

friend, as do plants and quadrupeds. If our bodies were fed with pure and simple elements, and not with a stimulating and heating diet, they would afford no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig, but thrive like the trees, which find even winter genial to their expansion.

The wonderful purity of nature at this season is a most pleasing fact. Every decayed stump and moss-grown stone and rail, and the dead leaves of autumn, are concealed by a clean napkin of snow. In the bare fields and tinkling woods, see what virtue survives. In the coldest and bleakest places, the warmest charities still maintain a foot-hold. A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has a virtue in it; and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence, a Puritan toughness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valor as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us too, as through the leafeless trees, and fit us for the winter: — as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue, which will stead us in all seasons.

At length we have reached the edge of the woods, and shut out the gadding town. We enter within their covert as we go under the roof of a cottage, and cross its threshold, all ceiled and banked up with snow. They are glad and warm still, and as genial and cheery in winter as in summer. As we stand in the midst of the pines, in the flickering and checkered light which straggles but little way into their maze, we wonder if the towns have ever heard their simple story. It seems to us that no traveller has ever explored them, and notwithstanding the wonders which science is elsewhere revealing every day, who would not like to hear their annals? Our humble villages in the plain, are their contribution. We borrow from the forest the boards which shelter, and the sticks which warm us. How important is their evergreen to the winter, that portion of the summer which does not fade, the permanent year, the unwithered

grass. Thus simply, and with little expense of altitude, is the surface of the earth diversified. What would human life be without forests, those natural cities? From the tops of mountains they appear like smooth shaven lanes, yet whither shall we walk but in this taller grass?

There is a slumbering subterranean fire in nature which never goes out, and which no cold can chill. It finally melts the great snow, and in January or July is only buried under a thicker or thinner covering. In the coldest day it flows somewhere, and the snow melts around every tree. This field of winter rye, which sprouted late in the fall, and now speedily dissolves the snow, is where the fire is very thinly covered. We feel warmed by it. In the winter, warmth stands for all virtue, and we resort in thought to a trickling rill, with its bare stones shining in the sun, and to warm springs in the woods, with as much eagerness as rabbits and robins. The steam which rises from swamps and pools, is as dear and domestic as that of our own kettle. What fire could ever equal the sunshine of a winter's-day, when the meadow mice come out by the wallsides, and the chicadee lisps in the defiles of the wood? The warmth comes directly from the sun, and is not radiated from the earth, as in summer; and when we feel his beams on our back as we are treading some snowy dell, we are grateful as for a special kindness, and bless the sun which has followed us into that by-place.

This subterranean fire has its altar in each man's breast, for in the coldest day, and on the bleakest hill, the traveler cherishes a warmer fire within the folds of his cloak than is kindled on any hearth. A healthy man, indeed, is the complement of the seasons, and in winter, summer is in his heart. There is the south. Thither have all birds and insects migrated, and around the warm springs in his breast are gathered the robin and the lark.

In this glade covered with bushes of a year's growth, see how the silvery dust lies on every seared leaf and twig, deposited in such infinite and luxurious forms as by their very variety atone for the absence of color. Observe the tiny tracks of mice around every stem, and the triangular tracks of the rabbit. A pure elastic heaven hangs over all, as if the impurities of the summer sky,

refined and shrunk by the chaste winter's cold, had been winnowed from the heavens upon the earth.

Nature confounds her summer distinction at this season. The heavens seem to be nearer the earth. The elements are less reserved and distinct. Water turns to ice, rain to snow. The day is but a Scandinavian night. The winter is an arctic summer.

How much more living is the life that is in nature, the furred life which still survives the stinging nights, and, from amidst fields and woods covered with frost and snow, sees the sun rise.

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants."

The grey-squirrel and rabbit are brisk and playful in the remote glens, even on the morning of the cold Friday. Here is our Lapland and Labrador, and for our Esquimaux and Knistenaux, Dog-ribbed Indians, Novazemblaites, and Spitzbergeners, are there not the ice-cutter and wood-chopper, the fox, muskrat, and mink?

Still, in the midst of the arctic day, we may trace the summer to its retreats, and sympathize with some contemporary life. Stretched over the brooks, in the midst of the frost-bound meadows, we may observe the submarine cottages of the caddice worms, the larvæ of the Plicipennes. Their small cylindrical caves built around themselves, composed of flags, sticks, grass, and withered leaves, shells and pebbles, in form and color like the wrecks which strew the bottom — now drifting along over the pebbly bottom, now whirling in tiny eddies and dashing down steep falls, or sweeping rapidly along with the current, or else swaying to and fro at the end of some grass blade or root. Anon they will leave their sunken habitations, and crawling up the stems of plants, or floating on the surface like gnats, or perfect insects, henceforth flutter over the surface of the water, or sacrifice their short lives in the flame of our candles at evening. Down yonder little glen the shrubs are drooping under their burden, and the red alder-berries contrast with the white ground. Here are the marks of a myriad feet which have already been abroad. The sun rises as proudly over such a glen, as over the valley of the Seine or the

Tiber, and it seems the residence of a pure and self-subsistent valor, such as they never witnessed; which never knew defeat nor fear. Here reign the simplicity and purity of a primitive age, and a health and hope far remote from towns and cities. Standing quite alone, far in the forest, while the wind is shaking down snow from the trees, and leaving the only human tracks behind us, we find our reflections of a richer variety than the life of cities. The chickadee and nut-hatch are more inspiring society than the statesmen and philosophers, and we shall return to these last, as to more vulgar companions. In this lonely glen, with its brook draining the slopes, its creased ice and crystals of all hues, where the spruces and hemlocks stand up on either side, and the rush and sere wild oats in the rivulet itself, our lives are more serene and worthy to contemplate.

As the day advances, the heat of the sun is reflected by the hillsides, and we hear a faint but sweet music, where flows the rill released from its fetters, and the icicles are melting on the trees; and the nut-hatch and partridge are heard and seen. The south wind melts the snow at noon, and the bare ground appears with its withered grass and leaves, and we are invigorated by the perfume which expands from it, as by the scent of strong meats.

Let us go into this deserted woodman's hut, and see how he has passed the long winter nights and the short and stormy days. For here man has lived under this south hill-side, and it seems a civilized and public spot. We have such associations as when the traveller stands by the ruins of Palmyra or Hecatompolis. Singing birds and flowers perchance have begun to appear here, for flowers as well as weeds follow in the footsteps of man. These hemlocks whispered over his head, these hickory logs were his fuel, and these pitch-pine roots kindled his fire; yonder foaming rill in the hollow, whose thin and airy vapor still ascends as busily as ever, though he is far off now, was his well. These hemlock boughs, and the straw upon this raised platform, were his bed, and this broken dish held his drink. But he has not been here this season, for the phœbes built their nest upon this shelf last summer. I find some embers left, as if he had

but just gone out, where he baked his pot of beans, and while at evening he smoked his pipe, whose stemless bowl lies in the ashes, chatted with his only companion, if perchance he had any, about the depth of the snow on the morrow, already falling fast and thick without, or disputed whether the last sound was the screech of an owl, or the creak of a bough, or imagination only; and through this broad chimney-throat, in the late winter evening, ere he stretched himself upon the straw, he looked up to learn the progress of the storm, and seeing the bright stars of Cassiopeia's chair shining brightly down upon him, fell contentedly asleep.

See how many traces from which we may learn the chopper's history. From this stump we may guess the sharpness of his axe, and from the slope of the stroke, on which side he stood, and whether he cut down the tree without going round it or changing hands; and from the flexure of the splinters we may know which way it fell. This one chip contains inscribed on it the whole history of the wood-chopper and of the world. On this scrap of paper, which held his sugar or salt, perchance, or was the wadding of his gun, sitting on a log in the forest, with what interest we read the tattle of cities, of those larger huts, empty and to let, like this, in High-streets, and Broad-ways. The eaves are dripping on the south side of this simple roof, while the titmouse lisps in the pine, and the genial warmth of the sun around the door is somewhat kind and human.

After two seasons, this rude dwelling does not deform the scene. Already the birds resort to it, to build their nests, and you may track to its door the feet of many quadrupeds. Thus, for a long time, nature overlooks the encroachment and profanity of man. The wood still cheerfully and unsuspiciously echoes the strokes of the axe that fells it, and while they are few and seldom, they enhance its wildness, and all the elements strive to naturalize the sound.

Now our path begins to ascend gradually to the top of this high hill, from whose precipitous south side, we can look over the broad country, of forest, and field, and river, to the distant snowy mountains. See yonder thin column of smoke curling up through the woods from

some invisible farm-house; the standard raised over some rural homestead. There must be a warmer and more genial spot there below, as where we detect the vapor from a spring forming a cloud above the trees. What fine relations are established between the traveller who discovers this airy column from some eminence in the forest, and him who sits below. Up goes the smoke as silently and naturally as the vapor exhales from the leaves, and as busy disposing itself in wreathes as the housewife on the hearth below. It is a hieroglyphic of man's life, and suggests more intimate and important things than the boiling of a pot. Where its fine column rises above the forest, like an ensign, some human life has planted itself, — and such is the beginning of Rome, the establishment of the arts, and the foundation of empires, whether on the prairies of America, or the steppes of Asia.

And now we descend again to the brink of this woodland lake, which lies in a hollow of the hills, as if it were their expressed juice, and that of the leaves, which are annually steeped in it. Without outlet or inlet to the eye, it has still its history, in the lapse of its waves, in the rounded pebbles on its shore, and on the pines which grow down to its brink. It has not been idle, though sedentary, but, like Abu Musa, teaches that "sitting still at home is the heavenly way; the going out is the way of the world." Yet in its evaporation it travels as far as any. In summer it is the earth's liquid eye; a mirror in the breast of nature. The sins of the wood are washed out in it. See how the woods form an amphitheatre about it, and it is an arena for all the genialness of nature. All trees direct the traveller to its brink, all paths seek it out, birds fly to it, quadrupeds flee to it, and the very ground inclines toward it. It is nature's saloon, where she has sat down to her toilet. Consider her silent economy and tidiness; how the sun comes with his evaporation to sweep the dust from its surface each morning, and a fresh surface is constantly welling up; and annually, after whatever impurities have accumulated herein, its liquid transparency appears again in the spring. In summer a hushed music seems to sweep across its surface. But now a plain sheet of

snow conceals it from our eyes, except when the wind has swept the ice bare, and the sere leaves are gliding from side to side, tacking and veering on their tiny voyages. Here is one just keeled up against a pebble on shore, a dry beach leaf, rocking still, as if it would soon start again. A skilful engineer, methinks, might project its course since it fell from the parent stem. Here are all the elements for such a calculation. Its present position, the direction of the wind, the level of the pond, and how much more is given. In its scarred edges and veins is its log rolled up.

We fancy ourselves in the interior of a larger house. The surface of the pond is our deal table or sanded floor, and the woods rise abruptly from its edge, like the walls of a cottage. The lines set to catch pickerel through the ice look like a larger culinary preparation, and the men stand about on the white ground like pieces of forest furniture. The actions of these men, at the distance of half a mile over the ice and snow, impress us as when we read the exploits of Alexander in history. They seem not unworthy of the scenery, and as momentous as the conquest of kingdoms.

Again we have wandered through the arches of the wood, until from its skirts we hear the distant booming of ice from yonder bay of the river, as if it were moved by some other and subtler tide than oceans know. To me it has a strange sound of home, thrilling as the voice of one's distant and noble kindred. A mild summer sun shines over forest and lake, and though there is but one green leaf for many rods, yet nature enjoys a serene health. Every sound is fraught with the same mysterious assurance of health, as well now the creaking of the boughs in January, as the soft sough of the wind in July.

When Winter fringes every bough
With his fantastic wreath,
And puts the seal of silence now
Upon the leaves beneath;

When every stream in its pent-house
Goes gurgling on its way,

And in his gallery the mouse
Nibbleth the meadow hay;

Methinks the summer still is nigh,
And lurketh underneath,
As that same meadow mouse doth lie
Snug in the last year's heath.

And if perchance the chicadee
Lisp a faint note anon,
The snow is summer's canopy,
Which she herself put on.

Fair blossoms deck the cheerful trees,
And dazzling fruits depend,
The north wind sighs a summer breeze,
The nipping frosts to fend,

Bringing glad tidings unto me,
The while I stand all ear,
Of a serene eternity,
Which need not winter fear.

