IETEBE FROM NEW YORK.
LETTERS
FROM
NEW YORK.
FIRST AND SECOND SERIES.

BY
L. MARIA CHILD,
AUTHOR OF "PHILOTHEA," "THE MOTHER'S BOOK," "THE GIRL'S BOOK,"
"FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN," ETC.

"Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

Wordsworth.

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1879.
There are thoughts that live and breathe that cannot die, for they are emanations from an immortal source; such are those from the pen of the gifted authoress of "Letters from New York."

I doubt not but the reprinting of these Letters in this country will be a boon to many.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child was one of those noble band of women whose heroic souls were tried in the fire of the old anti-slavery days. Her "Appeal" was the principal tract issued by the Abolitionists, and her friends and coadjutors were the heroes and heroines of that day. I had the privilege when in America of visiting her home, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Blackwell, of Boston.

Mrs. Child received us with graceful cordiality. Her home is among the flowers she has planted, and she herself is a lovely spirit, looking toward sunset with the light of heaven on her brow, for she is seventy-seven years of age. We sat as charmed listeners to her conversation, which is as entertaining as her writings. There are some souls to whom it is given to develope the glorious possibilities of the human
spirit in themselves and others. They see the soul of things, and the expression of their thoughts seems to lift one up to a diviner life, and for the time we walk Paradise unconsciously; and yet this lady of rare culture, learning, and refinement, is intensely practical, and believes in the dignity of labour, keeping her own home in beautiful order with her own hands.

I find in Appleton's American Cyclopædia the following:

Lydia Maria Child, an American Authoress, born at Medford, Mass., Feb. 11, 1802.

In 1824 she published her first book, "Holernok, an Indian Story," which was followed the next year by "The Rebels, a Tale of the Revolution." The scene was laid in Massachusetts, and some of the characters were the historical men of that period. The book for several years held its place as a standard novel, the time and events with which it dealt giving it a strong hold upon the popular esteem. A speech which she put into the mouth of James Otis was believed by many to have been actually delivered by him. A sermon of Whitefield's was also given, which was inserted in the New England School Reading Books as a genuine sermon of the great preacher. In 1826 she commenced the "Juvenile Miscellany," a monthly Magazine, which, for eight years, was under her management. She published a cookery book under the title of "The American Frugal Housewife," which later publications upon the same subject have not displaced.

In October, 1828, she was married to David Lee Child,
a lawyer of Boston. "The Girl's Own Book," and "The Mother's Book" (1831), testified to her strong interest in practical education. About this time the anti-slavery movement was commenced in Boston, and Mrs. Child identified herself with it at the beginning. One of the first distinctive anti-slavery books was her "Appeal in behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans," in which she advocated the immediate emancipation of the blacks. This is her largest and most comprehensive work upon the subject of slavery, but it was followed in subsequent years by various smaller publications of a similar character. In 1836 she published "Philothea," a Grecian Romance of the time of Pericles and Aspasia. In 1841, she removed to New York to take charge as Editor of the "National Anti-slavery Standard," of which she remained Editor, assisted by Mr. Child, for two years. In its columns she commenced a series of "Letters from New York," which, with others written subsequently, were collected in two volumes—1843-1844. She afterwards published a "History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations" (2 vols., 1845). "Biographies of Good Wives" (1846), and several volumes of Stories for Children. In 1859 she wrote a Letter of Sympathy to John Brown, which involved her in a correspondence with Governor Wise and Mrs. Mason of Virginia. This correspondence was published in pamphlet form, of which over 300,000 copies were circulated. Her other works are—"Life of Isaac T. Hopper," 1853; "Progress
of Religious Ideas” (3 vols., 1855); “Autumnal Leaves” (1857); “Looking Toward Sunset” (1860); “The Freedman’s Book” (1865); and “A Romance of the Republic” (1867).

I may add, that among Mrs. Child’s treasures, I saw a portrait on her parlour wall of her late husband, and underneath was written—“David Lee Child, a learned, just, and loving soul; went hence, August, 1873.” And so Mrs. Child is a widow, but she has had the rare happiness of being sustained by a noble husband in doing work for humanity, and ever “the prophet’s hands have been held heavenward to the going down of the sun.”

MARGARET E. PARKER.

Dundee, October, 1879.
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LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

LETTER I.

THE BATTERY IN THE MORNING—STREETS OF MODERN BABYLON—STREET MUSICIANS.

August 19, 1841.

You ask what is now my opinion of this great Babylon; and playfully remind me of former philippics, and a long string of vituperative alliterations, such as magnificence and mud, finery and filth, diamonds and dirt, bullion and brass-tape, &c., &c. Nor do you forget my first impressions of the city, when we arrived at early dawn, amid fog and drizzling rain, the expiring lamps adding their smoke to the impure air, and close beside us a boat called the "Fairy Queen," laden with dead hogs.

Well, this Babylon remains the same as then. The din of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run through its streets, like the perpetual murmur of a hive. Wealth dozes on couches, thrice piled, and canopied with damask, while poverty camps on the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in the watch-house. There, amid the splendour of Broadway, sits the blind negro beggar, with horny hand and tattered garments, while opposite stands the stately mansions of the old slave trader, railway and stock jobber, still laughing to scorn the cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so easily.

In Wall Street, and elsewhere, Mammon, as usual, coolly calculates his chance of extracting a penny from war, pestilence, and famine; and Commerce, with her loaded drays, and jaded skeletons of horses, is as busy as ever "fulfilling the world's contract with Satan." The noisy discord of the street-cries gives the ear no rest; and the weak voice of weary childhood often makes the heart ache for the poor little wanderer, prolonging his task far into the hours of night. Sometimes,
the harsh sounds are pleasantly varied by some feminine voice, proclaiming, in musical cadence, "Hot corn! hot corn!" with the poetical addition, "Lily white corn. Buy my lily white corn!" When this sweet, wandering voice salutes my ear, my heart replies—

"'Tis a glancing gleam o' the gift of song—
And the soul that speaks hath suffered wrong."

