

To the Muse . . . . .	260
William Tell's Song . . . . .	261
A Letter . . . . .	262
New Books . . . . .	270

---

 No. III.

The Youth of the Poet and the Painter . . . . .	273
Translation of Dante . . . . .	285
Homer. Ossian. Chaucer . . . . .	290
Lines . . . . .	306
The Modern Drama . . . . .	307
To R. B. . . . .	349
Autumn Woods . . . . .	350
Brook Farm . . . . .	351
Tantalus . . . . .	357
The Fatal Passion . . . . .	364
Interior or Hidden Life . . . . .	373
Pindar . . . . .	379
The Preaching of Buddha . . . . .	391
Ethnical Scriptures . . . . .	401
The Times . . . . .	405
Critical Notices . . . . .	407

---

 No. IV.

Immanuel Kant . . . . .	409
Life in the Woods . . . . .	415
The Emigrants . . . . .	425
The Youth of the Poet and the Painter . . . . .	427
The Twin Loves . . . . .	455
Dialogue . . . . .	458
The Consolers . . . . .	469
To Readers . . . . .	470
The Death of Shelley . . . . .	471
A Song of the Sea . . . . .	472
To the Poets. — Fourierism . . . . .	473
The Young American. By R. W. EMERSON . . . . .	484
Herald of Freedom . . . . .	507
Fragments of Pindar . . . . .	513
The Tragic . . . . .	515
Saturday and Sunday among the Creoles . . . . .	521
The Moorish Prince . . . . .	525
The Visit . . . . .	528
Ethnical Scriptures . . . . .	529
Millennial Church . . . . .	537
Human Nature . . . . .	540

THE DIAL.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1844.

No. III.

THE YOUTH OF THE POET AND THE PAINTER.

[Continued from p. 174 of last Number.]

LETTER X.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

I HAVE been reading Wordsworth with some attention, on these cold evenings, in my chimney corner, having no better book. I cannot understand how he engaged so large a share of praise, or how he can be set among illustrious poets. Yet the age places him among the first. I suspect, he and Southey owe part of their renown to the quantity of verse they have written. These heavy volumes, bearing such immense freights of decent poetry, deter their readers from insisting on finding pure gold, and the few really good lines, scattered in many places, gleam like jewels, and illumine the rest with deceptive light.

Did not Wordsworth make a radical mistake to write verses on a plan? I have no conception of any thing which has a right to be called poetry, unless it come living out of the poet's nature, like the stream gushing from the rock, free and clear. It demands life from the depths of character, and must be written necessarily.

I have tried many people, in the hope of finding among them some one with whom I can fully sympathize. I have the part of the hermit left to play, and begin seriously to think I will attempt it. I do sympathize with you, but it is as men feel for each other, rather in pursuit than sentiment. I wish some woman to come, such as I picture in my dreams. I feel I was born for intimate sympathy, yet find little except with trees and fields. I peep into the

windows of the cottages, where families sit around bright wood-fires, all bound together by a circle of firelight, so that no frosts can form in the centre of their being, but I cannot enter, — for how bare are the walls, and how square the rooms! I crave the hearth on these chill evenings, but my roof must be open to the sky, and the keen rays of the stars shine for my candle. I can feel soft arms willing to clasp me; the steel fetters of strength do not glitter round their wrists; I must have something more than affection.

It is tiresome to wander in society, knock at every door, gain admittance, and find the old arrangement of settees, coal-grates, centre-tables, and Turkish carpets. O for a lofty hall, with the sun shining crimson and purple through its dome, while on the walls hang pictures, and statues stand in the niches, with some music from a lute sounding, and no need of artificial warmth, but the sun always! I would have the windows unglazed, and let the winds rush through on dizzy storms, and rain and snow enter as they please, and the stars glow dazzling. I have found decency everywhere, and what they call a respectable appearance, without a spark of wildfire.

You seem better than the rest, but as one of my own sex, I cannot come to you, as I would to the other, — you are only half the sphere, as well as I. I am fortunate to foresee my path among these sands of time. I now feel desolate, like the bird who has neither mate nor nest, and am wild and proud, as if I would not resign myself to solitude without war. Yet this day of tempest will pass, and I shall walk calm and resigned, and build myself a hut, if I have nothing in it, except a broken branch of some last year's tree. There, if I secure quiet, with some smiling fields from the window, I can whistle as if content.

I delight to catch glimpses of sunlight in others' fortunes, and it makes me smile to see others glad. These bending, cheerful natures, which sing as gaily as the little birds on the bough after a shower, in the bright, golden sunshine, come and alight on the bare walls of my existence, and the rays of their light blue plumage are reflected for a second in the surface of my solitary lake, whose grey waves melt on some side into the azure radiance. Yet these passing gleams of brightness fade soon, and seem to leave a darker tint behind, as after the autumn sunsets, charged as they

are with splendid gorgeousness, the woods scowl in hard outlines ; I don't know that I am better for these ; I only see what these soft, sunny characters enjoy.

I met a little child, who roved among the ferns, moving her large wild eyes, dark as the raven's plumage, yet bright in their depths, gracefully from tree to rock ; a silent, motionless mirth, and a smile about her small, crimson mouth, though I never heard her laugh. I saw her passing before me, like a sunbeam with its shadow, and one day she came to my skiff, and we sailed far up the river. I love children, yet they never satisfy me, for I must have some toil, and some defeat, to cling to, yet this child seems more than any being I have met. She is not affectionate, yet remains to my memory, a gipsy figure, moving among the woods, and I have been pleased to find these solitary places haunted by a creature so genial. Childhood is a painting set in health and artlessness, and a time cut out of existence, that we can parallel with nothing beside, for we cannot bring it back, and see it afar, as we do heaven. It is like a bower, or a desert, made of the greenest trees, and planted inside with flowers, while about its leafy walls, are rude cliffs not even moss-covered, bare sands where no blade of grass grows, and heat that mocks life ; in the midst a clear spring of delicious water rises, where swim gold and silver fish, and the light from them tints the air to the door of the delightful place ; the sound of the fountain dances gaily, and sends a gush of music into the flowery roof. No wonder the old people talk so much about the time when they were young. This little child brought me a bunch of ferns, and hung them over the kitchen fire, and sat herself down in the corner, gazing with her large, dark, motionless eyes. I did not speak, and when the firelight played with its changing red over her low forehead and brown cheeks, I seemed to have some creature out of the world of gipsies. She was sent away somewhere the next day, and I shall not see her again, but then one meets such children often. If they came once, and then would stay a day, I believe they would form such sunny memories, we should have gold beams for our recollections.

E. A.

## LETTER XI.

EDWARD ASHFORD TO JAMES HOPE.

Lovedale.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I send some of my journal, as I promised. I know you will procure little from it, yet it will furnish some picture of the life I lead. It is not a record of what I do, but what I feel.

---

How cold came the wind from the misty sea, with its sad, grey clouds, yet I love thee, Autumn. Even if thy looks are sorrowful, a joy dwells within thy grief. I feel that nature has her sorrows, and I am not alone in mine, even if my Autumn continues through the year. My spring is forming in the depths of my chill heart; the flowers, if concealed, are sown, and one sunny day will warm them into life. I long for that, — to throw myself into the sunniest joy a human soul ever knew. I sat in the pine woods, upon the red carpet of spires, dropping and accumulating for a century (and above waved the century-old trees), while the ravens sailed over, mingling hoarse cries with the gentle whispers of the forest, as the painful sounds of life flow among the sweet songs of heaven. Night dwells in these evergreen bowers, while the ocean's music murmurs and carries me to the pebbly beaches of the blue floor of the moving sea. I remember the waves, as the memories of a better world stand with folded arms, in the sunny bowers of childhood. I should love to build my cottage in the pine woods, yet it would be too solitary.

I am reflected from the forms of nature, yet their graceful aspects do not adorn my figure, and I see myself, as I am, a poor wanderer, seeking shelter in the tempest of the world from the winds and cold rains. I blame myself, and not the world, for the jarring image. I have come to myself late. Perhaps if I had been shaped, when a little child, by the beautiful thoughts of the poet, and baptized in the sea of lovely forms, I should never have entered this sandy desert, whose end flies as I advance, and whose entrance I find equally inaccessible. Yet I cannot deplore

my history more than my companions, for they are all unsatisfied as I am. No one of them is perfect; they have some flaw, some speck, and their great endeavor is to hide this from themselves. I differ in exposing mine; I am desirous to see my solitude in its true proportion, to know how much I can trust others, and how far depend on myself. If my efforts fail, when I seek to express my life, let me at least have the satisfaction of knowing the origin of my ill success; give me light, even if it be a torch, to brighten my errors. I would try every thing,—every art, every man; no failure can prevent a new trial, though I have taken the wrong so many times that I can hardly tread the right, during these ill-fashioned days of time. Let me be great enough to stand resigned till death's golden key opens the gate of the next eternity.

## THE BIRD'S SONG.

I heard the song of a forest bird,  
Sweet was the note in my grateful ear,  
It came like the tone of a friendly word,  
It was finished, and gentle, and clear,  
Yet the singer I saw not, though near.

I hear the bird's song wherever I go,  
For it echoes my inward desire,  
But the minstrel I deem does not venture below  
The far clouds,—his world is a higher,  
His altar is lit by a purer fire.

Sing on thou sweet anthem,—to me,  
Though viewless, thou seemest a tone,  
That one day shall come in full melody,  
And the singer be near, and my own,  
Even if now I wander alone.

I grow more attached to this beautiful place each day. It is fitted for a home to some wanderer like me, and though I feel I must, before many days, set my sails to the wind and dash through the green billows, far from the sheltered coves, I shall remember these green spots, which should make the earth a heaven. Sweet river, fair groves, and peaceful fields, receive thanks from a spirit folded for a few flying moments, in your tender arms; receive the

assurance, that if it were mine, I should delight to celebrate your gifts in fitter strains. How impoverished I feel, when I return to the house, after one of my long walks, with the beauty yet standing in my eyes, because I can give none of it away, and know that presently it will fade even from my consciousness.

I am a wanderer from a distant land,  
 There the clouds glow in crimson, and the flames  
 Of a perpetual summer fill the air.  
 Noon never falls into dull twilight; trees  
 Swell in their ruby foliage, and no hand  
 Cold and regardless plucks the endless bloom.  
 Shadows fall deep red, and yellow, softening mists  
 Robe the white temple's pillars with rich gold.  
 No tears are shed among those sunny years,  
 For the high day walks garlanded with love.

---

LETTER XII.

RICHARD ASHFORD TO EDWARD ASHFORD.

MY DEAR NED,

Doughnut.

I wrote some days since an unfortunate letter, I suppose, under a severe twinge of rheumatism, as I learn you put an interdict upon correspondence between us. What if an interdict will not go far enough to cover the whole ground, for in the first place, you must interdict me from writing; then the postmaster-general from sending my letters after they are written, and then, further, your own heart, which I know is as soft as lamb's wool, from opening and reading them, after they are written, sent, and have reached you. An old head like mine, through whose hair the storms have blown in three circumnavigations of the globe, can afford to have a few of these inland gales winter in its locks; and yet, Ned, why you severely interdict me from sending an occasional epistle, I cannot understand. This, however, shall be the final blast of your uncle's trumpet, and would it might prove a Jericho horn, and batter down the grey walls of morbidness, which yesterday and tomorrow have built round your existence. Finally, I have

worked upon your mother's reason, and she has agreed with herself and Heaven, to leave you in unending stillness, by which I mean, she has constituted me, with your consent, trustee of your pecuniary finances, unless you prefer taking them into your hands.

In the mean time I transmit an account of your property, so far as I have obtained it, by several drillings, musters, and overhaulings of the lawyer, and Mr. Penny, who has long been captain of your mother's purse. In the first place, I find ten shares in the Rotten Twine Company, originally valued at one hundred dollars per share, purchased by Mr. Penny for seventy dollars per share, worth, as I see by the Doughnut Chronicle (which serves me for blotting paper), fifty dollars per share. My notion is, that, as the Rotten Twine Company has broke three times, it will break again; so, with your leave, and without Mr. Penny's, I shall sell the ten shares. Next, a farm in Middlebury, originally bought for fifteen hundred dollars by skilful Mr. Penny, at your mother's request, they both considering the earth solid and good to buy. I have made inquiries into its present price, and find it will sell for near one thousand dollars, and have had an offer by a neighbor, who sees the wood waving from his window, and the red grass and mullens in the fields, and who, as he needs firewood and sheep pasture, like many another country booby, thinks he will lay out his savings, now in the bank, earning him his six per cent., upon land, which every year will run him more than six per cent. in debt. Then, twenty shares in the Heydiddle Railroad, which will yield, the directors say, in ten years, after all expenses paid, including their own, newspaper puffs, directorial dinners, cow-killing and cart-breaking, eight per cent. yearly interest. Ned, the Heydiddle Railroad affords amusement for these directors, with its sherry wine, roast-beef, and turkey dinners, but what could have led Mr. Penny to pay two thousand dollars and get so little for his pains, neither of us can see, unless it was, because Mr. Penny was a director. With your consent, I shall sell the Heydiddle Railroad, with the Rope and Twine Company. The next investment of Mr. Penny is three thousand dollars in Eastern lands, and I have pumped much mud and bilgewater, to say nothing of good, clean drinking water, out of Mr. Penny and the lawyer, but I can say, that neither of these speculators will make a chart of the land, or give me any



point to steer by. I shall, with your permission, enter into correspondence with all persons in Maine, and find where these lands lie, what they are worth, and who will buy them, and proceed to sell them for cash. Mr. Penny's next purchase was three shares in the Solar Microscope Exhibition, which cost one hundred dollars per share, and is now offered for five dollars; this has yearly produced two visits to the Ashford family, under the escort of Mr. Penny, who had each time to exhibit his certificate of stock, and his own right to enter, which he held under a greasy ticket signifying that he was an original life-subscriber. I advise you, with Mr. Penny's consent, to hold fast to these shares, for you may, one day, like to see eels in vinegar yourself. You have a share in the Sticker library, worth originally two hundred dollars, and have the right of taking out three books once a month, by paying six per cent. yearly on the cost of your share, and a farther trifle of three dollars, which goes straight into the bowels of poor Peter the librarian. As you never took out books, nor went to the library, and as your mother subscribes to Mrs. Rundle's Circulating Library, whose whole volumes you might purchase with your one share in the Sticker, and further, as the Sticker share would not bring fifty dollars, perhaps it would be well to transfer it to Mrs. Rundle, and enable her to let the waste water of the Sticker marsh into her own basin.

There are in the Doughnut Bank two thousand dollars belonging to you, which will yield six per cent., like a good cow that gives a certain quality and quantity of milk. My notion is, that we sell all and sundry your other stocks and investments, and lump them in this Bank; if you only make six per cent. a year, you will never lose ten. The directors I have watched the last three years with open eyes, and conclude they are crusty, miserly fellows, who love money too well to part with one farthing, and consider whatever is in the Bank theirs, so far as it enables them to make their six per cent. You may expect six hundred dollars, clear, a year, if you will put your money in this Bank, which I expect will support you, or keep your head above water, which is considered necessary now-a-days. I live on two hundred a year, and have for the last ten years, so, with me, living on a small means is no experiment. I purchase my clothes on the same day with some other boarder at my house, and

find, after four seasons, he has renewed his eight times, while mine are yet wearing as well as ever. Thus, I never spend any money for clothes now, because mine are all bought; I consider I have purchased the articles I require in this line. In winter I spend every day but Sunday out of my room; in this way I save all my fuel, except a seventh part, and this I borrow. I sit from nine in the morning till one, at which time I dine, by the bar-room fire, and read the paper, and talk with the landlord. In the afternoon, I have a round of ten stores I visit, spend part of an hour in each, and wile away my evenings in the parlor; so I spend nothing for lights. I board on an original plan, as I consider it. Thus, I do not agree to eat any one meal at any one particular place, and by not stipulating, am always prepared to accept every invitation. If none of my acquaintance remember me, at the hour for meals, I purchase one cent's worth of crackers, and dine off that, or drink tea, or take breakfast off of it. Wines, beers, or druggist's small waters, I never purchase, as my stomach turns sour on every such introduction of drink. I resolve never to expend more than six cents, any one day, for food. You may ask where my money goes, to which I reply, that nominally I live on two hundred dollars a year, but actually on one hundred dollars. I expend something on books, music, and tobacco, three departments I value beyond clothes, food, and physic. But then, my tobacco only costs me three dollars a year, and as I buy cigars by the bushel, and pipe-tobacco by the barrel, I get as much as I want for a series of years for a five dollar bill. I pay no poll-tax, no minister's-tax, no school-tax, and no fiddler's-tax, because I migrate from Doughnut to Pultenham, according to the visits of the tax-gatherer, and am thus a citizen of no place, and belong generally.

Your uncle,                      Dick.

---

LETTER XIII.

MATHEWS GRAY TO JAMES HOPE.

Eaton.

I have thought more of your letter respecting Edward, and not only that, but have had an interview with Mrs.

Ashford. She found I was interested in her son, who, of course, is the interesting subject which she has for conversation. I think I have enlightened her in the premises, and I trust our melancholy poet will be left to the enjoyment of his reflections undisturbed. She was with difficulty persuaded, that a young man, left to his own inclinations, could become any thing but an idler, and a spendthrift in addition. It was inconceivable to her, that any young man could have the least pretence to sally into a new country, out of the formal path which his ancestors followed five hundred years, and was for bringing him at once to the city, and placing him in a counting-room. I told her, her son would never put himself in such a situation, however much she desired it, and when she became satisfied of this, she abandoned the idea. Mrs. Ashford is not a miserly woman, but has that unaccountable folly of many generous people, and thinks that all money not spent according to custom is thrown away. The fact of Edward's pecuniary independence made little impression on her, and any disposal of his means, unless devoted to some formal business in a city, she considered a misfortune.

You express some fear, that Edward, instead of being a poet, will be a dreamer, and after he has written some musical verses, enter manhood, to become an elegant, literary man, or a prosaic rhymist. It is true, he has one great disadvantage to contend with, he has not the grand teacher, — poverty. His means are sufficient, and his days will not be spent in toil to conquer enough from the world to feed his body with on the morrow. I do not regret this, I have long wished to see a poet nursed by nature, not obliged to struggle with indigence, and whose only cares and toils should be a sacrifice to the muse. His present melancholy has in it the elements of salvation. This struggle between sorrow and a desire to be cheerful, this question which must be asked every day, whether his faith is not strong enough to find in life sovereign bliss, — this mining into the depths of existence to grasp the glittering charm which lies hidden under the cold granite of his present fortune, will stand him instead of poverty, contest with men, cultivation, and experience. A great sorrow shows the deepest vein of life, and no man has been a dreamer, who has wrestled bravely in youth with a giant

despair. If Edward sat weakly down, as he would if this sorrow had any sentimentalism, and yielded his career to the hand of chance, nerveless, bashful, and envious, we might resign him to the poor lead of every trifling circumstance; but when you mark what vigorous faith lurks under every expression of sadness, how healthy his life is when it breaks the chains of his prison-house, and finds a vent in song, you must conclude that he is fighting the great battle of knowledge against ignorance, which every man, who has proved any thing, has first been obliged to conquer in. His contest will be more than the experience of a thousand worldly people. It is an unfortunate mistake, which I think your constitution leads you into, with many of your temperament, to suppose our best and most useful experiences flow from the external. Let us first know ourselves, which result can come only from contest with inward difficulties, and never from what we catch from the passing shades which hover around, and whose exteriors we see, and then no man can be concealed, because our destiny is one and the same. Let us omit this struggle, — let us go into life, or into nature, and be acted upon from without, and though the beginning may be fair, the ending will be disappointment. For my part, I rejoice at Edward's present situation, and hope he will be left to himself, in nature, there to battle with the fiend of ignorance. Were he not so delicately constituted, had he the power of warding off circumstances, was it not necessary for him to surrender himself to many more impressions than the mass of men, I should not insist so positively upon his placing himself among the woods and fields. Thus finely formed, when every discordant tone jars on the chords of his most delicate heart, I am glad nature surrounds him, and when I further consider that he is a poet, both by this education and an evident predilection from his earliest years, I rejoice yet more. We need some poets truly bred in nature, who have gone out, not to look at trees and sunsets, and put them into their note-books, but drawn by an inevitable necessity, to unburden their hearts, and confess their imperfections, before the stern beauty of the perfect. Our poetry is too full of conventional existence, and we neglect verses often if newly written, as if there could be nothing true in them, because the expression of nature is

not caught, while the note of social life sounds continually. I am out of patience with the tameness of late poetry; it is a feeble imitation of what in its time was good, and suited the age, and I feel that we demand an actual feeling of nature, which poets have lost. Our social life does not admit us into the sanctuary of human nature, but tosses us some chips, some crumbs of feeling or thought, as if the strong, healthy, abundant nature of man had dwindled into a pretty scholar, apt at feeding the birds from the window, while his tasks of courage were forgotten.

It is a good part in Edward's history, that he has courage to make disappointments, — to sing his song to the end, though assured his verses will prove unsatisfactory. Those poets who have halted, and could not say at the end of life, as Michael did, "*anchora imparo,*" to use an old illustration, never went into the depths of the art, never used their powers except as amateurs. I am glad you tell me, Edward cannot be satisfied with any poem he makes, for I am convinced, with his constitution, he will never tire, until he makes verse which shall be much to him, and yet that he will never cease to write. I think it will be long before he finds his true position, and till then he cannot estimate the place of any other person. How it is I cannot say, but there is, in people of his description, a power of misrepresenting the exact capacities of those by whom they are surrounded. It looks impossible for them to address themselves friendlily to those with whom they sympathize imperfectly, and they demand from all, character and entertainment, which only a very few can ever yield.

Truly yours,

M. G.

Dante

### TRANSLATION OF DANTE.\*

MANY of us must remember our introduction to the Prince of Tuscan Poets. We had formed perhaps the dim vision of a Miltonic hell, enveloped in smoke and flame, dusky, lurid, indistinct, out of which peered gaunt shapes of horror. The Italians told us how hard he was to read,—how impossible for any but an Italian to understand,—how obscure—enigmatical—allegorical. We heard that no one has ever yet fully and fairly explained him. All conspire to make us approach with awe this dim and tremendous shadow. With how different feeling do we now look back. We tell our good Italian friends that the beautiful explains itself, and may be found by Italians or English alike. The allegory he hides so deeply was temporary, and whether it means this or that, is of little importance to us,—but the poetry, in which it is enveloped, belongs to all time, and can be understood by all men. To his language, at first unusual, we discover in a few cantos the key. His rhyme, which impeded at first, soon seems to us the only medium that could adapt itself to his varied theme. The Terza Rima does not flow, but walks,—does not declaim, but converses, philosophizes, reasons,—above all, describes,—and, however difficult to us, in Dante, it seems to be the natural frame of sentences among his interlocutors. Instead of obscurity or vagueness, we find an unexampled clearness, rendered transparent by images that with a single word give the most forcible pictures. The whole scene passes before our eyes. Rightly is the poem called *Commedia*, for it is like a history seen, and not read. The Inferno is full of physical horrors,—and we often hear a disgust expressed at them,—but our experience has been that the moral always overcomes the physical, and the dire torments pass away from our minds, while Francesca, Farinata, Ugolino, La Pia, remain fixed forever. Who forgets not the fiery sepulchre when Farinata himself for-

---

\* The first ten Cantos of the Inferno of Dante newly translated into English verse. By T. W. PARSONS. Ticknor. 1843.

gets it in his pride and grief for Florence and his friends ;— or when the father of Guido forgets it to ask after his son ? It is only the mean men in Dante's hell, that are overcome by the torments ; the majestic Ulysses speaks with unchanged voice after ages of pain. When we are well acquainted with Dante, the terrible is to us but a background for pictures of such beauty and tenderness as are perhaps without parallel.

So many reviews, books, and magazine articles have of late years been busy with the subject, that now-a-days it is to be hoped students are better prepared what to expect than chanced in our day. Every body has read a few cantos, that has read Italian at all. Many have read the *Inferno* ; but to almost all the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* remain unsought mines. Still, from an Italian author, Dante is becoming a world-author ; the knowledge of him is no longer confined to Italian scholars,—and it is a fair sign of the times that here we have in Boston a new and good translation.

We took up this book, not a little prejudiced ; for who with the deep music of the original ringing in his ears, but must view the best translation with some aversion ? And verily were all the world acquainted with originals, translators would stand but a poor chance, if indeed they could under such circumstances exist. A translation is neither more nor less than a paraphrase, only in a different language ; and this is the only answer to give to those who insist that if there be any meaning in a poet, it can be translated, that the thought cannot escape if the words are rendered by equivalents. But let any one paraphrase Shakespeare, and see what work he will make of it. Hence is a translator's in one respect the most ungrateful of all literary tasks. Yet is it one of the most honorable and most useful, for few can go to the fountain heads, and none can go to them all ; and without the labors of conscientious translators, not the Bible only, but our Plato and Æschylus would be sealed books to most of us. Goethe translated Phèdre, and Benvenuto Cellini, and several other works ; and thus much is certain, that to produce good translations, especially of poetical works, requires rare talents.

Cary is faithful, and literal, and has been a very useful translator, so far as we can speak from imperfect knowl-

edge, but seems to possess quite a faculty of giving a prosaic translation of a poetical passage. Mr. Parsons is spirited, often poetical; not always literal enough. A translator is bound to clip nothing, above all, in an author who, like Dante, has never an unnecessary word or line. We take the first lines of the Second Book as an illustration both of the poet and his translators.

Lo giorno se n' andava, e l' aere bruno  
 Toglieva gli animai che sono in terra  
 Dalle fatiche loro: ed io sol uno  
 M'apparechiava a sostener la guerra  
 Si del cammino, e si della pietate  
 Che ritrarrà la mente che non erra.

Cary translates—

Now was the day departing, and the air,  
 Imbrowned with shadows, from their toils released  
 All animals on earth; and I alone  
 Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,  
 Both of sad pity, and that perilous road  
 Which my unerring memory shall retrace.

Mr. Parsons—

Day was departing, and the dusky light  
 Freed earthly creatures from their labor's load;  
 I only rose and girt myself to fight  
 The struggle with compassion, and my road,  
 Paint it, my memory, now in truth's own hue!

Literally—

“Day was departing, and the dark air  
 Took away the animals that are upon the earth  
 From their labors. And I alone  
 Prepared myself to sustain the war,  
 Both of the journey and of pity,  
 Which my mind that does not err shall retrace.

In the original the picture of departing day is marked, and so beautiful as to arrest attention and fix itself in the memory. Mr. Cary is faithful, and does not injure the picture by adding or taking away a word, and is not unpoetical. In Mr. Parsons “freed earthly creatures from their labor's load” does not sufficiently render “*toglieva gli animai che sono in terra dalle fatiche loro,*” this description cannot be compressed without taking away its individuality and making it commonplace; and although the meaning is sufficiently clear, the rendering is not artistic; it



has missed the points of the original, and does not arrest the attention, nor produce the effect of the original.

In the celebrated lines with which the third canto begins, "Per me si va," &c., Cary is again literal and true, but with a lamentable want of the majesty of Dante's verses, which are unequalled in their solemn impressiveness.

Per me si va nella città dolente :  
 Per me si va neli' eterno dolore :  
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente :  
 Giustizia mosse il mio alto fattore :  
 Fecemi la divina potestate,  
 La somma sapienza, e'l primo amore.  
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,  
 Se non eterne ; ed io eterno duro.  
 Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.

Cary—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe :  
 Through me you pass into eternal pain :  
 Through me among the people lost for aye.  
 Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd ;  
 To rear me was the task of power divine,  
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.  
 Before me things create were none, save things  
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Parsons—

Through me ye reach the city of despair :  
 Through me eternal wretchedness ye find :  
 Through me among Perdition's race ye fare :  
 Justice inspired my lofty Founder's mind ;  
 Power, love and wisdom,—heavenly, first, and most high,  
 Framed me ere aught created else had been,  
 Save things eternal, and eterne am I.  
 Leave here all hope, O ye who enter in.