Out on the silent pond straightway
The restless ice doth crack,
And pond sprites merry gambols play
Amid the deafening rack.

Eager I hasten to the vale,
As if I heard brave news,
How nature held high festival,
Which it were hard to lose.

I gambol with my neighbor ice,
And sympathizing quake,
As each new crack darts in a trice
Across the gladsome lake.

One with the cricket in the ground,
And faggot on the hearth,
Resounds the rare domestic sound
Along the forest path.

Before night we will take a journey on skates along the course of this meandering river, as full of novelty to

one who sits by the cottage fire all the winter's day, as if it were over the polar ice, with captain Parry or Franklin; following the winding of the stream, now flowing amid hills, now spreading out into fair meadows, and forming a myriad coves and bays where the pine and hemlock overarch. The river flows in the rear of the towns, and we see all things from a new and wilder side. The fields and gardens come down to it with a frankness, and freedom from pretension, which they do not wear on the highway. It is the outside and edge of the earth. Our eyes are not offended by violent contrasts. The last rail of the farmer's fence is some swaying willow bough, which still preserves its freshness, and here at length all fences stop, and we no longer cross any road. We may go far up within the country now by the most retired and level road, never climbing a hill, but by broad levels ascending to the upland meadows. It is a beautiful illustration of the law of obedience, the flow of a river; the path for a sick man, a highway down which an acorn cup may float secure with its freight. Its slight occasional falls, whose precipices would not diversify the landscape, are celebrated by mist and spray, and attract the traveller from far and near. From the remote interior, its current conducts him by broad and easy steps, or by one gentle inclined plain, to the sea. Thus by an early and constant yielding to the inequalities of the ground, it secures itself the easiest passage.

No dominion of nature is quite closed to man at all times, and now we draw near to the empire of the fishes. Our feet glide swiftly over unfathomed depths, where in summer our line tempted the pout and perch, and where the stately pickerel lurked in the long corridors, formed by the bulrushes. The deep, impenetrable marsh, where the heron waded, and bittern squatted, is made pervious to our swift shoes, as if a thousand railroads had been made into it. With one impulse we are carried to the cabin of the muskrat, that earliest settler, and see him dart away under the transparent ice, like a furred fish, to his hole in the bank; and we glide rapidly over meadows where lately "the mower whet his scythe," through beds of frozen cranberries mixed with meadow grass. We skate near to where the blackbird, the pewee, and

the kingbird hung their nests over the water, and the hornets builded from the maple on the swamp. How many gay warblers now following the sun, have radiated from this nest of silver birch and thistle down. On the swamp's outer edge was hung the supermarine village, where no foot penetrated. In this hollow tree the wood-duck reared her brood, and slid away each day to forage in yonder fen.

In winter, nature is a cabinet of curiosities, full of dried specimens, in their natural order and position. The meadows and forests are a *hortus siccus*. The leaves and grasses stand perfectly pressed by the air without screw or gum, and the bird's nests are not hung on an artificial twig, but where they builded them. We go about dry-shod to inspect the summer's work in the rank swamp, and see what a growth have got the alders, the willows, and the maples; testifying to how many warm suns, and fertilizing dews and showers. See what strides their boughs took in the luxuriant summer, — and anon these dormant buds will carry them onward and upward another span into the heavens.

Occasionally we wade through fields of snow, under whose depths the river is lost for many rods, to appear again to the right or left, where we least expected; still holding on its way underneath, with a faint, stertorous, rumbling sound, as if, like the bear and marmot, it too had hibernated, and we had followed its faint summer trail to where it earthed itself in snow and ice. At first we should have thought that rivers would be empty and dry in mid winter, or else frozen solid till the spring thawed them; but their volume is not diminished even, for only a superficial cold bridges their surface. The thousand springs which feed the lakes and streams are flowing still. The issues of a few surface springs only are closed, and they go to swell the deep reservoirs. Nature's wells are below the frost. The summer brooks are not filled with snow-water, nor does the mower quench his thirst with that alone. The streams are swollen when the snow melts in the spring, because nature's work has been delayed, the water being turned into ice and snow, whose particles are less smooth and round, and do not find their level so soon.

Far over the ice, between the hemlock woods and snow-clad hills, stands the pickerel fisher, his lines set in some retired cove, like a Finlander, with his arms thrust into the pouches of his dreadnought; with dull, snowy, fishy thoughts, himself a finless fish, separated a few inches from his race; dumb, erect, and made to be enveloped in clouds and snows, like the pines on shore. In these wild scenes, men stand about in the scenery, or move deliberately and heavily, having sacrificed the sprightliness and vivacity of towns to the dumb sobriety of nature. He does not make the scenery less wild, more than the jays and muskrats, but stands there as a part of it, as the natives are represented in the voyages of early navigators, at Nootka sound, and on the North-west coast, with their furs about them, before they were tempted to loquacity by a scrap of iron. He belongs to the natural family of man, and is planted deeper in nature and has more root than the inhabitants of towns. Go to him, ask what luck, and you will learn that he too is a worshipper of the unseen. Hear with what sincere deference and waving gesture in his tone, he speaks of the lake pickerel, which he has never seen, his primitive and ideal race of pickerel. He is connected with the shore still, as by a fish-line, and yet remembers the season when he took fish through the ice on the pond, while the peas were up in his garden at home.

But now, while we have loitered, the clouds have gathered again, and a few straggling snow-flakes are beginning to descend. Faster and faster they fall, shutting out the distant objects from sight. The snow falls on every wood and field, and no crevice is forgotten; by the river and the pond, on the hill and in the valley. Quadrupeds are confined to their coverts, and the birds sit upon their perches this peaceful hour. There is not so much sound as in fair weather, but silently and gradually every slope, and the grey walls and fences, and the polished ice, and the sere leaves, which were not buried before, are concealed, and the tracks of men and beasts are lost. With so little effort does nature reassert her rule, and blot out the traces of men. Hear how Homer has described the same. "The snow flakes fall thick and fast on a winter's day. The winds are lulled, and the snow falls

incessant, covering the top of the mountains, and the hills, and the plains where the lotus tree grows, and the cultivated fields, and they are falling by the inlets and shores of the foaming sea, but are silently dissolved by the waves." The snow levels all things, and infolds them deeper on the bosom of nature, as, in the slow summer, vegetation creeps up to the entablature of the temple, and the turrets of the castle, and helps her to prevail over art.

The surly night-wind rustles through the wood, and warns us to retrace our steps, while the sun goes down behind the thickening storm, and birds seek their roosts, and cattle their stalls.

> "Drooping the lab'rer ox
> Stands covered o'er with snow, and *now* demands
> The fruit of all his toil."

Though winter is represented in the almanac as an old man, facing the wind and sleet, and drawing his cloak about him, we rather think of him as a merry wood-chopper, and warm-blooded youth, as blithe as summer. The unexplored grandeur of the storm keeps up the spirits of the traveller. It does not trifle with us, but has a sweet earnestness. In winter we lead a more inward life. Our hearts are warm and merry, like cottages under drifts, whose windows and doors are half concealed, but from whose chimneys the smoke cheerfully ascends. The imprisoning drifts increase the sense of comfort which the house affords, and in the coldest days we are content to sit over the hearth and see the sky through the chimney top, enjoying the quiet and serene life that may be had in a warm corner by the chimney side, or feeling our pulse by listening to the low of cattle in the street, or the sound of the flail in distant barns all the long afternoon. No doubt a skilful physician could determine our health by observing how these simple and natural sounds affected us. We enjoy now, not an oriental, but a boreal leisure, around warm stoves and fire-places, and watch the shadow of motes in the sunbeams.

Sometimes our fate grows too homely and familiarly serious ever to be cured. Consider how for three months the human destiny is wrapped in furs. The good Hebrew

revelation takes no cognizance of all this cheerful snow. Is there no religion for the temperate and frigid zones? We know of no scripture which records the pure benignity of the gods on a New England winter night. Their praises have never been sung, only their wrath deprecated. The best scripture, after all, records but a meagre faith. Its saints live reserved and austere. Let a brave devout man spend the year in the woods of Maine or Labrador, and see if the Hebrew scriptures speak adequately of his condition and experience, from the setting in of winter to the breaking up of the ice.

Now commences, the long winter evening around the farmer's hearth, when the thoughts of the indwellers travel far abroad, and men are by nature and necessity charitable and liberal to all creatures. Now is the happy resistance to cold, when the farmer reaps his reward, and thinks of his preparedness for winter, and through the glittering panes, sees with equanimity "the mansion of the northern bear," for now the storm is over,

> "The full ethereal round,
> Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
> Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
> Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole."

H. D. T.

THE THREE DIMENSIONS.

"Room for the spheres!" — then first they shined,
And dived into the ample sky;
"Room! room!" cried the new mankind,
And took the oath of liberty.
Room! room! willed the opening mind,
And found it in Variety.

VOYAGE TO JAMAICA.

[Continued from Dial for July.]

THE sect which exercises by far the greatest influence over the colored population, and especially the "peasantry," as the plantation negroes have been called since their emancipation, is the Baptist. The people of this sect are much the most numerous denomination of Christians on the island, and their preachers espouse the cause of the laboring blacks, with great zeal. The largest congregation in Kingston is under the charge of Mr. Killish, a baptist preacher, whose place of worship is a little way out of town, on the "Windward Road." According to the "Jamaica Almanack," his church numbers more than 1700 communicants. I set out with the purpose of attending there one afternoon, but a heavy shower of rain delayed me on the way, and I did not arrive until just as the meeting was breaking up. As the multitude began to spread out on the green before the house, and more slowly by groups in different directions, I thought as I looked around on them, (myself the only white man,) that I had never before seen happiness so strongly expressed. I do not know how much the delightful air, just cooled by the shower, or their religious exercises may have influenced their feelings, but joy was beaming on every countenance, both young and old. Their smiles and adieus and kind friendly words to each other seemed to me of the most unquestionable sincerity; and I could not but say to myself, — these are a people strongly disposed to be happy. It may sound like extravagance, but when I think back on the many groups of joyous negroes which I saw in Jamaica, I am always reminded of Wordsworth's beautiful description of the uniform happiness of instinctive life, — of mere innocent animal existence, as compared with the sad results to which the various abuses of our powers reduce too many of our own species.

"The black-birds in the summer trees
The lark upon the hill
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With nature do they never wage
A useless strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And oft, when glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore."

That there is sorrow and suffering enough among them, however, and some individual cases too, which may be traced directly to emancipation, there is no doubt. The old self-constituted porter of the ice-yard was an instance of this. The building occupied as the ice-house had been formerly, and until within two or three years, the dwelling of a Mr. Pacifico, a merchant to whom the porter had belonged. On the day of emancipation, this old man had been set free among the rest. But from having no relatives, or from local attachment, or some other cause, (I was unable to learn its nature,) he appeared to look for no other home than the ice-yard. He was very old and decrepit. His speech was utterly gone. One eye was sightless, and the other shrunk and faded; his limbs so paralyzed that he always walked by the fence; and I never saw him two rods from the gate, which he, however, always seemed to make a point of opening in the morning, and closing at night. He slept on the narrow stair-case leading to the agent's rooms, with nothing under him but the mat, his feet hanging down the steps; and the only evidence, I observed in him, of direct and active, or any other than a sort of mechanical intelligence, was, that he always gave a "hem," as a warning for me not to tread on him, as I passed up and down the stairs at night. Mr. Pacifico's family used generally to send him his food; but sometimes they neglected it; and then he would get outside the gate, and beg of the fruit and cake women, or else wait till the agent returned to dinner, when he would crawl up into the room and stand leaning against the wall, until something was given him to eat. I tried once or twice to talk with him, but it was utterly useless. Besides the loss of sight, and speech, and the use of his limbs, he had other marks of great age. His muscles, (for his very scanty clothing was all in rags,) were entirely shrunken away, and his

nails had grown, almost literally, like bird's claws. To use a quaint quotation, "he looked as if Death had forgotten to strike him," and ought, in mercy, to be reminded of omission.