There was a time when all these things would have passed by me, like the flitting figures of the magic lantern, or the changing scenery of a theatre, sufficient only for the amusement of an hour. But now, I have lost the inclination for looking merely on the surface. Every condition seems to me to come from the Infinite, to be filled with the Infinite, to be tending towards the Infinite. Do I see crowds of men hastening to extinguish a fire? I see not merely uncouth garbs, and fantastic, flickering lights, of lurid hue, like a trampling troop of gnomes—but straightway my mind is filled with thoughts about mutual helpfulness, human sympathy, the common bond of brotherhood, and the mysteriously deep foundations on which society rests; or rather, on which it so often reels and totters.

But I am cutting the lines deep, when I meant only to give you an airy, unfinished sketch. I will answer your question, by saying that, though New York remains the same, I like it better. This is partly because I am like the Lady's Delight, ever prone to take root, and look up with a smile, in whatever soil you place it; and partly because bloated disease, and black gutters, and pigs filthy and ugly, no longer constitute the foreground in my picture of New York. I have become more familiar with the pretty parks, dotted about here and there; with the shaded alcoves of the various public gardens; with blooming nooks, and "sunny spots of greenery." I am fast inclining to the belief, that the Battery rivals our beautiful Boston Common. The fine old trees are indeed wanting; but the newly-planted groves offer the light, flexible gracefulness of youth, to compete with their matured majesty of age. In extent, and variety of surface, this noble promenade is greatly inferior to ours; but there is

"The sea, the sea, the open sea;
The fresh, the bright, the ever free."

Most fitting emblem of the Infinite, this trackless pathway of a world! heaving and stretching to meet the sky it never
reaches—like the eager, unsatisfied aspirations of the human soul. The most beautiful landscape is imperfect without this feature. In the eloquent language of Lamartine, "The sea is to the scenes of nature what the eye is to a fine countenance; it illuminates the face, it imparts to the features that radiant physiognomy, which makes them live, speak, enchant, and fascinate the affections of those who contemplate them."

If you deem me heretical in preferring the Battery to the Common, consecrated by so many pleasant associations of my youth, I know you will forgive me, if you go there in the silence of midnight, to feel the breeze on your cheek, like the kiss of a friend; to hear the continual plashing of the sea, like the cool sound of oriental fountains; to see the moon look lovingly on the sea-nymphs, and throw down wealth of jewels on their shining hair; to look on the ships in their dim and distant beauty, each containing within itself a little world of human thought, and human passion. Or go, when "night, with her thousand diamond eyes, looks down into the heart, making it tender"—when shadows float above us, dark and solemn, scarcely reflecting their image in the black mirror of the ocean. The city lamps around you, like a shining belt of descended constellations, fit for the zone of Urania; while the pure bright stars peep through the dancing foliage, and speak to the soul of thoughtful shepherds on the ancient plains of Chaldea. And there, also, like mimic Fancy, playing fantastic freaks in the very presence of heavenly Imagination, stands Castle Garden—with its gay perspective of coloured lamps, like a fairy grotto, where imprisoned fire-spirits send up sparkling wreaths, or rockets laden with glittering ear-drops, caught by the floating sea-nymphs, as they fall.

But if you would see the Battery in all its glory, look at it when, through the misty mantle of retreating dawn, is seen the golden light of the rising sun! Look at the horizon, where earth, sea, and sky, kiss each other, in robes of reflected glory! The ships stretch their sails to the coming breeze, and glide majestically along—fit and graceful emblems of the past; steered by necessity; the will constrained by outward force. Quickly the steam-boat passes them by—its rapidly revolving wheel made golden by the sunlight, and dropping diamonds to the laughing Nereids, profusely as pearls from Prince Esterhazy's embroidered coat. In that steamer, see you not an appropriate type of the busy, powerful, self-conscious present?
Of man's will conquering outward force; and thus making the elements his servants?

From this southern extremity of the city, anciently called "The Wall of the Half-Moon," you may, if you like, pass along the Bowery to Bloomingdale, on the north. What a combination of flowery sounds to take captive the imagination! It is a pleasant road, much used for fashionable drives; but the lovely names scarcely keep the promise they give the ear; especially to one accustomed to the beautiful environs of Boston.

During your ramble, you may meet wandering musicians. Perhaps a poor Tyrolese, with his street-organ, or a Scotch Highlander, with shrill bag-pipe, decorated with tartan ribbons. Let them who will, despise their humble calling. Small skill, indeed, is needed to grind forth that machinery of sounds; but my heart salutes them with its benison, in common with all things that cheer this weary world. I have little sympathy with the severe morality that drove these tuneful idlers from the streets of Boston. They are to the drudging city, what spring birds are to the country. The world has passed from its youthful, troubadour age, into the thinking, toiling age of incessant labour. This we may not regret, because it needs must be. But welcome, most welcome, all that brings back reminiscences of its childhood, in the cheering voice of poetry and song!

Therefore blame me not, if I turn wearily aside from the dusty road of reforming duty, to gather flowers in sheltered nooks, or play with gems in hidden grottoes. The practical has striven hard to suffocate the ideal within me; but it receives glimpses of heaven and is immortal, and therefore it cannot die. It needs but a glance of beauty from earth or sky, and it starts into blooming life, like the aloe touched by fairy wand.

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LETTER II.

WASHINGTONIANS—LAW OF LOVE AND LAW OF FORCE—TRUSTING IN EACH OTHER'S HONESTY—THE DOG-KILLERS.

August 26, 1841.

You think my praises of the Battery exaggerated; perhaps they are so; but there are some points on which I am exuber-
ant—music, moonlight, and the sea. There are other points, also, besides, on which most American juries would be prone to convict me of hallucination. You know a wise lawyer defined insanity to be "a differing in opinion from the mass of mankind." By this rule, I am as mad as a March hare; though, as Andrew Fairservice said, "Why a March hare should be more mad in March than in Michaelmas, is more than I ken."