Mr. Parsons here has evidently the advantage. He keeps sufficiently close to his original, and is at the same time spirited, and his lines give somewhat the feeling of the original which Cary's, though literal, do not.

The episode of Francesca and Paolo has been so many times translated, that it must be looked upon as a test passage. Our translator shows both the merits and defects we have noticed above. His translation is spirited, and forms a whole, and reads well together ; but there are sins both of omission and commission—for instance—

“ Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense  
 “ Chinai 'l viso, e tanto l' tenni basso  
 “ Fin che 'l Poeta mi disse, che pense?  
 “ Quando risposi cominciai : Oh lasso, &c.

Literally—

When I heard those troubled souls,  
 I bent down my head and held it down  
 Until the poet said to me ; what are you thinking ?  
 When I answered, I began, &c.

All this Mr. Parsons has compressed into two lines :

“ During their speech, low down I hung my head,  
 “ What thinkest thou ? inquired my guide, &c.

Now this is really cutting the matter too short. Dante thought it worth while to write four whole lines, full of meaning, in order to express the effect that the hearing of the story had upon him, and these lines in the original give wonderful life and reality to the whole scene. We see Dante's deliberate, grand motion as he inclines his head, heeding nothing till his companion asks to rouse him, what are you thinking? Nor does he even then at once recover, but as he says, “ *When* I answered, I began,” &c.

And again the language in the original is as simple as possible. “ Francesca ! thy sufferings make me weep, sad and pitying,”—any man might say, but “ My pitying soul thy martyr throes unman,” is hardly simple enough.

We wish not to be over-critical, but rather to represent the difficulty of the undertaking, for in the whole range of literature it would be hard to select a harder book. Dante is so condensed, that not a line, or a thought, or even a word can be spared. A verbose writer may be compressed, but Dante's words are thoughts ; you cannot compress, you can only leave out. Because “ the fear that had remained all night in the lake of my heart ” is hard to render into English verse, the translator has no right to leave it out. On the other hand, a man of fine taste would lie awake half the night with anxiety, if he found himself obliged by the rhyme to say the beasts “ were freed from their labor's load,” when Dante only said they were freed from their labors.

We believe the time is past, when a distinction can be made between a free and a literal translation of a great work. A translation must be literal, or it is no translation. And if the translator cannot be free and literal at once, if he cannot learn to move freely and gracefully in his irons, he is wanting in a prime requisite. It is in vain to speak of translating in the spirit of an original, without confining one's self too closely to the text. You may thus produce as good a work as Pope's Homer, but no translation.

On the whole, we feel most grateful to Mr. Parsons for undertaking this work. We think he has done well, but he can do much better. We counsel him never to leave a passage, till he is sure that he has united a full and faithful rendering of the *whole* he finds in his author, with that simple and vigorous expression of the original. To avoid, above all, general expressions, where Dante uses individuals; the temptation is often great, but weakness is the sure result. As it is, we have no little pride, that our city should produce a mark of so much devotion to the highest walks of pure literature.

---

*H. D. Thoreau*

HOMER. OSSIAN. CHAUCER.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE ON POETRY, READ BEFORE THE CONCORD  
LYCEUM, NOVEMBER 29, 1843, BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

HOMER.

THE wisest definition of poetry the poet will instantly prove false by setting aside its requisitions. We can therefore publish only our advertisement of it.

There is no doubt that the loftiest written wisdom is rhymed or measured, is in form as well as substance poetry; and a volume, which should contain the condensed wisdom of mankind, need not have one rhythmless line. Yet poetry, though the last and finest result, is a natural fruit. As naturally as the oak bears an acorn, and the vine a gourd, man bears a poem, either spoken

or done. It is the chief and most memorable success, for history is but a prose narrative of poetic deeds. What else have the Hiudoos, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, done, that can be told? It is the simplest relation of phenomena, and describes the commonest sensations with more truth than science does, and the latter at a distance slowly mimics its style and methods. The poet sings how the blood flows in his veins. He performs his functions, and is so well that he needs such stimulus to sing only as plants to put forth leaves and blossoms. He would strive in vain to modulate the remote and transient music which he sometimes hears, since his song is a vital function like breathing, and an integral result like weight. It is not the overflowing of life but its subsidence rather, and is drawn from under the feet of the poet. It is enough if Homer but say the sun sets. He is as serene as nature, and we can hardly detect the enthusiasm of the bard. It is as if nature spoke. He presents to us the simplest pictures of human life, so that childhood itself can understand them, and the man must not think twice to appreciate his naturalness. Each reader discovers for himself, that succeeding poets have done little else than copy his similes. His more memorable passages are as naturally bright, as gleams of sunlight in misty weather. Nature furnishes him not only with words, but with stereotyped lines and sentences from her mint.

“As from the clouds appears the full moon,  
All shining, and then again it goes behind the shadowy clouds,  
So Hector, at one time appeared among the foremost,  
And at another in the rear, commanding; and all with brass  
He shone, like to the lightning of ægis-bearing Zeus.”

He conveys the least information, even the hour of the day, with such magnificence, and vast expense of natural imagery, as if it were a message from the gods.

“While it was dawn, and sacred day was advancing,  
For that space the weapons of both flew fast, and the people fell;  
But when now the woodcutter was preparing his morning meal  
In the recesses of the mountain, and had wearied his hands  
With cutting lofty trees, and satiety came to his mind,  
And the desire of sweet food took possession of his thoughts;  
Then the Danaans by their valor broke the phalanxes,  
Shouting to their companions from rank to rank.”

When the army of the Trojans passed the night under arms, keeping watch lest the enemy should re-embark under cover of the dark,

“They, thinking great things, upon the neutral ground of war,  
Sat all the night; and many fires burned for them.  
As when in the heavens the stars round the bright moon  
Appear beautiful, and the air is without wind;  
And all the heights, and the extreme summits, [heart;  
And the shady valleys appear; and the shepherd rejoices in his  
So between the ships and the streams of Xanthus  
Appeared the fires of the Trojans before Ilium.”

The “white-armed goddess Juno,” sent by the Father of gods and men for Iris and Apollo,

“Went down the Idæan mountains to far Olympus,  
As when the mind of a man, who has come over much earth,  
Sallies forth, and he reflects with rapid thoughts,  
There was I, and there, and remembers many things;  
So swiftly the august Juno hastening flew through the air,  
And came to high Olympus.”

There are few books which are fit to be remembered in our wisest hours, but the Iliad is brightest in the serenest days, and imbodies still all the sunlight that fell on Asia Minor. No modern joy or ecstasy of ours can lower its height or dim its lustre; but there it lies in the last of literature, as it were the earliest, latest production of the mind. The ruins of Egypt oppress and stifle us with their dust, foulness preserved in cassia and pitch, and swathed in linen; the death of that which never lived. But the rays of Greek poetry struggle down to us, and mingle with the sunbeams of the recent day. The statue of Memnon is cast down, but the shaft of the Iliad still meets the sun in his rising.

So too, no doubt, Homer had his Homer, and Orpheus his Orpheus, in the dim antiquity which preceded them. The mythological system of the ancients, and it is still the only mythology of the moderns, the poem of mankind, interwoven so wonderfully with their astronomy, and matching in grandeur and harmony with the architecture of the Heavens themselves, seems to point to a time when a mightier genius inhabited the earth. But man is the great poet, and not Homer nor Shakspeare; and our language itself, and the common arts of life are

his work. Poetry is so universally true and independent of experience, that it does not need any particular biography to illustrate it, but we refer it sooner or later to some Orpheus or Linus, and after ages to the genius of humanity, and the gods themselves.

## OSSIAN.\*

The genuine remains of Ossian, though of less fame and extent, are in many respects of the same stamp with the Iliad itself. He asserts the dignity of the bard no less than Homer, and in his era we hear of no other priest than he. It will not avail to call him a heathen because he personifies the sun and addresses it; and what if his heroes did "worship the ghosts of their fathers," their thin, airy, and unsubstantial forms? we but worship the ghosts of our fathers in more substantial forms. We cannot but respect the vigorous faith of those heathen, who sternly believed somewhat, and are inclined to say to the critics, who are offended by their superstitious rites, don't interrupt these men's prayers. As if we knew more about human life and a God, than the heathen and ancients. Does English theology contain the recent discoveries?

Ossian reminds us of the most refined and rudest eras, of Homer, Pindar, Isaiah, and the American Indian. In his poetry, as in Homer's, only the simplest and most enduring features of humanity are seen, such essential parts of a man as Stonehenge exhibits of a temple; we see the circles of stone, and the upright shaft alone. The phenomena of life acquire almost an unreal and gigantic size seen through his mists. Like all older and grander poetry, it is distinguished by the few elements in the lives of its heroes. They stand on the heath, between the stars and the earth, shrunk to the bones and sinews. The earth is a boundless plain for their deeds. They lead such a simple, dry, and everlasting life, as hardly needs depart with

---

\* "The Genuine Remains of Ossian, Literally Translated, with a Preliminary Dissertation, by Patrick Macgregor. Published under the Patronage of the Highland Society of London. 1 vol. 12mo. London, 1841." We take pleasure in recommending this, the first literal English translation of the Gaelic originals of Ossian, which were left by Macpherson, and published agreeably to his intention, in 1807.

the flesh, but is transmitted entire from age to age. There are but few objects to distract their sight, and their life is as unincumbered as the course of the stars they gaze at.

“The wrathful kings, on cairns apart,  
Look forward from behind their shields,  
And mark the wandering stars,  
That brilliant westward move.”

It does not cost much for these heroes to live. They want not much furniture. They are such forms of men only as can be seen afar through the mist, and have no costume nor dialect, but for language there is the tongue itself, and for costume there are always the skins of beasts and the bark of trees to be had. They live out their years by the vigor of their constitutions. They survive storms and the spears of their foes, and perform a few heroic deeds, and then,

“Mounds will answer questions of them,  
For many future years.”

Blind and infirm, they spend the remnant of their days listening to the lays of the bards, and feeling the weapons which laid their enemies low, and when at length they die, by a convulsion of nature, the bard allows us a short misty glance into futurity, yet as clear, perchance, as their lives had been. When Mac-Roine was slain,

“His soul departed to his warlike sires,  
To follow misty forms of boars,  
In tempestuous islands bleak.”

The hero's cairn is erected, and the bard sings a brief significant strain, which will suffice for epitaph and biography.

“The weak will find his bow in the dwelling,  
The feeble will attempt to bend it.”

Compared with this simple, fibrous life, our civilized history appears the chronicle of debility, of fashion, and the arts of luxury. But the civilized man misses no real refinement in the poetry of the rudest era. It reminds him that civilization does but dress men. It makes shoes, but it does not toughen the soles of the feet. It makes cloth of finer texture, but it does not touch the skin. Inside the civilized man stands the savage still in the place of honor. We are those blue-eyed, yellow-haired Saxons, those slender, dark-haired Normans.

The profession of the bard attracted more respect in those days from the importance attached to fame. It was his province to record the deeds of heroes. When Ossian hears the traditions of inferior bards, he exclaims,

“I straightway seize the unfruitful tales,  
And send them down in faithful verse.”

His philosophy of life is expressed in the opening of the third Duan of Ca-Lodin.

“Whence have sprung the things that are?  
And whither roll the passing years?  
Where does time conceal its two heads,  
In dense impenetrable gloom,  
Its surface marked with heroes' deeds alone?  
I view the generations gone;  
The past appears but dim;  
As objects by the moon's faint beams,  
Reflected from a distant lake.  
I see, indeed, the thunder-bolts of war,  
But there the unmighty joyless dwell,  
All those who send not down their deeds  
To far, succeeding times.”

The ignoble warriors die and are forgotten;

“Strangers come to build a tower,  
And throw their ashes overhand;  
Some rusted swords appear in dust;  
One, bending forward, says,  
'The arms belonged to heroes gone;  
We never heard their praise in song.'”

The grandeur of the similes is another feature which characterizes great poetry. Ossian seems to speak a gigantic and universal language. The images and pictures occupy even much space in the landscape, as if they could be seen only from the sides of mountains, and plains with a wide horizon, or across arms of the sea. The machinery is so massive that it cannot be less than natural. Oivana says to the spirit of her father, “Grey-haired Torkil of Torne,” seen in the skies,

“Thou glidest away like receding ships.”

So when the hosts of Fingal and Starne approach to battle,

“With murmurs loud, like rivers far,  
The race of Torne hither moved.”

And when compelled to retire,

“dragging his spear behind,  
Cudulin sank in the distant wood,  
Like a fire upblazing ere it dies.”



Nor did Fingal want a proper audience when he spoke ;

“ A thousand orators inclined  
To hear the lay of Fingal.”

The threats too would have deterred a man. Vengeance and terror were real. Trenmore threatens the young warrior, whom he meets on a foreign strand,

“ Thy mother shall find thee pale on the shore,  
While lessening on the waves she spies  
The sails of him who slew her son.”

If Ossian's heroes weep, it is from excess of strength, and not from weakness, a sacrifice or libation of fertile natures, like the perspiration of stone in summer's heat. We hardly know that tears have been shed, and it seems as if weeping were proper only for babes and heroes. Their joy and their sorrow are made of one stuff, like rain and snow, the rainbow and the mist. When Fillan was worsted in fight, and ashamed in the presence of Fingal,

“ He strode away forthwith,  
And bent in grief above a stream,  
His cheeks bedewed with tears.  
From time to time the thistles gray  
He lopped with his inverted lance.”

Crodar, blind and old, receives Ossian, son of Fingal, who comes to aid him in war,

“ ‘ My eyes have failed,’ says he, ‘ Crodar is blind,  
Is thy strength like that of thy fathers ?  
Stretch, Ossian, thine arm to the hoary-haired.’  
I gave my arm to the king.  
The aged hero seized my hand ;  
He heaved a heavy sigh ;  
Tears flowed incessant down his cheek.  
‘ Strong art thou, son of the mighty,  
Though not so dreadful as Morven's prince. \* \* \*  
Let my feast be spread in the hall,  
Let every sweet-voiced minstrel sing ;  
Great is he who is within my wall,  
Sons of wave-echoing Cromach.’ ”

Even Ossian himself, the hero-bard, pays tribute to the superior strength of his father Fingal.

“ How beauteous, mighty man, was thy mind,  
Why succeeded Ossian without its strength ? ”

## CHAUCER.

What a contrast between the stern and desolate poetry of Ossian, and that of Chaucer, and even of Shakspeare and Milton, much more of Dryden, and Pope, and Gray. Our summer of English poetry, like the Greek and Latin before it, seems well advanced toward its fall, and laden with the fruit and foliage of the season, with bright autumnal tints; but soon the winter will scatter its myriad clustering and shading leaves, and leave only a few desolate and fibrous boughs to sustain the snow and rime, and creak in the blasts of ages. We cannot escape the impression, that the Muse has stooped a little in her flight, when we come to the literature of civilized eras. Now first we hear of various ages and styles of poetry, but the poetry of runic monuments is for every age. The bard has lost the dignity and sacredness of his office. He has no more the bardic rage, and only conceives the deed, which he formerly stood ready to perform. Hosts of warriors, earnest for battle, could not mistake nor dispense with the ancient bard. His lays were heard in the pauses of the fight. There was no danger of his being overlooked by his contemporaries. But now the hero and the bard are of different professions. When we come to the pleasant English verse, it seems as if the storms had all cleared away, and it would never thunder and lighten more. The poet has come within doors, and exchanged the forest and crag for the fireside, the hut of the Gael, and Stonehenge with its circles of stones, for the house of the Englishman. No hero stands at the door prepared to break forth into song or heroic action, but we have instead a homely Englishman, who cultivates the art of poetry. We see the pleasant fireside, and hear the crackling faggots in all the verse. The towering and misty imagination of the bard has descended into the plain, and become a lowlander, and keeps flocks and herds. Poetry is one man's trade, and not all men's religion, and is split into many styles. It is pastoral, and lyric, and narrative, and didactic.

Notwithstanding the broad humanity of Chaucer, and the many social and domestic comforts which we meet with in his verse, we have to narrow our vision somewhat to con-

sider him, as if he occupied less space in the landscape, and did not stretch over hill and valley as Ossian does. Yet, seen from the side of posterity, as the father of English poetry, preceded by a long silence or confusion in history, unenlivened by any strain of pure melody, we easily come to reverence him. Passing over the earlier continental poets, since we are bound to the pleasant archipelago of English poetry, Chaucer's is the first name after that misty weather in which Ossian lived, which can detain us long. Indeed, though he represents so different a culture and society, he may be regarded as in many respects the Homer of the English poets. Perhaps he is the youthfulest of them all. We return to him as to the purest well, the fountain furthest removed from the highway of desultory life. He is so natural and cheerful, compared with later poets, that we might almost regard him as a personification of spring. To the faithful reader his muse has even given an aspect to his times, and when he is fresh from perusing him, they seem related to the golden age. It is still the poetry of youth and life, rather than of thought; and though the moral vein is obvious and constant, it has not yet banished the sun and daylight from his verse. The loftiest strains of the muse are, for the most part, sublimely plaintive, and not a carol as free as nature's. The content which the sun shines to celebrate from morning to evening is unsung. The muse solaces herself, and is not ravished but consoled. There is a catastrophe implied, and a tragic element in all our verse, and less of the lark and morning dews, than of the nightingale and evening shades. But in Homer and Chaucer there is more of the innocence and serenity of youth, than in the more modern and moral poets. The *Iliad* is not sabbath but morning reading, and men cling to this old song, because they have still moments of unbaptized and uncommitted life, which give them an appetite for more. He represents no creed nor opinion, and we read him with a rare sense of freedom and irresponsibility, as if we trod on native ground, and were autochthones of the soil.

Chaucer had eminently the habits of a literary man and a scholar. We do not enough allow for the prevalence of this class. There were never any times so stirring, that there were not to be found some sedentary still. Through

all those outwardly active ages, there were still monks in cloisters writing or copying folios. He was surrounded by the din of arms. The battles of Hallidon Hill and Neville's Cross, and the still more memorable battles of Crecy and Poitiers, were fought in his youth, but these did not concern our poet much, Wicliffe much more. He seems to have regarded himself always as one privileged to sit and converse with books. He helped to establish the literary class. His character, as one of the fathers of the English language, would alone make his works important, even those which have little poetical merit. A great philosophical and moral poet gives permanence to the language he uses, by making the best sound convey the best sense. He was as simple as Wordsworth in preferring his homely but vigorous Saxon tongue, when it was neglected by the court, and had not yet attained to the dignity of a literature, and rendered a similar service to his country to that which Dante rendered to Italy. If Greek sufficeth for Greek, and Arabic for Arabian, and Hebrew for Jew, and Latin for Latin, then English shall suffice for him, for any of these will serve to teach truth "right as divers pathes leaden divers folke the right waye to Rome." In the Testament of Love he writes, "Let then clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science, and the knowinge in that facultie, and lette Frenchmen in their Frenche also enditen their queinte termes, for it is kyndely to their mouthes, and let us shewe our fantasies in soche wordes as we lerneden of our dames tonge."

He will know how to appreciate Chaucer best, who has come down to him the natural way, through the meagre pastures of Saxon and ante-Chaucerian poetry; and yet so human and wise he seems after such diet, that he is liable to misjudge him still. In the Saxon poetry extant, in the earliest English, and the contemporary Scottish poetry, there is less to remind the reader of the rudeness and vigor of youth, than of the feebleness of a declining age. It is for the most part translation or imitation merely, with only an occasional and slight tinge of poetry, and oftentimes the falsehood and exaggeration of fable, without its imagination to redeem it. It is astonishing to how few thoughts so many sincere efforts give utterance. But as they never sprang out of nature, so they will never root

themselves in nature. There are few traces of original genius, and we look in vain to find antiquity restored, humanized, and made blithe again, by the discovery of some natural sympathy between it and the present. But when we come to Chaucer we are relieved of many a load. He is fresh and modern still, and no dust settles on his true passages. It lightens along the line, and we are reminded that flowers have bloomed, and birds sung, and hearts beaten, in England. Before the earnest gaze of the reader the rust and moss of time gradually drop off, and the original green life is revealed. He was a homely and domestic man, and did breathe quite as modern men do. Only one trait, one little incident of human biography needs to be truly recorded, that all the world may think the author fit to wear the laurel crown. In the dearth we have described, and at this distance of time, the bare processes of living read like poetry, for all of human good or ill, heroic or vulgar, lies very near to them. All that is truly great and interesting to men, runs thus as level a course, and is as un aspiring, as the plough in the furrow.

There is no wisdom which can take place of humanity, and we find *that* in Chaucer. We can expand in his breadth and think we could be that man's acquaintance. He was worthy to be a citizen of England, while Petrarch and Boccaccio lived in Italy, and Tell and Tamerlane in Switzerland and in Asia, and Bruce in Scotland, and Wickliffe, and Gower, and Edward the Third, and John of Gaunt, and the Black Prince, were his own countrymen; all stout and stirring names. The fame of Roger Bacon came down from the preceding century, and the name of Dante still exerted the influence of a living presence. On the whole, Chaucer impresses us, as greater than his reputation, and not a little like Homer and Shakespeare, for he would have held up his head in their company. Among early English poets he is the landlord and host, and has the authority of such. The affectionate mention, which succeeding early poets make of him, coupling him with Homer and Virgil, is to be taken into the account in estimating his character and influence. King James and Dunbar of Scotland speak with more love and reverence of him, than any modern author of his predecessors of the last century. The same childlike relation is

•

without parallel now. We read him without criticism for the most part, for he pleads not his own cause, but speaks for his readers, and has that greatness of trust and reliance which compels popularity. He confides in the reader, and speaks privily with him, keeping nothing back. And in return his reader has great confidence in him, that he tells no lies, and reads his story with indulgence, as if it were the circumlocution of a child, but discovers afterwards that he has spoken with more directness and economy of words than a sage. He is never heartless,

“For first the thing is thought within the hart,  
Er any word out from the mouth astart.”

And so new was all his theme in those days, that he had not to invent, but only to tell.

We admire Chaucer for his sturdy English wit. The easy height he speaks from in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, as if he were equal to any of the company there assembled, is as good as any particular excellence in it. But though it is full of good sense and humanity, it is not transcendent poetry. For picturesque description of persons it is, perhaps, without a parallel in English poetry; yet it is essentially humorous, as the loftiest genius never is. Humor, however broad and genial, takes a narrower view than enthusiasm. The whole story of *Chanticleer* and *Dame Partlett*, in the *Nonne's Preeste's tale*, is genuine humanity. I know of nothing better in its kind, no more successful fabling of birds and beasts. If it is said of *Shakspeare*, that he is now *Hamlet*, and then *Falstaff*, it may be said of Chaucer that he sympathizes with brutes as well as men, and assumes their nature that he may speak from it. In this tale he puts on the very feathers and stature of the cock. To his own finer vein he added all the common wit and wisdom of his time, and every where in his works his remarkable knowledge of the world, and nice perception of character, his rare common sense and proverbial wisdom, are apparent. His genius does not soar like *Milton's*, but is genial and familiar. It shows great tenderness and delicacy, but not the heroic sentiment. It is only a greater portion of humanity with all its weakness. It is not heroic, as *Raleigh's*, nor pious, as *Herbert's*, nor philosophical, as *Shakspeare's*, but it is the child of the

English muse, that child which is the father of the man. It is for the most part only an exceeding naturalness, perfect sincerity, with the behavior of a child rather than of a man.

Gentleness and delicacy of character is every where apparent in his verse. The simplest and humblest words come readily to his lips. No one can read the Prioress' tale, understanding the spirit in which it was written, and in which the child sings, *O alma redemptoris mater*, or the account of the departure of Constance with her child upon the sea, in the Man of Lawe's tale, without feeling the native innocence and refinement of the author. Nor can we be mistaken respecting the essential purity of his character, disregarding the apology of the manners of the age. His sincere sorrow in his later days for the grossness of his earlier works, and that he "cannot recall and annull" much that he had written, "but, alas, they are now continued from man to man, and I cannot do what I desire," is not to be forgotten. A simple pathos and feminine gentleness, which Wordsworth occasionally approaches, but does not equal, are peculiar to him. We are tempted to say, that his genius was feminine, not masculine. It was such a feminineness, however, as is rarest to find in woman, though not the appreciation of it. Perhaps it is not to be found at all in woman, but is only the feminine in man.

Such pure, childlike love of nature is not easily to be matched. Nor is it strange; that the poetry of so rude an age should contain such sweet and polished praise of nature, for her charms are not enhanced by civilization, as society's are, but by her own original and permanent refinement she at last subdues and educates man.

Chaucer's remarkably trustful and affectionate character appears in his familiar, yet innocent and reverent, manner of speaking of his God. He comes into his thought without any false reverence, and with no more parade than the zephyr to his ear. If nature is our mother, then God is our father. There is less love and simple practical trust in Shakspeare and Milton. How rarely in our English tongue do we find expressed any affection for God. There is no sentiment so rare as the love of God. Herbert almost alone expresses it, "Ah, my dear God!" Our poet uses similar words, and whenever he sees a beautiful person, or

other object, prides himself on the "maistry" of his God. He reverently recommends Dido to be his bride,

"if that God that heaven and yearth made,  
Would have a love for beauty and goodnesse,  
And womanhede, trowth, and semeliness."

He supplies the place to his imagination of the saints of the Catholic calendar, and has none of the attributes of a Scandinavian deity.

But, in justification of our praise, we must refer the hearer to his works themselves; to the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, the account of *Gentilesse*, the *Flower and the Leaf*, the stories of *Griselda*, *Virginia*, *Ariadne*, and *Blanche the Dutchesse*, and much more of less distinguished merit. There are many poets of more taste and better manners, who knew how to leave out their dulness, but such negative genius cannot detain us long; we shall return to Chaucer still with love. Even the clown has taste, whose dictates, though he disregards them, are higher and purer than those which the artist obeys; and some natures, which are rude and ill developed, have yet a higher standard of perfection, than others which are refined and well balanced. Though the peasant's cot is dark, it has the evening star for taper, while the nobleman's saloon is meanly lighted. If we have to wander through many dull and prosaic passages in Chaucer, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that it is not an artificial dulness, but too easily matched by many passages in life, and it is, perhaps, more pleasing, after all, to meet with a fine thought in its natural setting. We confess we feel a disposition commonly to concentrate sweets, and accumulate pleasures, but the poet may be presumed always to speak as a traveller, who leads us through a varied scenery, from one eminence to another, and, from time to time, a single casual thought rises naturally and inevitably, with such majesty and escort only as the first stars at evening. And surely fate has enshrined it in these circumstances for some end. Nature strews her nuts and flowers broadcast, and never collects them into heaps. This was the soil it grew in, and this the hour it bloomed in; if sun, wind, and rain, came here to cherish and expand the flower, shall not we come here to pluck it?



A true poem is distinguished, not so much by a felicitous expression, or any thought it suggests, as by the atmosphere which surrounds it. Most have beauty of outline merely, and are striking as the form and bearing of a stranger, but true verses come toward us indistinctly, as the very kernel of all friendliness, and envelope us in their spirit and fragrance. Much of our poetry has the very best manners, but no character. It is only an unusual precision and elasticity of speech, as if its author had taken, not an intoxicating draught, but an electuary. It has the distinct outline of sculpture, and chronicles an early hour. Under the influence of passion all men speak thus distinctly, but wrath is not always divine.