The baptist clergy, or missionaries, as they are generally called, have done much permanent good in Jamaica, and much too, that, no doubt, might be proved to be present evil. Their influence on the moral and intellectual condition of the colored people, through Sunday and other schools,* and preaching, has, beyond all question, been most salutary. Concubinage, that sometime "pleasant vice" of the Jamaica planter, which has long since become "the whip to scourge him," is now greatly on the wane, chiefly through their exertions. They have, it is true, like Pope Gregory VII., when he enforced the celibacy of the English clergy, found it much easier to prevent and dissolve *new*, than to break up *old* connexions. These connexions are no longer so numerous, nor so openly and shamelessly formed, as they were a very few years ago; but they are by no means abolished. While the brig was discharging cargo, I saw a neatly dressed and agreeable, but rather pensive-looking, young brown woman enter the ice-yard, with an infant in her arms, and address some inquiry to the agent, in a suppressed but anxious tone, which he answered by a shake of the head; when she turned and went away with a disappointed air. The agent said, this was a young woman who had "lived with" a friend of his, which friend (an American) had been in business, a year or two, in Kingston; but some five or six months before our arrival, he had returned to the United States. The young woman was ignorant of the fact, that it was not his intention, when he left, ever to return to Jamaica, and so, whenever there was an arrival from any of our Northern cities, she was sure to call on the agent, with whom the person in question had had some business connexion, hoping to receive tidings of him. Poor soul! our brig had brought the tidings of his death. But this news, the agent said, he could not find in his heart to tell her. I saw her once afterwards. She had the

* The first Sunday School in Jamaica was established at Spanish-town, in 1832, by the Rev. Mr. Philipps, a baptist missionary.

same little child in her arms, and the same sad, but patient look. Wrong and misery, such as this, the baptist missionaries have done much to suppress and prevent. It is said too, that they have done much to promote genuine marriage among the plantation negroes. But they are accused, on the other hand, and no doubt justly, of stirring up and fomenting the unhappy dissensions, which at present exist between the planters and peasantry. They are hated and execrated by the property-holders generally; and I scarcely took up a newspaper while I was in Kingston, which did not contain something concerning "the hellish machinations of the agitating baptists." The truth is, I suspect, these missionaries are not what are called enlightened men. Like most very zealous people, they are unable to see but one side of a question. They have adopted a certain cause, in which all their powers bad as well as good are enlisted, and in aiming directly at their main purpose, which they know to be good, they do some collateral evil. Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, the present governor of Jamaica, felt obliged to notice them particularly, in his despatch, last October, to the Marquis of Normanby, the then Secretary of colonial affairs. He allowed them all due credit for their exertions on behalf of the colored population, previous to the abolition, and for their endeavors to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of this race, since that event. But he regretted exceedingly that they had felt themselves called on to assume the position which they had done, no doubt with the best intentions, relative to the planters and laborers. He concluded, however, by saying, that he still believed, that the good they had done the colony far overbalanced the evil. Ever since the publication of this despatch, the baptist missionaries have been the Governor's most bitter enemies. They denounce him as an oppressor, a persecutor, a traitor to the cause of liberty, and what not. It was even proposed by some of the brethren, while I was in Kingston, that a donation of fifty pounds, which the Rev. Mr. Kingdom had received from the Governor, to assist in the erection of a chapel, should be returned.* The governor, from all I could learn with

* At one of their meetings, a resolution was passed petitioning the queen for his recal.

regard to him, is a man of superior talents, and an enlightened and impartial statesman. He has served in India; and I judge from a passage in an article of a late number of the Edinburgh Review,* which I suppose to have been written by Macaulay, who is good authority on all Indian affairs, that he has served with much honor to himself and his country. "If (says the above writer) we now see men like Munroe, Elphinston, and Metcalfe, after leading victorious armies, after making and deposing kings, return proud of their honorable poverty," &c. &c. — and in the reading room at Kingston, I picked up an East Indian newspaper, on the corner of which near the "imprint" was this standing testimony to his merit, "Sir Chas. Theophilus Metcalfe achieved the freedom of the Indian press, 1835." I intended to have made some extracts from the abovementioned despatch, and also from the governor's speech, on proroguing the colonial assembly, which would have afforded you a brief and clear view of the present difficulties in Jamaica, but I lost the papers containing them at Havana. With regard to these difficulties, I will first run over a few preliminary facts, in order to recal them to your memory, and then proceed to give you a brief and necessarily imperfect account of them, but which in all its main features, I believe, is correct.

Jamaica contains, according to the latest estimates, about 415,000 inhabitants. †Of these only 37,000 are pure whites. Before the abolition of slavery, the free colored people were estimated at 55,000. If these estimates are correct, the entire colored population is to the white as eleven to one nearly. The civil disabilities of the free colored people were removed in 1831; since which time all offices have been open to them. Slavery was abolished, and apprenticeship system established in 1834. This was to continue, with regard to the plantation slaves, or prædials as they are called, until the first of August, 1840. The non-prædials, or house servants, mechanics, &c, were to be emancipated two years sooner, being considered better pre-

* April, 1840, Art. Malcolm's Life of Lord Clive.

† The number of slaves emancipated in 1834 amounted to 311,700. No census has ever been taken of the other classes, and I found no one who was able to give me any idea of what proportion of the whole were intermediate.

pared for freedom than the agriculturalists. But as the time drew near for the emancipation of the former class, the agitation became so great among the abolitionists both in England and Jamaica, that parliament passed an act, by a small majority, dispensing with the additional two years of apprenticeship, contemplated for the field slaves. Ministers, however, being determined that the odium or responsibility of the measure should not rest on the administration, mustered all their force, on the next day, and obtained its reconsideration, — but immediately sent a despatch to Sir Lionel Smith, then governor of Jamaica, intimating that unless the colonial assembly should adopt the above measure, government would not be answerable for the consequences. The Island government, therefore, with great reluctance, and impelled only by the strong force of public opinion, passed an act, establishing full freedom and political equality throughout the island, to go into effect on the first of August, 1838. Since this time, numerous difficulties have arisen between the planters and laborers, chiefly in relation to rent, wages * on time and amount of labor. In the summer of 1839, Sir Lionel Smith, having become very unpopular with the landed proprietors, on account of partiality, real or supposed, to the interests of the blacks and their advisers, the baptist missionaries, was "permitted to resign." He was succeeded by the present governor, who shortly after his arrival, made a tour of observation through the island, in order to make himself thoroughly informed, as to the nature of these difficulties. The governor, in the despatch mentioned above, consequent to this tour, sums up all their difficulties in "a *want of labor*, which arises from the want of a sufficient laboring population, and from the facilities on the part of the peasant, of obtaining a comfortable subsistence, without laboring for the planter." He pronounces the laborers of Jamaica "the best conditioned peasantry in the world." By two or three days' labor (he says) they can provide for the wants of a week. The laborers, when slaves, cultivated certain spots on the plantation which they called their own, as provision grounds. The planters

* It is impossible, from the confusion of rates and methods of pay ment, to state what are the average daily wages of a plantation laborer — perhaps for small and large, from 12½ a 37½ cts. per day.

now charge them rent for these. This the laborers do not understand, as they have not been used to it, and they are unwilling to pay the rent. Again there are certain kinds of labor which they are unwilling to attend to, as being less agreeable or profitable than others. Now the interests of the planter require not only that every department of his business should be alike well attended to, but they require also continuous labor: as the neglect only of a very few days may be the ruin of a whole crop, either of sugar or coffee. In order to secure these objects, the planter offers to remit the rent, provided the laborer will give him continuous labor, and in such departments, as he, the planter, shall appoint. This arrangement does not in general succeed. The laborer, in many instances, after working a short time, thinks he can do better elsewhere, — or he wishes to do something for himself, — or he meets, as he thinks, with wrong treatment, — or he has supplied his immediate necessities; and he therefore absents himself, and disappoints the planter. Then comes the demand for rent, and sometimes, too, in order to get rid of the occupant to make room for a better, the planter demands exorbitant rent. The special magistrate generally protects the laborer against exorbitancy, and of course makes such a decision as dissatisfies the planter, who being unable to carry either of these points, has in some instances resorted to violence. He has cut down the cocoa trees, on the laborer's provision grounds, unroofed his hut, and destroyed his fences. To be sure, the property so destroyed is the planter's. But the laborer, very naturally, considers it not the less a personal injury to himself, and retaliates by firing out-houses, stealing sheep, or in some other way.

It is easy to see in all this the characteristic defects of each race brought strongly into play. The inefficiency and improvidence of the negroes, no doubt, might be much corrected by proper management, and kindness, and forbearance, but these the planter has never learned to show. I do not mean to say that I understood this state of things to be universal. Many of the estates where judicious management is exercised, are well cultivated; and many of the negroes are industrious, and work in order to lay up money. But trouble enough of this kind exists, to affect seriously the general property of the island. "It is evident,"

says the governor, "that rent is now regulated on the plantations solely with a view to the exaction of labor;" — and he recommends that leases should be granted, or small parcels of land sold to the negro, in order to relieve him from the necessity of holding land, from which he may be removed. This the planters are unwilling to do, as they contend that it would place themselves still more in the power of the laborer; and many of them are desirous of abandoning the rent and ground system altogether, and to remunerate wholly in wages. But the negro objects again that this arrangement would give the planter too much power, as in this case, the former would be obliged to purchase the necessaries of life entirely of the latter. — Besides, the negroes have strong local attachments.

All these difficulties are said to be increased by the spiritual advisers of the laborers, — the baptist missionaries. They call "agitation meetings" through the country, and talk to the negroes of liberty and equality, and the tyranny of their white oppressors. They persuade negroes to leave such planters as have become obnoxious to them, and join other planters who have not incurred their displeasure. Some, I know not how many, are said to have retired into the more uncultivated parts of the island. In short, no arrangement appears to have been thus far effected, by which the planters generally have been able to secure their crops, as formerly. Many of the cane fields have run up to weeds, and the rats and ants destroy the produce; and the coffee decays on the grounds for want of gathering. The natural consequence of this waste is a great falling off in the exports of the island, as compared with previous years. I was shown a return of exports copied from the Journals of the assembly, from 1772 to 1836 inclusive. The highest sugar exportation, always by far the most important, was I think (for I quote from memory) in 1805. It amounted in round numbers to 137,000 hogsheads. The smallest amount exported during these years was in 1836; its amount in round numbers, 61,000 hogsheads. In 1838, the last year of the apprenticeship, the export of this article had declined to 45,000 hogsheads; and at the close of the year 1839, the amount produced and in the course of exportation, while I was in the island, was allowed universally to be less than

28,000 hogsheads. I copy from a newspaper now before me the following statement, in a message to the assembly, of the "deficiency of crops in 1839, as compared with those of 1838."

Of Sugar 18,335 hhds. 3,070 tces. 1,510 bbls.
" Rum 9,828 pun. 165 " 386 casks.
" Coffee 4,654,647 lbs.
" Ginger 1,512 casks — 1,062 bags.

I was informed, that during the last three years, the seasons have been favorable, and that there had been neither drought nor hurricane in the time. This deficiency in the staples, therefore, can be referred to no adequate cause, but the want of labor. In the mean time things are fast growing worse. One entire year of neglect, it is said, will destroy a coffee plantation. And when the coffee plant is once out of the soil, it cannot easily be re-established in the same soil, even though that soil has not been exhausted by long continual culture. It is also said to require from three to six years of labor in a new soil, before the coffee shrub begins to make returns. The same remarks apply in some degree, though not to the same extent, to other branches of culture. When any grounds are neglected, they will run up to weeds and bushes, and thus one bad year prepares the way for another still worse. Many estates are said to be partially, and others wholly thrown out of cultivation, and many more, unless immediate remedy be found, will go the same way.