I admit that Boston, in her extensive and airy common, possesses a blessing beyond other cities, but I am not the less disposed to be thankful for the circumscribed, but well-shaded limits of the Washington Parade Ground, and Union Park, with its nicely trimmed circle of hedge, its well-rolled gravel walks, and its velvet greensward, shaven as smooth as a Quaker beau. The exact order of its arrangement would be offensive in the country; and even here the eye of taste would prefer variations and undulation of outline; but trimness seems more in place in a city, than amid the graceful confusion of nature; and neatness has a charm in New York, by reason of its exceeding rarity. St. John's Park, though not without pretensions to beauty, never strikes my eye agreeably, because it is shut up from the common people; being kept only for a few genteel families in the vicinity. You know I am an enemy to monopolies; wishing all Heaven's good gifts to man to be as free as the wind, and as universal as the sunshine.

I like the various small gardens in New York, with their alcoves of lattice-work, where one can eat an ice-cream shaded from the sun. You have none such in Boston; and they would probably be objected to, as open to the vulgar and the vicious. I do not walk through the world with such fear of soiling my garments. Let science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect, or humanize the heart, be open to "Tom, Dick, and Harry;" and thus, in process of time, they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard, and Henry. In all these things, the refined should think of what they can impart, not of what they can receive.

As for the vicious, they excite in me more of compassion than reproach. The great Searcher of Hearts alone knows whether I should not have been as they are, with the same neglected childhood, the same vicious examples, the same powerful temptations of misery and want. If they will but pay to virtue the outward homage of decorum, God forbid that I should wish to exclude them from the healthful breeze,
and the shaded promenade. Wretched enough are they in their degradation; nor is society so guiltless of their ruin, as to justify any of its members in cherishing unpitying scorn.

And this reminds me that in this vast emporium of wealth, poverty, and crime, there are, morally speaking, some flowery nooks, and "sunny spots of greenery." I used to say, I knew not where were the ten righteous men to save the city; but I have found them now. Since then, the Washington Temperance Society has been organised, and active in good works. Apart from the physical purity, the triumph of soul over sense, implied in abstinence from stimulating liquors, these societies have peculiarly interested me, because they are based on the law of love. The pure is inlaid in the holy, like a pearl set in fine gold. Here is no attendance upon the lobbies of legislatures, none of the bustle or manœuvres of political party; measures as useless in the moral world, as machines to force water above its level are in the physical world. Serenely above all these, stands this new Genius of Temperance; her trust in Heaven, her hold on the human heart. To the fallen and the perishing she throws a silken cord, and gently draws him within the golden circle of human brotherhood. She has learned that persuasion is mightier than coercion, that the voice of encouragement finds an echo in the heart deeper, far deeper, than the thunder of reproof.

The blessing of the perishing, and of the merciful God, who cares for them, will rest upon the temperance societies. A short time since, one of its members found an old acquaintance lying asleep in a dirty alley, scarcely covered with filthy rags, pinned and tied together. Being waked, the poor fellow exclaimed, in piteous tones, "Oh don't take me to the Police Police—please don't take me there." "Oh, no," replied the missionary of mercy; "you shall have shoes to your feet, and a decent coat on your back, and be a man again. We have better work for you to do than to lie in prison. You will be a temperance preacher yet."

He was comfortably clothed, kindly encouraged, and employment procured for him at the printing office of the Washington Society. He [Gough] now works steadily all day, and preaches temperance in the evening. Every week I hear of similar instances. Are not these men enough to save a city? This society is one among several powerful agencies now at work, to teach society that it makes its own criminals, and then at pro-
digious loss of time, money, and morals, punishes its own work.

The other day, I stood by the wayside while the Washingtonian procession, two miles long, passed by. All classes and trades were represented, with appropriate music and banners. Troops of boys carried little wells and pumps; and on many of the banners were flowing fountains and running brooks. One represented a wife kneeling in gratitude for a husband restored to her and himself; on another, a group of children were joyfully embracing the knees of a reformed father. Fire companies were there with badges and engines; and military companies, with gaudy colours and tinsel trappings. Toward the close, came two barouches, containing the men who first started a temperance society on the Washingtonian plan. These six individuals were a carpenter, a coach-maker, a tailor, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and a silver-plater. They held their meetings in a carpenter's shop, in Baltimore, before any other person took an active part in the reform. My heart paid them reverence as they passed. It was a beautiful pageant, and but one thing was wanting to make it complete; there should have been carts drawn by garlanded oxen, filled with women and little children, bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, we are happy now! I missed the women and the children; for without something to represent the genial influence of domestic life, the circle of joy and hope is ever incomplete.

But the absent ones were present to my mind; and the pressure of many thoughts brought tears to my eyes. I seemed to see John the Baptist preparing a pathway through the wilderness for the coming of the Holiest; for like unto his is this mission of temperance. Purified senses are fitting vessels for pure affections and lofty thoughts.

Within the outward form I saw, as usual, spiritual significance. As the bodies of men were becoming weaned from stimulating drinks, so were their souls beginning to approach those pure fountains of living water, which refresh and strengthen, but never intoxicate. The music, too, was revealed to me in fulness of meaning. Much of it was of a military character, and cheered onward to combat and to victory. Everything about war I loathe and detest, except its music. My heart leaps at the trumpet-call, and marches with the drum. Because I cannot ever hate it, I know that it is the utterance of something good, perverted to a ministry of sin. It is the voice of resist-
ance to evil, of combat with the false; therefore the brave soul springs forward at the warlike tone, for in it is heard a call to its appointed mission. Whoso does not see that genuine life is a battle and a march, has poorly read his origin and his destiny. Let the trumpet sound, and the drums roll! Glory to resistance! for through its agency men become angels. The instinct awakened by martial music is noble and true; and therefore its voice will not pass away; but it will cease to represent war with carnal weapons, and remain a type of that spiritual combat with internal evils, whereby the soul is purified. It is right noble to fight with wickedness and wrong; the mistake is in supposing that spiritual evil can be overcome by physical weapons.