There are two classes of men called poets. The one cultivates life, the other art; one seeks food for nutriment, the other for flavor; one satisfies hunger, the other gratifies the palate. There are two kinds of writing, both great and rare; one that of genius, or the inspired, the other of intellect and taste, in the intervals of inspiration. The former is above criticism, always correct, giving the law to criticism. It vibrates and pulsates with life forever. It is sacred, and to be read with reverence, as the works of nature are studied. There are few instances of a sustained style of this kind; perhaps every man has spoken words, but the speaker is then careless of the record. Such a style removes us out of personal relations with its author, we do not take his words on our lips, but his sense into our hearts. It is the stream of inspiration, which bubbles out, now here, now there, now in this man, now in that. It matters not through what ice-crystals it is seen, now a fountain, now the ocean stream running under ground. It is in Shakspeare, Alpheus, in Burns, Arethuse; but ever the same. The other is self-possessed and wise. It is reverent of genius, and greedy of inspiration. It is conscious in the highest and the least degree. It consists with the most perfect command of the faculties. It dwells in a repose as of the desert, and objects are as distinct in it as oases or palms in the horizon of sand. The train of thought moves with subdued and measured step, like a caravan. But the pen is only an instrument in its hand, and not instinct with life, like a longer arm. It leaves a thin varnish or glaze over all its work. The works of Goethe furnish remarkable instances of the latter.

There is no just and serene criticism as yet. Our taste is too delicate and particular. It says nay to the poet's work, but never yea to his hope. It invites him to adorn his deformities, and not to cast them off by expansion, as the tree its bark. We are a people who live in a bright light, in houses of pearl and porcelain, and drink only light wines, whose teeth are easily set on edge by the least natural sour. If we had been consulted, the back bone of the earth would have been made, not of granite, but of Bristol spar. A modern author would have died in infancy in a ruder age. But the poet is something more than a scald, "a smoother and polisher of language"; he is a Cincinnatus in literature, and occupies no west end of the world, but, like the sun, indifferently selects his rhymes, and with a liberal taste weaves into his verse the planet and the stubble.

In these old books the stucco has long since crumbled away, and we read what was sculptured in the granite. They are rude and massive in their proportions, rather than smooth and delicate in their finish. The workers in stone polish only their chimney ornaments, but their pyramids are roughly done. There is a soberness in a rough aspect, as of unhewn granite, which addresses a depth in us, but a polished surface hits only the ball of the eye. The true finish is the work of time and the use to which a thing is put. The elements are still polishing the pyramids. Art may varnish and gild, but it can do no more. A work of genius is rough-hewn from the first, because it anticipates the lapse of time, and has an ingrained polish, which still appears when fragments are broken off, an essential quality of its substance. Its beauty is at the same time its strength, and it breaks with a lustre. The great poem must have the stamp of greatness as well as its essence. The reader easily goes within the shallowest contemporary poetry, and informs it with all the life and promise of the day, as the pilgrim goes within the temple, and hears the faintest strains of the worshippers; but it will have to speak to posterity, traversing these deserts through the ruins of its outmost walls, by the grandeur and beauty of its proportions.

## LINES.

THOU hast learned the woes of all the world  
From thine own longings and lone tears,  
And now thy broad sails are unfurled,  
And all men hail thee with loud cheers.

The flowing sunlight is thy home,  
The billows of the sea are thine,  
To all the nations shalt thou roam,  
Through every heart thy love shall shine.

The subtlest thought that finds its goal  
Far, far beyond the horizon's verge,  
Oh, shoot it forth on arrows bold,  
The thoughts of men, on, on to urge.

Toil not to free the slave from chains,  
Think not to give the laborer rest ;  
Unless rich beauty fills the plains,  
The free man wanders still unblest.

All men can dig, and hew rude stone,  
But thou must carve the frieze above ;  
And columned high, through thee alone,  
Shall rise our frescoed homes of love.

## THE MODERN DRAMA.\*

A TRAGEDY in five acts! — what student of poetry, — (for, admire, O Posterity, the strange fact, these days of book-craft produce not only inspired singers, and enchanted listeners, but students of poetry,) — what student in this strange sort, I say, has not felt his eye rivetted to this title, as if it were written in letters of fire? has not heard it whispered in his secret breast? — In this form alone canst thou express thy thought in the liveliness of life, this success alone should satisfy thy ambition!

Were all these ardors caught from a genuine fire, such as, in favoring eras, led the master geniuses by their successive efforts to perfect this form, till it afforded the greatest advantages in the smallest space, we should be glad to warm and cheer us at a very small blaze. But it is not so. The drama, at least the English drama of our day, shows a reflected light, not a spreading fire. It is not because the touch of genius has roused genius to production, but because the admiration of genius has made talent ambitious, that the harvest is still so abundant.

This is not an observation to which there are no exceptions, some we shall proceed to specify, but those who have, with any care, watched this ambition in their own minds, or analyzed its results in the works of others, cannot but feel, that the drama is not a growth native to this age, and that the numerous grafts produce little fruit, worthy the toil they cost.

'Tis, indeed, hard to believe that the drama, once invented, should cease to be a habitual and healthy expression of the mind. It satisfies so fully the wants both of sense and soul, supplying both deep and light excitements, simple, comprehensive, and various, adapted either

---

\* *The Patrician's Daughter*, a tragedy, in five acts, by J. Westland Marston; London; C. Mitchel, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, 1841.

*Athelwold*, a tragedy in five acts, by W. Smith, Esq.; William Blackwood and Sons. London and Edinburgh, 1842.

*Strafford*, a tragedy, by John Sterling. London; Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1843.

to great national and religious subjects, or to the private woes of any human breast. The space and time occupied, the vehicle of expression fit it equally for the entertainment of an evening, or the closet theme of meditative years. *Ædipus*, *Macbeth*, *Wallenstein*, chain us for the hour, lead us through the age.

Who would not covet this mirror, which, like that of the old wizards, not only reflects, but reproduces the whole range of forms, this key, which unlocks the realms of speculation at the hour when the lights are boldest and the shadows most suggestive, this goblet, whose single sparkling draught is locked from common air by walls of glittering ice? An artful wild, where nature finds no bound to her fertility, while art steadily draws to a whole its linked chain.

Were it in man's power by choosing the best, to attain the best in any particular kind, we would not blame the young poet, if he always chose the drama.

But by the same law of faery which ordains that wishes shall be granted unavailingly to the wisher, no form of art will succeed with him with whom it is the object of deliberate choice. It must grow from his nature in a certain position, as it first did from the general mind in a certain position, and be no garment taken from the shining store to be worn at a banquet, but a real body gradually woven and assimilated from the earth and sky which environed the poet in his youthful years. He may learn from the old Greek or Hindoo, but he must speak in his mother-tongue.

It was a melancholy praise bestowed on the German *Iphigenia*, that it was an echo of the Greek mind. O give us something rather than Greece more Grecian, so new, so universal, so individual!

An "After Muse," an appendix period must come to every kind of greatness. It is the criticism of the grandchild upon the inheritance bequeathed by his ancestors. It writes madrigals and sonnets, it makes Brutus wigs, and covers old chairs with damask patch-work, yet happy those who have no affection towards such virtu and entertain their friends with a pipe cut from their own grove, rather than display an ivory lute handed down from the

old time, whose sweetness we want the skill to draw forth.

The drama cannot die out : it is too naturally born of certain periods of national development. It is a stream that will sink in one place, only to rise to light in another. As it has appeared successively in Hindostan, Greece, (Rome we cannot count,) England, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, so has it yet to appear in New Holland, New Zealand, and among ourselves, when we too shall be made new by a sunrise of our own, when our population shall have settled into a homogeneous, national life, and we have attained vigor to walk in our own way, make our own world, and leave off copying Europe.

At present our attempts are, for the most part, feebler than those of the British "After Muse," for our playwrights are not from youth so fancy-fed by the crumbs that fell from the tables of the lords of literature, and having no relish for the berries of our own woods, the roots of our own fields, they are meagre, and their works bodiless ; yet, as they are pupils of the British school, their works need not be classed apart, and I shall mention one or two of the most note-worthy by-and-by.

England boasts one Shakspeare — ah ! that alone was more than the share of any one kingdom, — such a king ! There Apollo himself tended sheep, and there is not a blade of the field but glows with a peculiar light. At times we are tempted to think him the only genius earth has ever known, so beyond compare is he, when looked at as the myriad-minded ; then he seems to sit at the head of the stream of thought, a lone god beside his urn ; the minds of others, lower down, feed the current to a greater width, but they come not near him. Happily, in the constructive power, in sweep of soul, others may be named beside him : he is not always all alone.

Historically, such isolation was not possible. Such a being implies a long ancestry, a longer posterity. We discern immortal vigor in the stem that rose to this height.

But his children should not hope to walk in his steps. Prospero gave Miranda a sceptre, not his wand. His genius is too great for his followers, they dwindle in its shadow. They see objects so early with his eyes, they

can hardly learn to use their own. "They seek to produce from themselves, but they only reproduce him."

He is the cause why so much of England's intellect tends towards the drama, a cause why it so often fails. His works bring despair to genius, they are the bait and the snare of talent.

The impetus he has given, the lustre with which he dazzles, are a chief cause of the dramatic efforts, one cause of failure, but not the only one, for it seems probable that European life tends to new languages, and for a while neglecting this form of representation, would explore the realms of sound and sight, to make to itself other organs, which must for a time supersede the drama.

There is, perhaps, a correspondence between the successions of literary vegetation with those of the earth's surface, where, if you burn or cut down an ancient wood, the next offering of the soil will not be in the same kind, but raspberries and purple flowers will succeed the oak, poplars the pine. Thus, beneath the roots of the drama, lay seeds of the historic novel, the romantic epic, which were to take its place to the reader, and for the scene, the oratorios, the opera, and ballet.

Music is the great art of the time. Its dominion is constantly widening, its powers are more profoundly recognized. In the forms it has already evolved, it is equal to representing any subject, can address the entire range of thoughts and emotions. These forms have not yet attained their completeness, and already we discern many others hovering in the vast distances of the Tone-world.

The opera is in this inferior to the drama, that it produces its effects by the double method of dialogue and song. So easy seems it to excite a feeling, and by the orchestral accompaniments to sustain it to the end, that we have not the intellectual exhilaration which accompanies a severer enjoyment. For the same reasons, nothing can surpass the mere luxury of a fine opera.

The oratorio, so great, so perfect in itself, is limited in its subjects; and these, though they must be of the graver class, do not properly admit of tragedy. Minds cannot dwell on special griefs and seeming partial fates, when circling the universe on the wings of the great

chorus, sharing the will of the Divine, catching the sense of humanity.

Thus, much as has been given, we demand from music yet another method, simpler and more comprehensive than these. In instrumental music, this is given by the symphony, but we want another that shall admit the voice, too, and permit the association of the spectacle.

The ballet seems capable of an infinite perfection. There is no boundary here to the powers of design and expression, if only fit artists can be formed mentally and practically. What could not a vigorous imagination do, if it had delicate Ariels to enact its plans, with that facility and completeness which pantomime permits. There is reason to think we shall see the language of the eye, of gesture and attitude carried to a perfection, body made pliant to the inspirations of spirit, as it can hardly be where spoken words are admitted to eke out deficiencies. From our America we hope some form entirely new, not yet to be predicted, while, though the desire for dramatic representation exists, as it always must where there is any vigorous life, the habit of borrowing is so pervasive, that in the lately peopled prairies of the West, where civilization is but five years old, we find the young people acting plays, indeed, and "on successive nights to overflowing audiences,"—but what? Some drama, ready made to hand by the fortunes of Boon, or the defeats of Black Hawk? Not at all, but—Tamerlane and the like—Bombastes Furioso, and King Cambyses vein to the "storekeepers" and laborers of republican America.

In this connection let me mention the drama of *Metamora*, a favorite on the boards in our cities, which, if it have no other merit, yields something that belongs to this region, Forrest having studied for this part the Indian gait and expression with some success. He is naturally adapted to the part by the strength and dignity of his person and outline.

To return to Britain.

The stage was full of life, after the drama began to decline, and the actors, whom Shakspeare should have had to represent his parts, were born after his departure from the dignity given to the profession by the existence of such occasion for it. And again, out of the existence



of such actors rose hosts of playwrights, who wrote not to embody the spirit of life, in forms, shifting and interwoven in the space of a spectacle, but to give room for display of the powers of such and such actors. A little higher stood those, who excelled in invention of plots, pregnant crises, or brilliant point of dialogue, but both degraded the drama, Sheridan scarcely less than Cibber; and Garrick and the Kembles, while they lighted up the edifice, left slow fire for its destruction.

A partial stigma rests, as it has always rested, on the profession of the actor. At first flash, we marvel why. Why do not men bow in reverence before those, who hold the mirror up to nature, and not to common nature, but to her most exalted, profound, and impassioned hours?

Some have imputed this to an association with the trickeries and coarse illusions of the scene, with paste-board swords and crowns, mock-thunder and tinfoil moonshine. But in what profession are not mummeries practised, and ludicrous accessories interposed? Are the big wig of the barrister, the pen behind the ear of the merchant so reverend in our eyes?

Some say that it is because we pay the actor for amusing us; but we pay other men for all kinds of service, without feeling them degraded thereby. And is he, who has administered an exhilarating draught to my mind, in less pleasing association there, than he who has administered a febrifuge to the body?

Again, that the strong excitements of the scene and its motley life dispose to low and sensual habits.

But the instances, where all such temptations have been resisted, are so many, compared with the number engaged, that every one must feel that here, as elsewhere, the temptation is determined by the man.

Why is it then that to the profession, which numbers in its ranks Shakspeare and Moliere, which is dignified by such figures as Siddons, Talma, and Macready, respect is less willingly conceded than applause? Why is not discrimination used here as elsewhere? Is it the same thing to act the "Lady in Comus," and the Lady in "She stoops to Conquer," Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger? Is not the actor, according to his sphere, a great artist or a poor buffoon, just as a

lawyer may become a chancellor of the three kingdoms, or a base pettifogger!

Prejudice on this score, must be the remnant of a barbarism which saw minstrels the pensioned guests at barons' tables, and murdered Correggio beneath a sack of copper. As man better understands that his positive existence is only effigy of the ideal, and that nothing is useful or honorable which does not advance the reign of Beauty, Art and Artists rank constantly higher, as one with Religion. Let Artists also know their calling, let the Actor live and die a Roman Actor,\* more than Raph-

---

\* We may be permitted to copy, in this connection, the fine plea of Massinger's "Roman Actor."

PARIS. If desire of honor was the base<sup>o</sup>  
 On which the building of the Roman empire  
 Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame  
 The noble youth, with an ambitious heat,  
 To endure the posts of danger, nay, of death,  
 To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath,  
 By glorious undertakings, may deserve  
 Reward, or favor from the commonwealth;  
 Actors may put in for as large a share,  
 As all the sects of the philosophers:  
 They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)  
 Deliver what an honorable thing  
 The active virtue is: but does that fire  
 The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,  
 To be both good and great, equal to that  
 Which is presented on our theatres?  
 Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,  
 Show great Alcides, honored in the sweat  
 Of his twelve labors; or a bold Camillus,  
 Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold  
 From the insulting Gauls, or Scipio,  
 After his victories, imposing tribute  
 On conquered Carthage; if done to the life,  
 As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,  
 And did partake with them in their rewards,  
 All that have any spark of Roman in them,  
 The slothful arts laid by, contend to be  
 Like those they see presented.

SECOND SENATOR. He has put  
 The consuls to their whisper.

PARIS. But 'tis urged  
 That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.  
 When do we bring a vice upon the stage,  
 That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,  
 By the success of wicked undertakings,  
 Others to tread in their forbidden steps?

ael shall be elected Cardinals, and of a purer church ; and it shall be ere long remembered as dream and fable, that the representative of "*my Cid*" could not rest in consecrated ground.

In Germany these questions have already been fairly weighed, and those who read the sketches of her great actors, as given by Tieck, know that there, at least, they took with the best minds of their age and country their proper place.

And who, that reads Joanna Baillie's address to Mrs. Siddons, but feels that the fate, which placed his birth in another age from her, has robbed him of full sense of a

We show no arts of Lydian panderism,  
 Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,  
 But mulctéd so in the conclusion, that  
 Even those spectators, that were so inclined,  
 Go home changed men. And for traducing such  
 That are above us, publishing to the world  
 Their secret crimes, we are as innocent  
 As such as are born dumb. When we present  
 An heir, that does conspire against the life  
 Of his dear parent, numbering every hour  
 He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be  
 Among the auditors one, whose conscience tells him  
 He is of the same mould, — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**  
 Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,  
 That does maintain the riotous expense  
 Of her licentious paramour, yet suffers  
 The lawful pledges of a former bed  
 To starve the while for hunger ; if a matron,  
 However great in fortune, birth, or titles,  
 Cry out, 'T is writ for me ! — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**  
 Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth  
 Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships  
 A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;  
 Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping  
 As not to afford himself the necessaries  
 To maintain life, if a patrician,  
 (Though honored with a consulship) find himself  
 Touched to the quick in this, — **WE CANNOT HELP IT.**  
 Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,  
 And will give up his sentence, as he favors  
 The person, not the cause ; saving the guilty  
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning  
 The innocent, out of particular spleen ;  
 If any in this reverend assembly,  
 Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image  
 Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom  
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,  
 Or things intended, — 'T is NOT IN US TO HELP IT.  
 I have said, my lord, and now, as you find cause,  
 Or censure us, or free us with applause.

kind of greatness whose absence none other can entirely supply.

\* \* \* \* \*

The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,  
 Thy arms impetuous tost, thy robe's wide flow,  
 And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow,  
 What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn  
 Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne;  
 Remorseful musings sunk to deep dejection,  
 The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection;  
 The actioned turmoil of a bosom rending,  
 Where pity, love, and honor, are contending;

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,  
 Loud rage, and fear's snatch'd whisper, quick and low,  
 The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,  
 And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;  
 The change of voice and emphasis that threw  
 Light on obscurity, and brought to view  
 Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,  
 Or mingled humors, terse and new, elude  
 Common perception, as earth's smallest things  
 To size and form the vesting hoar frost brings.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* Thy light \* \* \* \* \*

\* from the mental world can never fade,  
 Till all, who've seen thee, in the grave are laid.  
 Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,  
 And what thou wert to the rapt sleeper seems,  
 While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace  
 Within her curtained couch thy wondrous face;  
 Yea, and to many a wight, bereft and lone,  
 In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,  
 Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,  
 With all thy potent charm thou actest still.

Perhaps the effect produced by Mrs. Siddons is still more vividly shown in the character of Jane de Montfort, which seems modelled from her. We have no such lotus cup to drink. Mademoiselle Rachel indeed seems to possess as much electric force as Mrs. Siddons, but not the same imposing individuality. The Kembles and Talma were cast in the royal mint to commemorate the victories of genius. That Mrs. Siddons even added somewhat of congenial glory to Shakspeare's own conceptions, those who compare the engravings of her in Lady Macbeth and Catharine of Aragon, with the picture drawn in their own minds from acquaintance with these beings in the original, cannot doubt; the sun is reflected with new glory in the majestic river.

Yet, under all these disadvantages there have risen up often, in England, and even in our own country, actors

who gave a reason for the continued existence of the theatre, who sustained the ill-educated, flimsy troop, which commonly fill it, and provoked both the poet and the playwright to turn their powers in that direction.

The plays written for them, though no genuine dramas, are not without value as spectacle, and the opportunity, however lame, gives freer play to the actor's powers, than would the simple recitation, by which some have thought any attempt at acting whole plays should be superseded. And under the starring system it is certainly less painful, on the whole, to see a play of Knowles's than one of Shakspeare's; for the former, with its frigid diction, unnatural dialogue, and academic figures, affords scope for the actor to produce striking effects, and to show a knowledge of the passions, while all the various beauties of Shakspeare are traduced by the puppets who should repeat them, and being closer to nature, brings no one figure into such bold relief as is desirable when there is only one actor. *Virginus*, the *Hunchback*, *Metamora*, are plays quite good enough for the stage at present; and they are such as those who attend the representations of plays will be very likely to write.

Another class of dramas are those written by the scholars and thinkers, whose tastes have been formed, and whose ambition kindled, by acquaintance with the genuine English dramatists. These again may be divided into two sorts. One, those who have some idea to bring out, which craves a form more lively than the essay, more compact than the narrative, and who therefore adopt (if Hibernicism may be permitted) the dialogued monologue to very good purpose. Such are *Festus*, *Paracelsus*, *Coleridge's Remorse*, *Shelley's Cenci*; *Miss Baillie's* plays, though meant for action, and with studied attempts to vary them by the lighter shades of common nature, which, from her want of lively power, have no effect, except to break up the interest, and *Byron's* are of the same class; they have no present life, no action, no slight natural touches, no delicate lines, as of one who paints his portrait from the fact; their interest is poetic, nature apprehended in her spirit; philosophic, actions traced back to their causes; but not dramatic, nature reproduced in actual presence. This, as a form for the closet, is a very good one, and well fitted to the genius of

our time. Whenever the writers of such fail, it is because they have the stage in view, instead of considering the dramatis personæ merely as names for classes of thoughts. Somewhere betwixt these and the mere acting plays stand such as Maturin's Bertram, Talfourd's Ion, and (now before me) Longfellow's Spanish Student. Bertram is a good acting play, that is, it gives a good opportunity to one actor, and its painting, though coarse, is effective. Ion, also, can be acted, though its principal merit is in the nobleness of design, and in details it is too elaborate for the scene. Still it does move and melt, and it is honorable to us that a piece constructed on so high a *motiv*, whose tragedy is so much nobler than the customary forms of passion, can act on audiences long unfamiliar with such religion. The Spanish Student might also be acted, though with no great effect, for there is little movement in the piece, or development of character; its chief merit is in the graceful expression of single thoughts or fancies; as here,

All the means of action

The shapeless masses, the materials,  
Lie every where about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.  
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.  
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,  
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And, by the magic of his touch at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
It gleams a diamond. Even thus transformed,  
Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch  
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,  
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.  
But there are brighter dreams than those of fame,  
Which are the dreams of love! Out of the heart  
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,  
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises  
And sinks again into its silent deeps,  
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!  
'T is this ideal, that the soul of man,  
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,  
Waits for upon the margin of life's stream;  
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters  
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many

Must wait in vain ! The stream flows evermore,  
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises.

Or here,

I will forget her ! All dear recollections  
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,  
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds ;  
I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,  
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,  
A voice within her will repeat my name,  
And she will say, ' He was indeed my friend.'

Passages like these would give great pleasure in the chaste and carefully-shaded recitation of *Macready* or *Miss Tree*. The style of the play is, throughout, elegant and simple. Neither the plot nor characters can boast any originality, but the one is woven with skill and taste, the others very well drawn, for so slight handling.

We had purposed in this place to notice some of the modern French plays, which hold about the same relation to the true drama, but this task must wait a more convenient season.

One of the plays at the head of this notice also comes in here, *The Patrician's Daughter*, which, though a failure as a tragedy, from an improbability in the plot, and a want of power to touch the secret springs of passion, yet has the merits of genteel comedy in the unstrained and flowing dialogue, and dignity in the conception of character. A piece like this pleases, if only by the atmosphere of intellect and refinement it breathes.

But a third class, of higher interest, is the historical, such as may well have been suggested to one whose youth was familiar with Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and *Kings of England*. Who that wears in his breast an English heart, and has feeling to appreciate the capabilities of the historic drama, but must burn with desire to use the occasions offered in profusion by the chronicles of England and kindred nations, to adorn the inherited halls with one tapestry more. It is difficult to say why such an attempt should fail, yet it does fail, and each effort in this kind shows plainly that the historic novel, not the historic drama, is the form appropriate to the genius of our day. Yet these failures come so near success, the spent arrows show so bold and strong a hand in the marksman, that we would not, for much, be without them.

First and highest in this list comes Philip Van Artevelde, of which we can say that it bears new fruit on the twentieth reading. At first it fell rather coldly on the mind, coming as it did, not as the flower of full flushed being, but with the air of an experiment made to verify a theory. It came with wrinkled critic's brow, consciously antagonistic to a tendency of the age, and we looked on it with cold critic's eye, unapt to weep or glow at its bidding. But, on closer acquaintance, we see that this way of looking, though induced by the author, is quite unjust. It is really a noble work that teaches us, a genuine growth that makes us grow, a reflex of nature from the calm depths of a large soul. The grave and comprehensive character of the ripened man, of him whom fire, and light, and earth have tempered to an intelligent delegate of humanity, has never been more justly felt, rarely more life-like painted, than by this author. The Flemish blood and the fiery soul are both understood. Philip stands among his compatriots the man mature, not premature or alien. He is what they should be, his life the reconciling word of his age and nation, the thinking head of an unintelligent and easily distempered body, a true king. The accessories are all in keeping, saplings of the same wood. The eating, drinking, quarrelling citizens, the petulant sister, the pure and lovely bride, the sorrowful and stained, but deep-souled mistress, the monk, much a priest, but more a man, all belong to him and all require him. We cannot think of any part of this piece without its centre, and this fact proclaims it a great work of art. It is great, the conception of the swelling tide of fortune, on which this figure is upborne serenely eminent, of the sinking of that tide with the same face rising from the depths, veiled with the same cloud as the heavens, in its sadness calmer yet. Too wise and rich a nature he, too intelligent of the teachings of earth and heaven to be a stoic, but too comprehensive, too poetic, to be swayed, though he might be moved, by chance or passion. Some one called him Philip the Imperturbable, but his greatness is, that he is *not* imperturbable, only, as the author announces, "not passion's slave." The gods would not be gods, if they were ignorant, or impassive; they must be able to see all that men see, only from a higher point of view.



Such pictures make us willing to live in the widest sense, to bear all that may be borne, for we see that virgin gold may be fit to adorn a scabbard, but the good blade is made of tempered steel.

Justice has not been done by the critics to the admirable conduct of the Second Part, because our imaginations were at first so struck by the full length picture of the hero in the conquering days of the First Part, and it was painful to see its majesty veiled with crape, its towering strength sink to ruins in the second. Then there are more grand and full passages in the First which can be detached and recollected ; as,

We have not time to mourn ; the worse for us,  
He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend ;  
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.  
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,  
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,  
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

That beginning,

To bring a cloud upon the summer day,

or this famous one,

Nor do I now despond, &c.

or the fine scene between Clara, Van Artevelde, and Father John, where she describes the death scene at Sesenheim's ; beginning,

Much hast thou merited, my sister dear.

The second part must be taken as a whole, the dark cloud widening and blackening as it advances, while ghastly flashes of presage come more and more frequent as the daylight diminishes. But there is far more fervor of genius than in the First, showing a mind less possessing, more possessed by, the subject, and finer touches of nature. Van Artevelde's dignity overpowers us more, as he himself feels it less ; as in the acceptance of Father John's reproof.

VAN ARTEVELDE.

Father John!

Though peradventure fallen in your esteem,  
I humbly ask your blessing, as a man,  
That having passed for more in your repute  
Than he could justify, should be content,  
Not with his state, but with the judgment true

That to the lowly level of his state  
Brings down his reputation.

FATHER JOHN.

Oh my son!  
High as you stand, I will not strain my eyes  
To see how higher still you stood before.  
God's blessing be upon you. Fare you well.  
[Exit.

ARTEVELDE.

The old man weeps.

But he reverts at once to the topic of his thought,

Should England play me false, &c.

as he always does, for a mind so great, so high, that it cannot fail to look over and around any one object, any especial emotion, returns to its habitual mood with an ease of which shallow and excitable natures cannot conceive. Thus his reflection, after he has wooed Elena, is not that of heartlessness, but of a deep heart.

How little flattering is a woman's love!

And is in keeping with

I know my course,  
And be it armies, cities, people, priests,  
That quarrel with my love, wise men or fools,  
Friends, foes, or factions, they may swear their oaths,  
And make their murmur; rave, and fret, and fear,  
Suspect, admonish; they but waste their rage,  
Their wits, their words, their counsel; here I stand  
Upon the deep foundations of my faith,  
To this fair outcast plighted; and the storm  
That princes from their palaces shakes out,  
Though it should turn and head me, should not strain  
The seeming silken texture of this tie.

And not less with

Pain and grief  
Are transitory things no less than joy;  
And though they leave us not the men we were,  
Yet they do leave us.

With the admirable passages that follow.