Since my return, I have heard but little about Jamaica. The little, however, which I have heard, has come through the occasionally reported speeches of abolitionists. And in these there appears to be an evident feeling, that it is incumbent on all friends of abolition to account for the declining prosperity of the island in some other way, than by referring it to a want of labor. They suggest that the seasons have really been less favorable than the planters and merchants assert. They talk of the disturbed state of the island currency, (the island paper was at six per cent discount,) and of the commercial embarrassments, arising from the political difficulties, and consequent suspension of trade, on the South American continent. Of these difficulties on the currency, I know but little. But they point triumphantly to the rise of landed property, as dis-

proving completely all the complaining assertions of the planter and merchant, and as most decisive evidence of agricultural prosperity. With regard to this latter, I inquired particularly of a merchant of much experience in the affairs of the island. He said it was partially true; that landed property had risen in some parts of Jamaica, *because* it had fallen in others; that while the home market was kept closed to foreign sugars, the smaller the quantity produced in Jamaica, the higher its value. And that its diminished production on some estates, and the ruin and abandonment of others, increased the value of those which were more prosperous or in full operation. This seems reasonable, and I believe it is true. But the abolitionists appear to think it absolutely essential to the success of their cause, to show that emancipation is sure to promote the pecuniary interest of the planter. They feel bound to paint every thing rose color. They wish to demonstrate that the atmosphere can be purified by perfectly harmless lightning; and that a great revolution can take place in a community, and a great evil be eradicated from it, and yet nobody, not even he who has been feeding fat on the old system of iniquity, be disturbed in his pleasures or money-making. They even diminish the force of their own theory, which asserts the enfeebling and demoralizing tendencies of a state of slavery, by attempting to make out a case of general industry, and steadiness of purpose, for the recently enslaved blacks. Now this resort to expediences is the system of tactics peculiar to the mere politician, always the natural enemy of the defender of simple rights. And the old rule of fighting the enemy with his own weapons, however good in vulgar political and physical warfare, seems to me utterly unworthy of men who are fighting the battles of truth. They forget that the truth is mighty, and apparently fear, that it will not have consistency enough for practical purposes, unless it be mixed with earth. They ought to take higher ground. If they would expect the truth which they offer, to promote health when taken into the moral circulation, they must present it pure, and not drugged with expediency. Let them agitate fairly. Let them — having full faith in its quickening influence, — evolve, and throw out fearlessly into the atmosphere, the whole unmitigated truth of this matter, so that

all who breathe may receive it, and by this simple process, as sure as the young grow up, to take the places of the old who die, just so sure shall they find a new and vigorous public opinion spring up, which shall be their only efficient helper. And when the young behemoth is once grown, he will pierce through all these snares of political expediency, and move on straight to his object. These deep politicians, these wise men, — each "thinking politics a science in which himself is perfect," — with their plans for saving the country, and their tactics, and curious political machinery, for carrying or obstructing any great measure, according as it may subserve or oppose the interests of a party, what are they when *un*official public opinion once begins to legislate and passes one of her short simple decrees? We have just seen how this great moral force wrenched out of the hands of the Jamaica planters two good years of slavery secured to them by act of parliament. For myself, I cannot resist the conviction, that the present landed proprietors of Jamaica will never again know prosperity. I think it has received its death blow, and that a far more genuine prosperity, than the island has ever yet known, will arise from its ruins. In the mean time the planters are looking about for something with which to sustain their declining interests. And for this purpose the assembly* passed on the 11th of April, the "Immigration Act." This act provides for the raising of £ 50,000 sterling per annum, for three years, to be expended in importing foreign laborers. A Commissioner of Emigration† has been sent to England, by the way of the United States, to promote the success of the scheme. He appointed agents of emigration at New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, whose duty it should be to induce suitable individuals, "one third at least, to be females," to go out to Jamaica as laborers. The government is to pay the expenses of emigration, and guarantee the support of the laborer, for one year after arrival, provided he will work on the plantations. Emigrants are to *sign an obligation at*

* Mr. Barclay of the Assembly. A few years ago he wrote a stout volume in defence of slavery.

† The seat of government is Spanish-town, the old St. Jago de la Vela of the Spaniards. It is about thirteen miles from Kingston.

the time of embarking, for the repayment of expenses and passage money, if on their arrival, they shall refuse to complete or enter into the proposals, shown them, at the same time. Agencies were also to be established in all the home territories, in Malta, and Africa. The members of the assembly, who are mostly planters, appear to have great confidence in the feasibility of the plan. The act was passed by a large majority. They also look with much confidence for the assent of the home government. "England," said Mr. Barclay, a prominent member, "for more than a century sanctioned the importation of Africans into the island as slaves; why should she not encourage it now, when all the blessings of freedom are secured to them? The baptist missionaries and English abolitionists oppose the act, on the ground that the planters have already laborers enough, if they will but use, and pay them well. And they assert, that the planters wish to import this foreign laboring population, merely with a view to control the price of labor, and thus bring down the blacks once more to the condition of slaves. The merchants appear to have but little faith in the project. They acknowledge, however, that it is a forlorn hope, and if this does not succeed, that nothing else will. Europeans, say they, are not able to come into this climate, and go at once to severe field labor. The negroes of the United States, I think, will prove but a feeble resource. Their strong local attachments will be an impediment. It may not be very difficult to induce a portion of the idle colored population of our cities, to emigrate; but I suspect they would prove very inefficient field laborers. Africa seemed to be considered the main resource. But I was unable to ascertain what was to be their mode of operation on the coast. What may be the facilities for obtaining emigrants through Sierra Leone and their other colonies, I do not know. But except through these, their only resource in Africa must be negotiation with native chiefs. And this method, it appears to me, cannot but possess some of the features of the slave trade. But on this subject, I am not well informed. My impression is that the plan cannot succeed. It is based on a false principle. The genuine motives for emigration are a love of power, gain, or liberty, or the strong hope of, in some way, very materially improving one's condition. And in

these motives the project is deficient. It is an emigration which proposes for its main result, not the good of the emigrant, but that of the planter. And I am of opinion, that none but a body of inveterate slave-holders, like the Jamaica assembly, could ever have come deliberately to the conclusion, that men of sufficient energy to do them good service, could be induced to leave their native country, with the prospect, and indeed, under the express agreement, of remaining for a term of years in the condition of day-laborers, at the maximum wages of fifty cents per day. The governor acquiesces in the measure; but according to his despatch, before referred to, he considers *time* the only remedy for the planter. But for this the proprietary system of Jamaica cannot wait. Should the proposed equalization of duties on sugar take place in England, for which the English people are clamorous, its effect, taken in connection with the regularly increasing supply of slave-grown sugar, and the favorable prospects for East India sugar, must be very disastrous to the interests of the planter. The prices of sugar in Kingston I found to be 25 per cent higher than those in Boston, for the same qualities, when I left the latter place. These high prices are owing to the prohibitory duties in England on all foreign sugars. The British government thus protects the interests of her West India Colonists, or rather those of the absentee landed proprietors, who make common cause with the corn law monopolists, against competition. And she does this at the expense of the great body of the people, and greatly to their discontent. By an equalization of the sugar duties, the British market would be thrown open to Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, which, from the nature of their soil, cheaper mode of building, and the abundance of slave labor, which they have at command, are able to furnish sugar at a much lower price than Jamaica can furnish it. The trade of Jamaica, in this article, therefore, is now merely kept alive by artificial stimulants. Sugar is the main product of the island, and should this prop of the prohibitory duties be removed, it is believed that the trade of the colony will go down with a crash.

I suppose the Governor is right, and that there is no remedy but time. But this will be no remedy for the present race of planters. They must suffer, — just as in all revolutions,

those must always suffer — who have been deriving the greatest advantage from the previously existing state of things. Among disinterested persons, who have given the subject their attention, I suspect there is little doubt, but that the intermediate is destined to be the dominant race of this island; or rather that, in no very long time, it will be the only race. In *amount* of native qualities, these people are the best of the island. The men are fine looking, and more muscular than the whites; and the women, — especially the brown, and yellow varieties, are much more beautiful and vivacious than those of purely English origin. These physical capabilities, which they inherit from their black ancestors, combining with the European intellect which they have received from their white progenitors, contribute to give them a force of character, equal at least, to that of the English Creole. In short, amalgamation appears to be to the negro a sort of purifying process, by which the more soft and feeble qualities of his nature are carried off to give place to those of more refinement and force.

It is still not unusual in the northern states, to hear color spoken of as intended by nature as a barrier to intercourse between the white and black race, and to hear amalgamation represented as an outrage. That it *is* an outrage against northern prejudice, there is no doubt. I confess myself one of those who do not like to touch the skin of a negro. But when any of the laws of nature are outraged, in this respect, I believe she generally marks down her resentment, by some feebleness or organic imperfection in the result. Now the result of amalgamation between the whites and blacks is the manifest improvement of the negro race. This improvement is shown in many ways, and particularly in the superior business qualifications of the intermediate race over the blacks. The agency of this race, in Jamaica, has been by no means contemptible in the cause of abolition. These people were the enemy within the camp of slavery, during the long course of years, that the abolitionists were assaulting it from without. So far as I can learn, it was not the pure blacks, but the mulattoes and brown men, — such men as Jorden and Osborn, the present editors of the "Morning Journal," — who organized those combinations, and kept up that system

of agitations, which resulted in the abrogation of all the civil disabilities of the free colored population of Jamaica, in 1831. Jorden was one of the chief of those. In 1829, he was turned out of a large commercial house in Kingston, in which he was a clerk, on the ground that he was a leading agitator. He then commenced the publication of a newspaper, and for an agitation article published in this, he was charged with high treason, and tried for his life, but acquitted. His newspaper, however, was suppressed. He now issued a circular, adverting to the extent of the combinations formed among the colored people, and threatening that unless all civil restrictions were at once removed from the free colored population, they would proclaim immediate freedom to their own slaves, and shout havoc until the streets of Kingston should run with blood. The Jamaica assembly shortly after this removed the restrictions. Mr. Jorden has now grown rather respectable and conservative. The name of his paper has been recently changed from the "Watchman" to the "Morning Journal." He is at present a member of the assembly, and advocates, in his seat and in his paper, the leading measures for the relief of the planter, — particularly the Immigration Act. Men who can make themselves felt as Mr. Jorden has done, it is impossible to despise. Such men have done much towards breaking down the pride of caste in Jamaica. I say pride of caste, for that personal antipathy to color, so strong in New England, is unknown to the people of the West Indies. A few days after my arrival from Havana, I met a young man from Demarara, whom I understood to be the son of a planter. He had been in New England about a year. After remarking to me, that the colored population of that colony had been fast rising in wealth and respectability, since the abolition, — that prejudice against color was declining, and that many white merchants and clerks — excluded from the first class of the colony the planters and officials, — were intermarrying with the more wealthy colored people, the young man confessed with some appearance of shame and regret, that his own prejudice against color had become altogether too weak, sometime before his departure from Demarara; — "And I thank God," he gravely proceeded, "for my timely visit to New England; it has enabled me to imbibe the

northern prejudice against color, which I think will be of great service to me on my return." Falstaff, I recollect, calls hostess Quickly "a thing to thank God on," and there are no doubt other instances on record of persons who have been thankful for small favors. But whether our New England prejudice against color ought to be regarded as a blessing or not, the West Indians generally will hardly be able to obtain it, like this young man, by a protracted residence amongst us; and unless the professors at Cambridge, by a union of talent, shall discover some chemico-metaphysical process, by which it can be condensed into moral ice, in order that it may be turned, as in this case it no doubt would be, into an article of trade, I see not how they are to be supplied.

In the mean time, pride of caste is rapidly melting away, in Jamaica. Whites and colored people dine at the same table, and sit in the same pew. Their children mingle together at school. The professional men plead at the same bar,* and meet at the same bedside. They legislate together, and last, but not least, marriage between whites and colored people, heretofore confined to the Jews of the island, who are much despised by the other creoles, is now beginning to invade the ranks of the "better class." The week before our arrival, a worthy young white man, the son of a highly respectable wholesale merchant of Kingston, married a colored girl, and the circumstance excited but little remark in the place. This rapid destruction of caste could not have taken place, unless the balance of moral power had begun to turn in favor of the colored race. Were they comparatively few and feeble, no force, while there is pride in man, could effect such a change. But the colored people of Jamaica are said to possess an advantage in point of numbers, of ten to one,† over the whites. Their best people are, in native powers, equal to the best of the whites. They are rapidly acquiring a great accession to their moral force through the public schools. They are gaining wealth in business. They are beginning to occupy places of trust and profit. The more

* A young man, whom I understood to be something lighter than a mulatto, was admitted to the Kingston bar a few months ago.

† According to Mr. Barclay, they are 14 to 1.

ambitious, even of the peasantry, are beginning to buy piecemeal parcels of land, thrown out of cultivation, thus breaking up estates into small freeholds. And as the peasant can live without the planter, as the produce is likely still to diminish, and the market to decline from competition — and the planter consequently to become still poorer than he is — this state of things is likely to continue. Not only this, they have a large interior tract of uncultivated land * to fall back on, — the same which for more than a century sheltered the Maroons, — but which they, as freedom gives them strength, will make a far more permanent retreat by cultivation. They have scattered throughout the land such men as Hill, Jorden, and Prescod, — men of sufficient practical ability and a burning jealousy of their rights. They have obtained political equality; and they will not rest, until all the ancient barriers and landmarks are swept away from the island.