Would that Force were banished to the unholy region whence it came, and that men would learn to trust more fully in the law of kindness. I think of this, every time I pass a dozing old woman, who, from time immemorial, has sat behind a fruit stall at the corner of St. Paul's Church. Half the time she is asleep, and the wonder is that any fruit remains upon her board; but in this wicked city very many of the boys deposit a cent, as they take an apple; for they have not the heart to wrong one who trusts them.

A sea-captain of my acquaintance, lately returned from China, told me that the Americans and English were much more trusted by the natives, than their own countrymen; that the fact of belonging to those nations was generally considered good security in a bargain. I expressed surprise at this; not supposing the Yankees, or their ancestors, were peculiarly distinguished for generosity in trade. He replied, that they were more so in China than at home; because, in the absence of adequate laws, and legal penalties, they had acquired the habit of trusting in each other's honour and honesty; and this formed a bond so sacred, that few were willing to break it. I saw deep significance in the fact.

Speaking of St. Paul's Church, near the Astor House, reminds me of the fault so often found by foreigners with our light grey stone, as a material for Gothic edifices. Though this church is not Gothic, I now understand why such buildings contrast disadvantageously with the dark-coloured cathedrals of Europe. St. Paul's has lately been covered with a cement of reddish-brown sand. Some complain that it looks like gingerbread; but, for myself, I greatly like the depth of colour. Its steeple
now stands relieved against the sky, with a sombre grandeur, which would be in admirable keeping with the massive proportions of Gothic architecture. Grey and slate colour appropriately belong to lighter styles of building; applied to the Gothic, they become like tragic thoughts uttered in mirthful tones.

The disagreeables of New York I deliberately mean to keep out of sight, when I write to you. By contemplating beauty, the character becomes beautiful; and in this depressing and wearisome world, I deem it a duty to speak genial words, and wear cheerful looks.

Yet, for once, I will depart from this rule to speak of the dog-killers. Twelve or fifteen hundred of these animals have been killed this summer, in the hottest of the weather, at the rate of three hundred a-day. The safety of the city doubtless requires their expulsion; but the manner of it strikes me as exceedingly cruel and demoralising. The poor creatures are knocked down on the pavement and beat to death. Whether brutal scenes do not prepare the minds of the young to take part in bloody riots and revolutions, is a serious question.

You promised to take my letters as they happened to come—fanciful, gay, or serious. I am in autumnal mood to-day, therefore, forgive the sobriety of my strain.

LETTER III.

SECTARIAN WALLS—IDEAS OF GOD—THE POOR WOMAN’S GARDEN—

THE FIVE POINTS—SOCIETY MAKES THE CRIME IT PUNISHES.

September 2, 1841.

Oh, these moist, sultry days of August! how oppressive they are to the mind and body! The sun reflected from bright red walls, like the shining face of a heated cook. Strange to say, they are painted red, blocked off with white compartments, as numerous as Protestant sects, and as unlovely in their narrowness. What an expenditure for ugliness and discomfort to the eye! To paint bricks their own colour, resembles the great outlay of time and money in many theological schools, to enable
dismal, arbitrary souls to give an approved image of themselves in their ideas of Deity.

After all, the God within us is the God we really believe in, whatever we may have learned in catechisms or creeds.

Hence to some, the divine image presents itself habitually as a dark, solemn shadow, saddening the gladsomeness of earth, like thunder-clouds reflected on the fair mirror of the sea. To others, the religious sentiment is to the soul what spring is in the seasons, creating flowers to the eye, and music to the ear. In the greater proportion of minds these sentiments are mixed, and therefore two images are reflected, one to be worshipped with love, the other with fear.

Hence, in Catholic countries, you meet at one corner of the road frightfully painted hell-fires, into which poor struggling human souls are sinking; and at another, the sweet Madonna, with her eye of pity and her lip of love. Whenever God appears to the eye of faith as terrible in power, and stern in vengeance, the soul craves some form of mediation, and thus satisfies its want. As the reprobate college-boy trusts to a mother’s persuasive love to intercede for him with an angry father, so does the Catholic, terrified with visions of torment, look up trustingly to the “Blessed mother, Virgin mild.”

Not lightly, or scornfully, would I speak of any such manifestations of faith, childish as they may appear to the eye of reason. The Jewish dispensation was announced in thunder and lightning; the Christian, by a chorus of love from angel voices. The dark shadow of the one has fearfully thrown itself across the mild radiance of the other. Those old superstitious times could not well do otherwise than mix their dim theology with the new-born glorious hope. Well may we rejoice that they could not transmit the blessed idea completely veiled in gloom. Since the past will overlap upon the present, and therefore Christianity must slowly evolve itself from Judaism, let us at least be thankful that,

"From the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song."

Whence came all this digression? It has as little to do with New York, as a seraph has to do with banks and markets. Yet in good truth, it all came from a painted brick wall staring in at my chamber window. What a strange thing is the mind! How marvellously is the infinite embodied in the smallest fragments of the finite!
It was ungrateful in me to complain of those walls, for I am more blest in my prospect than most inhabitants of cities; even without allowing for the fact that more than others, I always see within or beyond a landscape—"a light and a revealing," every where.

Opposite to me is a little patch of garden, trimly kept, and neatly white-washed. In the absence of rippling brooks and blooming laurel, I am thankful for its marigolds and poppies,

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"side by side,
And at each end a hollyhock,
With an edge of London pride."

And then between me and the sectarian brick wall, there are, moreover, two beautiful young trees. An Ailanthus twisting its arms lovingly within its smaller sister Catalpa. One might almost imagine them two lovely nymphs suddenly transformed to trees in the midst of a graceful twining dance. I should be half reluctant to cut a cluster of the beautiful crimson seed-vessels, lest I should wound the finger of some Hamadryad,

"Those simple crown-twisters,
Who of one favourite tree in some sweet spot,
Make home and leave it not."

But I must quit this strain; or you will say the fair, floating Grecian shadow casts itself too obviously over my Christianity. Perchance, you will even call me "transcendental;" that being a word of most elastic signification, used to denote everything that has no name in particular, and that does not especially relate to pigs and poultry.