The delicate touches, with which Elena is made to depict her own character, move us more than Artevelde's most beautiful description of Adriana.

I have been much unfortunate, my lord,  
I would not love again.

Shakspeare could not mend the collocation of those words.

When he is absent I am full of thought,  
 And fruitful in expression inwardly,  
 And fresh, and free, and cordial, is the flow  
 Of my ideal and unheard discourse,  
 Calling him in my heart endearing names,  
 Familiarly fearless. But alas!  
 No sooner is he present than my thoughts  
 Are breathless and bewitched, and stunted so  
 In force and freedom, that I ask myself  
 Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,  
 So senseless am I.

Would that I were merry!  
 Mirth have I valued not before; but now  
 What would I give to be the laughing front  
 Of gay imaginations ever bright,  
 And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have;  
 Which is not nothing, though I prize it not;  
 My understanding soul, my brooding sense,  
 My passionate fancy, and the gift of gifts  
 Dearest to woman, which deflowering Time,  
 Slow ravisher, from clenchedest fingers wringa,  
 My corporal beauty would I barter now  
 For such an antic and exulting spirit  
 As lives in lively women.

for

Your grave, and wise,  
 And melancholy men, if they have souls,  
 As commonly they have, susceptible  
 Of all impressions, lavish most their love  
 Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such  
 As yield their want, and chase their sad excess,  
 With jocund salutations, nimble talk,  
 And buoyant bearing.

All herself is in the line,

Which is not nothing, though I prize it not.

And in her song,

Down lay in a nook my lady's brach.

This song I have heard quoted, and applied in such a way as to show that the profound meaning, so simply expressed, has sometimes been understood.

See with what a strain of reflection Van Artevelde greets the news that makes sure his overthrow.

It is strange, yet true,  
 That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed  
 Miraculous, which certain cannot match;  
 I know not why, when this or that has chanced,  
 The smoke should come before the flash; yet 't is so.

The creative power of a soul of genius, is shown by bringing out the poetic sweetness of Van Artevelde, more and more, as the scene assumes a gloomier hue. The melancholy music of his speech penetrates the heart more and more up to the close.

The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,  
 And all was silent as a sick man's chamber,  
 Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs  
 Of the pale moonshine, and a few faint stars,  
 The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned ;  
 And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,  
 Showed like a fleet becalmed.

At the close of the vision :

And midmost in the eddy and the whirl,  
 My own face saw I, which was pale and calm  
 As death could make it, — then the vision passed,  
 And I perceived the river and the bridge,  
 The mottled sky, and horizontal moon,  
 The distant camp and all things as they were.

\* \* \* \* \*

Elena, think not that I stand in need  
 Of false encouragement ; I have my strength,  
 Which, though it lie not in the sanguine mood,  
 Will answer my occasions. To yourself,  
 Though to none other, I at times present  
 The gloomiest thoughts that gloomy truths inspire,  
 Because I love you. But I need no prop !  
 Nor could I find it in a tinsel show  
 Of prosperous surmise. Before the world  
 I wear a cheerful aspect, not so false  
 As for your lover's solace you put on ;  
 Nor in my closet does the oil run low,  
 Or the light flicker.

ELENA.

Lo, now ! you are angry  
 Because I try to cheer you.

VAN ARTEVELDE.

No, my love,  
 Not angry ; that I never was with you ;  
 But as I deal not falsely with my own,  
 So would I wish the heart of her I love,  
 To be both true and brave ; nor self-beguiled,  
 Nor putting on disguises for my sake,  
 As though I faltered. I have anxious hours ;  
 As who in like extremities has not ?  
 But I have something stable here within,  
 Which bears their weight.

In the last scenes :

## CECILE.

She will be better soon, my lord.

## VAN ARTEVELDE.

Say worse;

'T is better for her to be thus bereft.  
One other kiss on that bewitching brow,  
Pale hemisphere of charms. Unhappy girl!  
The curse of beauty was upon thy birth,  
Nor love bestowed a blessing. Fare thee well!

How clear his voice sounds at the very last.

The rumor ran that I was hurt to death,  
And then they staggered. Lo! we're flying all!  
Mount, mount, old man; at least let one be saved!  
Roosdyk! Vauclaire! the gallant and the kind!  
Who shall inscribe your merits on your tombs!  
May mine tell nothing to the world but this:  
That never did that prince or leader live,  
Who had more loyal or more loving friends!  
Let it be written that fidelity  
Could go no farther. Mount, old friend, and fly!

## VAN RYK.

With you, my lord, not else. A fear-struck throng,  
Comes rushing from Mount Dorre. Sir, cross the bridge.

## ARTEVELDE.

The bridge! my soul abhors — but cross it thou;  
And take this token to my Love, Van Ryk;  
Fly, for my sake in hers, and take her hence!  
It is my last command. See her conveyed  
To Ghent by Olsen, or what safer road  
Thy prudence shall descry. This do, Van Ryk.  
Lo! now they pour upon us like a flood! —  
Thou that didst never disobey me yet —  
This last good office render me. Begone!  
Fly whilst the way is free.

What commanding sweetness in the utterance of the name, Van Ryk, and what a weight of tragedy in the broken sentence which speaks of the fatal bridge. These are the things that actors rarely give us, the very passages to which it would be their vocation to do justice; saying out those tones we divine from the order of the words.

Yet Talma's *Pas encore* set itself to music in the mind of the hearer; and *Zara, you weep*, was so spoken as to melt the whole French nation into that one moment.

Elena's sob of anguish:

Arouse yourself, sweet lady : fly with me,  
I pray you hear ; it was his last command  
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.

ELENA.

I cannot go on foot.

VAN RYK.

No, lady, no,  
You shall not need ; horses are close at hand,  
Let me but take you hence. I pray you come.

ELENA.

Take *him* then too.

VAN RYK.

The enemy is near,  
In hot pursuit ; we cannot take the body.

ELENA.

The body ! Oh !

In this place Miss Kemble alone would have had force  
of passion to represent her, who

Flung that long funereal note  
Into the upper sky ?

Though her acting was not refined enough by intellect  
and culture for the more delicate lineaments of the char-  
acter. She also would have given its expression to the  
unintelligent, broken-hearted,

I cannot go on foot.

The body — yes, that temple could be so deserted by its  
god, that men could call it so ! That form so instinct with  
rich gifts, that baseness and sloth seemed mere names in its  
atmosphere, could lie on the earth as unable to vindicate  
its rights, as any other clod. The exclamation of Elena,  
better bespoke the tragedy of this fact, than any eulogium  
of a common observer, though that of Burgundy is fitly  
worded.

Dire rebel though he was,  
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts  
Was he endowed : courage, discretion, wit,  
An equal temper and an ample soul,  
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults  
Of transitory passion, but below  
Built on a surging subterraneous fire,  
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts,

So prompt and capable, and yet so calm ;  
 He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right,  
 Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.

That *was* the grandeur of the character, that its calmness had nothing to do with slowness of blood, but was "built on a surging subterranean fire."

Its magnanimity is shown with a fine simplicity. To blame one's self is easy, to condemn one's own changes and declensions of character and life painful, but inevitable to a deep mind. But to bear well the blame of a lesser nature, unequal to seeing what the fault grows from, is not easy ; to take blame as Van Artevelde does, so quietly, indifferent from whence truth comes, so it be truth, is a trait seen in the greatest only.

ELENA.

Too anxious, Artevelde,  
 And too impatient are you grown of late ;  
 You used to be so calm and even-minded,  
 That nothing ruffled you.

ARTEVELDE.

I stand reproved ;  
 'Tis time and circumstance, that tries us all ;  
 And they that temperately take their start,  
 And keep their souls indifferently sedate,  
 Through much of good and evil, at the last,  
 May find the weakness of their hearts thus tried.  
 My cause appears more precious than it did  
 In its triumphant days.

I have ventured to be the more lavish of extracts that, although the publication of Philip Van Artevelde at once placed Mr. Taylor in the second rank of English poets, a high meed of glory, when we remember who compose the first, we seldom now hear the poem mentioned, or a line quoted from it, though it is a work which might, from all considerations, well make a part of habitual reading, and habitual thought. Mr. Taylor has since published another dramatic poem, "Edwin the Fair," whose excellencies, though considerable, are not of the same commanding character with those of its predecessor. He was less fortunate in his subject. There is no great and noble figure in the foreground on which to concentrate the interest, from which to distribute the lights. Neither is the spirit of an era seized with the same power. The figures are modern

English under Saxon names, and affect us like a Boston face, tricked out in the appurtenances of Goethe's *Faust*. Such a character as *Dustan's* should be subordinated in a drama; its interest is that of intellectual analysis, mere feelings it revolts. The main character of the piece should attract the feelings, and we should be led to analysis, to understand, not to excuse its life.

There are, however, fine passages, as profound, refined, and expressed with the same unstrained force and purity, as those in Philip Van Artevelde.

*Athelwold*, another of the tragedies at the head of this notice, takes up some of the same characters a few years later. Without poetic depth, or boldness of conception, it yet boasts many beauties from the free talent, and noble feelings of the author. *Athelwold* is the best sketch in it, and the chief interest consists in his obstinate rejection of *Elfrida*, whose tardy penitence could no way cancel the wrong, her baseness of nature did his faith. This is worked up with the more art, that there is justice in her plea, but love, shocked from its infinity, could not stop short of despair. Here deep feeling rises to poetry.

*Dunstan* and *Edgar* are well drawn sketches, but show not the subtle touches of a life-like treatment.

This, we should think, as well as the *Patrician's daughter*, might be a good acting play.

We come now to the work which affords the most interesting theme for this notice, from its novelty, its merits, and its subject, which is taken from that portion of English history with which we are most closely bound, the time preceding the Commonwealth.

Its author, Mr. Sterling, has many admirers among us, drawn to him by his productions, both in prose and verse, which for a time enriched the pages of *Blackwood*. Some of these have been collected into a small volume, which has been republished in this country.

These smaller pieces are of very unequal merit; but the best among them are distinguished by vigor of conception and touch, by manliness and modesty of feeling, by a depth of experience, rare in these days of babbling criticism and speculation. His verse does not flow or soar with the highest lyrical inspiration, neither does he enrich us by a large stock of original images, but for grasp and picturesque



presentation of his subject, for frequent bold and forceful passages, and the constantly fresh breath of character, we know few that could be named with him. The Sexton's Daughter is the longest and best known, but not the best of the minor poems. It has, however, in a high degree, the merits we have mentioned. The yew tree makes a fine centre to the whole picture. The tale is told in too many words, the homely verse becomes garrulous, but the strong, pure feeling of natural relations endears them all.

His Aphrodite is fitly painted, and we should have dreamed it so from all his verse.

\* \* \* \* \*

The high immortal queen from heaven,  
The calm Olympian face;  
Eyes pure from human tear or smile,  
Yet ruling all on earth,  
And limbs whose garb of golden air  
Was Dawn's primeval birth.

With tones like music of a lyre,  
Continuous, piercing, low,  
The sovran lips began to speak,  
Spoke on in liquid flow,  
It seemed the distant ocean's voice,  
Brought near and shaped to speech,  
But breathing with a sense beyond  
What words of man may reach.

Weak child! Not I the puny power  
Thy wish would have me be,  
A roseleaf floating with the wind  
Upon a summer sea.  
If such thou need'st, go range the fields,  
And hunt the gilded fly,  
And when it mounts above thy head,  
Then lay thee down and die.

The spells which rule in earth and stars,  
Each mightiest thought that lives,  
Are stronger than the kiss a child  
In sudden fancy gives.  
They cannot change, or fail, or fade,  
Nor deign o'er aught to sway,  
Too weak to suffer and to strive,  
And tired while still 't is day.

And thou with better wisdom learn  
The ancient lore to scan,  
Which tells that first in Ocean's breast  
Thy rule o'er all began;

And know that not in breathless noon  
 Upon the glassy main,  
 The power was born that taught the world  
 To hail her endless reign.

The winds were loud, the waves were high,  
 In drear eclipsæ the sun  
 Was crouched within the caves of heaven,  
 And light had scarce begun ;  
 The Earth's green front lay drowned below,  
 And Death and Chaos fought  
 O'er all the tumult vast of things  
 Not yet to severance brought.

'T was then that spoke the fateful voice,  
 And 'mid the huge uproar,  
 Above the dark I sprang to life,  
 A good unhoped before.  
 My tresses waved along the sky,  
 And stars leapt out around,  
 And earth beneath my feet arose,  
 And hid the pale profound.

A lamp amid the night, a feast  
 That ends the strife of war,  
 To wearied mariners a port,  
 To fainting limbs a car,  
 To exiled men the friendly roof,  
 To mourning hearts the lay,  
 To him who long has roamed by night  
 The sudden dawn of day.

All these are mine, and mine the bliss  
 That visits breasts in woe,  
 And fills with wine the cup that once  
 With tears was made to flow.  
 Nor question thou the help that comes  
 From Aphrodite's hand ;  
 For madness dogs the bard who doubts  
 Whate'er the gods command.

Alfred the Harper has the same strong picture and noble beat of wing. One line we have heard so repeated by a voice, that could give it its full meaning, that we should be very grateful to the poet for that alone.

Still lives the song though Regnar dies.

Dædalus we must quote.

## DÆDALUS.

## 1.

Wail for Dædalus all that is fairest !  
 All that is tuneful in air or wave !  
 Shapes, whose beauty is truest and rarest,  
 Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

## 2.

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,  
 Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,  
 That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,  
 On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

## 3.

By sculptured cave and speaking river,  
 Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs recall ;  
 The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,  
 Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

## 4.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest  
 Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,  
 Though, Dædalus, thou no more commandest  
 New stars to that ever-widening sky.

## 5.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,  
 Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;  
 By bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
 With looks of beauty and words of Good.

## 6.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious  
 O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;  
 Their presence has made our nature glorious,  
 Unveiling our night's illumined face.

## 7.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet,  
 Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere ;  
 Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,  
 And shape us a home of refuge here.

## 8.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;  
 In them their sire his beauty sees ;  
 We too, a younger brood, inherit  
 The gifts and blessing bestowed on these.

## 9.

But ah! their wise and graceful seeming  
 Recalls the more that the sage is gone;  
 Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,  
 And find our voiceless chamber lone.

## 10.

Dædalus, thou from the twilight fleest,  
 Which thou with visions hast made so bright;  
 And when no more those shapes thou seest,  
 Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

## 11.

E'en in the noblest of Man's creations,  
 Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,  
 When the seer is gone, the orphaned nations  
 See but the tombs of perished powers.

## 12.

Wail for Dædalus, Earth and Ocean!  
 Stars and Sun, lament for him!  
 Ages, quake in strange commotion!  
 All ye realms of life, be dim!

## 13.

Wail for Dædalus, awful voices,  
 From earth's deep centre Mankind appall!  
 Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,  
 For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

Also the following, whose measure seems borrowed from Goethe, and is worthy of its source. We insert a part of it.

## THE WOODED MOUNTAINS.

Woodland Mountains, in your leafy walks,  
 Shadows of the Past and Future blend;  
 'Mid your verdant windings flits or stalks  
 Many a loved and disembodied friend.

With your oaks and pine-trees, ancient brood,  
 Spirits rise above the wizard soil,  
 And with these I rove amid the wood;  
 Man may dream on earth no less than toil.

Shapes that seem my kindred meet the ken;  
 Gods and heroes glimmer through the shade;  
 Ages long gone by from haunts of men  
 Meet me here in rocky dell and glade.

There the Muses, touched with gleams of light,  
 Warble yet from yonder hill of trees,  
 And upon the huge and mist-clad height  
 Fancy sage a clear Olympus sees.

'Mid yon utmost peaks the elder powers  
 Still unshaken hold their fixed abode,  
 Fates primeval throned in airy towers,  
 That with morning sunshine never glowed.

Deep below, amid a hell of rocks,  
 Lies the Cyclops, and the Dragon coils,  
 Heaving with the torrent's weary shocks,  
 That round the untrodden region boils.

But more near to where our thought may climb,  
 In a mossy, leaf-clad, Druid ring,  
 Three gray shapes, prophetic Lords of Time,  
 Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, sit and sing.

Each in his turn his descant frames aloud,  
 Mingling new and old in ceaseless birth,  
 While the Destinies hear amid their cloud,  
 And accordant mould the flux of earth.

Oh! ye trees that wave and glisten round,  
 Oh! ye waters gurgling down the dell,  
 Pulses throb in every sight and sound,  
 Living Nature's more than magic spell.

Soon amid the vista still and dim,  
 Knights, whom youth's high heart forgetteth not,  
 Each with scars and shadowy helmet grim,  
 Amadis, Orlando, Launcelot.

Storn they pass along the twilight green,  
 While within the tangled wood's recess  
 Some lorn damsel sits, lamenting keen,  
 With a voice of tuneful amorousness.

Clad in purple weed, with pearly crown,  
 And with golden hairs that waving play,  
 Fairest earthly sight for King and Clown,  
 Oriana or Angelica.

But in sadder nooks of deeper shade,  
 Forms more subtle lurk from human eye,  
 Each cold Nymph, the rock or fountain's maid,  
 Crowned with leaves that sunbeams never dry.

And while on and on I wander, still  
 Passed the plashing streamlet's glance and foam,  
 Hearing oft the wild-bird pipe at will,  
 Still new openings lure me still to roam.

In this hollow smooth by May-tree walled,  
 White and breathing now with fragrant flower,  
 Lo! the fairy tribes to revel called,  
 Start in view as fades the evening hour.

Decked in rainbow roof of gossamer,  
 And with many a sparkling jewel bright,  
 Rose-leaf faces, dew-drop eyes are there,  
 Each with gesture fine of gentle sprite.

Gay they woo, and dance, and feast, and sing,  
 Elfin chants and laughter fill the dell,  
 As if every leaf around should ring  
 With its own aerial emerald bell.

But for man 't is ever sad to see  
 Joys like his that he must not partake,  
 'Mid a separate world, a people's glee,  
 In whose hearts his heart no joy could wake.

Fare ye well, ye tiny race of elves;  
 May the moon-beam ne'er behold your tomb;  
 Ye are happiest childhood's other selves,  
 Bright to you be always evening's gloom.

And thou, mountain-realm of ancient wood,  
 Where my feet and thoughts have strayed so long,  
 Now thy old gigantic brotherhood  
 With a ghostlier vastness round me throng.

Mound, and cliff, and crag, that none may scale  
 With your serried trunks and wrestling boughs,  
 Like one living presence ye prevail,  
 And o'erhang me with Titanian brows.

In your Being's mighty depth of Power,  
 Mine is lost, and melted all away.  
 In your forms involved I seem to tower,  
 And with you am spread in twilight grey.

In this knotted stem whereon I lean,  
 And the dome above of countless leaves,  
 Twists and swells, and frowns a life unseen,  
 That my life with it resistless weaves.

Yet, O nature, less is all of thine  
 Than thy borrowings from our human breast;  
 Thou, O God, hast made thy child divine,  
 And for him this world thou hallowest.

The Rose and the Gauntlet we much admire as a ballad, and the tale is told in fewest words, and by a single picture; but we have not room for it here. In Lady Jane

Grey, though this again is too garrulous, the picture of the princess at the beginning is fine, as she sits in the antique casement of the rich old room.

The lights through the painted glass

Fall with fondest brightness o'er the form  
Of her who sits, the chamber's lovely dame,  
And her pale forehead in the light looks warm,  
And all these colors round her whiteness flame.

Young is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,  
With grave, soft face, where thoughts and smiles may play,  
And unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,  
Serene as meadow flowers may meet the day.

No guilty pang she knows, though many a dread  
Hangs threatening o'er her in the conscious air,  
And 'mid the beams from that bright casement shut,  
A twinkling crown foreshows a near despair.

The quaint conciseness of this last line pleases me.

He always speaks in marble words of Greece. But I must make no more quotations.

Some part of his poem on Shakspeare is no unfit prelude to a few remarks on his own late work. With such a sense of greatness none could wholly fail.

With meaning won from him for ever glows  
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;  
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth  
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth,  
Amid the sights and tales of common things,  
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,  
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round  
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,  
His visions mingle, swell, command, pass by,  
And haunt with living presence heart and eye,  
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,  
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,  
And the long sigh, and deep, impassioned thrill,  
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.  
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,  
He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,  
And sees the heroic brood of his creation  
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.  
O! shaping brain! O! flashing fancy's hues!  
O! boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews!  
O! wit humane and blythe! O! sense sublime  
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!  
Transcendant form of man! in whom we read  
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed.

Such is his ideal of the great dramatic poet. It would not be fair to measure him, or any man, by his own ideal; that affords a standard of spiritual and intellectual progress, with which the executive powers may not correspond. A clear eye may be associated with a feeble hand or the reverse. The mode of measurement proposed by the great thinker of our time is not inapplicable. First, show me what aim a man proposes to himself; next, with what degree of earnestness he strives to attain it. In both regards we can look at Mr. Sterling's work with pleasure and admiration. He exhibits to us a great crisis, with noble figures to represent its moving springs. His work is not merely the plea for a principle, or the exposition of a thought, but an exhibition of both at work in life. He opens the instrument and lets us see the machinery without stopping the music. The progress of interest in the piece is imperative, the principal character well brought out, the style clear and energetic, the tone throughout is of a manly dignity, worthy great times. Yet its merit is of a dramatic sketch, rather than a drama. The forms want the roundness, the fulness of life, the thousand charms of spontaneous expression. In this last particular Sterling is as far inferior to Taylor, as Taylor to Shakspeare. His characters, like Miss Baillie's or Talfourd's, narrate rather than express their life. Not elaborately, not pedantically, but yet the effect is that, while they speak we look on them as past, and Sterling's view of them interests us more than themselves. In his view of relations again we must note his inferiority to Taylor, who in this respect is the only contemporary dramatist on whom we can look with complacency. Taylor's characters really meet, really bear upon one another. In contempt and hatred, or esteem, reverence, and melting tenderness, they challenge, bend, and transfuse one another.

Strafford never alters, never is kindled by or kindles the life of any other being, never breathes the breath of the moment. Before us, throughout the play, is the view of his greatness taken by the mind of the author; we are not really made to feel it by those around him; it is echoed from their lips, not from their lives. Lady Carlisle is the only personage, except Trafford, that is brought out into much relief. Everard is only an accessory, and the



king, queen, and parliamentary leaders, drawn with a few strokes to give them their historical position. Scarcely more can be said of Hollis; some individual action is assigned him, but not so as to individualize his character. The idea of the relation at this ominous period between Strafford and Lady Carlisle is noble. In these stern times he has put behind him the flowers of tenderness, and the toys of passion.

Lady, believe me, that I loved you truly,  
 Still think of you with wonder and delight,  
 Own you the liveliest, noblest heart of woman  
 This age, or any, knows; but for love ditties  
 And amorous toys, and kisses ocean-deep,  
 Strafford and this old Earth are all too sad.

But when the lady had a soul to understand the declaration, and show herself worthy his friendship, there is a hardness in his action towards her, a want of softness and grace, how different from Van Artevelde's:

My Adriana, victim that thou art.

The nice point indeed, of giving the hero manly firmness, and an even stern self-sufficiency, without robbing him of the beauty of gentle love, was touched with rare success in Van Artevelde. Common men may not be able to show firmness and persistency, without a certain hardness and glassiness of expression; but we expect of the hero, that he should combine the softness with the constancy of Hector.

This failure is the greater here, that we need a private tie to Strafford to give his fall the deepest tragic interest.

Lady Carlisle is painted with some skill and spirit. The name given her by St. John of "the handsome vixen," and the willingness shown by her little page to die, rather than see her after failing to deliver her letter, joined with her own appearance, mark her very well. The following is a prose sketch of her as seen in common life.

SIR TOBY MATTHEW'S PORTRAIT OF LUCY PERCY, COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

"She is of too high a mind and dignity, not only to seek, but almost to wish the friendship of any creature: they, whom she is pleased to choose, are such as are of the most eminent condition, both for power and employment; not with any design towards her own particular,

either of advantage or curiosity, but her nature values fortunate persons as virtuous. She prefers the conversation of men to that of women; not but she can talk on the fashions with her female friends, but she is too soon sensible that she can set them as she will; that pre-eminence shortens all equality. She converses with those who are most distinguished for their conversational powers.

Of love freely will she discourse, listen to all its faults, and mark all its power. She cannot herself love in earnest, but she will play with love, and will take a deep interest for persons of condition and celebrity."—*See Life of Pym; in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. xci., p. 213.*

The noblest trait, given her in the play, is the justice she is able to do Charles, after his treachery has consigned *Strafford* to the Tower.

LADY CARLISLE.

And he betrayed you.

STRAFFORD.

He! it cannot be,  
There's not a minion in his court so vile,  
Holland nor Jermyn, would deceive a trust  
Like that I placed in him, nor would belie  
So seeming heart felt words as those he spake.

LADY CARLISLE.

He's not entirely vile, and yet he did it.

This, seen in unison with her out-pouring of contempt upon the king when present, makes out a character. As a whole, that given her by the poet is not only nobler than the one assigned her in history, but opposed to it in a vital point.

The play closes after *Strafford* has set forth for the scaffold with the ejaculation from her left in the Tower, where she has waited on his last moments,

"Alone, henceforth forever!"

While history makes her transfer her attachment to *Pym*, who must have been, in her eyes, *Strafford's* murderer, on the score of her love of intellectual power, in which all other considerations were merged. This is a character so odious, and in a woman, so unnatural, that we are tempted rather to suppose it was hatred of the king for his base and treacherous conduct towards *Strafford*, that induced her to betray to *Pym* the counsels of the court, as the best means of revenge. Such a version of her motives would not be

inconsistent with the character assigned her in the play. It would be making her the agent to execute her own curse, so eloquently spoken after she finds the king willing to save himself by the sacrifice of Strafford's life.

KING CHARLES.

The woman's mad; her passion braves the skies!

LADY CARLISLE.

I brave them not; I but invoke their justice  
To rain hot curses on a tyrant's head;  
Henceforth I set myself apart for mischief,  
To find and prompt men capable of hate,  
Until some dagger, steeled in Strafford's blood,  
Knocks at the heart of Strafford's murderer.

KING CHARLES.

His murderer! O God! — no, no, — not that!  
(Sinks back into a seat.)

LADY CARLISLE.

And here I call on all the powers above us  
To aid the deep damnation of my curse,  
And make this treason to the noblest man,  
That moves alive within our English seas,  
Fatal to him and all his race, whose baseness  
Destroys a worth it ne'er could understand.  
Stars in your glory, vital air and sun,  
And thou, dark earth, our cradle, nurse, and grave,  
And more than all, free truth and penal justice,  
Conspire with all your dreadful influence  
Against his blood, whose crime ye now behold!  
Make him a byeword, and a name of woe,  
A conquered warrior, and a throneless outcast,  
To teach all kings the law of evil power,  
Till by an end more friendless and abhorred  
Than his great victim's, and with heavier pain,  
Let him slink off to a detested grave!  
And now I give your majesty leave to go,  
And may you carry from my house away,  
That fixed incurable ulcer of the heart,  
Which I have helped your thoughts to fasten there.

If these burning words had as much power to kindle her own heart, as they must that of the hearer, we only realize our anticipations, when we find her sending to the five members the news of the intention of Charles to arrest them, thus placing him in a position equally ridiculous and miserable, having incurred all the odium of this violent transaction to no purpose. That might well be a proud moment of gratified vengeance to her, when he stood amid

the sullen and outraged parliament, baffled like a school-boy, loathed as a thief, exclaiming, "The birds are flown" and all owing to "the advices of the honorable Lady Carlisle."

The play opens with Strafford's return to London. He is made to return in rather a different temper from what he really did, not only trusting the king, but in his own greatness fearless of the popular hatred. The opening scenes are very good, compact, well wrought, and showing at the very beginning the probable fortunes of the scene, by making the characters the agents of their own destinies. A weight of tragedy is laid upon the heart, and at the same time we are inspired with deep interest as to *how* it shall be acted out.