Nothing short of despotism, in a great disparity of moral force, can preserve the arrangement in society of caste over caste, like distinct layers of inanimate matter. In a country as free as Jamaica now is, the elements of population must run into a mass, and combine not arbitrarily, but according to their natural affinity, and the rulers and the ruled must be of the same material. While this change is going on, it is almost a matter of course, that there should be a decline of commercial prosperity. The evil disease, which has just been extirpated, must necessarily be followed by a temporary prostration of strength, before full health returns. But when the confusion consequent to great change shall cease, and when all the white blood of the island shall be absorbed, — then, for the first time since her discovery, shall Jamaica possess a population worthy of herself. It will not be a population of heterogeneous races and imperfect organs, — one race furnishing the head, and the other the hand; — one with the capacity to acquire, and the other to enjoy the good things of life; one scorning, and the other fearing; — mutually cankering and corroding each other's best qualities by a forced and unwholesome contact; but the two races by blending shall not only throw off or absorb the injurious effects of this

* About one third part of the island has never been under cultivation. Much of this land, formerly planted, has become forfeited.

contact, but also supply each other's characteristic deficiences, and present in combination qualities, both moral and physical, far better adapted to the climate, than either possessed separately.

We know not how far the adverse influence of climate may be counteracted by a thorough union of races such as this; it seems however but fair to conclude, that they will then form a community somewhat inferior perhaps in enterprise and force of character, to the people of the northern temperate latitudes, — but certainly not in moral and social qualities: and when their character shall be perfectly established, and all their energies developed by freedom, it may not be unreasonable to hope, that in a union of practical, moral, and intellectual powers, these Anglo-Africans will surpass every other people of the tropics.

THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I STAND within my garden fair
  Where flowers in joyous beauty spring,
Their fragrance mingles in the air,
  The birds most sweetly sing.

And in that spot a lonely mound,
  Spread o'er with grasses heavily,
My infant sleeps within the ground,
  Nor may the garden see.

The wind sighs sadly, and the sun
  Shines down to dazzle weary eyes;
That buried form the truest one,
  The rest its mockeries.

SWEEP HO!

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Tired and hungry both is he,
And he whistles vacantly;

Sooty black his rags and skin,
But the child is fair within.

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Ice and cold are better far
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this ill used one, —
Couldst thou see thy little son!

Sweep ho! Sweep ho!
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,
Which the servant-maid unlocks;

Now let in with laugh and jeer,
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know
How to bear both word and blow.

Sweep ho! sweep ho!
In the chimney, sleet and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,
Were't the last beneath the sun:

Faithfully it now shall be;
But soon spent, down droppeth he;

Gazes round as in a dream;
Very strange, but true, things seem;

Led by a fantastic power
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,
Pillows there his aching head,

Falls into a sudden sleep,
Like his childhood's sweet and deep;

But, poor thing! he does not know
Here he lay long years ago.

THE SAIL.

A CLOUDLESS sky, a sun that brightly shone
On rippling waves, a wind that swiftly bore,
As on some seabird's pinions we had flown,
Our little vessel from the sandy shore,
So quietly, that as we sailed before
The wind, all motionless we seemed to be,
As if with outstretched wing we hovered o'er
The water, like high sailing hawk we see
So poised, we know not if the clouds do move, or he.

So glided from our view the rapid scene
Of sandy beach, of scattered town and hill,
With many a barren spot or pleasant green,
Where one might lie and dream, and rocks so still
And lonely, that their presence seemed to fill
The air with knowledge, that they there did lie,
Sleeping in such repose, it seemed, that till
That moment they had never felt the eye
So full upon them look of the allseeing sky.

Now whether from the rocks and hills and sea,
Their spirit were concentered in our own,
Or ours diffused o'er all things seemed to be
Their spirit breathing with a deeper tone,
Reflecting back the light that on them shone;
Or if in closest sympathy there dwelt
One soul pervading all, may not be known;
But as these scenes into our souls did melt,
We seemed like silent rocks, and they like things that felt.

Our winged vessel parted the still sea,
And we fled onwards still in central space,
And there was certain heaven wherever we
Were running Time-like our unmoving race;
And those dim sails which unstrained eyes could trace
Around the horizon's edge, seemed not so blest
As ours, which, by the universal grace,
Had privilege at the heart of heaven to rest;
For so those circling ships and clouds and sun confessed.

THE COMIC.

It is a nail of pain and pleasure, said Plato, which fastens the body to the mind. The way of life is a line between the regions of tragedy and comedy. I find few books so entertaining as the wistful human history written out in the faces of any collection of men at church or court-house. The silent assembly thus talks very loud. The sailor carries on his face the tan of tropic suns, and the record of rough weather; the old farmer testifies of stone walls, rough woodlots, the meadows and the new barn. The doctor's head is a fragrant gallipot of virtues. The carpenter still measures feet and inches with his eye, and the licensed landlord mixes liquors in motionless pantomime. What good bargains glimmer on the merchant's aspect. And if beauty, softness, and faith, in female forms, have their own influence, vices even, in slight degree, are thought to improve the expression. Malice and scorn add to beauty. You shall see eyes set too near, and limited faces, faces of one marked and invariable character. How the busy fancy inquires into their biography and relations! They pique, but must tire. Compared with universal faces, countenances of a general human type, which pique less, they look less safe. In such groups the observer does not think of heroes and sages. In the silentest meeting, the eye reads the plain prose of life, timidity, caution, appetite, ignorance, old houses, musty savors, stationary, retrograde faculties puttering round (to use the country phrase) in paltry routines from January to December.

These are the precincts of comedy and farce. And a taste for fun is all but universal in our species, which is the only joker in nature. The rocks, the plants, the beasts, the birds, neither do anything ridiculous, nor betray a perception of anything absurd done in their presence. And as the lower nature does not jest, neither does the highest. The Reason pronounces its omniscient yea and nay, but meddles never with degrees or fractions, and it is in comparing fractions with essential integers or wholes, that laughter begins.

Aristotle's definition of the ridiculous is, "what is out

of time and place, without danger." If there be pain and danger, it becomes tragic; if not, comic. I confess, this definition, though by an admirable definer, does not satisfy me, does not say all we know. The essence of all jokes, of all comedy, seems to be halfness; a non-performance of what is pretended to be performed, at the same time that one is giving loud pledges of performance. The baulking of the intellect, the frustrated expectation, the break of continuity in the intellect, is what we call comedy; and it announces itself physically in the pleasant spasms we call Laughter.

With the trifling exception of the stratagems of a few beasts and birds, there is no seeming, no halfness in nature, until the appearance of man. Unconscious creatures do the whole will of wisdom. An oak or a chestnut undertakes no function it cannot execute, or, if there be phenomena in botany which we call abortions, the abortion is also a function of nature, and assumes to the intellect the like completeness with the farther function, to which in different circumstances it had attained. The same thing holds true of the animals. Their activity is marked by unerring good sense. But man, through his access to Reason, is capable of the perception of a whole and a part. Reason is the Whole, and whatsoever is not that, is a part. The whole of nature is agreeable to the whole of thought, or to the Reason; but separate any part of nature, and attempt to look at it as a whole by itself, and the feeling of the ridiculous begins. The perpetual game of Humor is to look with considerate good nature at every object in existence *aloof*, as a man might look at a mouse, comparing it with the eternal Whole; enjoying the figure which each self-satisfied particular creature cuts in the unrespecting All, and dismissing it with a benison. Separate any object, as a particular bodily man, a horse, a flour-barrel, an umbrella, from the connection of things, and contemplate it alone, standing there in absolute nature, it becomes at once comic; no useful, no respectable qualities can rescue it from the ludicrous.

In virtue of man's access to Reason or the Whole, the human form is a pledge of wholeness, suggests to our imagination the perfection of truth or goodness, and exposes by contrast any halfness or imperfection. We have a pri-

mary association between perfectness and this form. But the facts that transpire when actual men enter, do not make good this anticipation; a discrepancy which is at once detected by the intellect, and the outward sign is the muscular irritation of laughter.

Reason does not joke, and men of reason do not; a prophet, in whom the moral sentiment predominates, or a philosopher, in whom the love of truth predominates, these do not joke, but they bring the standard, the ideal whole, exposing all actual defect; and hence, the best of all jokes is the sympathetic contemplation of things by the understanding from the philosopher's point of view. There is no joke so true and deep in actual life, as when some pure idealist goes up and down among the institutions of society, attended by a man who knows the world, and who sympathizing with the philosopher's scrutiny, sympathizes also with the confusion and indignation of the detected skulking institutions. His perception of disparity, his eye wandering perpetually from the rule, to the crooked lying thieving fact, makes the eyes run over with laughter.

This is the radical joke of life and then of literature. The presence of the ideal of right and of truth in all action, makes the yawning delinquences of practice remorseful to the conscience, tragic to the interest, but droll to the intellect. The activity of our sympathies may for a time hinder our perceiving the fact intellectually, and so deriving mirth from it, but all falsehoods, all vices seen at sufficient distance, seen from the point where our moral sympathies do not interfere, become ludicrous. The comedy is in the intellect's perception of discrepancy. And whilst the presence of the ideal discovers the difference, the comedy is enhanced whenever that ideal is embodied visibly in a man. Thus Falstaff, in Shakspeare, is a character of the broadest comedy, giving himself unreservedly to his senses, coolly ignoring the reason, whilst he invokes its name, pretending to patriotism and to parental virtues, not with any intent to deceive, but only to make the fun perfect by enjoying the confusion betwixt reason and the negation of reason, in other words, the rank rascaldom he is calling by its name. Prince Hal stands by, as the acute understanding, who sees the Right and sympathizes with it, and in the heyday of youth feels also the

full attractions of pleasure, and is thus eminently qualified to enjoy the joke. At the same time, he is to that degree under the Reason, that it does not amuse him as much as it amuses another spectator.

If the essence of the comic be the contrast in the intellect between the idea and the false performance, there is good reason why we should be affected by the exposure. We have no deeper interest than our integrity, and that we should be made aware by joke and by stroke, of any lie that we entertain. Besides, a perception of the comic seems to be a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure. It appears to be an essential element in a fine character. Wherever the intellect is constructive, it will be found. We feel the absence of it as a defect in the noblest and most oracular soul. It insulates the man, cuts down all bridges between him and other men. The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, is a pledge of sanity, and is a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities into which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A man alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow men can do little for him.

It is true the sensibility to the ludicrous may run into excess. Men celebrate their perception of halfness and a latent lie by the peculiar explosions of laughter. So painfully susceptible are some men to these impressions, that if a man of wit come into the room where they are, it seems to take them out of themselves with violent convulsions of the face and sides, and obstreperous roarings of the throat. How often and with what unfeigned compassion we have seen such a person receiving like a willing martyr the whispers into his ear of a man of wit. The victim who has just received the discharge, if in a solemn company, has the air very much of a stout vessel which has just shipped a heavy sea; and though it does not split it, the poor bark is for the moment critically staggered. The peace of society and the decorum of tables seem to require that next to a notable wit should always be posted a phlegmatic bolt-upright man, able to stand without movement of muscle whole broadsides of this Greek fire. It is a true shaft of Apollo, and traverses the universe, unless it encounter a mystic or a dumpish soul, and goes everywhere

heralded and harbingered by smiles and greetings. Wit makes its own welcome, and levels all distinctions. No dignity, no learning, no force of character can make any stand against good wit. It is like ice on which no beauty of form, no majesty of carriage can plead any immunity, — they must walk gingerly, according to the laws of ice, or down they must go, dignity and all. "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Plutarch very happily expresses the value of the jest as a legitimate weapon of the philosopher. "Men cannot exercise their rhetoric unless they speak, but their philosophy even whilst they are silent or jest merrily; for as it is the highest degree of injustice not to be just and yet seem so, so it is the top of wisdom to philosophize yet not appear to do it, and in mirth to do the same with those that are serious and seem in earnest; for as in Euripides, the Bacchæ, though unprovided of iron weapons and unarmed, wounded their invaders with the boughs of trees, which they carried, thus the very jests and merry talk of true philosophers move those that are not altogether insensible, and unusually reform."