Have patience with me, and I will come straight back from the Ilissus to New York—thus.

You, too, would worship two little trees and a sunflower, if you had gone with me to the neighbourhood of the Five Points, the other day. Morally and physically, the breathing air was like an open tomb. How souls or bodies could live there, I could not imagine. If you want to see something worse than Hogarth's Gin Lane, go there in a warm afternoon, when the poor wretches have come to what they call home, and are not yet driven within doors, by darkness and constables. There you will see nearly every form of human misery, every sign of human degradation. The leer of the licentious, the dull sensualism of the drunkard, the sly glance of the thief—oh, it made my heart ache for many a day. I regretted the errand
of kindness that drew me there; for it stunned my senses with the amount of evil, and fell upon the strong hopefulness of my character, like a stroke of palsy. What a place wherein to ask one's self, "Will the millenium ever come?"

And there were also multitudes of children—of little girls. Where were their guardian angels? God be praised, the wilfully committed sin alone shuts out their influence; and therefore into the young child's soul angels may always enter.

Mournfully, I looked upon these young creatures, as I said within myself, "And this is the education society gives her children—the morality of myrmidons, the charity of constables?" Yet in the far-off future I saw a gleam. For these, too, Christ has died. For these the chorus sung over the hills of Judea; and the heavenly music will yet find an echo deep in their hearts.

It is said a spacious pond of sweet, soft water once occupied the place where Five Points stands. It might have furnished half the city with the purifying element; but it was filled up at incredible expense—a million loads of earth being thrown in, before perceivable progress was made. Now, they have to supply the city with water from a great distance, at a prodigious expense in conveying the Croton Water to the city.

This is a good illustration of the policy of society toward crime. Thus does it choke up nature, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by the incalculable expense of bolts and bars, the gallows, watch-houses, police courts, constables, and "Egyptian Tombs," as they call one of the principal prisons here. If viewed only as a blunder, Satan might well laugh at the short-sightedness of the world, all the while toiling to build the edifice it thinks it is demolishing. Destroying violence by violence, cunning by cunning, is Sisyphus' work, and must be so to the end. Never shall we bring the angels among us, by "setting one devil up to knock another devil down"; as the old woman said in homely but expressive phrase.
LETTER IV.

HOBOKEN—WEEHAWKEN—HAMILTON’S DUEL—INDIAN SARCASM.

September 9, 1841.

New York enjoys great privilege in facility and cheapness of communication with many beautiful places in the vicinity. For six cents one can exchange the hot and dusty city for Staten Island, Jersey, or Hoboken; three cents will convey you to Brooklyn, and twelve and a half cents pays for a most beautiful sail of ten miles, to Port Lee. In addition to the charm of rural beauty, all these places are bathed by deep waters.

The Indians named the most beautiful lake of New England Win-ne-pe-sauk-ey (by corruption, Winnepiseogee), which means the smile of the Great Spirit. I always think of this name, so expressively poetic, whenever I see sunbeams or moonbeams glancing on the waves.

Because this feature is wanting in the landscape, I think our beautiful Massachusetts Brookline,—with its graceful, feathery elms, its majestic old oaks, its innumerable hidden nooks of greenery, and Jamaica pond, that lovely, lucid mirror of the water nymphs—is scarcely equal to Hoboken. I saw it for the first time in the early verdure of spring, and under the mild light of a declining sun. A small open glade, with natural groves in the rear, and the broad river at its foot, bears the imposing name of Elysian Fields. The scene is one where a poet’s disembodied spirit might be well content to wander; but, alas! the city intrudes her vices into this beautiful sanctuary of nature. There stands a public-house, with its bar room, and bowling alley, a place of resort for the idle and the profligate; kept within the bounds of decorum, however, by the constant presence of respectable visitors.

Near this house, I found two tents of Indians. These children of the forest, like the monks of olden time, always had a fine eye for the picturesque. Wherever you find a ruined monastery, or the remains of an Indian encampment, you may be sure you have discovered the loveliest site in all the surrounding landscape.

A fat little pappoose, round as a tub, with eyes like black
beads, attracted my attention by the comical awkwardness of its tumbling movements. I entered into conversation with the parents, and found they belonged to the remnant of the Penobscot tribe. This, as Scott says, was "picking up a dropped stitch" in the adventures of my life.

"Ah," said I, "I once ate supper with your tribe in a hemlock forest, on the shores of the Kennebec. Is the old chief, Capt. Neptune, yet alive?"

They almost clapped their hands with delight, to find one who remembered Capt. Neptune. I inquired for Etalexis, his nephew, and this was to them another familiar word, which it gave them joy to hear.

Long forgotten scenes were restored to memory, and the images of early youth stood distinctly before me. I seemed to see old Neptune and his handsome nephew, a tall, athletic youth, of most graceful proportions. I always used to think of Etalexis, when I read of Benjamin West's exclamation, the first time he saw the Apollo Belvidere: "My God! how like a young Mohawk warrior!"

But for years I had not thought of the majestic young Indian, until the meeting in Hoboken again brought him to my mind. I seemed to see him as I saw him last—the very dandy of his tribe—with a broad band of shining brass about his hat, a circle of silver on his breast, tied with scarlet ribbons, and a long belt of curiously-wrought wampum hanging to his feet. His uncle stood quietly by, puffing his pipe, undisturbed by the consciousness of wearing a crushed hat and a dirty blanket. With girlish curiosity, I raised the heavy tassels of the wampum belt, and said playfully to the old man, "Why don't you wear such an one as this?"

"What for me wear ribbons and beads?" he replied: "Me no want to catch 'em squaw."

He spoke in the slow imperturbable tone of his race; but there was a satirical twinkle in his small black eye, as if he had sufficiently learned the tricks of civilisation to enjoy mightily any jokes upon women.

We purchased a basket in the Elysian Fields, as a memento of these ghosts of the past; preferring an unfinished one of pure white willow, unprofaned by daubs of red and yellow.