Strafford appears before us as he does in history, a grand and melancholy figure, whose dignity lay in his energy of will, and large scope of action, not in his perception of principles, or virtue in carrying them out. For his faith in the need of absolute sway to control the herd, does not merit the name of a principle.

In my thought, the promise of success  
Grows to the self-same stature as the need,  
Which is gigantic. There's a king to guide,  
Three realms to save, a nation to control,  
And by subduing to make blest beyond  
Their sottish dreams of lawless liberty.  
This to fulfil Strafford has pledged his soul  
In the unfaltering hands of destiny.

Nor can we fail to believe, that the man of the world might sincerely take this view of his opponents.

No wonder they whose life is all deception,  
A piety that, like a sheep-skin drum,  
Is loud because 't is hollow, — thus can move  
Belief in others by their swollen pretences.  
Why, man, it is their trade; they do not stick  
To cozen themselves, and will they stop at you?

The court and council scenes are good. The materials are taken from history, with Shakspearean adherence to the record, but they are uttered in masculine cadences, sinewy English, worthy this great era in the life of England.

The king and queen and sycophants of the court are too carelessly drawn. Such unmitigated baseness and folly, are unbearable in poetry. The master invests his worst

characters with redeeming traits, or at least, touches them with a human interest, that prevents their being objects of disgust rather than contempt or aversion. This is the poetic gift, to penetrate to the truth below the fact. We need to hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness.

The council of the parliamentary leaders is far better. Here the author speaks his natural language from the lips of grave enthusiastic men. Pym's advice to his daughter is finely worded, and contains truths, which, although they have been so often expressed, are not like to find so large reception, as to dispense with new and manifold utterance.

The Lord has power  
To guard his own: pray, Mary, pray to Him,  
Nor fear what man can do. A rule there is  
Above all circumstance, a current deep  
Beneath all fluctuations. This who knows,  
Though seeming weakest, firmly as the sun  
Walks in blind paths where earthly strongest fall,  
Reason is God's own voice to man, ordains  
All holy duties, and all truth inspires:  
And he who fails, errs not by trusting it,  
But deafening to the sound his ear, from dread  
Of the stern roar it speaks with. O my child,  
Pray still for guidance, and be sure 't will come.  
Lift up your heart upon the knees of God;  
Losing yourself, your smallness, and your darkness,  
In his great light, who fills and moves the world,  
Who hath alone the quiet of perfect motion —  
Sole quiet, not mere death.

The speech of Vane is nobly rendered.

The conversations of the populace are tolerably well done. Only the greatest succeed in these; nobody except Goethe in modern times. Here they give, not the character of the people, but the spirit of the time, playing in relation to the main action the part of chorus.

SECOND WOMAN.

There's Master St. John has a tongue  
That threshes like a flail.

THIRD WOMAN.

And Master Fiennes  
That's a true lamb! He'd roast alive the Bishop.

CITIZEN.

I was close by the coach, and with my nose

Upon the door, I called out, Down with Strafford!  
 And then just so he fixed his eyes on mine,  
 And something seemed to choke me in the throat;  
 In truth, I think it must have been the devil!

## THIRD CITIZEN.

I saw him as he stept out of the House,  
 And then his face was dark, but very quiet;  
 It seemed like looking down the dusky mouth  
 Of a great cannon.

Everard says with expressive bitterness as they shout  
 "Down with Strafford,"

I've heard this noise so often, that it seems  
 As natural as the howling of the wind.

And again —

For forty years I've studied books and men,  
 But ne'er till these last days have known a jot  
 Of the true secret madness in mankind.  
 This morn the whispers leapt from each to each,  
 Like a petard alight, which every man  
 Feared might explode in his own hands, and therefore  
 Would haste to pass it onward to his friend.

Even in our piping times of peace, nullification and the Rhode Island difficulties have given us specimens of the process of fermentation, the more than Virgilian growth of Rumor.

The description of the fanatic preacher by Everard is very good. The poor secretary, not placed in the prominent rank to suffer, yet feeling all that passes, through his master, finds vent to his grief, not in mourning, but a strong causticity;

The sad fanatic preacher,  
 In whom one saw, by glancing through the eyes,  
 The last grey curdling dregs of human joy,  
 Dropped sudden sparks that kindled where they fell.

Strafford draws the line between his own religion and that of the puritans, as it seemed to him, with noble phrase in his last advices to his son.

Say it has ever been his father's mind,  
 That perfect reason, justice, government,  
 Are the chief attributes of Him who made,  
 And who sustains the world, in whose full being,  
 Wisdom and power are one; and I, his creature,  
 Would fain have gained authority and rule,  
 To make the imagined order in my soul

Supreme o'er all, the proper good of man.  
 But Him to love who shaped us, and whose breast  
 Is the one home of all things, with a passion  
 Electing Him amid all other beings,  
 As if he were beside them, not their all.  
 This is the snug and dozing delirium  
 Of men, who filch from woman what is worst,  
 And cannot see the good. Of such beware.

This is the nobler tone of Strafford's spirit.\* That more habitual to him is heard in his presumptuous joy before entering the parliament, into which he went as a conqueror, and came out a prisoner. His confidence is not noble to us, it is not that of Brutus or Van Artevelde, who, knowing what is prescribed by the law of right within the breast, can take no other course but that, whatever the consequences; neither like the faith of Julius Cæsar or Wallenstein in their star, which, though less pure, is not without religion; but it is the presumption of a strong character which, though its head towers above those of its companions when they are on the same level, yet has not taken a sufficiently high platform, to see what passes around or above it. Strafford's strength cannot redeem his infatuation, while he struggles; vanquished, not overwhelmed, he is a majestic figure, whose features† are well marked in various passages.

Compared with him, whom I for eighteen years  
 Have seen familiar as my friend, all men  
 Seem but as chance-born flies, and only he  
 Great Nature's chosen and all-gifted son.

---

\* His late biographer says well in regard to the magnanimity of his later days, of so much nobler a tone than his general character would lead us to expect. "It is a mean as well as a hasty judgment, which would attribute this to any unworthy compromise with his real nature. It is probably a juster and more profound view of it, to say that, into a few of the later weeks of his life, new knowledge had penetrated from the midst of the breaking of his fortunes. It was well and beautifully said by a then living poet,

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'"

*Forster's Life of Strafford, Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

† "A poet, who was present, exclaimed,  
 On thy brow  
 Sate terror mixed with wisdom, and at once  
 Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance."

*Life of Strafford, p. 388.*

Certainly there could not be a more pointed and pregnant account given of the man than is suggested by this last line.

\* Van Artevelde also bears testimony to the belief of the author, that familiarity breeds no contempt, but the reverse in the service of genuine nobility. A familiarity of eighteen years will not make any but a stage hero, other than a hero to his valet de chambre.

King Charles says,

To pass the bill,—  
Under his eye, with that fixed quiet look  
Of imperturbable and thoughtful greatness,  
I cannot do it.

Strafford himself says, on the final certainty of the king's desertion,

Dear Everard, peace! for there is nothing here  
I have not weighed before, and made my own.

And this, no doubt, was true, in a sense. Historians, finding that Strafford expressed surprise, and even indignation, that the king had complied with Strafford's own letter releasing him from all obligation to save his life, have intimated that the letter was written out of policy. But this is a superficial view; it produces very different results from giving up all to another to see him take it; and, though Strafford must have known Charles's weakness too well to expect any thing good from him, yet the consummation must have produced fresh emotion, for a strong character cannot be prepared for the conduct of a weak one; there is always in dishonor somewhat unexpected and incredible to one incapable of it.

The speeches in parliament are well translated from the page of history. The poet, we think, has improved upon it in Strafford's mention of his children; it has not the theatrical tone of the common narrative, and is, probably, nearer truth, as it is more consistent with the rest of his deportment.

He has made good use of the fine anecdote of the effect produced on Pym by meeting Strafford's eye at the close of one of his most soaring passages.

---

\* That with familiarity respect  
Doth slacken, is a word of common use;  
I never found it so.

*Philip Van Artevelde, 2d Part, p. 29.*



## PTM.

The King is King, but as he props the State,  
 The State a legal and compacted bond,  
 Tying us all in sweet fraternity,  
 And that loosed off by fraudulent creeping hand,  
 Or cut and torn by lawless violence,  
 There is no King because the State is gone ;  
 And in the cannibal chaos that remains  
 Each man is sovereign of himself alone.  
 Shall then a drunken regicidal blow  
 Be paid by forfeit of the driveller's head,  
 And he go free, who, slaying Law itself,  
 Murders all royalty and all subjection ?  
 He who, with all the radiant attributes  
 That most, save goodness, can adorn a man,  
 Would turn his kind to planless brutishness.  
 His knavery soars, indeed, and strikes the stars,  
 Yet is worse knavery than the meanest felon's.

(*Strafford fixes his eyes on Pym, who hesitates.*)

Oh ! no, my Lords, Oh ! no,  
 (*Aside to Hampden.*) His eye confounds me ; he\* was once  
 my friend.

(*Aloud.*) Oh ! no, my Lords, the very selfsame rule, &c.

The eloquence of this period could not be improved upon ; but it is much to select from and use its ebullitions with the fine effect we admire in this play. Whatever view be taken of Strafford, whether as condemnatory as the majority of writers popular among us, the descendants of the puritans, would promote, or that more lenient and discriminating, brought out in this play, for which abundant grounds may be discovered by those who will seek, we cannot view him at this period but with the interest of tragedy as of one suffering unjustly. For however noble the eloquence of the parliamentary leaders in appealing to a law above *the* law, to an eternal justice in the breast, which afforded sufficient sanction to the desired measure, it cannot but be seen, at this distance of time, that this

---

\* Through the whole of the speech Strafford is described to have been closely and earnestly watching Pym, when the latter suddenly turning, met the fixed and faded eyes and haggard features of his early associate, and a rush of feelings from other days, so fearfully contrasting the youth and friendship of the past with the love-poisoned hate of the present, and the mortal agony impending in the future, for a moment deprived the patriot of self-possession " His papers he looked on," says Baillie, " but they could not help him, so he behoved to pass them." For a moment only ; suddenly recovering his dignity and self-command, he told the court, &c.—*Life of Pym, Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

reigned not purely in their own breasts, that his doom, though sought by them from patriotic, not interested motives, was, in itself, a measure of expediency. He was *the* victim, because the most dreaded foe, because they could not go on with confidence, while the only man lived, who could and would sustain Charles in his absurd and wicked policy. Thus, though he might deserve that the people on whom he trampled should rise up to crush him, that the laws he had broken down should rear new and higher walls to imprison him, though the shade of Eliot called for vengeance on the counsellor who alone had so long saved the tyrant from a speedier fall, and the victims of his own oppressions echoed with sullen murmur to the "silver trumpet" call,\* *yet*, the greater the peculiar offences of this man, the more need that his punishment should have been awarded in an absolutely pure spirit. And this it was not; it may be respected as an act of just retribution; but not of pure justice.

Men who had such a cause to maintain, as his accusers had, should deserve the praise awarded by Wordsworth to him, who,

In a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
Yet fixes good on good alone, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows.

The heart swells against Strafford as we read the details of his policy. Even allowing that his native temper, prejudices of birth, and disbelief in mankind, really inclined him to a despotic government, as the bad best practicable, that his early espousal of the popular side was only a stratagem to terrify the court, and that he was thus, though a deceiver, no apostate, yet, he *had* been led, from whatever motives, to look on that side; his great intellect was clear of sight, the front presented by better principles in that time commanding. We feel that he was wilful in the course he took, and self-aggrandizement his principal, if not his only motive. We share the hatred of his time, as we see him so triumphant in his forceful, wrongful measures. But we would not have had him hunted down with such a

\* "I will not repeat, Sirs, what you have heard from that silver trumpet." One of the parliament speaking of Ruyard.

hue and cry, that the tones of defence had really no chance to be heard. We would not have had papers stolen, and by a son from a father who had entrusted him with a key, to condemn him. And what a man was this thief, one whose high enthusiastic hope never paused at good, but ever rushed onward to the best.

Who would outbid the market of the world,  
And seek a holier than a common prize,  
And by the unworthy lever of to-day  
Ope the strange portals of a better morn.

*Begin to-day*, nor end till evil sink  
In its due grave; and if at once we may not  
Declare the greatness of the work we plan,  
Be sure, at least, that ever in our eyes  
It stand complete before us, as a dome  
Of light beyond this gloom; a house of stars,  
Encompassing these dusky tents; a thing  
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen,  
Near as our hearts, and perfect as the heavens.  
Be this our aim and model, and our hands  
Shall not wax faint until the work is done.

He is not the first, who, by looking too much at the stars has lost the eye for severe fidelity to a private trust. He thought himself "obliged in conscience to impart the paper to Master Pym." Who that looks at the case by the code of common rectitude can think it was ever his to impart?

What monstrous measures appear the arbitrary construction put on the one word in the minutes which decided the fate of Strafford, the freeing the lords of council from the oath of secrecy under whose protection he had spoken there, the conduct of the House towards Lord Digby, when he declared himself not satisfied that the prisoner could with justice be declared guilty of treason; the burning his speech by the common hangman when he dared print it, to make known the reasons of his course to the world, when placarded as Straffordian, held up as a mark for popular rage for speaking it.\* Lord Digby was not a man of honor, but they did not know that, or if they did, it had nothing to do with his right of private judgment. What could Strafford, what could Charles do more high-handed? If they had violated the privileges of parliament, the more reason parliament should respect their privileges, above all

\* See Parliamentary History, Vol. IX.

the privilege of the prisoner, to be supposed innocent until proved guilty. The accusers, obliged to set aside rule, and appeal to the very foundations of equity, could only have sanctioned such a course by the religion and pure justice of their proceedings. Here the interest of the accusers made them not only demand, but insist upon, the condemnation; the cause was prejudged by the sentiment of the people, and the resentments of the jury, and the proceedings conducted, beside, with the most scandalous disregard to the sickness and other disadvantageous circumstances of Strafford. He was called on to answer "if he will come," just at the time of a most dangerous attack from his cruel distemper, if he *will not come*, the cause is still to be pushed forward. He was denied the time and means he needed to collect his evidence. The aid to be given him by counsel, after being deprived of his chief witness "by a master stroke of policy," was restricted within narrow limits. While he prepared his answers, in full court, for he was never allowed to retire, to the points of accusation, vital in their import, requiring the closest examination, those present talked, laughed, ate, lounged about. None of this disturbed his magnanimous patience; his conduct indeed is so noble, through the whole period, that he and his opponents change places in our minds; at the time, he seems the princely deer, and they the savage hounds.\* Well, it is all the better for the tragedy, but as we read the sublime appeals of Pym to a higher state of being, we cannot but wish that all had been done in accordance with them. The art and zeal, with which the condemnation of Strafford was obtained, have had high praise as statesmanlike; we would have wished for them one so high as to preclude this.

---

\* Who can avoid a profound feeling, not only of compassion, but sympathy, when he reads of Strafford obliged to kneel in Westminster Hall. True, he would, if possible, have brought others as low; but there is a deep pathos in the contrast of his then, and his former state, best shown by the symbol of such an act. Just so we read of Bonaparte's green coat being turned at St. Helena, after it had faded on the right side. He who had overturned the world, to end with having his old coat turned! There is something affecting, Belisarius-like, in the picture. When Warren Hastings knelt in Westminster Hall, the chattering but pleasant Miss Burney tells us, Wyndham, for a moment struck, half shrunk from the business of prosecuting him. At such a sight, whispers in every breast the monition, Had I been similarly tempted, had I not fallen as low, or lower?

No doubt great temporary good was effected for England by the death of Strafford, but the permanence of good is ever in proportion with the purity of the means used to obtain it. This act would have been great for Strafford, for it was altogether in accordance with his views. He met the parliament ready to do battle to the death, and might would have been right, had he made rules for the lists; but *they* proposed a different rule for their government, and by that we must judge them. Admit the story of Vane's pilfering the papers not to be true, that the minutes were obtained some other way. This measure, on the supposition of its existence, is defended by those who defend the rest.

Strafford would certainly have come off with imprisonment and degradation from office, had the parliament deemed it safe to leave him alive. When we consider this, when we remember the threat of Pym, at the time of his deserting the popular party, "You have left us, but I will never leave you while your head is on your shoulders," we see not, setting aside the great results of the act, and looking at it by its merits alone, that it differs from the administration of Lynch law in some regions of our own country. Lynch law, with us, has often punished the gamester and the robber, whom it was impossible to convict by the usual legal process; the evil in it is, that it cannot be depended upon, but, while, with one hand it punishes a villain, administers with the other as summary judgment on the philanthropist, according as the moral sentiment or prejudice may be roused in the popular breast.

We have spoken disparagingly of the capacities of the drama for representing what is peculiar in our own day, but, for such a work as this, presenting a great crisis with so much clearness, force, and varied beauty, we can only be grateful, and ask for more acquaintance with the same mind, whether through the drama or in any other mode.

Copious extracts have been given, in the belief that thus, better than by any interpretation or praise of ours, attention would be attracted, and a wider perusal ensured to Mr. Sterling's works.

In his mind there is a combination of reverence for the Ideal, with a patient appreciation of its slow workings in the actual world, that is rare in our time. He looks re-

ligiously, he speaks philosophically, nor these alone, but with that other faculty which he himself so well describes.

You bear a brain  
Discursive, open, generally wise,  
But missing ever that excepted point  
That gives each thing and hour a special oneness.  
The little key-hole of the infrangible door,  
The instant on which hangs eternity,  
And not in the dim past and empty future,  
Waste fields for abstract notions.

Such is the demonology of the man of the world. It may rule in accordance with the law of right, but where it does not, the strongest man may lose the battle, and so it was with Strafford.

To R. B.

BELOVED friend! they say that thou art dead,  
Nor shall our asking eyes behold thee more,  
Save in the company of the fair and dread,  
Along that radiant and immortal shore,  
Whither thy face was turned for evermore.  
Thou wert a pilgrim toward the True and Real,  
Never forgetful of that infinite goal;  
Salient, electrical thy weariless soul,  
To every faintest vision always leal,  
Even 'mid these phantoms made its world ideal.  
And so thou hast a most perennial fame,  
Though from the earth thy name should perish quite;  
When the dear sun sinks golden whence he came,  
The gloom, else cheerless, hath not lost his light;  
So in our lives impulses born of thine,  
Like fireside stars across the night shall shine.

C. A. D.

## AUTUMN WOODS.

— 1755

I HAVE had tearful days,  
 I have been taught by melancholy hours,  
 My tears have dropped, like these chill autumn showers,  
 Upon the rustling ways.

Yes! youth, thou sorrowest,  
 For these dead leaves, unlike your rising morn,  
 Are the sad progeny of months forlorn,  
 Weary and seeking rest.

Thou wert a homeless child,  
 And vainly clasped the solitary air,  
 And the gray ash renewed thy cold despair, —  
 Grief was thy mother mild.

Thy days have sunlight now,  
 Those autumn leaves thy tears do not deplore,  
 There flames a beacon on the forest's shore,  
 And thy unwrinkled brow.

O holy are the woods,  
 Where nature yearly glorifies her might,  
 And weaves a rich and frolicsome delight  
 In the deep solitudes.

Far through the fading trees  
 The pine's green plume is waving bright and free,  
 And in the withered age of man to me  
 A warm and sweet spring breeze.

## BROOK FARM.

WHEREVER we recognize the principle of progress, our sympathies and affections are engaged. However small may be the innovation, however limited the effort towards the attainment of pure good, that effort is worthy of our best encouragement and succor. The Institution at Brook Farm, West Roxbury, though sufficiently extensive in respect to number of persons, perhaps is not to be considered an experiment of large intent. Its aims are moderate; too humble indeed to satisfy the extreme demands of the age; yet, for that reason probably, the effort is more valuable, as likely to exhibit a larger share of actual success.

Though familiarly designated a "Community," it is only so in the process of eating in commons; a practice at least, as antiquated, as the collegiate halls of old England, where it still continues without producing, as far as we can learn, any of the Spartan virtues. A residence at Brook Farm does not involve either a community of money, of opinions, or of sympathy. The motives, which bring individuals there, may be as various as their numbers. In fact, the present residents are divisible into three distinct classes; and if the majority in numbers were considered, it is possible that a vote in favor of self-sacrifice for the common good would not be very strongly carried. The leading portion of the adult inmates, they whose presence imparts the greatest peculiarity and the fraternal tone to the household, believe that an improved state of existence would be developed in association, and are therefore anxious to promote it. Another class consists of those who join with the view of bettering their condition, by being exempted from some portion of worldly strife. The third portion, comprises those who have their own development or education, for their principal object. Practically, too, the institution manifests a threefold improvement over the world at large, corresponding to these three motives. In consequence of the first, the companionship, the personal intercourse, the social bearing are of a marked, and very superior character.



There may possibly, to some minds, long accustomed to other modes, appear a want of homeness, and of the private fireside; but all observers must acknowledge a brotherly and softening condition, highly conducive to the permanent, and pleasant growth of all the better human qualities. If the life is not of a deeply religious cast, it is at least not inferior to that which is exemplified elsewhere; and there is the advantage of an entire absence of assumption and pretence. The moral atmosphere so far is pure; and there is found a strong desire to walk ever on the mountain tops of life; though taste, rather than piety, is the aspect presented to the eye.

In the second class of motives, we have enumerated, there is a strong tendency to an important improvement in meeting the terrestrial necessities of humanity. The banishment of servitude, the renouncement of hireling labor, and the elevation of all unavoidable work to its true station, are problems whose solution seems to be charged upon association; for the dissociate systems have in vain sought remedies for this unfavorable portion of human condition. It is impossible to introduce into separate families even one half of the economies, which the present state of science furnishes to man. In that particular, it is probable that even the feudal system is superior to the civic: for its combinations permit many domestic arrangements of an economic character, which are impracticable in small households. In order to economize labor, and dignify the laborer, it is absolutely necessary that men should cease to work in the present isolate competitive mode, and adopt that of co-operative union or association. It is as false and as ruinous to call any man 'master' in secular business, as it is in theological opinions. Those persons, therefore, who congregate for the purpose, as it is called, of bettering their outward relations, on principles so high and universal as we have endeavored to describe, are not engaged in a petty design, bounded by their own selfish or temporary improvement. Every one who is here found giving up the usual chances of individual aggrandizement, may not be thus influenced; but whether it be so or not, the outward demonstration will probably be equally certain.

In education, Brook Farm appears to present greater mental freedom than most other institutions. The tuition

being more heart-rendered, is in its effects more heart-stirring. The younger pupils as well as the more advanced students are held, mostly, if not wholly, by the power of love. In this particular, Brook Farm is a much improved model for the oft-praised schools of New England. It is time that the imitative and book-learned systems of the latter should be superseded or liberalized by some plan, better calculated to excite originality of thought, and the native energies of the mind. The deeper, kindly sympathies of the heart, too, should not be forgotten; but the germination of these must be despaired of under a rigid hireling system. Hence, Brook Farm, with its spontaneous teachers, presents the unusual and cheering condition of a really "free school."

By watchful and diligent economy, there can be no doubt that a Community would attain greater pecuniary success, than is within the hope of honest individuals working separately. But Brook Farm is not a Community, and in the variety of motives with which persons associate there, a double diligence, and a watchfulness perhaps too costly, will be needful to preserve financial prosperity. While, however, this security is an essential element in success, riches would, on the other hand, be as fatal as poverty, to the true progress of such an institution. Even in the case of those foundations which have assumed a religious character, all history proves the fatality of wealth. The just and happy mean between riches and poverty is, indeed, more likely to be attained when, as in this instance, all thought of acquiring great wealth in a brief time, is necessarily abandoned, as a condition of membership. On the other hand, the presence of many persons, who congregate merely for the attainment of some individual end, must weigh heavily and unfairly upon those whose hearts are really expanded to universal results. As a whole, even the initiative powers of Brook Farm have, as is found almost every where, the design of a life much too objective, too much derived from objects in the exterior world. The subjective life, that in which the soul finds the living source and the true communion within itself, is not sufficiently prevalent to impart to the establishment the permanent and sedate character it should enjoy. Undeniably, many devoted individuals are there; several who have as generously

ulture. It is in  
 ede ultimately  
 pruning knife.  
 planting and  
 in active prog  
 e being childre  
 object. Fruit,  
 getable produc  
 is attention, aff  
 for the bodily  
 aits the sober c  
 inning with  
 a reliance on  
 ital affinities  
 d unworlly pe  
 ded.

inner nature  
 d. A constant  
 consecrate eve  
 . The choice

No. XII) is  
 cards of poetry  
 es, cultures, and  
 ying of the im  
 cipate no has  
 gdom of peace  
 ndomment; and  
 aswerving law

19, 1843.

70

are greatly inde  
 for literary com  
 we have not fo  
 t them. The  
 of literature  
 tray and as a  
 e should gladly  
 nt of each pap  
 e the reason  
 ns, that, print  
 es, if only as  
 ght into the th  
 be last quarter  
 one hesitatio  
 hink (without  
 f Schiller's  
 gh our omis  
 or publishers  
 ed from A. Z.  
 e in the Sp  
 ent called "T  
 e poem call  
 e; Son J. A.

and quiet attendance at the refectations, superior arrangements for industry, and generally an increased seriousness in respect to the value of the example, which those who are there assembled may constitute to their fellow beings.

Of about seventy persons now assembled there, about thirty are children sent thither for education; some adult persons also place themselves there chiefly for mental assistance; and in the society there are only four married couples. With such materials it is almost certain that the sensitive and vital points of communication cannot well be tested. A joint-stock company, working with some of its own members and with others as agents, cannot bring to issue the great question, whether the existence of the marital family is compatible with that of the universal family, which the term "Community" signifies. This is now the grand problem. By mothers it has ever been felt to be so. The maternal instinct, as hitherto educated, has declared itself so strongly in favor of the separate fire-side, that association, which appears so beautiful to the young and unattached soul, has yet accomplished little progress in the affections of that important section of the human race—the mothers. With fathers, the feeling in favor of the separate family is certainly less strong; but there is an undefinable tie, a sort of magnetic *rapport*, an invisible, inseverable, umbilical chord between the mother and child, which in most cases circumscribes her desires and ambition to her own immediate family. All the accepted adages and wise saws of society, all the precepts of morality, all the sanctions of theology, have for ages been employed to confirm this feeling. This is the chief corner stone of present society; and to this maternal instinct have, till very lately, our most heartfelt appeals been made for the progress of the human race, by means of a deeper and more vital education. Pestalozzi and his most enlightened disciples are distinguished by this sentiment. And are we all at once to abandon, to deny, to destroy this supposed stronghold of virtue? Is it questioned whether the family arrangement of mankind is to be preserved? Is it discovered that the sanctuary, till now deemed the holiest on earth, is to be invaded by intermeddling skepticism, and its altars sacrilegiously destroyed by the rude hands of innovating progress? Here "social science" must be brought to issue.

The question of association and of marriage are one. If, as we have been popularly led to believe, the individual or separate family is in the true order of Providence, then the associative life is a false effort. If the associative life is true, then is the separate family a false arrangement. By the maternal feeling, it appears to be decided that the co-existence of both is incompatible, is impossible. So also say some religious sects. Social science ventures to assert their harmony. This is the grand problem now remaining to be solved, for at least, the enlightening, if not for the vital elevation of humanity. That the affections can be divided or bent with equal ardor on two objects, so opposed as universal and individual love, may at least be rationally doubted. History has not yet exhibited such phenomena in an associate body, and scarcely perhaps in any individual. The monasteries and convents, which have existed in all ages, have been maintained solely by the annihilation of that peculiar affection on which the separate family is based. The Shaker families, in which the two sexes are not entirely dissociated, can yet only maintain their union by forbidding and preventing the growth of personal affection other than that of a spiritual character. And this in fact is not personal in the sense of individual, but ever a manifestation of universal affection. Spite of the speculations of hopeful bachelors and æsthetic spinsters, there is somewhat in the marriage bond which is found to counteract the universal nature of the affections, to a degree tending at least to make the considerate pause, before they assert that, by any social arrangements whatever, the two can be blended into one harmony. The general condition of married persons at this time is some evidence of the existence of such a doubt in their minds. Were they as convinced as the unmarried of the beauty and truth of associate life, the demonstration would be now presented. But might it not be enforced that the two family ideas really neutralize each other? Is it not quite certain that the human heart cannot be set in two places; that man cannot worship at two altars? It is only the determination to do what parents consider the best for themselves and their families, which renders the o'er populous world such a wilderness of selfhood as it is. Destroy this feeling, they say, and you prohibit every motive to exertion. Much

truth is there in this affirmation. For to them, no other motive remains, nor indeed to any one else, save that of the universal good, which does not permit the building up of supposed self-good, and therefore, forecloses all possibility of an individual family.