In all the parts of life, the occasion of laughter is some seeming, some keeping of the word to the ear and eye, whilst it is broken to the soul. Thus, as the religious sentiment is the most vital and sublime of all our sentiments, and capable of the most prodigious effects, so is it abhorrent to our whole nature, when in the absence of the sentiment, the act or word or officer volunteers to stand in its stead. To the sympathies this is shocking, and occasions grief. But to the intellect, the lack of the sentiment gives pain; it compares incessantly the sublime idea with the bloated nothing which pretends to be it, and the sense of the disproportion is comedy. And as the religious sentiment is the most real and earnest thing in nature, being a mere rapture, and excluding, when it appears, all other considerations, the vitiating this is the greatest lie. Therefore, the oldest jibe of literature is the ridicule of false religion. This is the joke of jokes. In religion, the sentiment is all; the rite indifferent. But the inertia of men inclines them when the sentiment sleeps, to imitate that thing it did; it goes through the ceremony omitting only the will,

makes the mistake of the wig for the head, the clothes for the man. The older the mistake and the more overgrown the particular form is, the more ridiculous to the intellect. There is excellent humor in the part taken by Captain John Smith, the discoverer of New England, when the society in London, who had contributed their means to convert the savages, hoping doubtless to see the Keokuks, Black Hawks, Roaring Thunders, and Tustanuggees of that day, converted into church wardens and deacons at the least, pestered the gallant rover with frequent solicitations out of England, respecting the conversion of the Indians and enlargement of the church. Smith, in his perplexity how to satisfy the London churches, sent out a party, caught an Indian, and despatched him home in the first ship to London, telling the society, they might convert one themselves.

The satire reaches its climax when the actual church is set in direct contradiction to the dictates of the religious sentiment, as in the famous account of our Puritan politics in Hudibras.

Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately it happened in a town
Where lived a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain
In times of peace an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel;
The mighty Tottipotimoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining loudly of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he craved the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang the offender.
But they maturely having weighed
They had no more but him of the trade,
A man that served them in the double
Capacity to teach and cobble,

Resolved to spare him ; yet to do
The Indian Hogan Mogan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid.

In science, the jest at pedantry is analogous to that in religion which lies against superstition. A classification or nomenclature used by the scholar only as a memorandum of his last lesson in the laws of nature, and confessedly a makeshift, a bivouac for a night, and implying a march and a conquest to-morrow, becomes through indolence a barrack and a prison, in which the man sits down immovably, and wishes to detain others. The physiologist, Camper, humorously confesses the effect of his studies in dislocating his ordinary associations. "I have been employed," he says, "six months on the *Cetacea;* I understand the osteology of the head of all these monsters, and have made the combination with the human head so well, that every body now appears to me narwhale, porpoise, or marsouins. Women, the prettiest in society, and those whom I find less comely, — they are all either narwhales or porpoises to my eyes." I chanced the other day to fall in with an odd illustration of the remark I had heard, that the laws of disease are as beautiful as the laws of health ; I was hastening to visit an old and honored friend, who, I was informed, was in a dying condition, when I met his physician, who accosted me in great spirits, with joy sparkling in his eyes. "And how is my friend, the Doctor?" I inquired. "Oh, I saw him this morning ; it is the most correct apoplexy I have ever seen ; face and hands livid, breathing stertorous, all the symptoms perfect;" and he rubbed his hands with delight ; for in the country we cannot find every day a case that agrees with the diagnosis of the books. I think there is malice in a very trifling story which goes about, and which I should not take any notice of, did I not suspect it to contain some satire upon my brothers of the Natural History Society. It is of a boy who was learning his alphabet, "That letter is A," said the teacher; A, drawled the boy. "That is B," said the teacher, B, drawled the boy, and so on. "That is W," said the teacher, "The devil!" exclaimed the boy, "is that W?"

The pedantry of literature belongs to the same category. In both cases there is a lie, when the mind seizing a classi-

fication to help it to a sincerer knowledge of the fact, stops in the classification; or learning languages, and reading books, to the end of a better acquaintance with man, stops in the languages and books; in both the learner seems to be wise and is not.

The same falsehood, the same confusion of the sympathies because a pretension is not made good, points the perpetual satire against poverty, since according to Latin poetry and English doggrel,

> Poverty does nothing worse
> Than to make man ridiculous.

In this instance the halfness lies in the pretension of the parties to some consideration on account of their condition. If the man is not ashamed of his poverty, there is no joke. The poorest man, who stands on his manhood, destroys the jest. The poverty of the saint, of the rapt philosopher, of the naked Indian, is not comic. The lie is in the surrender of the man to his appearance; as if a man should neglect himself and treat his shadow on the wall with marks of infinite respect. It affects us oddly, as to see things turned upside down, or to see a man in a high wind run after his hat, which is always droll. The relation of the parties is inverted, — hat being for the moment master. The multiplication of artificial wants and expenses in civilized life, and the exaggeration of all trifling forms, present innumerable occasions for this discrepancy to expose itself. Such is the story told of the painter, Astley, who going out of Rome one day with a party for a ramble in the Campagna, and the weather proving hot, refused to take off his coat when his companions threw off theirs, but sweltered on; which, exciting remark, his comrades playfully forced off his coat, and behold on the back of his vest a gay cascade was thundering down the rocks with foam and rainbow, very refreshing in so sultry a day; — a picture of his own, with which the poor painter had been fain to repair the shortcomings of his wardrobe. The same astonishment of the intellect at the disappearance of the man out of nature, through some superstition of his house or equipage, as if truth and virtue should be bowed out of creation by the clothes they wore, is the secret of all the fun that circulates concerning eminent fops and fashionists, and in like manner of the gay Rameau of Diderot, who believes in nothing but hunger, and that the single end of art, virtue

and poetry, is to put something for mastication between the upper and lower mandibles.

Alike in all these cases, and in the instance of cowardice or fear of any sort, from the loss of life to the loss of spoons, the majesty of man is violated. He, whom all things should serve, serves some one of his own tools. In fine pictures, the head sheds on the limbs the expression of the face. In Raphael's Angel driving Heliodorus from the Temple, the crest of the helmet is so remarkable, that but for the extraordinary energy of the face, it would draw the eye too much; but the countenance of the celestial messenger subordinates it, and we see it not. In poor pictures, the limbs and trunk degrade the face. So among the women in the street, you shall see one whose bonnet and dress are one thing, and the lady herself quite another, wearing withal an expression of meek submission to her bonnet and dress; and another whose dress obeys and heightens the expression of her form.

More food for the comic is afforded whenever the personal appearance, the face, form, and manners, are subjects of thought with the man himself. No fashion is the best fashion for those matters which will take care of themselves. This is the butt of those jokes of the Paris drawing-rooms, which Napoleon reckoned so formidable, and which are copiously recounted in the French Memoires. A lady of high rank, but of lean figure, had given the Countess Dulauloy the nickname of "Le Grenadier tricolore," in allusion to her tall figure, as well as to her republican opinions; the countess retaliated by calling Madame "the Venus of the Pere la Chaise," a compliment to her skeleton which did not fail to circulate. "Lord C." said the Duchess of Gordon, "Oh, he is a perfect comb, all teeth and back." The Persians have a pleasant story of Tamerlane, which relates to the same particulars. "Timur was an ugly man; he had a blind eye and a lame foot. One day when Chodscha was with him, Timur scratched his head, since the hour of the barber was come, and commanded that the barber should be called. Whilst he was shaven, the barber gave him as usual a looking-glass in his hand. Timur saw himself in the mirror and found his face quite too ugly. Therefore he began to weep; Chodscha also set himself to weep, and so they wept for two hours. On this, some courtiers began to comfort Timur, and entertained

him with strange stories in order to make him forget all about it. Timur ceased weeping, but Chodscha ceased not, but began now first to weep amain, and in good earnest. At last, said Timur to Chodscha, 'Hearken! I have looked in the mirror, and seen myself ugly. Thereat I grieved, because although I am Caliph, and have also much wealth, and many wives, yet still I am so ugly; therefore have I wept. But thou, why weepest thou without ceasing?' Chodscha answered, 'If thou hast only seen thy face once, and at once seeing hast not been able to contain thyself, but hast wept, what should we do, we who see thy face every day and night? If we weep not, who should weep? Therefore have I wept.' Timur almost split his sides with laughing."

Politics also furnishes the same mark for satire. What is nobler than the expansive sentiment of patriotism, which would find brothers in a whole nation? But when this enthusiasm is perceived to end in the very intelligible maxims of trade, so much for so much, the intellect feels again the half man. Or what is fitter than that we should espouse and carry a principle against all opposition? but when the men appear who ask our votes as representatives of this ideal, we are sadly out of countenance.

But there is no end to this analysis. We do nothing that is not laughable, whenever we quit our spontaneous sentiment. All our plans, managements, houses, poems, if compared with the wisdom and love which man represents, are equally imperfect and ridiculous. But we cannot afford to part with any advantages. We must learn by laughter, as well as by tears and terrors; explore the whole of nature,—the farce and buffoonery in the yard below, as well as the lessons of poets and philosophers upstairs, in the hall,—and get the rest and refreshment of the shaking of the sides. But the comic also has its own speedy limits. Mirth quickly becomes intemperate, and the man would soon die of inanition, as some persons have been tickled to death. The same scourge whips the joker and the enjoyer of the joke. When Carlini was convulsing Naples with laughter, a patient waited on a physician in that city, to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits, and advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. He replied, "I am Carlini."

ODE TO BEAUTY.

Who gave thee, O Beauty!
The keys of this breast;
To thee who betrayed me
To be ruined or blest?
Say when in lapsed ages
Thee knew I of old;
Or what was the service,
For which I was sold?
When first my eyes saw thee,
I found me thy thrall,
By magical drawings,
Sweet tyrant of all!
  Love drinks at thy banquet
  Remediless thirst;
  Thou intimate stranger!
  Thou latest and first!

Lavish, lavish promiser!
Nigh persuading gods to err;
Guest of million painted forms
Which in turn thy glory warms,
The frailest leaf, the mossy bark,
The acorn's cup, the rain drop's arc,
The shining pebble of the pond,
Thou inscribest with a bond,
In thy momentary play,
Would bankrupt nature to repay.

  Ah! what avails it
  To hide or to shun
  Whom the Infinite One
  Hath granted his throne?
  The heaven high over
  Is the deep's lover.

The sun and sea,
Informed by thee,
Before me run
And draw me on,
Yet fly me still,
As Fate refuses
To me the heart Fate for me chooses.
Is it that my opulent soul
Was mingled from the generous whole, —
Sea-valleys and the deep of skies
Furnished several supplies,
And the sands whereof I 'm made
Draw me to them self-betrayed.
I turn the proud portfolios,
Which hold the grand designs
Of Salvator, of Guercino,
And Piranesi's lines;
I hear the lofty pæans
Of the masters of the shell,
Who heard the starry music
And recount the numbers well;
Olympian bards who sung
Divine Ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
Oft in streets or humblest places
I detect far-wandered graces,
Which from Eden wide astray
In lowly homes have lost their way.

Thee gliding through the sea of form,
As the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind.
Thou, eternal fugitive,
Hovering over all that live,
Quick and skilful to inspire

Sweet extravagant desire,
Starry space and lily bell
Filling with thy roseate smell,
Wilt not give the lips to taste
Of the nectar which thou hast.

All that 's good and great, with thee
Stands in deep conspiracy,
Thou hast bribed the dark and lonely
To report thy features only,
And the cold and purple morning
Itself with thoughts of thee adorning;
The leafy dell, the city mart,
Equal trophies of thine art;
E'en the flowing azure air
Thou hast touched for my despair;
And if I languish into dreams,
Again I meet the ardent beams.
Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being's deeps past ear and eye,
Lest there I find the same deceiver
And be the game of Fate forever.
Dread Power, but dear! if God thou be,
Unmake me quite, or give thyself to me!

ALLSTON'S FUNERAL.

The summer moonlight lingered there,
Thy gently moulded brow to see,
For art in thee had softened care,
As night's mild beams the dying tree.

That storied smile was on thy face,
The fair forgetfulness of fame,
The deep concealment of that grace,
Thy tender being's only aim.

TO THE MUSE.