Last week I again saw Hoboken in the full glory of moonlight. Seen thus, it is beautiful beyond imagining. The dark, thickly shaded groves, where flickering shadows play fantastic
gambols with the moonlight; the water peeping here and there through the foliage, like the laughing face of a friend; the high, steep banks, wooded down to the margin of the river; the deep loneliness, interrupted only by the Katy-dids; all conspired to produce an impression of solemn beauty and peace.

If you follow this path for about three miles from the landing-place, you arrive at Weehawken; celebrated as the place where Hamilton fought his fatal duel with Burr, and where his son likewise fell in a duel the year preceding. The place is difficult of access; but hundreds of men and women have there engraven their names on a rock nearly as hard as adamant. A monument to Hamilton was here erected at considerable expense; but it became the scene of such frequent duels, that the gentlemen who raised it caused it to be broken into fragments; it is still, however, frequented for the same bad purpose. What a lesson to distinguished men to be careful of the moral influence they exert! I probably admire Hamilton with less enthusiasm than those who fully sympathise with his conservative tendencies; but I find so much to reverence in the character of this early friend of Washington, that I can never sufficiently regret the silly cowardice that led him into so fatal an error. Yet would I speak of it gently, as Pierpoint does in his political poem:

"Wert thou spotless in thy exit? Nay:
Nor spotless is the monarch of the day,
Still but one cloud shall o'er thy fame be cast—
And that shall shade no action, but thy last."

A fine statue of Hamilton was wrought by Ball Hughes, which, like all resemblances of him, forcibly reminded one of William Pitt. It was placed in the Exchange, in Wall Street, and was crushed into atoms by the falling in of the roof, at the great fire of 1835. The artist stood gazing on the scene with listless despair; and when this favourite production of his genius, on which he had bestowed the labour of two long years, fell beneath the ruins, he sobbed and wept like a child.

The little spot at Weehawken, which led to this digression about Hamilton, is one of the last places which should be desecrated by the evil passions of man. It is as lovely as a nook of Paradise, before Satan entered its gardens. Where the steep, well-wooded bank descends to the broad, bright Hudson, half way down is a level glade of verdant grass, completely embowered in foliage. The sparkling water peeps between the
twining boughs, like light through the rich tracery of Gothic windows; and the cheerful twittering of birds alone mingles with the measured cadence of the plashing waves. Here Hamilton fought his duel, just as the sun was rising:

"Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of Summer’s sky, in beauty bending o’er him—
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay."

"Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o’er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle and circling shore, all blended there,
In wild reality."

We descended, to return to the steamboat, by an open path on the river’s edge. The high bank, among whose silent groves we had been walking, now rose above our heads in precipitous masses of rugged stone, here and there broken into recesses, which, in the evening light, looked like darksome caverns. Trees bent over the very edge of the summit, and their unearthed roots twisted among the rocks like huge serpents. On the other side lay the broad Hudson in the moonlight, its waves rippling up to the shore with a cool, refreshing sound.

All else was still—still—so fearfully still, that one might almost count the beatings of the heart. That my heart did beat, I acknowledge; for here was the supposed scene of the Mary Rogers tragedy; and though the recollection of her grave gave me no uneasiness, I could not forget that quiet, lovely path we were treading was near to the city, with its thousand hells, and frightfully easy of access.

We spoke of the murdered girl, as we passed the beautiful promontory near the Sibyl’s cave, where her body was found, lying half in and half out of the water. A few steps further on, we encountered the first human beings we had met during our long ramble—two young women, singing with a somewhat sad constraint, as if to keep their courage up.

I had visited the Sibyl’s cave in the day time; and should have entered its dark mouth by the moonlight, had not the depressing remembrances of the city haunted me like evil spirits.

We Americans, you know, are so fond of classic names, that we call a village Athens, if it has but three houses, painted red to blush for their own ugliness. Whence this cave derives its imposing title I cannot tell. It is in fact rather a pretty little place, cut out of soft stone, in rude imitation of a Gothic
interior. A rock in the centre, scooped out like a baptismal font, contains a spring of cool, sweet water. The entire labour of cutting out this cave was performed by one poor Scotchman, with chisel and hammer. He worked upon it an entire year; and probably could not have completed it in less than six months, had he given every day of his time. He expected to derive considerable profit by selling draughts from the spring, and keeping a small fruit stand near it. But alas, for the vanity of human expectations! a few weeks after he completed his laborious task, he was driven off the grounds, it is said, unrequited by the proprietor.

A little before nine, we returned to the city. There was a strong breeze, and the boat bounded over the waves, producing that delightful sensation of elasticity and vigour which one feels when riding a free and fiery steed. The moon, obscured by fleecy clouds, shone with a saddened glory; rockets rose from Castle Garden, and dropped their blazing jewels on the billowy bosom of the bay; the lamps of the city gleamed in the distance; and with painful pity for the houseless street-wanderer, I gratefully remembered that one of those distant lights illuminated a home, where true and honest hearts were every ready to bid me welcome.

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LETTER V.

HIGHLAND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—CLANS AND SECTS.

New York, September 16, 1841.

Since I wrote last, I have again visited Hoboken, to see a band of Scotchmen in the old Highland costume. They belong to a Benevolent Society for the relief of indigent countrymen; and it is their custom to meet annually in Gaelic dress, to run, leap, hurl stones, and join in other Highland exercises—in fond remembrance of

"The land of rock and glen,
Of strath and lake, and mountain,
And more——of gifted men."

There were but thirty or forty in number, and a very small proportion of them fine specimens of manhood. There was one young man, however, who was no bad sample of a brave young
chief in the olden time; with athletic frame, frank countenance, bold bearing, and the bright, eager eye of one familiar with rugged hills and the mountain breeze. Before I was told, my eye singled him out, as most likely to bear away the prizes in the games. There was mettle in him, that in another age, and in another clime, would have enabled him to stand beside brave old Torquil of the Oak, and give the cheerful response, "Bas air son Eachin" (Death for Hector).

But that age has passed, blessed be God; and he was nothing more than a handsome, vigorous Scotch emigrant, skilful in Highland games.