These observations, of course, equally apply to all the associative attempts, now attracting so much public attention; and perhaps most especially to such as have more of Fourier's designs than are observable at Brook Farm. The slight allusion in all the writers of the "Phalansterian" class, to the subject of marriage, is rather remarkable. They are acute and eloquent in deploring Woman's oppressed and degraded position in past and present times, but are almost silent as to the future. In the mean while, it is gratifying to observe the successes which in some departments attend every effort, and that Brook Farm is likely to become comparatively eminent in the highly important and praiseworthy attempts, to render labor of the hands more dignified and noble, and mental education more free and loveful.

C. L.

## TANTALUS.

THE astronomers said, Give us matter and a little motion, and we will construct the universe. It is not enough that we should have matter, we must also have a single impulse, one shove to launch the mass, and generate the harmony of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. Once heave the ball from the hand, and we can show how all this mighty order grew. — A very unreasonable postulate, thought some of their students, and a plain begging of the question. Could you not prevail to know the genesis of projection as well as the continuation of it? — Nature, meantime, had not waited for the discussion, but, right or wrong, bestowed the impulse, and the balls rolled. It was no great affair, a mere push, but the astronomers were right in

making much of it, for there is no end to the consequences of the act. That famous aboriginal push propagates itself through all the balls of the system, and through every atom of every ball; through all the races of creatures, and through the history and performances of every individual. Exaggeration is in the course of things. Nature sends no creature, no man, into the world, without adding a small excess of his proper quality. Given the planet, it is still necessary to add the impulse; so to every creature nature added a little violence of direction in its proper path, a shove to put it on its way; in every instance a slight generosity, a drop too much. Without electricity the air would rot, and without this violence of direction which men and women have, without a spice of bigot and fanatic, no excitement, no efficiency. We aim above the mark to hit the mark. Every act hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. And when now and then comes along some sad, sharp-eyed man, who sees how paltry a game is played and refuses to play, but blabs the secret; how then? is the bird flown? O no, the wary Nature sends a new troop of fairer forms, of lordlier youths, with a little more excess of direction to hold them fast to their several aim; makes them a little wrong-headed in that direction in which they are rightest, and on goes the game again with new whirl for a generation or two more. See the child, the fool of his senses, with his thousand pretty pranks, commanded by every sight and sound, without any power to compare and rank his sensations, abandoned to every bauble, to a whistle, a painted chip, a lead dragoon, a gilt gingerbread horse; individualizing every thing, generalizing nothing, who thus delighted with every thing new, lies down at night overpowered by the fatigue, which this day of continual pretty madness has incurred. But Nature has answered her purpose with the curly, dimpled lunatic. She has tasked every faculty and has secured the symmetrical growth of the bodily frame by all these attitudes and exertions; an end of the first importance, which could not be trusted to any care less perfect than her own. This glitter, this opaline lustre plays round the top of every toy to his eye, to ensure his fidelity, and he is deceived to his good.

We are made alive and kept alive by the same arts. Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the

good of living, but because the meat is savory, and the appetite is keen. Nature does not content herself with casting from the flower or the tree a single seed, but she fills the air and earth with a prodigality of seeds, that, if thousands perish, thousands may plant themselves, that hundreds may come up, that tens may live to maturity, that at least one may replace the parent. All things betray the same calculated profusion. The excess of fear with which the animal frame is hedged round, shrinking from cold, starting at sight of a snake, at every sudden noise or falling stone, protects us through a multitude of groundless alarms from some one real danger at last. The lover seeks in marriage his private felicity and perfection, with no prospective end; and nature hides in his happiness her own end, namely, progeny, or the perpetuity of the race.

But the craft with which the world is made runs also into the mind and character of men. No man is quite sane, but each has a vein of folly in his composition, a slight determination of blood to the head, to make sure of holding him hard to some one point which nature had taken to heart.

Great causes are never tried on their merits; but the great cause is reduced to particulars, to suit the size of the partisans, and the contention is ever hottest on minor matters. Not less remarkable is that over-faith of each man in the importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet has a higher value for what he utters, than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. The strong, self-complacent Luther declares, with an emphasis not to be mistaken, that "God himself cannot do without wise men." Jacob Behmen and George Fox betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their controversial tracts, and James Naylor once suffered himself to be worshipped as the Christ. Each prophet comes presently to identify himself with his thought, and to esteem his hat and shoes sacred. However this may discredit such persons with the judicious, it helps them with the people, and gives pungency, heat, and publicity to their words. A similar experience is not infrequent in private life. Each young and ardent person writes a diary, into which, when the hours of prayer and penitence arrive, he inscribes his soul. The



pages thus written are to him burning and fragrant; he reads them on his knees by midnight and by the morning star; he wets them with his tears. They are sacred; too good for the world, and hardly yet to be shown to the dearest friend. This is the man-child that is born to the soul, and her life still circulates in the babe. The living cord has not yet been cut. By and by, when some time has elapsed, he begins to wish to admit his friend or friends to this hallowed experience, and with hesitation, yet with firmness, exposes the pages to his eye. Will they not burn his eyes? The friend coldly turns them over, and returns from the writing to conversation with easy transition, which strikes the other party with astonishment and vexation. He cannot suspect the writing itself. Days and nights of fervid life, of communion with angels of darkness and of light, bear witness in his memory to that tear-stained book. He suspects the intelligence or the heart of his friend. Is there then no friend? He cannot yet credit that one may have impressive experience, and yet may not know how to put his private fact into literature, or into harmony with the great community of minds; and perhaps the discovery, that wisdom has other tongues and ministers than we, that the truth, which burns like living coals in our heart, burns in a thousand breasts, and though we should hold our peace, that would not the less be spoken, might check too suddenly the flames of our zeal. A man can only speak so long as he does not feel his speech to be partial and inadequate. It is partial, but he does not see it to be so whilst he makes it. As soon as he is released from the instinctive, the particular, and sees its partiality, he shuts his mouth in disgust. For no man can write any thing, who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world; or do any thing well, who does not esteem his work to be of greatest importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

In like manner, there is throughout nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us; all promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations, not of fulfilment. Every end is prospective of some other end, which is also temporary; a round and final success nowhere.

We are encamped in nature, not domesticated. Hunger and thirst lead us on to eat and to drink, but bread and wine, mix and cook them how you will, leave us hungry and thirsty after the stomach is full. It is the same with all our arts and performances. Our music, our poetry, our language itself, are not satisfactions but suggestions.

The pursuit of wealth, of which the results are so magical in the contest with nature, and in reducing the face of the planet to a garden, is like the headlong game of the children in its reaction on the pursuers. What is the end sought? Plainly to secure the ends of good sense and beauty from the intrusion of deformity or vulgarity of any kind. But men use a very operose method. What an apparatus of means to secure a little conversation! This great palace of brick and stone, these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses, and equipage; this bankstock and file of mortgages; trade to all the world; countryhouse and cottage by the waterside; all for a little conversation, high, clear, and spiritual! Could it not be had as well by beggars on the highway? No, all these things came from the successive efforts of these beggars to remove one and another interference. Wealth was applied first to remove friction from the wheels of life; to give clearer opportunity. Conversation, character, were the avowed ends; wealth was good as it silenced the creaking door, cured the smoky chimney, brought friends together in a warm and quiet room, and kept the children and the dinner-table in a different apartment. Thought, virtue, beauty, were the ends, but it was known that men of thought and virtue sometimes had the headache, or wet feet, or could lose good time whilst the room was getting warm in winter days. Unluckily in the exertions necessary to remove these inconveniences, the main attention had been diverted to this object; the old aims had been lost sight of, and to remove friction had come to be the end. That is the ridicule of rich men, and Boston, London, Vienna, and now the governments generally of the world are *cities and governments of the rich*, and the masses are not men, but *poor men*, that is, men who would be rich; this is the ridicule of the class, that they arrive with pains and sweat, and fury, nowhere; when all is done, it is for nothing. They are men who have interrupted the whole

conversation of a company to make their speech, and now have forgotten what they went to say. The appearance strikes the eye, everywhere, of an aimless society, an aimless nation, an aimless world. Were the ends of nature so great and cogent as to exact this immense sacrifice of men?

Quite analogous to these deceits in life, there is, as might be expected, a similar effect on the eye from the face of external nature. There is in woods and waters a certain enticement and flattery, together with a failure to yield a present satisfaction. This disappointment is felt in every landscape. I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, whilst yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour, as fore-looking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. Who is not sensible of this jealousy? Often you shall find yourself not near enough to your object. The pine tree, the river, the bank of flowers, before you, does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere. This or this is but outskirts and far-off reflection and echo of the triumph that has passed by, and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighbouring fields, or, if you stood in the field, then in the adjacent woods. The present object shall give you this sense of stillness that follows a pageant which has just gone by. It is the same among the men and women, as among the silent trees; always a referred existence, an absence, never a presence and satisfaction. Is it that beauty can never be grasped? in persons and in landscape is equally inaccessible? The accepted and betrothed lover has lost the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star. He cannot be heaven if she stoops to such an one as he. So is it with these wondrous skies, and hills, and forests. What splendid distance, what recesses of ineffable pomp and loveliness in the sunset! But who can go where they are, or lay his hand, or plant his foot thereon? Off they fall from the round world for ever and ever; glory is not for hands to handle.

What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, this flattery and baulking of so

many good well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery, a slight derision? Are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, and fools of nature? Unhappily, there is not the smallest prospect of advantage from such considerations. Practically, there is no great danger of their being pressed. One look at the face of heaven and earth puts all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. We see that Nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold. Many and many an *Œdipus* arrives; he has the whole mystery teeming in his brain. Alas! the same sorcery has spoiled his skill; no syllable can he shape on his lips. Her mighty orbit vaults like the fresh rainbow into the deep, but no archangel's wing was yet strong enough to follow it and report of the return of the curve. But it also appears, and the experience might dispose us to serenity, that our actions are seconded and disposed to greater conclusions than we designed. We are escorted on every hand through life by great spiritual potentates, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us. It is not easy to deal with Nature by card and calculation. We cannot bandy words with her; we cannot deal with her as man with man. If we measure our individual forces against hers, we may easily feel as if we were the sport of an overwhelming destiny. But if, instead of identifying ourselves with the work, we feel that the soul of the Workman streams through us, that a paradise of love and power lies close beside us, where the Eternal Architect broods on his thought and projects the world from his bosom, we may find the peace of the morning dwelling first in our hearts, and the fathomless powers of gravity and chemistry, and over them of life, pre-existing within us in their highest form.

## THE FATAL PASSION, — A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

HENRY GRAY. CHESTER. WILLIAM GRAY, *the father.* MURRAY, *friend to Gray.* VINCENT. MARY. ADELINE.

## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Wood.* — HENRY. (*Alone.*)

How like a part too deeply fixed in me,  
A shadow where the substance lies behind,  
Is this sweet wood. I cannot grasp my thought,  
But see it swell around me in these trees,  
These layers of glistening leaves, and swimming full  
In the blue, modulated heaven o'er all.  
I would embrace you kindred tenements,  
Where dwells the soul by which I deeply live.  
But ye are silent; they call you emblems,  
The symbols of creation, whose memory  
Has failed in its behest, and so ye stand  
Merely dumb shadows of what might have been,  
Or hints of what may be beyond these days.

*(Enter Chester and observes Henry.)*

CHESTER. (*to himself.*) I love these moods of youth, I love the  
might  
Of untamed nature battling with despair.  
How firmly grasps the iron-handed earth  
The youthful heart, and lugs it forth to war  
With calm, unmoving woods, or silent lakes,  
Making it dastard in the sun's light dance.  
Brave on, ye unbarked saplings, soon your boughs  
Shall wing the arrows of red manhood's life,  
And then, as your low depths of ignorance  
Unfold, how shall you wonder at your youth.  
How flaunt the banners in the light of morn,  
How torn and trailing when the day-god sets.  
'T is a brave sight with all sails up, to see  
The shining bark of youth dash through the foam,  
And sickening to the most, to look upon

Her planks all started, and her rigging split,  
 When she hugs closely to the beach in age.  
 But I console myself for my gray hairs,  
 By spinning such warm fancies in my brain,  
 'That I become a little thing again,  
 And totter o'er the ground, as when I whipped my top.  
 (*Approaches Henry.*)

- Your servant, sir, the day goes bravely down.  
**HEN.** 'Through the red leaves, I see the morning's glow.  
**CHES.** 'T is but the picture of some morning scene;  
 A fair conceit the sun has in his head,  
 And when he sets makes fatal flourishes.  
**HEN.** I hear you jest with nature, that you mock,  
 And fling queer faces at her holy calm,  
 Write witty volumes that demoralize;  
 Pray Mr. Chester do you fear the devil?  
**CHES.** As I do nightfall. I have some night-fears,  
 Some horrid speculations in my brain;  
 And when the mice play hangmen in the wall,  
 Or out the house the pretty frost-toes creep,  
 I think, pest o'nt, what dark and doleful sounds,  
 If it were safe I'd raise the curtain's hem.  
 And when I puff away the cheerful light,  
 The moonbeam makes a thief's dark-lantern flit;  
 My head is filled with horribund designs,  
 And on myself I pack damned Macbeth's part.  
 I love to nourish such complexed conceits;  
 I have a vein of dreadful longing in me,  
 Was born to murder, and excel in arson,  
 And so I love the devil, though broad day  
 Has all the devilish aspects that I know.  
 See, comes the gentle Mary, know you her?  
**HEN.** Not I, my solitude hath its own figures.

(*Enter Mary.*)

- CHES.** (*to Mary.*) God speed thee, lady, it was opportune  
 Your footsteps led you up this sheltered walk,  
 For here is Henry Gray, my friend at least,  
 And now is yours.  
**MARY.** I willingly would know what Chester does,  
 And Mr. Gray, I trust, will but forgive me.  
 I rarely venture in these forest walks,  
 Where leads that pritheer? (*To Henry.*)  
**HEN.** 'T is by the lake, which gleaming like a sword,  
 One edge of this green path, a peacock lance,  
 Crosses in sport, and then descends away,  
 And vanishes among the outspread moors.

**CHES.** And Mr. Gray, sweet Mary, knows the path,  
 All paths that frolic in these devious woods,  
 For he's sworn friends with squirrels, steals their nuts,  
 Divides with other beasts their favorite meat,  
 Can show you hungry caves, whose blackening jaws  
 Breathe out a little night into the air,  
 Will stand you on the dizzy precipice,  
 Where all whirls round you like a whizzing wheel,  
 In truth his skill is perfect, so farewell.  
 (*Exit Chester.*)

---

 SCENE II.

HENRY AND MARY.—(*By the Lake.*)

**MARY.** Those hills you say are lofty.

**HEN.** Most lofty.

I have clomb them, and there stood gazing  
 On villages outspread, and larger towns  
 Gleaming like sand-birds on the distant beach.  
 I love the mountains, for a weight of care  
 Falls off his soul, who can o'erlook this earth.

**MARY.** And there you passed the night?

**HEN.** I have passed weeks

Upon their very tops, and thought no more  
 To fall upon the low, dark days of earth.  
 Above, the clouds seemed welcome faces to me,  
 And near the raging storms, came giant-like,  
 And played about my feet. Yet even there,  
 I feared for my own heart, lest I should grow  
 Too careless of myself. Yonder the town,—  
 You must excuse my absence, for the clock  
 Rounds the small air-balls into leaden weights.

(*Exit Henry.*)

**MARY,** (*alone.*) I breathe, and yet how hardly,—a moment,  
 What a thing am I,—a passing moment,  
 Lifting from the earth my weary heart so sick,  
 O'er-burdened with the grating jar of life,—  
 This youth,—how sleeps the lake, how blue it gleams.  
 (*Chester again enters.*)

**CHES.** Ah! Mary alone,—indeed, has Henry Gray  
 Shot like a rocket in the rayful air?  
 A brilliant youth, at least his eyes are bright.

## SCENE III.

CHESTER AND MARY. — (*Outskirts of Town.*)

MARY. He is a student at the college.

CHES. Mark you, he *is* a student, and knows the trick.

He has a brother too, Vincent, a gay

Free, dashing animal, or so I hear,

But I hate characters at second-hand.

You know they are towns-people; 't is an old,

And comfortable family, I hear.

Pest on't, my brains won't hold much matter now,

I am too old for gossip.

MARY. Has he a sister?

CHES. Who wants that good device? it is a part

Of every comfortable family.

MARY. My father's mansion, will you enter?

CHES. No, Mary, not to-night. (*Mary goes in.*)

(*Chester alone.*) What comes of this,

When two youths come together, but woman

Rarely loves,—a play upon the word, So, So!

As I grow old, I lose all reasoning.

I hunt most nimble shadows, and have grown

A perfect knave for picking out old seams.

(*Enter William Gray.*)

GRAY. Good evening Mr. Chester. I call it evening,  
For I see you walk, and they say here your gait  
Is nightly.

CHES. I have seen Henry now, and Mary came,  
He had not known her,—strange!

GRAY. Mary, the banker's daughter; a girl of promise.

CHES. They are old friends of mine, banker and all.  
I've held him on my arm, and made him quake  
At jingling coppers. He's richer now-a-days.

GRAY. 'T would please me to make more of them.

CHES. I will contrive it. There are times in life,  
When one must hold the cherry to his lips,  
Who faints to pluck a fair maid by the ear.



## ACT II. — SCENE I.

ADELINE AND VINCENT. — (*Mr. Gray's House.*)

VIN. She is a lovely girl.

ADE. And rich as lovely.

VIN. I wish I knew her better.

ADE. One day is not enough, friend Vin., to know  
The mind of woman; many days must go,  
And many thoughts.

VIN. You will assist me, Adeline.

ADE. So far as in me lies,—I know not Mary.

VIN. But the sex is in your favor.

ADE. I know not that.

*(Enter Henry.)*

VIN. You made a good report on botany.

HEN. I'm glad you think so. 'Tis a fair study,  
To spy into the pretty hearts of flowers,  
To read their delicacies, so near to.  
But Vincent, science at the best  
Demands but little justice at my hands,  
It has its masters, has its oracles,  
I am content to gather by the wall,  
Some little flowers that sport a casual life,  
To hover on the wing; who comes?—'Tis Chester.*(Exit Chester.)*CHES. Three friends in charming concert act their part.  
But Henry, I have news for you.

## SCENE II.

CHESTER AND HENRY. — (*Seated in Chester's House.*)

HEN. What is the news, I pray?

CHES. Last night, as I went walking in the wood,  
I practise often in these woodland walks,  
And on some nights I almost pluck the stars  
Like crystal plums from off the tops of trees,—  
But, as I said, I walked far down the wood,  
In that rheumatic kind of greasy gait  
I have accumulated, and I went

Dreaming and dreaming on, almost asleep,  
 If not quite half awake, until I reached  
 The lake's dim corner, where one ragged tree  
 Let in a gush of fuming light. The moon  
 Now being high, and at its full, I saw  
 Upon that little point of land a shape,  
 A fair round shape, like early womanhood,  
 Kneeling upon the ground wept by the dews;  
 And then I heard such dreadful roar of sobs,  
 Such pouring fountains of imagined tears  
 I saw, following those piteous prayers,  
 All under the great placid eye of night.  
 'T was for an old man's eye, for a young heart  
 Had spun it into sighs, and answered back.  
 And now the figure came and passed by me,  
 I had withdrawn among the ghostly shrubs,  
 'T was Mary, — poor Mary! I have seen her smile  
 So many years, and heard her merry lips  
 Say so much malice, that I am amazed  
 She should kneel weeping by the silent lake,  
 After old midnight night-caps all but me.  
 But you are young, what can you make of it?

**HEN.** What can one make of figures? I can see  
 The fair girl weeping by the moonlit lake.

**CHES.** Canst thou not see the woman's agony,  
 Canst thou not feel the thick sobs in thy throat,  
 That swell and gasp, till out your eyes roll tears  
 In miserable circles down your cheeks?

**HEN.** I see a woman weeping by the lake;  
 I see the fair, round moon look gently down,  
 And in the shady woods friend Chester's form,  
 Leaning upon his old, bent maple stick.

**CHES.** What jest ye? Dare you, Henry Gray, to mock  
 A woman's anguish, and her scalding tears,  
 Does Henry Gray say this to his friend Chester,  
 Dares he speak thus, and think that Chester's scorn  
 Will not scoff out such paltry mockeries?

**HEN.** Why how you rage; why Chester, what a flame  
 A few calm words have lighted in thy breast.  
 I mock thee not, I mock no woman's tears,  
 Within my breast there is no mockery.

**CHES.** True, true, it is an old man's whim, a note  
 Of music played upon a broken harp.  
 I fancied you could read this woman's tears,  
 Pest on't, I am insane; I will go lock me up.

[Exit Chester.

**HEN.** (*alone.*) Ye fates, that do possess this upper sphere,

Where Henry's life hangs balanced in its might,  
 Breathe gently o'er this old, fond, doting man,  
 Who seems to cherish me among his thoughts,  
 As if I was the son of his old age,  
 The son of that fine thought so prodigal.  
 O God, put in his heart his thought, and make  
 Him heir to that repose thou metest me.  
 Ye sovereign powers that do control the world,  
 And inner life of man's most intricate heart,  
 Be with the noble Chester ; may his age  
 Yield brighter blossoms than his early years,  
 For he was torn by passion, was so worn,  
 So wearied in the strife of fickle hearts,  
 He shed his precious pearls before the swine.  
 And, God of love, to me render thyself,  
 So that I may more fairly, fully give,  
 To all who move within this ring of sky,  
 Whatever life I draw from thy great power.  
 Still let me see among the woods and streams,  
 The gentle measures of unfaltering trust,  
 And through the autumn rains, the peeping eyes  
 Of the spring's loveliest flowers, and may no guile  
 Embosom one faint thought in its cold arms.  
 So would I live, so die, content in all.

---

 SCENE III.
*Mary's Room. Midnight.*

MARY, (*alone.*) I cannot sleep, my brain is all on fire,  
 I cannot weep, my tears have formed in ice,  
 They lie within these hollow orbs congealed,  
 And flame and ice are quiet, side by side.  
 [*Goes to the window.*]  
 Yes ! there the stars stand gently shining down,  
 The trees wave softly in the midnight air ;  
 How still it is, how sweetly smells the air.  
 O stars, would I could blot you out, and fix  
 Where ye are fixed, my aching eyes ;  
 Ye burn for ever, and are calm as night.  
 I would I were a tree, a stone, a worm ;  
 I would I were some thing that might be crushed ;  
 A pebble by the sea under the waves,  
 A mote of dust within the streaming sun,

Or that some dull remorse would fasten firm  
 Within this rim of bone, this mind's warder.  
 Come, come to me ye hags of secret woe,  
 That hide in the hearts of the adulterous false,  
 Has hell not one pang left for me to feel?  
 I rave; 't is useless, 't is pretended rage;  
 I am as calm as this vast hollow sphere,  
 In which I sit, as in a woman's form.  
 I am no woman, they are merry things,  
 That smile, and laugh, and dream away despair.  
 What am I? 'T is a month, a month has gone,  
 Since I stood by the lake with Henry Gray,  
 A month! a little month, thrice ten short days,  
 And I have lived and looked. Who goes? 't is Chester,  
 I must, — he shall come in.

[*She speaks from the window. Chester enters.*]

**CHES.** You keep late hours, my gentle Mary.

**MARY.** Do not speak so. There is no Mary here.

Hush! (*Holds up her finger.*) I cannot bear your voice;  
 't is agony

To me to hear a voice, my own is dumb.

Say, — thou art an old man, thou hast lived long,

I mark it in thy tottering gait, thy hair,

Thy red, bleared eyes, thy miserable form,

Say, in thy youthful days, — thou art a man,

I know it, but still men are God's creatures, —

Say, tell me, old man Chester, did thine eyes

Ever forget to weep, all closed and dry?

Say, quick, here, here, where the heart beats, didst feel

A weight, as if thy cords of life would snap,

As if the volume of the blood had met,

As if all life in fell conspiracy

Had met to press thy fainting spirit out? —

Say, say, speak quickly; hush! hush! no, not yet,

Thou canst not, thou art Chester's ghost, he's dead,

I saw him, 't was a month ago, in his grave,

Farewell, sweet ghost, farewell, let's bid adieu.

[*Chester goes out, weeping.*]

'T is well that I am visited by spirits.

If 't were not so, I should believe me mad,

But all the mad are poor deluded things,

While I am sound in mind. 'T is one o'clock,

I must undress, for I keep early hours.

## SCENE IV.

*The Wood.* — HENRY AND MURRAY.

- HEN.** I cannot think you mean it ; 't is some dream  
Of your excited fancy. You are easily  
Excited. You saw a nodding aspen,  
For what should Mary's figure here ?
- MUR.** It was her figure, I am persuaded.  
They tell strange tales, they say she has gone mad,  
That something's crazed her brain.
- HEN.** Is that the story ? I have been mad myself.  
Sometimes I feel that madness were a good,  
To be elated in a wondrous trance,  
And pass existence in a buoyant dream ;  
It were a serious learning. I do see  
The figure that you speak of, 't is Mary.
- MUR.** I'll leave you then together. (*Enter Mary.*)
- HEN.** (*To Mary.*) You have the way alone ; I was your guide  
Some weeks ago, to the blue, glimmering lake.  
I trust these scenes greet happily your eyes.
- MARY.** They are most sweet to me ; let us go back  
And trace that path again. I think 't was here  
We turned, where this green sylvan church  
Of pine hems in a meadow and some hills.
- HEN.** Among these pines they find the crow's rough nest,  
A lofty cradle for the dusky brood.
- MARY.** This is the point I think we stood upon.  
I would I knew what mountains rise beyond,  
Hast ever gone there ?
- HEN.** Ah ! ye still, pointing spires of native rock,  
That, in the amphitheatre of God,  
Most proudly mark your duty to the sky,  
Lift, as of old, ye did my heart above.  
Excuse me, maiden, for my hurried thought.  
'T is an old learning of the hills ; the bell !  
Ah ! might the porter sometimes sleep the hour.

[*Exit Henry.*]*The Sun is setting.*

- MARY.** 'T is all revealed, I am no more deceived,  
That voice, that form, the memory of that scene !  
I love thee, love thee, Henry ; I am mad,  
My brain is all on fire, my heart a flame,  
You mountains rest upon my weary mind ;  
The lake lies beating in my broken heart.

That bell that summoned him to the dark cell,  
 Where now in innocence he tells his beads,  
 Shall summon me beyond this weary world.  
 I long to be released; I will not stay,  
 There is no hope, no vow, no prayer, no God,  
 All, all have fled me, for I love, love one,  
 Who cannot love me, and my heart has broke.  
 Ye mountains, where my Henry breathed at peace,  
 Thou lake, on whose calm depths he calmly looked,  
 And setting sun, and winds, and skies, and woods,  
 Protect my weary body from the tomb;  
 As I have lived to look on you with him,  
 O let my thoughts still haunt you as of old,  
 Nor let me taste of heaven, while on the earth,  
 My Henry's form holds its accustomed place.