Whither? hast thou then faded?
No more by dell, or spring, or tree?
Whither? have I thy love upbraided?
Come back and speak to me;
Shine, thou star of destiny!

O simple plains and quiet woods,
Your silence asks no poet's strains,
For ye are verse-like solitudes,
Your leaf-like paths the sweet refrains
The muse awakens but in pains.

Yet shines above undauntedly
The star-wreathed crownlet, heaven's great fame,
And azure builds the dome-like sky,
Nor should I make my nature tame,
Lest distant days shall hide my name.

"Thou bearest in these shades the light,
That piled the rugged height of leaves,
Thou rob'st with artificial night
These dells so deep; — he who believes,
The muse enchants not, or deceives.

And let the deep sea toss the shore,
Thy infinite heart no motion hath;
Let lightning dance and thunder roar,
And dark remembrance crowd thy path,
Thy spirit needs some wider wrath.

That verse, — the living fate within,
Shall truly find its tone to save,
Its adamantine goal to win
Demands no voice, descends no grave,
They sing enough who life-blood have."

O placid springs which murmur through
The silken grass so glistening;
Are fed your veins with silent dew
So softly that ye onward sing,
For in the middle earth ye cling.

O gentlest woods, — your birds' kind song,
How had you that so virtuous lay?
Among you let me linger long,
And seek the arborous dim-lit way,
And listen to your light wind's play.

And thou, the essence of the flowers,
My bride, my joy, my own dear wife,
Who melted in thine eyes those hours,
Those hours with sunlight richly rife?
Art thou a song of earnest life?

WILLIAM TELL'S SONG.

Where the mountain cataracts leap,
And the stern wild pine builds fast,
And the piercing crystals keep
Their chains for the glaciers vast,
I have built up my heart with a stony wall,
I have frozen my will for a tyrant's fall.

As the crag from the high cliff leaps,
And is ground to fine dust below,
As the dreaded avalanche creeps,
And buries the valleys in woe,
So tyranny sinks 'neath my mountain heart,
So slavery falls by my quivering dart.

A LETTER.

As we are very liable in common with the letter-writing world, to fall behindhand in our correspondence, and a little more liable because, in consequence of our editorial function, we receive more epistles than our individual share, we have thought that we might clear our account by writing a quarterly catholic letter to all and several who have honored us in verse, or prose, with their confidence, and expressed a curiosity to know our opinion. We shall be compelled to dispose very rapidly of quite miscellaneous topics.

And first, in regard to the writer who has given us his speculations on Rail-roads and Air-roads, our correspondent shall have his own way. To the rail-way, we must say, like the courageous lord mayor at his first hunting, when told the hare was coming, "Let it come, in Heaven's name, I am not afraid on 't." Very unlooked for political and social effects of the iron road are fast appearing. It will require an expansion of the police of the old world. When a rail-road train shoots through Europe every day from Brussels to Vienna, from Vienna to Constantinople, it cannot stop every twenty or thirty miles, at a German customhouse, for examination of property and passports. But when our correspondent proceeds to Flying-machines, we have no longer the smallest taper light of credible information and experience left, and must speak on *a priori* grounds. Shortly then, we think the population is not yet quite fit for them, and therefore there will be none. Our friend suggests so many inconveniences from piracy out of the high air to orchards and lone houses, and also to other high fliers, and the total inadequacy of the present system of defence, that we have not the heart to break the sleep of the good public by the repetition of these details. When children come into the library, we put the inkstand and the watch on the high shelf, until they be a little older; and nature has set the sun and moon in plain sight and use, but laid them on the high shelf, where her roystering boys may not in some mad Saturday afternoon pull them down or burn their fingers. The sea and the iron road are safer toys for such ungrown people; we are not yet ripe to be birds.

In the next place, to fifteen letters on Communities, and the Prospects of Culture, and the destinies of the cultivated class, — what answer? Excellent reasons have been shown us why the writers, obviously persons of sincerity and of elegance, should be dissatisfied with the life they lead, and with their company. They have exhausted all its benefit, and will not bear it much

longer. Excellent reasons they have shown why something better should be tried. They want a friend to whom they can speak and from whom they may hear now and then a reasonable word. They are willing to work, so it be with friends. They do not entertain anything absurd or even difficult. They do not wish to force society into hated reforms, nor to break with society. They do not wish a township, or any large expenditure, or incorporated association, but simply a concentration of chosen people. By the slightest possible concert persevered in through four or five years, they think that a neighborhood might be formed of friends who would provoke each other to the best activity.

They believe that this society would fill up the terrific chasm of ennui, and would give their genius that inspiration which it seems to wait in vain. But 'the selfishness!' One of the writers relentingly says, What shall my uncles and aunts do without me? and desires to be distinctly understood not to propose the Indian mode of giving decrepit relatives as much of the mud of holy Ganges as they can swallow, and more, but to begin the enterprise of concentration, by concentrating all uncles and aunts in one delightful village by themselves! — so heedless is our correspondent of putting all the dough into one pan, and all the leaven into another. Another objection seems to have occurred to a subtle but ardent advocate. Is it, he writes, a too great wilfulness and intermeddling with life, — with life, which is better accepted than calculated? Perhaps so; but let us not be too curiously good; the Buddhist is a practical Necessitarian; the Yankee is not. We do a good many selfish things every day; among them all, let us do one thing of enlightened selfishness. It were fit to forbid concert and calculation in this particular, if that were our system, if we were up to the mark of self-denial and faith in our general activity. But to be prudent in all the particulars of life, and in this one thing alone religiously forbearing; prudent to secure to ourselves an injurious society, temptations to folly and despair, degrading examples and enemies; and only abstinent when it is proposed to provide ourselves with guides, examples, lovers! ——

We shall hardly trust ourselves to reply to arguments by which we would too gladly be persuaded. The more discontent, the better we like it. It is not for nothing, we assure ourselves, that our people are busied with these projects of a better social state, and that sincere persons of all parties are demanding somewhat vital and poetic of our stagnant society. How fantastic and unpresentable soever the theory has hitherto seemed, how swiftly shrinking from the examination of practical men, let us not lose the warning of that most significant

dream. How joyfully we have felt the admonition of larger natures which despised our aims and pursuits, conscious that a voice out of heaven spoke to us in that scorn. But it would be unjust not to remind our younger friends that, whilst this aspiration has always made its mark in the lives of men of thought, in vigorous individuals it does not remain a detached object, but is satisfied along with the satisfaction of other aims. To live solitary and unexpressed, is painful, — painful in proportion to one's consciousness of ripeness and equality to the offices of friendship. But herein we are never quite forsaken by the Divine Providence. The loneliest man after twenty years discovers that he stood in a circle of friends, who will then show like a close fraternity held by some masonic tie. But we are impatient of the tedious introductions of Destiny, and a little faithless, and would venture something to accelerate them. One thing is plain, that discontent and the luxury of tears will bring nothing to pass. Regrets and Bohemian castles and æsthetic villages are not a very self-helping class of productions, but are the voices of debility. Especially to one importunate correspondent we must say, that there is no chance for the æsthetic village. Every one of the villagers has committed his several blunder; his genius was good, his stars consenting, but he was a marplot. And though the recuperative force in every man may be relied on infinitely, it must be relied on, before it will exert itself. As long as he sleeps in the shade of the present error, the after-nature does not betray its resources. Whilst he dwells in the old sin, he will pay the old fine.

More letters we have on the subject of the position of young men, which accord well enough with what we see and hear. There is an American disease, a paralysis of the active faculties, which falls on young men in this country, as soon as they have finished their college education, which strips them of all manly aims and bereaves them of animal spirits, so that the noblest youths are in a few years converted into pale Caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions. They are in the state of the young Persians, when "that mighty Yezdam prophet" addressed them and said, "Behold the signs of evil days are come; there is now no longer any right course of action, nor any self-devotion left among the Iranis." As soon as they have arrived at this term, there are no employments to satisfy them, they are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism of these things, which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large. From this cause, companies of the best educated young men in the Atlantic states every week take their departure for Europe; for no business that they have

in that country, but simply because they shall so be hid from the reproachful eyes of their countrymen, and agreeably entertained for one or two years, with some lurking hope, no doubt, that something may turn up to give them a decided direction. It is easy to see that this is only a postponement of their proper work, with the additional disadvantage of a two years' vacation. Add that this class is rapidly increasing by the infatuation of the active class, who, whilst they regard these young Athenians with suspicion and dislike, educate their own children in the same courses, and use all possible endeavors to secure to them the same result.

Certainly we are not insensible to this calamity, as described by the observers or witnessed by ourselves. It is not quite new and peculiar, though we should not know where to find in literature any record of so much unbalanced intellectuality; such undeniable apprehension without talent, so much power without equal applicability, as our young men pretend to. Yet in Theodore Mundt's * account of Frederic Holderlin's "Hyperion," we were not a little struck with the following Jeremiad of the despair of Germany, whose tone is still so familiar, that we were somewhat mortified to find that it was written in 1799.

"Then came I to the Germans. I cannot conceive of a people more disjoined than the Germans. Mechanics you shall see, but no man; priests, but no man; thinkers, but no man. Is it not like some battle-field, where hands and arms and all members lie scattered about, whilst the life-blood runs away into the sand? Let every man mind his own, you say, and I say the same. Only let him mind it with all his heart, and not with this cold study, literally, hypocritically to appear that which he passes for, but in good earnest, and in all love, let him be that which he is; then there is a soul in his deed. And is he driven into a circumstance where the spirit must not live, let him thrust it from him with scorn, and learn to dig and plough. There is nothing holy which is not desecrated, which is not degraded to a mean end among this people. It is heartrending to see your poet, your artist, and all who still revere genius, who love and foster the Beautiful. The Good! They live in the world as strangers in their own house; they are like the patient Ulysses whilst he sat in the guise of a beggar at his own door, whilst shameless rioters shouted in the hall and ask, who brought the raggamuffin here? Full of love, talent and hope, spring up the darlings of the muse among the Germans; come seven years later, and they flit about like ghosts, cold and silent; they are like a soil which an enemy has sown with poison, that it will not bear a blade of grass. On earth all is imperfect! is the old proverb of the German. Aye, but if one should say to these Godforsaken, that with them all is imperfect, only because they leave nothing pure which they do not pollute, nothing holy which they do not defile with their fumbling hands; that with them nothing prospers; because the godlike nature which is the root of

* Geschichte der Literatur der Gegenwart. 1842. p. 86.

all prosperity, they do not revere; that with them, truly, life is shallow and anxious and full of discord, because they despise genius, which brings power and nobleness into manly action, cheerfulness into endurance, and love and brotherhood into towns and houses. Where a people honors genius in its artists, there breathes like an atmosphere a universal soul, to which the shy sensibility opens, which melts self-conceit, — all hearts become pious and great, and it adds fire to heroes. The home of all men is with such a people, and there will the stranger gladly abide. But where the divine nature and the artist is crushed, the sweetness of life is gone, and every other planet is better than the earth. Men deteriorate, folly increases, and a gross mind with it; drunkenness comes with disaster; with the wantonness of the tongue and with the anxiety for a livelihood, the blessing of every year becomes a curse, and all the gods depart."

The steep antagonism between the money-getting and the academic class must be freely admitted, and perhaps is the more violent, that whilst our work is imposed by the soil and the sea, our culture is the tradition of Europe. But we cannot share the desperation of our contemporaries, least of all should we think a preternatural enlargement of the intellect a calamity. A new perception, the smallest new activity given to the perceptive power, is a victory won to the living universe from chaos and old night, and cheaply bought by any amounts of hard-fare and false social position. The balance of mind and body will redress itself fast enough. Superficialness is the real distemper. In all the cases we have ever seen where people were supposed to suffer from too much wit, or as men said, from a blade too sharp for the scabbard, it turned out that they had not wit enough. It may easily happen that we are grown very idle and must go to work, and that the times must be worse before they are better. It is very certain, that speculation is no succedaneum for life. What we would know, we must do. As if any taste or imagination could take the place of fidelity! The old Duty is the old God. And we may come to this by the rudest teaching. A friend of ours went five years ago to Illinois to buy a farm for his son. Though there were crowds of emigrants in the roads, the country was open on both sides, and long intervals between hamlets and houses. Now after five years he has just been to visit the young farmer and see how he prospered, and reports that a miracle has been wrought. From Massachusetts to Illinois, the land is fenced in and builded over, almost like New England itself, and the proofs of thrifty cultivation everywhere abound; — a result not so much owing to the natural increase of population, as to the hard times, which, driving men out of cities and trade, forced them to take off their coats and go to work on the land, which has rewarded them not only with wheat but with habits of labor. Perhaps the adversities of our commerce have

not yet been pushed to the wholesomest degree of severity. Apathies and total want of work and reflection on the imaginative character of American life, &c. &c., are like seasickness, which never will obtain any sympathy, if there is a woodpile in the yard, or an unweeded patch in the garden; not to mention the graver absurdity of a youth of noble aims, who can find no field for his energies, whilst the colossal wrongs of the Indian, of the Negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated, and the religious, civil, and judicial forms of the country are confessedly effete and offensive. We must refer our clients back to themselves, believing that every man knows in his heart the cure for the disease he so ostentatiously bewails.