The dresses in general, like the wardrobe of a theatre, needed the effect of distance to dazzle the imagination; though two or three of them were really elegant. Green or black velvet, with glittering buttons, was fitted close to the arms and waist; beneath which fell the tartan kilt in ample folds; from the left shoulder flowed a long mantle of bright-coloured plaid, chosen according to the varieties of individual taste, not as distinguishing marks of ancestral clans. Their shaggy pouches, called sporrans, were of plush or fur. From the knee to the ankle, there was no other covering than the Highland buskin of crimson plaid. One or two had dirks, with sheaths and hilts beautifully embossed in silver, and ornamented with large crystals from Cairngorm; St. Andrew and the thistle, exquisitely wrought on the blades of polished steel.

These were exceptions; for, as I have said, the corps in general had a theatrical appearance; nor can I say they bore their standards, or unsheathed their claymores, with a grace quite sufficient to excite my imagination. Two boys, of eight or ten years old, who carried the tassels of the central banner, in complete Highland costume, pleased me more than all the others; for children receive gracefulness from nature, and learn awkwardness of men.

But though there were many accompaniments to render the scene common-place and vulgar, yet it was not without pleasurable excitement, slightly tinged with romance, that I followed them along the steep banks of Hoboken, and caught glimpses of them between the tangled foliage of the trees, or the sinuosities of rocks, almost as rugged as their own mountain-passes. Banners and mantles, which might not have borne too close an inspection, looked graceful as they floated so far beneath me; and the sound of the bagpipes struck less
harshly on my ear, than when the musicians stood at my side. But even softened by distance, I thought the shrill wailing of this instrument appropriate only to Clan Chattan, whose Chief was called Mohr ar chat, or the Great Cat.

As a phantom of the past, this little pageant interested me extremely. I thought of the hatred of those fierce old clans, whose "blood refused to mix, even if poured into the same vessel." They were in the State, what sects are in the Church—narrow, selfish, and vindictive.

The State has dissolved her clans, and the Church is fast following the good example; though there are still sectaries casting their shadows on the sunshine of God's earth, who, if they were to meet on the Devil's Bridge, as did the two old feudal chieftains of Scotland, would, like them, choose death rather than humble prostration for the safe foot-path of an enemy.

Clans have forgotten old quarrels, and not only mingled together, but with a hostile nation. National pride and national glory is but a more extended clanship, destined to be merged in universal love for the human race. Then farewell to citadels and navies, tariffs and diplomatists; for the prosperity of each will be the prosperity of all.

In religion, too, the spirit of extended, as well as of narrow clanship, will cease. Not only will Christianity forget its minor subdivisions, but it will itself cease to be sectarian. That only will be a genuine "world's convention," when Christians, with reverent tenderness for the religious sentiment in every form, are willing that Mohammedans or Pagans should unite with them in every good work, without abstaining from ceremonies which to them are sacred.

"The Turks," says Lamartine, "always manifest respect for what other men venerate and adore. Whenever a Mussulman sees the image of God in the opinion of his fellow-creatures, he bows down and he respects; persuaded that the intention sanctifies the form."

This sentiment of reverence, so universal among Mohammedans, and so divine in its character, might well lead Pierpoint, when standing in the burying-ground of Constantinople, to ask,
No, no, my God! They worshipped Thee;
Then let not doubts my spirits darken,
That Thou, who always hearest me,
To these, thy children too, didst hearken."

The world, regenerated and made free, will at last bid a glad farewell to clans and sects? Would that their graves were dug and their requiems sung; and nothing but their standards and costumes left, as curious historical records of the benighted past.

LETTER VI.

THE JEWS—BLACK JEWS—OLD CLOTHES—READING BY LAMPLIGHT IN THE DAY TIME.

September 23, 1841.

I LATELY visited the Jewish Synagogue in Crosby Street, to witness the Festival of the New Year, which was observed for two days, by religious exercises and a general suspension of worldly business. The Jewish year, you are aware, begins in September; and they commemorate it in obedience to the following text of Scripture:—"In the first day of the seventh month ye shall have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of trumpets, a holy convocation. Ye shall do no servile work therein."

It was the first time I ever entered any place of worship where Christ was not professedly believed in. Strange vicissitudes of circumstance, over which I had no control, have brought me into intimate relation with almost every form of Christian faith, and thereby given me the power of looking candidly at religious opinions from almost any point of view. But beyond the pale of the great sect of Christianity I had never gone; though far back in my early years, I remember an intense desire to be enough acquainted with some intelligent and sincere Mohammedan, to enable me to look at the Koran through his spectacles.

The women were seated separately, in the upper part of the house. One of the masters of Israel came, and somewhat gruffly ordered me, and the young lady who accompanied me, to retire from the front seats of the synagogue. It was uncourteous; for we were very respectful and still, and not in the
least disposed to intrude upon the daughters of Jacob. However, my sense of Justice was rather gratified at being treated contumeliously as a Gentile and “a Nazarene;” for I remembered the contumely with which they had been treated throughout Christendom, and I imagined how they must feel, on entering a place of Christian worship, to hear us sing,

“With hearts as hard as stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race.”

The effect produced on my mind, by witnessing the ceremonies of the Jewish Synagogue, was strange and bewildering; spectral and flitting; with a sort of vanishing resemblance to reality; the magic lantern of the past.

Veneration and ideality, you know, would have made me wholly a poet, had not the inconvenient size of conscientiousness forced me into reforms; between the two, I look upon the future with active hope, and upon the past with loving reverence. My mind was, therefore, not only unfettered by narrow prejudice, but solemnly impressed with recollections of those ancient times when the Divine Voice was heard amid the thunders of Sinai, and the Holy Presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim. I had, moreover, ever cherished a tenderness for

“Islam’s wandering race, that go
Unblest through every land;
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow
And quenched the desert sand:
Judea’s homeless hearts, that turn
From all earth’s shrine to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.”