*[Stabs herself.]*

---

### INTERIOR OR HIDDEN LIFE.\*

PROFESSOR UPHAM, who for about seventeen years has sedulously occupied the chair of moral philosophy at Bowdoin College, in this volume, presents an additional proof of the spontaneous love which entitles him to that office, as well as of his sincere regard for the well being of all mankind. The basis of his work is the position that the human soul, every human being, may be holy. Strange proof of occasional default that men should ever think otherwise!

As might naturally be expected, however, from the author's occupation, his work manifests more precision in style, than most productions on similar subjects in former

---

\* Principles of the Interior or Hidden Life, designed particularly for the consideration of those who are seeking assurance of faith and perfect love. By THOMAS C. UPHAM; Boston: D. S. King; 1843. 12mo. pp. 464.

times, which the professor has evidently read with a feeling even deeper than that of an admiring taste. There is, nevertheless, a gravity and a serene humble tone spread over the whole book, which justifies us in placing it on the same shelf with the works of Madame Guion, Fenelon, and others whom the author ardently loves. Those sentiments, principles, and experiences, which a gay and fretful world is glad to swamp in the deluge of frivolous occupations, the learned professor has endeavored to revive and embody forth in language so simple and plain, that none can fence their selfish idleness behind the usual epithet of "mystic." Scarcely a chapter in the two and forty, into which the work is divided, but might be quoted as proof of the simplest method in which such sentiments can be uttered. We cannot say he has the familiar, household eloquence of William Law, nor has he perhaps drunk from the like depths of the drainless well of spiritual being, but he is undoubtedly always sincere to the revelation within him, and perhaps better calculated than such earlier authors to address his cotemporaries. As a specimen of the style, and as a key to the whole work, which we have not space now to analyse fully, we submit the following extract from the first chapter, entitled "*Some Marks or Traits of the Hidden Life.*"

"There is a modification or form of religious experience which may conveniently, and probably with a considerable degree of propriety, be denominated the Interior or Hidden Life. When a person first becomes distinctly conscious of his sinfulness, and in connection with this experience, exercises faith in Christ as a Saviour from sin, there is no doubt, however feeble these early exercises may be, that he has truly entered upon a new life. But this new life, although it is in its element different from that of the world, is only in its beginning. It embraces undoubtedly the true principle of a restored and renovated existence, which in due time will expand into heights and depths of knowledge and of feeling; but it is now only in a state of incipency, maintaining and oftentimes but feebly maintaining a war with the anterior or natural life, and being nothing more at present than the early rays and dawnings of the brighter day that is coming.

"It is not so with what may conveniently be denominated

the Hidden Life; a form of expression which we employ to indicate a degree of Christian experience, greatly in advance of that, which so often lingers darkly and doubtfully at the threshold of the Christian's career. As the Hidden Life, as we now employ the expression, indicates a greatly advanced state of the religious feeling, resulting in a sacred and intimate union with the the Infinite Mind, we may perhaps regard the Psalmist, who had a large share of this interior experience, as making an indistinct allusion to it, when he says, 'Thou art my HIDING place, and my shield.' And again 'He that dwelleth in the SECRET PLACE of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' Perhaps the Apostle Paul makes some allusion to this more advanced and matured condition of the religious life, when in the Epistle to the Galatians, he says, 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; YET NOT I, BUT CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.' And again, addressing the Colossians, 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth; for ye are dead, and YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.' And does not the Saviour himself sometimes recognise the existence of an Interior or Hidden Life, unknown to the world, and unknown, to a considerable extent, even to many that are denominated Christians, but who are yet in the beginning of their Christian career? 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches. To him that *overcometh* will I give to eat of the HIDDEN MANNA, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which *no man knoweth save he that RECEIVETH it.*'—p. 15.

In this cautious and unassuming way does the author endeavor to introduce the reader to an understanding of that, which cannot indeed be truly understood without experience, but which he devotedly applies his scholastic faculties and facilities to awaken some conception of in the public mind. To the well experienced soul it must appear strange indeed that the question need be put, "Does not the Saviour himself *sometimes* recognise the Interior or Hidden Life?" We would ask, "Does he not *always* recognise it, appeal to it, endeavor to quicken it?" Was it not the peculiar and high revelation he opened to man, that the kingdom of Heaven is within him? Scattered over the heathen world might, more or less obscurely, be



found affirmations of most Christian doctrines; but this fact had never before been declared with such emphasis, clearness, and certitude as by Jesus and his intimate disciples. It is the especial fact which makes Christianity the transcendent religion of this world. From this ground alone could Christ justly denounce priestcraft in the vehement terms familiar to us all, and establish a religion utterly unsectarian or formal, but dwelling only in heart and life.

On the subject of the two degrees of religious experience, which Professor Upham in the above extract endeavors to elucidate, Christ appears to us to have been so strikingly explicit, that it is surprising the mere biblical student should overlook it. He says "You must be born again; of the water, *and* of the Spirit." In this case one term is not to be interpreted into the other. The water-birth and the Spirit-birth are clearly two processes in the human soul, which Swedenborg illustrates by the terms "Spiritual" and "Celestial," and other writers of deep religious experience have under some terms or other endeavored to make them sensible to their fellow pilgrims; a labor however on which little success has yet attended. Books sell and circulate in the world in the ratio of the natures and taste of the people at the time. It is not just at present so easy to find readers on the subject of the Inner Life as of the Outer Life. Frivolous novels are rather more in demand than relations from the ever new. Much that is beautiful, much that is valuable, nay, that very reality which is most needful to human happiness, is for the greater part lost to mankind by the overlooking of this second inward birth; by the supposition that the first, or the birth into intelligence, is all that need succeed to the natural birth in order to human redemption. Truly does our author observe "the life, which we are considering may properly be called a Hidden Life, because its moving principles, its interior and powerful springs of action, are not known to the world."

"The natural man can appreciate the natural man. The man of the world can appreciate the man of the world. And it must be admitted, that he can appreciate, to a considerable extent, numbers of persons, who profess to be Christians, and who are probably to be regarded as such in the ordinary sense of the term, because the natural life

still remains in them in part. There is such a mixture of worldly and religious motives in the ordinary forms of the religious state, such an impregnation of what is gracious with what is natural, that the men of the world can undoubtedly form an approximated, if not a positive estimate of the principles, which regulate the conduct of its possessors. But of the springs of movement in the purified or Hidden Life, except by dark and uncertain conjecture, they know comparatively nothing."—p. 16.

"Again, the Hidden Life has a claim to the descriptive epithet, which we have proposed to apply to it, because, in its results upon individual minds, it is directly the reverse of the life of the world. The natural life seeks notoriety. Desirous of human applause, it aims to clothe itself in purple and fine linen. It covets a position in the market-place and at the corners of the streets. It loves to be called Rabbi. But the life of God in the soul, occupied with a divine companionship, avoids all unnecessary familiarities with men. It pursues a lowly and retired course." "It is willing to be little, to be unhonored, and to be cast out from among men. It has no eye for worldly pomp; no ear for worldly applause. It is formed on the model of the Saviour, who was a man unknown." "It has no essence, but its own spiritual nature, and no true locality but the soul, which it sanctifies."—p. 18.

We must be permitted to use warmer language than the usual phrase, that "this book is a valuable addition to the literature of our country." Professor Upham has a nobler and a sincerer design than that of adding merely another volume to our abundant stores, or of gaining proselytes to some miserable sectarianism, or of building up a personal fame. He pursues his subject, without needless literary display, through its theological and personal windings and accessories, until he discourses on 'the state of union with God,' in language as plain and as suitable to the present state of the public mind, as could characterize the humblest disciples of goodness.

"The state of union with God, when it is the subject of distinct consciousness, constitutes, without being necessarily characterized by revelations or raptures, the soul's spiritual festival, a season of special interior blessedness, a foretaste of Heaven. The mind unaffected by worldly vicissitudes,

and the strifes and oppositions of men, reposes deeply in a state of happy submission and quietude, in accordance with the expression of the epistle to the Hebrews, that those who believe "ENTER INTO REST." So true it is, in the language of Kempis, that "he who comprehendeth all things in His will, and beholdeth all things in His light, hath his *heart fixed*, and abideth in the peace of God." "How can there be otherwise than the peace of God, pure, beautiful, sublime, when consecration is without reserve, and faith is without limit; and especially when self-will, the great evil of our fallen nature, is eradicated. What higher idea can we have of the most advanced Christian experience, than that of entire union with the divine will, by a subjection of the human will? When the will of man, ceasing from its divergencies and its disorderly vibrations, becomes fixed to one point, henceforward immovable, always harmonizing, moment by moment, with God's central and absorbing purposes, then we may certainly say, that the soul, in the language which is sometimes applied to it, and in a modified sense of the terms, has become not only perfected in faith and love, but "united and one with God," and "transformed into the divine nature."—"He, that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit." "And from that moment, in its higher nature, and so far as it is not linked to earth by sympathies, which its God has implanted, and which were smitten and bled even in the case of our Saviour, the soul knows sorrow no more; the pain of its inward anguish is changed into rejoicing; it has passed into the mount of stillness, the Tabor of inward transfiguration, the Temple of unchanging tranquillity."—p. 429.

Such an unusual, we might almost say, as far as the American public is concerned, such an unprecedented appeal, we trust will not be made in vain. Pious narratives, providential adventures, and personal experiences have from time to time found a ready auditory, in this republic; and a reception not less cordial ought to be awarded to the expression of like principles and sentiments uttered in universal terms.

## PINDAR.

Pindar is an empty name to all but Greek scholars. We have no reputation in literature comparable to his, which is so ill supported in English translation. The most diligent and believing student will not find one glance of the Theban eagle in West and his colleagues, who have attempted to clothe the bird with English plumage. Perhaps he is the most untranslatable of poets, and though he was capable of a grand national music, yet did not write sentences, which alone are conveyed without loss into another tongue. Some of our correspondents, who found aid and comfort in Mr. Thoreau's literal prose translations of Anacreon and of Æschylus, have requested him to give versions of the Olympic and Nemæan Odes; and we extract from his manuscripts a series of such passages as contain somewhat detachable and presentable in an English dress.

## SECOND OLYMPIC ODE. — 109.

*Elysium.*

Equally by night always,  
 And by day, having the sun, the good  
 Lead a life without labor, not disturbing the earth  
 With violent hands, nor the sea water,  
 For a scanty living; but honored  
 By the gods, who take pleasure in fidelity to oaths,  
 They spend a tearless existence;  
 While the others suffer unsightly pain.  
 But as many as endured threefold  
 Probation, keeping the mind from all  
 Injustice, go the way of Zeus to Kronos' tower,  
 Where the ocean breezes blow around  
 The island of the Blessed; and flowers of gold shine,  
 Some on the land from dazzling trees,  
 And the water nourishes others;  
 With garlands of these they crown their hands and hair;  
 According to the just decrees of Rhadamanthus;  
 Whom Father Kronos, the husband of Rhea  
 Having the highest throne of all, has ready by himself as  
 his assistant judge.  
 Peleus and Kadmus are regarded among these;  
 And his mother brought Achilles, when she had  
 Persuaded the heart of Zeus with prayers;  
 Who overthrew Hector, Troy's  
 Unconquered, unshaken column, and gave Cycnus  
 To death, and Morning's Æthiop son.

## OLYMPIC V. — 34.

Always around virtues labor and expense strive toward a  
work  
Covered with danger ; but those succeeding seem to be  
wise even to the citizens.

## OLYMPIC VI. — 14.

Dangerless virtues,  
Neither among men, nor in hollow ships,  
Are honorable ; but many remember if a fair deed is done.

## OLYMPIC VII. — 100.

*Origin of Rhodes.*

Ancient sayings of men relate,  
That when Zeus and the Immortals divided earth,  
Rhodes was not yet apparent in the deep sea ;  
But in salt depths the island was hid.  
And Helius \* being absent no one claimed for him his lot ;  
So they left him without any region for his share,  
The pure god. And Zeus was about to make a second  
drawing of lots  
For him warned. But he did not permit him ;  
For he said that within the white sea he had seen a certain  
land springing up from the bottom,  
Capable of feeding many men, and suitable for flocks.  
And straightway He commanded golden-filleted Lachesis  
To stretch forth her hands, and not contradict  
The great oath of the gods, but with the son of Kronos  
Assent, that to the bright air being sent by his nod,  
It should hereafter be his prize. And his words were fully  
performed,  
Meeting with truth. The island sprang from the watery  
Sea ; and the genial Father of penetrating beams,  
Ruler of fire-breathing horses, has it.

## OLYMPIC VIII. — 95.

A man doing fit things  
Forgets Hades.

---

\* The Sun.

## OLYMPIC X. — 59.

*Hercules names the Hill of Kronos.*

He named the Hill of Kronos, for before nameless,  
 While Cenomaus ruled, it was moistened with much snow,  
 And at this first rite the Fates stood by,  
 And Time, who alone proves  
 Unchanging truth.

---

## OLYMPIC X. — 85.

*Olympia at Evening.*

With the javelin Phrastor struck the mark ;  
 And Eniceus cast the stone afar,

---

Whirling his hand, above them all,  
 And with applause it rushed  
 Through a great tumult ;  
 And the lovely evening light  
 Of the fair-faced moon shone on the scene.

---

## OLYMPIC X. — 109.

*Fame.*

When, having done fair things, O Agesidamus,  
 Without the reward of song, a man may come  
 To Hades' rest, vainly aspiring  
 He obtains with toil some short delight.  
 But the sweet-voiced lyre,  
 And the sweet flute, bestow some favor ;  
 For Zeus' Pierian daughters  
 Have wide fame.

---

## THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

*To Asopichus, of Orchomenos, on his Victory in the Stadic Course.*

O ye, who inhabit for your lot the seat of the Cephisian  
 Streams, yielding fair steeds, renowned Graces,  
 Ruling bright Orchomenos,  
 Protectors of the ancient race of Minys,  
 Hear, when I pray.

For with you are all pleasant  
 And sweet things to mortals ;  
 If wise, if fair, if noble,  
 Any man. For neither do the gods,  
 Without the august Graces,  
 Rule the dance,  
 Nor feasts ; but stewards  
 Of all works in heaven,  
 Having placed their seats  
 By golden-bowed Pythian Apollo,  
 They reverence the eternal power  
 Of the Olympian Father ;  
 August Aglaia, and song-loving  
 Euphrosyne, children of the mightiest god,  
 Hear now, and Thalia loving-song,  
 Beholding this band, in favorable fortune  
 Lightly dancing ; for in Lydian  
 Manner meditating,  
 I come celebrating Asopichus,  
 Since Minya by thy means is victor at the Olympic games.  
 Now to Persephone's\*  
 Black-walled house go Echo,  
 Bearing to his father the famous news ;  
 That seeing Cleodamus thou mayest say,  
 That in renowned Pisa's vale  
 His son crowned his young hair  
 With plumes of illustrious contests.

---

FIRST PYTHIAN ODE. — 8.

*To the Lyre.*

Thou extinguishest even the spear-like bolt  
 Of everlasting fire. And the eagle sleeps on the sceptre of  
 Zeus,  
 Drooping his swift wings on either side,  
 The king of birds.

— 25.

Whatever things Zeus has not loved  
 Are terrified, hearing  
 The voice of the Pierians,  
 On earth and the immeasurable sea.

---

PYTH. II. — 159.

A plain-spoken man brings advantage to every government,

---

\* Cleodamus, the father of the hero, was dead.

To a monarchy, and when the  
Impetuous crowd, and when the wise rule a city.

As a whole, the third Pythian Ode, to Hiero, on his victory in the single-horse race, is one of the most memorable. We extract first the account of

*Æsculapius.*

As many therefore as came suffering  
From spontaneous ulcers, or wounded  
In their limbs with glittering steel,  
Or with the far-cast stone,  
Or by the summer's heat o'ercome in body,  
Or by winter, relieving he saved from  
Various ills; some cherishing  
With soothing strains,  
Others having drunk refreshing draughts, or applying  
Remedies to the limbs, others by cutting off he made erect.  
But even wisdom is bound by gain,  
And gold appearing in the hand persuaded even him with  
its bright reward,  
To bring a man from death  
Already overtaken. But the Kronian, smiting  
With both hands, quickly took away  
The breath from his breasts;  
And the rushing thunderbolt hurled him to death.  
It is necessary for mortal minds  
To seek what is reasonable from the divinities,  
Knowing what is before the feet, of what destiny we are.  
Do not, my soul, aspire to the life  
Of the Immortals, but exhaust the practicable means.

In the conclusion of the ode the poet reminds the victor, Hiero, that adversity alternates with prosperity in the life of man, as in the instance of

*Peleus and Cadmus.*

The Immortals distribute to men  
With one good two  
Evils. The foolish therefore  
Are not able to bear these with grace,  
But the wise, turning the fair outside.

But thee the lot of good fortune follows,  
For surely great Destiny



Looks down upon a king ruling the people,  
 If on any man. But a secure life  
 Was not to Peleus, son of Æacus,  
 Nor to godlike Kadmus,  
 Who yet are said to have had  
 The greatest happiness  
 Of mortals, and who heard  
 The song of the golden-filleted Muses,  
 On the mountain, and in seven-gated Thebes,  
 When the one married fair-eyed Harmonia,  
 And the other Thetis, the illustrious daughter of wise-  
 counselling Nereus.  
 And the gods feasted with both;  
 And they saw the royal children of Kronos  
 On golden seats, and received  
 Marriage gifts; and having exchanged  
 Former toils for the favor of Zeus,  
 They made erect the heart.  
 But in course of time  
 His three daughters robbed the one  
 Of some of his serenity by acute  
 Sufferings; when Father Zeus, forsooth, came  
 To the lovely couch of white-armed Thyone.  
 And the other's child, whom only the immortal  
 Thetis bore in Pthia, losing  
 His life in war by arrows,  
 Being consumed by fire excited  
 The lamentation of the Danaans.  
 But if any mortal has in his  
 Mind the way of truth,  
 It is necessary to make the best  
 Of what befalls from the blessed.  
 For various are the blasts  
 Of high-flying winds.  
 The happiness of men stays not a long time,  
 Though fast it follows rushing on.

Humble in humble estate, lofty in lofty,  
 I will be; and the attending dæmon  
 I will always reverence in my mind,  
 Serving according to my means.  
 But if Heaven extend to me kind wealth,  
 I have hope to find lofty fame hereafter.  
 Nestor and Lycian Sarpedon —  
 They are the fame of men —  
 From resounding words which skilful artists  
 Sung, we know.

For virtue through renowned  
 Song is lasting. ἄσπαστος  
 But for few is it easy to obtain.

---

PYTH. IV. — 59.

*Origin of Thera,*

Whence, in after times, Libyan Cyrene was settled by Battus. Triton, in the form of Eurypylus, presents a clod to Euphemus, one of the Argonauts, as they are about to return home.

He knew of our haste,  
 And immediately snatching a clod  
 With his right hand, strove to give it  
 As a chance stranger's gift.  
 Nor did the hero disregard him, but leaping upon the shore,  
 Stretching hand to hand,  
 Received the mystic clod.  
 But I hear it sinking from the deck,  
 Go with the sea brine  
 At evening, accompanying the watery sea.  
 Often indeed I urged the careless  
 Menials to guard it, but their minds forgot.  
 And now in this island the imperishable seed of spacious  
 Libya  
 Is spilled before its hour.

---

PYTH. V. — 87.

*Apollo.*

He bestowed the lyre,  
 And he gives the muse to whom he wishes,  
 Bringing peaceful serenity to the breast.

---

PYTH. VIII. — 136.

*Man.*

(Σκιάς ἕναρ ἄνθρωποι.) The phantom of a shadow are men.  
 VOL. IV. — NO. III. 49

## PYTH. IX. — 31.

*Hypseus' Daughter Cyrene.*

He reared the white-armed child Cyrene,  
 Who loved neither the alternating motion of the loom,  
 Nor the superintendence of feasts,  
 With the pleasures of companions ;  
 But with javelins of steel,  
 And the sword, contending,  
 To slay wild beasts ;  
 Affording surely much  
 And tranquil peace to her father's herds ;  
 Spending little sleep  
 Upon her eye-lids,  
 As her sweet bed-fellow, creeping on at dawn.

## PYTH. X. — 33.

*The Height of Glory.*

Fortunate and celebrated  
 By the wise is that man,  
 Who conquering by his hands, or virtue  
 Of his feet, takes the highest prizes  
 Through daring and strength,  
 And living still sees his youthful son  
 Deservedly obtaining Pythian crowns.  
 The brazen heaven is not yet accessible to him.  
 But whatever glory we  
 Of mortal race may reach,  
 He goes beyond, even to the boundaries  
 Of navigation. But neither in ships, nor going on foot,  
 Couldst thou find the wonderful way to the contests of the  
 Hyperboreans.

## THIRD NEMEAN ODE. — 32.

*To Aristoclide, Victor at the Nemean Games.*

If, being beautiful,  
 And doing things like to his form,  
 The child of Aristophanes  
 Went to the height of manliness ; no further  
 Is it easy to go over the untravelled sea,  
 Beyond the pillars of Hercules.

## NEM. III. — 69.

*The Youth of Achilles.*

One with native virtues  
Greatly prevails; but he who  
Possesses acquired talents, an obscure man,  
Aspiring to various things, never with fearless  
Foot advances, but tries  
A myriad virtues with inefficient mind.

Yellow-haired Achilles, meanwhile, remaining in the house  
of Philyra,  
Being a boy played  
Great deeds; often brandishing  
Iron-pointed javelins in his hands,  
Swift as the winds, in fight he wrought death to savage  
lions;  
And he slew boars, and brought their bodies  
Palpitating to Kronian Centaurus,  
As soon as six years old. And all the while  
Artemis and bold Athene admired him,  
Slaying stags without dogs or treacherous nets;  
For he conquered them on foot.

## NEM. IV. — 66.

Whatever virtues sovereign destiny has given me,  
I well know that time creeping on  
Will fulfil what was fated.

## NEM. V. — I.

The kindred of Pytheas, a victor in the Nemean games, had wished to procure an ode from Pindar for less than three drachmæ, asserting that they could purchase a statue for that sum. In the following lines he nobly reproves their meanness, and asserts the value of his labors, which, unlike those of the statuary, will bear the fame of the hero to the ends of the earth.

No image-maker am I, who being still make statues  
Standing on the same base. But on every  
Merchant-ship, and in every boat, sweet song,  
Go from Ægina to announce that Lampo's son,  
Mighty Pytheas,  
Has conquered the pancratic crown at the Nemean games.

## NEM. VI. — 1.

*The Divine in Man.*

One the race of men and of gods ;  
 And from one mother  
 We all breathe.  
 But quite different power  
 Divides us, so that the one is nothing,  
 But the brazen heaven remains always  
 A secure abode. Yet in some respect we are related,  
 Either in mighty mind or form, to the Immortals ;  
 Although not knowing  
 To what resting place  
 By day or night, Fate has written that we shall run.

## NEM. VIII. — 44.

*The Treatment of Ajax.*

In secret votes the Danaans aided Ulysses ;  
 And Ajax, deprived of golden arms, struggled with death.  
 Surely, wounds of another kind they wrought  
 In the warm flesh of their foes, waging war  
 With the man-defending spear.

## NEM. VIII. — 68.

*The Value of Friends.*

Virtue increases, being sustained by wise men and just,  
 As when a tree shoots up with gentle dew into the liquid  
 air.  
 There are various uses of friendly men ;  
 But chiefest in labors ; and even pleasure  
 Requires to place some pledge before the eyes.

## NEM. IX. — 41.

*Death of Amphiaraus.*

Once they led to seven-gated Thebes an army of men, not  
 according  
 To the lucky flight of birds. Nor did the Kronian,

Brandishing his lightning, impel to march  
 From home insane, but to abstain from the way.  
 But to apparent destruction  
 The host made haste to go, with brazen arms  
 And horse equipments, and on the banks  
 Of Ismenus, defending sweet return,  
 Their white-flowered bodies fattened fire.  
 For seven pyres devoured young-limbed  
 Men. But to Amphiaras  
 Zeus rent the deep-bosomed earth  
 With his mighty thunder-bolt,  
 And buried him with his horses,  
 Ere being struck in the back  
 By the spear of Periclymenus, his warlike  
 Spirit was disgraced.  
 For in dæmonic fears  
 Flee even the sons of gods.

---

MEM. I. — 153.

*Castor and Pollux.*

Pollux, son of Zeus, shared his immortality with his brother Castor, son of Tyndarus, and while one was in heaven, the other remained in the infernal regions, and they alternately lived and died every day, or, as some say, every six months. While Castor lies mortally wounded by Idas, Pollux prays to Zeus, either to restore his brother to life, or permit him to die with him, to which the god answers,

Nevertheless, I give thee  
 Thy choice of these; if indeed fleeing  
 Death and odious age,  
 You wish to dwell on Olympus,  
 With Athene and black-speared Mars;  
 Thou hast this lot.  
 But if thou thinkest to fight  
 For thy brother, and share  
 All things with him,  
 Half the time thou mayest breathe, being beneath the earth,  
 And half in the golden halls of heaven.  
 The god thus having spoken, he did not  
 Entertain a double wish in his mind.

And he released first the eye, and then the voice,  
Of brazen-mitred Castor.

---

FIRST ISTHMIAN ODE. — 65.

*Toil.*

One reward of labors is sweet to one man, one to another,  
To the shepherd, and the plougher, and the bird-catcher,  
And whom the sea nourishes.  
But every one is tasked to ward off  
Grievous famine from the stomach.

---

ISTH. II. — 9.

*The Venality of the Muse.*

Then the Muse was not  
Fond of gain, nor a laboring woman ;  
Nor were the sweet-sounding  
Soothing strains  
Of 'Terpsichore, sold,  
With silvered front.  
But now she directs to observe the saying  
Of the Argive, coming very near the truth,  
Who cried, " Money, money, man,"  
Being bereft of property and friends.

---

ISTH. VI. — 62.

*Hercules' Prayer concerning Ajax, son of Telamon.*

If ever, O father Zeus, thou hast heard  
My supplication with willing mind,  
Now I beseech thee with prophetic  
Prayer, grant a bold son from Eribœa  
To this man my fated guest ;  
Rugged in body  
As the hide of this wild beast  
Which now surrounds me, which, first of all  
My contests, I slew once in Nemea, and let his mind agree.  
To him thus having spoken, Heaven sent  
A great eagle, king of birds,  
And sweet joy thrilled him inwardly.

## THE PREACHING OF BUDDHA.

The following fragments are extracts from one of the religious books of the Buddhists of Nepal, entitled the

### "WHITE LOTUS OF THE GOOD LAW."

THE original work, which is written in Sanscrit, makes part of the numerous collection of Buddhist books, discovered by M. Hodgson, the English resident at the Court of Katmandou, and sent by him to the Asiatic Society of Paris. M. Burnouf examined, some years since, this collection, which includes a great part of the canonical books of the Buddhists, and of which translations are found in all the nations which are Buddhists, (the people of Thibet, China, and the Moguls.) The book, from which the following extracts are taken, is one of the most venerated, by all the nations which worship Buddha, and shows very clearly the method followed by the Sage who bears this name. The work is in prose and verse. The versified part is only the reproduction in a metrical rather than a poetical form of the part written in prose. We prefix an extract from the article of M. Eugene Burnouf, on the *origin* of Buddhism.