As far as our correspondents have entangled their private griefs with the cause of American Literature, we counsel them to disengage themselves as fast as possible. In Cambridge orations, and elsewhere, there is much inquiry for that great absentee American Literature. What can have become of it? The least said is best. A literature is no man's private concern, but a secular and generic result, and is the affair of a power which works by a prodigality of life and force very dismaying to behold,—the race never dying, the individual never spared, and every trait of beauty purchased by hecatombs of private tragedy. The pruning in the wild gardens of nature is never forborne. Many of the best must die of consumption, many of despair, and many be stupid and insane, before the one great and fortunate life, which they each predicted, can shoot up into a thrifty and beneficent existence.

But passing to a letter which is a generous and a just tribute to Bettina von Arnim, we have it in our power to furnish our correspondent and all sympathizing readers with a sketch,* though plainly from no very friendly hand, of the new work of that eminent lady, who in the silence of Tieck and Schelling, seems to hold a monopoly of genius in Germany.

"At last has the long expected work of the Frau von Arnim here appeared. It is true her name is not prefixed; more properly is the dedication, *This Book belongs to the King*, also the title; but partly because her genius shines so unmistakeably out of every line, partly because this work refers so directly to her earlier writings, and appears only as an enlargement of them, none can doubt who the author is. We know not how we should characterize to the reader this most original work. Bettina, or we should say, the Frau von Arnim, exhibits her eccentric wisdom under the person of Goethe's Mother, the

* We translate the following extract from the Berlin Correspondence of the Deutsche Schnellpost of September.

Frau Rath, whilst she herself is still a child, who, (1807) sits upon 'the shawl' at the foot of the Frau Rath, and listens devoutly to the gifted mother of the great poet. Moreover, Bettina does not conceal that she solely, or at any rate principally, propounds *her* views from the Frau Rath. And in fact, it could not be otherwise, since we come to hear the newest philosophical wisdom which makes a strange enough figure in the mouth of Goethe's mother. If we mistake not, the intimate intercourse with Bruno Bauer is also an essential impulse for Frau von Arnim, and we must not therefore wonder if the Frau Rath loses her way in pure philosophical hypotheses, wherein she avails herself of the known phrases of the school. It is true, she quickly recovers herself again, clothes her perceptions in poetical garb, mounts bravely to the boldest visions, or, (and this oftenest happens,) becomes a humorist, spices her discourses in Frankfort dialect by idiomatic expressions, and hits off in her merriest humors capital sketches. For the most part, the whole humoristic dress seems only assumed in order to make the matter, which is in the last degree radical, less injurious. As to the object of these 'sayings and narratives reported from memory' of the Frau Rath, (since she leads the conversation throughout,) our sketch must be short. "It is Freedom which constitutes the truest being of man. Man should be free from all traditions, from all prejudices, since every holding on somewhat traditional, is unbelief, spiritual selfmurder. The God's impulse to truth is the only right belief. Man himself should handle and prove, 'since whoever reflects on a matter, has always a better right to truth, than who lets himself be slapped on the cheek by an article-of-Faith.' By Sin she understands that which derogates from the soul, since every hindrance and constraint interrupts the Becoming of the soul. In general, art and science have only the destination to make free what is bound. But the human spirit can rule all, and, in that sense, 'man is God, only we are not arrived so far as to describe the true pure Man in us.' If, in the department of religion, this principle leads to the overthrow of the whole historical Christendom, so, in the political world, it leads to the ruin of all our actual governments. Therefore she wishes for a strong reformer, as Napoleon promised for a time to be, who, however, already in 1807, when these conversations are ascribed to the Frau Rath, had shown that instead of a world's liberator, he would be a world's oppressor. Bettina makes variations on the verse, 'and wake an avenger, a hero awake!' and in this sense is also her dedication to read. It were noble if a stronger one should come, who in more beautiful moderation, in perfecter clearness of soul and freedom of thought, should plant the tree of equity. Where remains the Regent, if it is not the

genius of humanity? that is the Executive principle, in her system. The state has the same will, the same conscience-voice for good and evil as the Christ; yet it crumbles itself away into dogmaticalness of civil officers against one another. The transgressor is the state's own transgression! the proof that it, as man, has trespassed against humanity. The old state's doctors, who excite it to a will, are also its disease. But they who do not agree in this will, and cannot struggle through soul-narrowing relations, are the demagogues, against whom the unsound state trespasses, so long as it knows not how to bring their sound strength into harmony. And precisely to those must it dedicate itself, since they are its integration and restoration, whilst the others who conform to it, make it more sunken and stagnant. If it be objected, that this her truth is only a poetic dream which in the actual world has no place, she answers; 'even were the truth a dream, it is not therefore to be denied; let us dedicate our genius to this dream, let us form an Ideal Paradise, which the spiritual system of Nature requires at our hands.' 'Is the whole fabric of state, she asks, only a worse arranged hospital, where the selfish or the ambitious would fasten on the poor human race the foolish fantastic malversations of their roguery for beneficent coöperation? and with it the political economy, so destitute of all genius to bind the useful with the beautiful, on which these state's doctors plume themselves so much, and so with their triviality exhibit, as a pattern to us, a wretched picture of ignorance, of selfishness, and of iniquity; when I come on that, I feel my veins swell with wrath. If I come on the belied nature, or how should I call this spectre of actuality! Yea justly! No! with these men armed in mail against every poetic truth, we must not parley; the great fools' conspiracy of that actuality-spectre defends with mock reasoning its Turkish states'-conduct, before which certainly the revelation of the Ideal withdraws into a poetic dream-region.' But whilst the existing state in itself is merely null, whilst the transgressor against this state is not incorporated with its authorizations with its directions and tendencies, so is the transgressor ever the accuser of the state itself. In general, must the state draw up to itself at least the lowest class, and not let it sink in mire; and Bettina lets the Frau Rath make the proposal, instead of shutting up the felon in penitentiaries, to instruct him in the sciences, as from his native energies, from his unbroken powers, great performances might be looked for. But in order also to show practically the truth of her assertions, that the present state does not fulfil its duties especially to the poorest class, at the close of the book are inserted, 'Experiences of a young Swiss in Voigtland.' This person visited the so-called Family-houses, which compose a colony of extremest poverty. There

he went into many chambers, listened to the history of the life, still oftener to the history of the day, of the inhabitants; informed himself of their merit and their wants, and comes to the gloomiest results. The hard reproaches, which were made against the Overseers of the Poor, appear unhappily only too well founded. We have hastily sketched, with a few literal quotations, the contents of this remarkable book of this remarkable woman, and there remains no space further to elaborate judgment. The highflying idealism, which the Frau von Arnim cherishes, founders and must founder against the actuality which, as opposed to her imagination, she holds for absolute nothing. So reality, with her, always converts itself to spectres, whilst these dreams are to her the only reality. In our opinion an energetic thorough experiment for the realization of her ideas would plunge us in a deeper misery than we at present have to deplore."

NEW BOOKS.

The Huguenots in France and America.

The Huguenots is a very entertaining book, drawn from excellent sources, rich in its topics, describing many admirable persons and events, and supplies an old defect in our popular literature. The editor's part is performed with great assiduity and conscience. Yet amidst this enumeration of all the geniuses, and beauties, and sanctities of France, what has the greatest man in France, at that period, Michael de Montaigne, done, or left undone, that his name should be quite omitted?

The Spanish Student. A Play in Three Acts. By H. W. Longfellow.

A pleasing tale, but Cervantes shall speak for us out of *La Gitanilla.*

"You must know, Preciosa, that as to this name of *Poet*, few are they who deserve it,—and I am no *Poet*, but only a lover of Poesy, so that I have no need to beg or borrow the verses of others. The verses, I gave you the other day, are mine, and those of to-day as well;—but, for all that, I am no poet, neither is it my prayer to be so."

"Is it then so bad a thing to be a poet?" asked Preciosa.

"Not bad," replied the Page, "but to be a poet and nought else, I do not hold to be very good. For poetry should be like a precious jewel, whose owner does not put it on every day,

nor show it to the world at every step; but only when it is fitting, and when there is a reason for showing it. Poetry is a most lovely damsel; chaste, modest, and discreet; spirited, but yet retiring, and ever holding itself within the strictest rule of honor. She is the friend of Solitude. She finds in the fountains her delight, in the fields her counsellor, in the trees and flowers enjoyment and repose; and lastly, she charms and instructs all that approach her."

The Dream of a Day, and other Poems. By James G. Percival. New Haven. 1843.

Mr. Percival printed his last book of poems sixteen years ago, and every school-boy learned to declaim his "Bunker Hill," since which time, he informs us, his studies have been for the most part very adverse to poetic inspirations. Yet here we have specimens of no less than one hundred and fifty different forms of stanza. Such thorough workmanship in the poetical art is without example or approach in this country, and deserves all honor. We have imitations of four of the leading classes of ancient measures, — the Dactylic, Iambic, Anapestic, and Trochaic, to say nothing of rarer measures, now never known out of colleges. Then come songs for national airs, formed on the rhythm of the music, including Norwegian, German, Russian, Bohemian, Gaelic, and Welsh, — Teutonian and Slavonian. But unhappily this diligence is not without its dangers. It has prejudiced the creative power,

"And made that art, which was a rage."

Neatness, terseness, objectivity, or at any rate the absence of subjectivity, characterize these poems. Our bard has not quite so much fire as we had looked for, grows warm but does not ignite; those sixteen years of "adverse" studies have had their effect on Pegasus, who now trots soundly and resolutely on, but forbears rash motions, and never runs away with us. The old critics of England were hardly steadier to their triad of "Gower, Lydgate, and Chaucer," than our American magazines to the trinity of "Bryant, Dana, and Percival." A gentle constellation truly, all of the established religion, having the good of their country and their species at heart. Percival has not written anything quite as good on the whole as his two fast associates, but surpasses them both in labor, in his mimetic skill, and in his objectiveness. He is the most objective of the American Poets. Bryant has a superb propriety of feeling, has plainly always been in good society, but his sweet oaten pipe discourses only pastoral music. Dana has the most estab-

lished religion, more sentiment, more reverence, more of England; whilst Mr. Percival is an upright, soldierly, free-spoken man, very much of a patriot, hates cant, and does his best.

We notice in London a new edition of *Chapman's Translation of the Iliads of Homer*, illustrated with wood-engravings after Flaxman. Charles Lamb says, "Chapman would have made a great epic poet, if indeed he has not shown himself to be one; for his Homer is not so properly a translation, as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses rewritten." We trust this new edition will find its way here, the older one being very rare.

Orion, an Epic Poem, in Three Books, 137 pp. By R. H. Horne, Author of "Cosmo de Medici," &c. Price one farthing.—From certain extracts from this Epic, it is better than some of the late Epics, but incomparable in its price.

It is grateful to notice a second edition of Tennyson's Poems.

A new work of Manzoni is announced, — Storia della Colonna Infame di Alessandro Manzoni.

The translations of Mary Howitt from the Swedish having succeeded, a work from the Danish, — King Eric and the Outlaws: or, the Throne, the Church, and the People in the Thirteenth Century; translated by Jane Chapman, — has been published.

In France the monstrous undertaking of the reprint of the "Moniteur" from 1789 to 1799, is nearly complete, since of thirty-two volumes, of which it will consist, already twenty-nine have appeared. Twenty-five volumes contain the history of three great revolutionary Assemblies, the Notables, the States General, and the Convention. Four volumes are devoted to the Directory.