"The privileged caste of the Brahmins reserved to itself the exclusive monopoly of science and of religion; their morals were relaxed; ignorance, cupidity, and the crimes which it induces, had already deeply changed the ancient society described in the Laws of Menu. In the midst of these disorders, (about six centuries before Christ.) in the north of Bengal, a young Prince born into the military caste, renounced the throne, became a *religious*, and took the name of Buddha. His doctrine, which was more moral than metaphysical, at least in its principle, reposed on an opinion admitted as a fact, and upon a hope presented as a certainty. This opinion is, that the visible world is in a perpetual change; that death proceeds to life, and life to death; that man, like all the living beings who surround him, revolves in the eternally moving circle of transmigration; that he passes successively through all the forms of life, from the most elementary up to the most perfect; that the place, which he occupies in the vast scale of living beings, depends on the merit of the actions which he performs in this world, and that thus the virtuous man ought, after this life, to be born again with a divine body, and the guilty with a body accursed; that the rewards of heaven and the pains of hell, like all which this world contains, have only a limited duration; that time exhausts the merit of virtuous actions, and effaces the evil of bad ones; and that the fatal law of change brings back to the earth both the god and the devil, to put both again on trial, and cause them to run a new course of transmigration. The hope, which the Buddha came to bring to men, was the possibility of escaping from the law of transmigration by entering that which he calls enfranchisement; that is to say, according to one of the oldest schools, the annihilation of the thinking principle as well as of the material principle. That annihilation was not entire until death; but he who was destined to attain to it, possessed during his life an unlimited science, which gave him the pure view of the world as it is, that is, the knowledge of the physical and intellectual laws, and the practice of the six transcendent perfections, of alms, of morality, of science, of energy, of patience, and of charity. The authority, on which the votary rested his teaching, was wholly personal; it was formed of two



elements, one real, the other ideal. The one was regularity and sanctity of conduct, of which chastity and patience formed the principal traits. The second was the pretension that he had to be Buddha, that is, illuminated, and as such, to possess a supernatural power and science. With his power he resisted the attacks of vice; with his science he represented to himself, under a clear and complete form, the past and the future. Hence he could recount all which he had done in his former existences, and he affirmed thus, that an incalculable number of beings had already attained, like himself, by the practice of the same virtues, to the dignity of Buddha. He offered himself, in short, to men as their Saviour, and he promised them that his death should not destroy his doctrine, but that this doctrine should endure after him for many ages, and that when its salutary action should have ceased, there would appear to the world a new Buddha, whom he would announce by his own name; and the legends say that before descending on earth, he had been consecrated in Heaven in the quality of the future Buddha.

The philosophic opinion, by which he justified his mission, was shared by all classes, Brahmins, warriors, farmers, merchants, all believed equally in the fatality of transmigration, in the retribution of rewards and pains, in the necessity of escaping in a decisive manner the perpetually changing condition of a merely relative existence. He believed in the truths admitted by the Brahmins. His disciples lived like them, and like them imposed stern penances, bending under that ancient sentence of reprobation fulminated against the body by oriental asceticism. It does not appear that Buddha laid any claim himself to miraculous power. In fact, in one of his discourses, occur these remarkable words. A king urged him to confound his adversaries by the exhibition of that superhuman force, which is made to reduce incredulity to silence: "O king!" replied the Buddha, "I do not teach the law to my disciples by saying to them, Go work miracles before the Brahmins and the masters of houses whom you meet, but I teach them in this wise, Live, O holy one, by concealing your good works, and by exposing your sins." This profound humility, this entire renunciation is the characteristic trait of primitive Buddhism, and was one of the most powerful instruments of its success with the people."

THE Tathâgata\* is equal and not unequal towards all beings, when it is the question to convert them: "He is, O Kaçyapa,† as the rays of the sun and moon, which shine alike upon the virtuous and the wicked, the high and the low; on those who have a good odor, and those who have a bad; on all these the rays fall equally and not unequally at one and the same time. So, O Kaçyapa, the rays of intelligence, endowed with the knowledge of omnipotence, make the Tathâgatas venerable. Complete instruction in the good law is equally necessary for all beings, for those who have

---

\* Tathâgata means, he who has come like Anterior Buddha, and is synonymous with Buddha.

† Kaçyapa was of the Brahminical caste, one of the first disciples of Buddha.

entered into the five roads of existence, for those, who according to their inclination have taken the great vehicle, or the vehicle of Pratyekā-Buddha,\* or that of the auditors. And there is neither diminution or augmentation of absolute wisdom in such or such a Tathāgata. On the contrary, all equally exist, and are equally born to unite science and virtue. There are not, O Kaçyapa three vehicles; there are only beings who act differently from each other; it is on account of that we discriminate three vehicles.'

This said, the respectable Kāçyapa spoke thus to Bhagavat: † "If there are not, O Bhagavat! three different vehicles, why employ in the present world the distinct denominations of Auditors, Pratyēkabuddhas and Bodhisattvas?" ‡ This said, Bhagavat spoke thus to the respectable Kaçyapa: "It is, O Kaçyapa, as when a potter makes different pots of the same clay. Some become vases to contain molasses, others are for clarified butter, others for milk, others for curds, others inferior and impure vases. The variety does not belong to the clay, it is only the difference of the substance that we put in them, whence comes the diversity of the vases. So there is really only one vehicle, which is the vehicle of Buddha; there is no second, no third vehicle." This said, the respectable Kaçyapa spoke thus to Bhagavat: "If beings, arising from this union of three worlds, have different inclinations, is there for them a single annihilation, or two, or three?" Bhagavat said, "Annihilation, O Kaçyapa, results from the comprehension of the equality of all laws; there is only one, and not two or three. Therefore, O Kaçyapa, I will propose to thee a parable; for penetrating men know through parables the sense of what is said."

---

\* Pratyeka-Buddhas is a kind of selfish Buddha, who possesses science without endeavoring to spread it, for the sake of saving others. The *great vehicle*, is a figurative expression, designating the state of Buddha, which is the first of the three means that the Buddhist doctrine furnishes to man, whereby to escape the conditions of actual existence.

† Bhagavat means he who is perfect in virtue and happiness, and is the most honorary title applied to Buddha.

‡ The Bodhisattva is a potential Buddha, a Buddha not yet completely developed, but sure of being so, when he shall have finished his *last* mortal existence.

“It is as if, O Kaśyapa, a man born blind should say, ‘there are no forms, of which some have beautiful and some ugly colors; no spectators of these different forms; there is no sun, nor moon, nor constellations, nor stars; and no spectators who see stars.’ And when other men reply to the man born blind, there are diversities of color and spectators of these diverse colors; there is a sun and a moon, and constellations and stars, and spectators who see the stars, the man born blind believes them not, and wishes to have no relations with them. Then there comes a physician who knows all maladies; he looks on this man born blind, and this reflection comes into his mind: it is for the guilty conduct of this man in an anterior life, that he is born blind. All the maladies which appear in this world, whatever they are, are in four classes; those produced by wind, those produced by bile, those produced by phlegm, and those which come by the morbid state of the three principles united. This physician reflected much upon the means of curing this malady, and this reflection came into his mind: the substances which are in use here, are not capable of destroying this evil; but there exist in Himavat, king of mountains, four medicinal plants, and what are they? The first is named *that which possesses all savors and all colors*; the second, *that which delivers from all maladies*; the third, *that which neutralizes all poisons*; the fourth, *that which procures well-being in whatsoever situation it may be*. These are the four medicinal plants. Then the physician, feeling touched with compassion for the man born blind, thought on the means of going to Himavat, king of mountains, and having gone thither, he mounted to the summit, he descended into the valley, he traversed the mountain in his search, and having sought he discovered these four medicinal plants, and having discovered them, he gave them to the blind man to take, one after having masticated it with the teeth, another after having pounded it, this after having cooked it with other substances, that after mingling it with other raw substances, another by introducing it into a given part of the body with a needle, another after having consumed it in the fire, the last, after having employed it, mingled with other substances as food or as drink.

Then the man born blind, in consequence of having em-

ployed these means, recovered his sight, and having recovered it, he looked above, below, far and near; he saw the rays of the sun, and moon, the constellations, the stars, and all forms; and thus he spoke: "Certainly I was a fool in that I never would believe those who saw and reported to me these things. Now I see every thing, I am delivered from my blindness; I have recovered sight, and there is no one in the world who is in any thing above me."

But at this moment the Sages endowed with the five kinds of supernatural knowledge present themselves; these Sages who have divine sight, divine hearing, knowledge of the thoughts of others, the memory of their anterior existences, and of a supernatural power, speak thus to this man: "Thou hast only recovered sight, O man, and still thou knowest nothing. Whence comes then this pride? Thou hast not wisdom and thou art not instructed." Then they speak to him thus: "When thou art seated in the interiors of thy house, O man, thou seest not, thou knowest not other forms which are without; thou distinguishest not in beings whether their thoughts are benevolent or hostile to thee; thou perceivest not, thou understandest not at the distance of five yôdjanas the sound of the conch, of the tambour, and of the human voice; thou canst not transport thyself even to the distance of a kroca, without making use of thy feet; thou hast been engendered and developed in the body of thy mother, and thou dost not even remember that. How then art thou learned, and how knowest thou everything, and how canst thou say, I see everything? Know, O man, that that which is clearness is obscurity; know also that that which is obscurity is clearness."

Then this man speaks thus to the Sages: What means must I employ, or what good work must I do to acquire an equal wisdom? I can by your favor obtain these qualities. Then these Sages say thus to the man: If thou desirest wisdom, contemplate the law, seated in the desert, or in the forest, or in the caverns of the mountains, and free thyself from the corruption of evil. Then, endowed with purified qualities, thou shalt obtain supernatural knowledge. Then this man, following this counsel, entering into the religious life, living in the desert, his thought fixed upon a single object, was freed from that of the world, and

acquired these five kinds of supernatural knowledge ; and having acquired them, he reflected thus ; The conduct which I pursued before, put me in possession of no law, and of no quality. Now, on the contrary, I go wherever my thought goes ; before I had only little wisdom, little judgment, I was blind.

Behold, O Kâçyapa ! the parable that I would propose to thee to make thee comprehend the sense of my discourse. See now what is in it. The man blind from his birth, O Kâçyapa ! designates those beings who are shut up in the revolution of the world, into which is entrance by five roads ; they are those who know not the excellent law, and who accumulate upon themselves the obscurity and the thick darkness of the corruption of evil. They are blinded by ignorance, and in this state of blindness they collect the conceptions, under the name and the form which are the effect of the conceptions, until at last there takes place the production of what is a great mass of miseries.\* Thus are blind beings shut up by ignorance in the revolution of the world.

But the Tathâgata, who is placed beyond the union of the three worlds, feeling compassion for them, moved with pity, as is a father for his only beloved son, having descended into the union of the three worlds, contemplates beings revolving in the circle of transmigration, and beings who know not the true means of escaping from the world. Then Bhagavat looked on them with the eyes of wisdom, and having seen them, he knew them. "These beings," said he, "after having accomplished, in the first place, the principle of virtue, have feeble hatreds and vivid attachments, or feeble attachments and vivid hatreds and errors. Some have little intelligence ; others are wise ; these have come to maturity and are pure ; those follow false doctrines. Bhagavat, by employing the means he has at his disposal, teaches these beings three vehicles. Then the Bôdhisattvas, like the sages endowed with the five kinds of supernatural knowledge, and who have perfectly clear sight, the Bôdhisattvas, I say, having conceived the thought of the

---

\* The French translator from the Sanscrit, says,—in an explanation of this obscure passage,—See "L'Histoire du Bouddhisme indien," par M. Burnouf.

state of Buddha, having acquired a miraculous patience, in the law, are raised to the supreme state of Buddha, perfectly developed. In this comparison, the Tathagata must be regarded as a great physician; and all beings must be regarded as blinded by error, like the man born blind. Affection, hatred, error, and the sixty-two false doctrines are wind, bile, phlegm. The four medicinal plants are these four truths; namely, the state of void, the absence of a cause, the absence of an object, and the entrance into annihilation. And as, according to the different substances that we employ, we cure different maladies, so, according as beings represent the state of void, the absence of a cause, the absence of an object, and the entrance into exemption, they arrest the action of ignorance; from the annihilation of ignorance comes that of the conceptions, until at last comes the annihilation of that which is only a great mass of evils. Then the thought of man is neither in virtue nor in sin.

The man who makes use of the vehicle of the auditors or the Pratyekabuddhas must be regarded as the blind man who recovers sight. He breaks the chain of the miseries of transmigration; disembarrassed from the chains of these miseries, he is delivered from the union of the three worlds which are entered by five ways. This is why he who makes use of the vehicle of the auditors knows what follows, and pronounces these words, — there are no more laws henceforth to be known by a Buddha perfectly developed; I have attained annihilation! But Bhagavat shows to him the law. How, said he, shall not he who has obtained all the laws attain annihilation? Then Bhagavat introduces him into the state of Buddha. Having conceived the thought of this state, the auditor is no longer in the revolution of the world, and he has not yet attained annihilation. Forming to himself an exact idea of the reunion of the three worlds, he sees the world void in the ten points of space, like a magical apparition, an illusion, like a dream, a mirage, an echo. He sees all laws, those of the cessation of birth, as well as those which are contrary to annihilation; those of deliverance, as well as those contrary to exemption; those which do not belong to darkness and obscurity, as well as those which are contrary to clearness. He who thus sees into profound laws, he

sees, like the blind man, the differing thoughts and dispositions of all the beings who make up the reunion of the three worlds.

I who am the king of law, I who am born in the world, and who govern existence, I explain the law to creatures, after having recognized their inclinations. Great heroes, whose intelligence is firm, preserve for a long time my word; they guard also my secret, and do not reveal it to creatures. Indeed, from the moment that the ignorant hear this science so difficult to comprehend, immediately conceiving doubts in their madness, they will fall from it, and fall into error. I proportion my language to the subject and the strength of each; and I correct a doctrine by a contrary explication. It is, O Kâçyapa, as if a cloud, raising itself above the universe, covered it entirely, hiding all the earth. Full of water, surrounded with a garland of lightning, this great cloud, which resounds with the noise of thunder, spreads joy over all creatures. Arresting the rays of the sun, refreshing the sphere of the world, descending so near the earth as to be touched with the hand, it pours out water on every side. Spreading in an uniform manner an immense mass of water, and resplendent with the lightnings which escape from its sides, it makes the earth rejoice. And the medicinal plants which have burst from the surface of this earth, the herbs, the bushes, the kings of the forest, little and great trees; the different seeds, and every thing which makes verdure; all the vegetables which are found in the mountains, in the caverns, and in the groves; the herbs, the bushes, the trees, this cloud fills them with joy, it spreads joy upon the dry earth, and it moistens the medicinal plants; and this homogeneous water of the cloud, the herbs and the bushes pump up, every one according to its force and its object. And the different kinds of trees, the great as well as the small, and the middle-sized trees, all drink this water, each one according to its age and its strength; they drink it and grow, each one according to its need. Absorbing the water of the cloud by their trunks, their twigs, their bark, their branches, their boughs, their leaves, the great medicinal plants put forth flowers and fruits. Each one according to its strength, according to its destination, and conformably to the nature of the germ whence it

springs, produces a distinct fruit, and nevertheless there is one homogeneous water like that which fell from the cloud. So, O Kâçyapa, the Buddha comes into the world, like a cloud which covers the universe, and hardly is the chief of the world born, than he speaks and teaches the true doctrine to creatures.

And thus, says the great sage, honored in the world, in union with gods. I am Tathagata, the conqueror, the best of men; I have appeared in the world like a cloud. I will overflow with joy all beings whose limbs are dry, and who are attached to the triple condition of existence. I will establish in happiness those who are consumed with pain, and give to them pleasures and annihilation. — Listen to me, oh ye troops of gods and men! Approach and look upon me. I am Tathagata the blessed, the being without a superior, who is born here in the world to save it. And I preach to thousands of millions of living beings the pure and very beautiful law; its nature is one and homogeneous; it is deliverance and annihilation. — With one and the same voice I explain the law, taking incessantly for my subject the state of Buddha, for this law is uniform; inequality has no place in it, no more than affection or hatred.

You may be converted; there is never in me any preference or aversion for any, whosoever he may be. It is the same law that I explain to all beings, the same for one as for another.

Exclusively occupied with this work, I explain the law; whether I rest, or remain standing, whether I lie upon my bed or am seated upon my seat, I never experience fatigue. I fill the whole universe with joy, like a cloud which pours everywhere a homogeneous water, always equally well disposed towards respectable men, as towards the lowest, towards virtuous men as towards the wicked; towards abandoned men as towards those who have conducted most regularly; towards those who follow heterodox doctrines and false opinions, as towards those whose doctrines are sound and perfect.

Finally, I explain to little as well as to great minds, and to those whose organs have a supernatural power; inaccessible to fatigue, I spread everywhere, in a suitable manner, the rain of the law.

After having heard my voice, according to the measure



of their strength, beings are established in different situations, among the gods, among men, in beautiful bodies, among the Cakras, the Brahmas, and the T'chakravartins.

Listen. I am going to explain to you what the humble and small plants are, which are found in the world ; what the plants of middle size are ; and what the trees of a great height. Those men who live with a knowledge of the law exempt from imperfections, who have obtained annihilation, who have the six kinds of supernatural knowledge, and the three sciences, these men are named the small plants. The men who live in the caverns of the mountains, and who aspire to the state of Pratyekâbuddha, men whose minds are half purified, are the plants of middle size. Those who solicit the rank of heroes, saying, I will be a Buddha, I will be the chief of gods and men, and who cultivate energy and contemplation, these are the most elevated plants. And the sons of Buddha, who quietly, and full of reserve, cultivate charity, and conceive no doubt concerning the rank of heroes among men, these are named trees. Those who turn the wheel and look not backward, the strong men who possess the power of supernatural faculties, and who deliver millions of living beings, these are named great trees.

It is, however, one and the same law which is preached by the conqueror, even as it is one homogeneous water which is poured out by the cloud, those men who possess, as I have just said, the different faculties, are as the different plants which burst from the surface of the earth.

Thou mayst know by this example and this explanation the means of which Tathagata makes use ; thou knowest how he preaches a single law, whose different developments resemble drops of rain. As to me, I will pour out the rain of the law, and the whole world shall be filled with satisfaction, and men shall meditate, each one according to his strength upon this homogeneous law which I explain. So that while the rain falls, the herbs and the bushes, as well as the plants of middle size, the trees of all sizes, shall shine in the ten points of space.

This instruction, which exists always for the happiness of the world, gives joy by different laws to the whole universe ; the whole world is overflowed with joy as plants are covered with flowers. The plants of middle size, which

grow upon the earth, and the venerable sages, who are firm in the destruction of faults, and running over immense forests, show the well-taught law to the Bodhisattvas. The numerous Bodhisattvas, endowed with memory and fortitude, who having an exact idea of the three worlds, seeking the supreme state of Buddha, eminently grow like the trees. Those who possess supernatural faculties, and the four contemplations, who having heard of void, experience joy therein, and who emit from their bodies millions of rays, are called great trees.

This teaching of the law, O Kâçyapa, is like the water which the cloud pours out over all, and by whose action the great plants produce in abundance mortal flowers. I explain the law which is the cause of itself; I tried, in its time, the state of Buddha, which belongs to the great sage; behold my skilfulness in the use of means; it is that of all the guides of the world.

What I have said is the supreme truth; may my auditors arrive at complete annihilation; may they follow the excellent way which conducts to the state of Buddha; may all the auditors, who hear me, become Buddhas.

---

### EROS.

THE sense of the world is short,  
 Long and various the report, —  
 To love and be beloved; —  
 Men and gods have not outlearned it,  
 And how oft so e'er they've turned it,  
 Tis not to be improved.

## ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

[We subjoin a few extracts from the old English translation (by *Doctor Everard*, London, 1650,) of the *Divine Pyramander* of *Hermes Trismegistus*. The books ascribed to *Hermes* are thought to have been written, or at least interpolated, by the new Platonists in the third or fourth century of our era. *Dr. Cudworth* (*Intellectual System*, Vol. II. p. 142, Lond. 1820,) thinks them to be for the most part genuine remains of the ancient Egyptian theology, and to have been translated by *Apuleius*. The book deserves, on account of the purity and depth of its religious philosophy, an honorable place among ethical writings.]

Good is voluntary or of its own accord; Evil is involuntary or against its will.

The Gods choose good things as good things.

Nothing in heaven is servanted; nothing upon earth is free. Nothing is unknown in heaven, nothing is known upon earth. The things upon earth communicate not with those in heaven. Things on earth do not advantage those in heaven; but all things in heaven do profit and advantage the things upon earth.

Providence is Divine Order.

What is God and the Father and the Good, but the Being of all things that yet are not, and the existence itself of those things that are?

The sight of good is not like the beams of the sun, which being of a fiery shining brightness maketh the eye, blind by his excessive light; rather the contrary, for it enlighteneth and so much increaseth the power of the eye, as any man is able to receive the influence of this intelligible clearness. For it is more swift and sharp to pierce, and harmless withal, and full of immortality, and they that are capable, and can draw any store of this spectacle and sight, do many times fall asleep from the body into this most fair and beauteous vision; which things *Celius* and *Saturn* our Progenitors attained unto.

For the knowledge of it is a divine silence, and the rest of all the senses. For neither can he that understands that, understand anything else; nor he that sees that, see anything else, nor hear any other thing, nor move the body. For, shining steadfastly on and round about the whole mind, it enlighteneth all the soul, and loosing it from the bodily senses and motions, it draweth it from the body, and changeth it wholly into the essence

of God. For it is possible for the soul, O Son, to be deified while yet it lodgeth in the body of man, if it contemplates the beauty of the Good.

He who can be truly called man is a divine living thing, and is not to be compared to any brute man that lives upon earth, but to them that are above in heaven, that are called Gods. Rather, if we shall be bold to speak the truth, he that is a man indeed, is above them, or at least they are equal in power, one to the other. For none of the things in heaven will come down upon earth, and leave the limits of heaven, but a man ascends up into heaven, and measures it. And he knoweth what things are on high, and what below, and learneth all other things exactly. And that which is the greatest of all, he leaveth not the earth, and yet is above: so great is the greatness of his nature. Wherefore we must be bold to say, that an earthly man is a mortal God, and that the heavenly God is an immortal man.

---

ASCRPTION.

Who can bless thee, or give thanks for thee or to thee?

When shall I praise thee, O Father; for it is neither possible to comprehend thy hour, nor thy time?

Wherefore shall I praise thee, — as being something of myself, or having anything of mine own, or rather as being another's?

For thou art what I am, thou art what I do, thou art what I say.

Thou art all things, and there is nothing which thou art not.

Thou art thou, all that is made, and all that is not made.

The mind that understandeth;

The Father that maketh;

The Good that worketh;

The Good that doth all things. Of matter the most subtle and slender part is air; of the air, the soul; of the soul, the mind; of the mind, God.

By me the truth sings praise to the truth, the good praiseth the good.

O All! receive a reasonable sacrifice from all things.

Thou art God, thy man cryeth these things unto thee,

by the fire, by the air, by the earth, by the water, by the spirit, by thy Creatures.

---

FROM THE GULISTAN OF SAADI.

Take heed that the orphan weep not ; for the Throne of the Almighty is shaken to and fro, when the orphan sets a-crying.

The Dervish in his prayer is saying, O God ! have compassion on the wicked, for thou hast given all things to the good in making them good.

Any foe whom you treat courteously will become a friend, excepting lust ; which, the more civilly you use it, will grow the more perverse.

Ardishir Babagan asked an Arabian physician, what quantity of food ought to be eaten daily. He replied, Thirteen ounces. The king said, What strength can a man derive from so small a quantity ? The physician replied, so much can support you, but in whatever you exceed that, you must support it.

If conserve of roses be frequently eaten, it will cause a surfeit, whereas a crust of bread eaten after a long interval will relish like conserve of roses.

Saadi was troubled when his feet were bare, and he had not wherewithal to buy shoes ; but "soon after meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of Providence to me, and submitted cheerfully to the want of shoes."

Saadi found in a mosque at Damascus an old Persian of an hundred and fifty years, who was dying, and was saying to himself, "I said, I will enjoy myself for a few moments ; alas ! that my soul took the path of departure ; alas ! at the variegated table of life I partook a few mouthfuls, and the fates cried, Enough !"

I heard of a Dervish who was consuming in the flame of want, tacking patch after patch upon his ragged garment, and solacing his mind with verses of poetry. Somebody observed to him, Why do you sit quiet, while a certain gentleman of this city has girt up his loins in the service of the religious independents, and seated himself by the door of their hearts ? He would esteem himself obliged by an opportunity of relieving your distress. He said, Be silent, for I swear by Allah, it were equal to the torments of hell to enter into Paradise through the interest of a neighbor.

## THE TIMES.

A FRAGMENT.

Give me truths,  
For I am weary of the surfaces,  
And die of inanition. If I knew  
Only the herbs and simples of the wood,  
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and agrimony,  
Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras,  
Milkweeds, and murky brakes, quaint pipes, and sundew,  
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods  
Draw untold juices from the common earth,  
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell  
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply  
By sweet affinities to human flesh,  
Driving the foe and stablishing the friend, —  
O that were much, and I could be a part  
Of the round day, related to the sun  
And planted world, and full executor  
Of their imperfect functions.  
But these young scholars who invade our hills,  
Bold as the engineer who fells the wood,  
And travelling often in the cut he makes,  
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,  
And all their botany is Latin names.  
The old men studied magic in the flowers,  
And human fortunes in astronomy,  
And an omnipotence in chemistry,  
Preferring things to names, for these were men,  
Were unitarians of the united world,  
And wheresoever their clear eye-beams fell,  
They caught the footsteps of the SAME. Our eyes  
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,  
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,  
And strangers to the plant and to the mine;  
The injured elements say, Not in us;

And night and day, ocean and continent,  
Fire, plant, and mineral, say, Not in us,  
And haughtily return us stare for stare.  
For we invade them impiously for gain,  
We devastate them unreligiously,  
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.  
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us  
Only what to our griping toil is due ;  
But the sweet affluence of love and song,  
The rich results of the divine consents  
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,  
The nectar and ambrosia are withheld ;  
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves  
And pirates of the universe, shut out  
Daily to a more thin and outward rind,  
Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our sick eyes,  
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,  
Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay,  
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term,  
And life, shorn of its venerable length,  
Even at its greatest space, is a defeat,  
And dies in anger that it was a dupe ;  
And in its highest noon and wantonness,  
Is early frugal, like a beggar's child ;  
With most unhandsome calculation taught,  
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims  
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,  
Like Alpine cataracts, frozen as they leaped,  
Chilled with a miserly comparison  
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

---

*Letters from New York.* By L. M. CHILD.

WE should have expressed our thanks for this volume in the last number of the Dial, had the few days, which intervened between its reception and the first of October, permitted leisure even to read it. Now the press and the public have both been beforehand with us in awarding the due meed of praise and favor. We will not, however, refrain, though late, from expressing a pleasure in its merits. It is, really, a contribution to *American* literature, recording in a generous spirit, and with lively truth, the pulsations in one great centre of the national existence. It is equally valuable to us and to those on the other side of the world. There is a fine humanity in the sketches of character, among which we would mention with especial pleasure, those of Julia, and Macdonald Clarke. The writer never loses sight of the hopes and needs of all men, while she faithfully winnows grain for herself from the chaff of every day, and grows in love and trust, in proportion with her growth in knowledge.

---

*The Present.* Nos. 1 — 6. Edited by W. H. CHANNING.

MR. CHANNING'S *Present* is a valiant and vivacious journal, and has no superior in the purity and elevation of its tone, and in the courage of its criticism. It has not yet expressed itself with much distinctness as to the methods by which socialism is to heal the old wounds of the public and private heart; but it breathes the air of heaven, and we wish it a million readers.

---

*President Hopkins's Address before the Society of Alumni of Williams College, August, 1843.*

WE have read with great pleasure this earnest and manly discourse, which has more heart in it than any literary oration we remember. No person will begin the address, without reading it through, and none will read it, without conceiving an affectionate interest in Williams College.



*Deutsche Schnellpost.*

THIS paper, published in the German language twice a week in New York, we have read for several months with great advantage, and can warmly recommend it to our readers. It contains, besides its lively *feuilletons*, a good correspondence from Paris, and, mainly, very well selected paragraphs from all the German newspapers, communicating important news not found in any other American paper, from the interior of the continent of Europe. It is edited with great judgment by Eichthal and Bernhard; and E. P. Peabody, 13 West street, is their agent in Boston.