Thus prepared, the scene would have strongly excited my imagination and my feelings, had there not been a heterogeneous jumbling of the present with the past. There was the ark containing the Sacred Law, written on scrolls of vellum, and rolled, as in the time of Moses; but between the ark and the congregation, instead of the “brazen laver,” wherein those who entered into the tabernacle were commanded to wash, was a common bowl and ewer of English delf, ugly enough for the chamber of a country tavern. All the male members of the congregation, even the little boys, while they were within the synagogue, wore fringed silk mantles, bordered with blue stripes; for Moses was commanded to “Speak unto the chil-
dren of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of their borders a ribbon of blue; "—but then these mantles were worn over modern broadcloth coats, and fashionable pantaloons with straps. The priest, indeed, approached more nearly to the gracefulness of oriental costume; for he wore a full black silk robe, like those worn by the Episcopal clergy; but the large white silk shawl which shaded his forehead, and fell over his shoulders, was drawn over a common black hat! Ever and anon, probably in parts of the ceremony deemed peculiarly sacred, he drew the shawl entirely over his face, as he stooped forward and laid his forehead on the book before him. I suppose this was done because Moses, till he had done speaking to the congregation, put a veil upon his face. But through the whole, priest and people kept on their hats. My spirit was vexed with this incongruity. I had turned away from the turmoil of the present, to gaze quietly for a while on the grandeur of the past; and the representatives of the past walked before me, not in the graceful oriental turban, but the useful European hat! It broke the illusion completely.

The ceremonies altogether impressed me with less solemnity than those of the Catholic Church; and gave me the idea of far less faith and earnestness in those engaged therein. However, some allowance must be made for this: first, because the common bond of faith in Christ was wanting between us; and secondly, because all the services were performed in Hebrew, of which I understood not one syllable. To see mouths open to chant forth a series of unintelligible sounds, has the same kind of fantastic unreality about it that there is in witnessing a multitude dancing when you hear no music. But after making all these allowances, I could not escape the conclusion that the ceremonies were shuffled through in a cold, mechanical style. The priest often took up his watch, which lay before him; and assuredly this chanting of prayers "by Shewsbury clock" is not favourable to solemnity.

The chanting was unmusical, consisting of monotonous ups and downs of the voice, which, when the whole congregation joined in it, sounded like the continuous roar of the sea.

The trumpet, which was blown by a rabbi, with a shawl drawn over his hat and face, was of the ancient shape, somewhat resembling a cow's horn. It did not send forth a spirit-
stirring peal; but the sound groaned and struggled through it—not at all reminding one of the days when

"There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest and warrior's voice between."

I observed, in the English translation on one side of an open prayer-book, these words: "When the trumpet shall blow on the holy mountain, let all the earth hear! Let them which are scattered in Assyria, and perishing in Egypt, gather themselves together in the Holy City." I looked around upon the congregation, and I felt that Judea no longer awoke at the sound of the trumpet!

The ark, on a raised platform, was merely a kind of semi-circular closet, with revolving doors. It was surmounted by a tablet, bearing a Hebrew inscription in gilded letters. The doors were closed and opened at different times, with much ceremony; sometimes a man stood silently before them, with a shawl drawn over his hat and face. When opened, they revealed festoons of white silk damask, suspended over the sacred rolls of the Pentateuch; each roll enveloped in figured satin, and surmounted by ornaments with silver bells. According to the words of Moses, "Thou shalt put into the ark the testimony which I shall give thee." Two of these rolls were brought out, opened by the priest, turned round toward all the congregation, and after portions of them had been chanted for nearly two hours, were again wrapped in satin, and carried slowly back to the ark, in procession, the people chanting the Psalms of David, and the little bells tinkling as they moved.

While they were chanting an earnest prayer for the coming of the Promised One, who was to restore the scattered tribes, I turned over the leaves, and by a singular coincidence my eye rested on these words: "Abraham said, see ye not the splendid light now shining on Mount Moriah? And they answered, nothing but caverns do we see." I thought of Jesus, and the whole pageant became more spectral than ever; so strangely vague and shadowy, that I felt as if under the influence of magic.

The significant sentence reminded me of a German friend, who shared his sleeping apartment with another gentleman, and both were in the habit of walking very early in the morning. One night, his companion rose much earlier than he
intended, and perceiving his mistake, placed a lighted lamp in the chimney corner, that its glare might not disturb the sleeper, leaned his back against the fire-place, and began to read. Some time after, the German arose, left him reading, and walked forth into the morning twilight. When he returned, the sun was shining high up in the heavens; but his companion, unconscious of the change, was still reading by lamp-light in the chimney corner. And this the Jews are now doing, as well as a very large proportion of Christians.

Ten days from the Feast of Trumpets comes the Feast of the Atonement. Five days after, the Feast of Tabernacles is observed for seven days. Booths of evergreen are erected in the synagogue, according to the injunction, "Ye shall take the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

Last week, a new synagogue was consecrated in Attorney Street, making, I believe, five Jewish synagogues in this city, comprising in all about ten thousand of this ancient people. The congregation of the new synagogue are German emigrants, driven from Bavaria, the Duchy of Baden, &c., by oppressive laws. One of these laws forbade the Jews to marry; and among the emigrants were many betrothed couples, who married as soon as they landed on our shores, trusting their future support to the God of Jacob. If not as "rich as Jews," they are now most of them doing well in the world; and one of the first proofs they gave of prosperity was the erection of a place of worship.

The oldest congregation of Jews in New York were called *Shewith Israel*. The Dutch governors would not allow them to build a place of worship; but after the English conquered the colony, they erected a small wooden synagogue, in Mill Street, near which a creek ran up from the East River, where the Jewish women performed their ablutions. In the course of improvement this was sold; and they erected the handsome stone building in Crosby Street, which I visited. It is not particularly striking or magnificent, either in its exterior or interior; nor would it be in good keeping for a people gone into captivity to have garments like those of Aaron, "for glory and for beauty;" or an "ark overlaid with pure gold within and without, and a crown of gold to be round about.

There is something deeply impressive in this remnant of a
scattered people coming down to us in continuous links through
the long vista of recorded time; preserving themselves carefully
unmixed by intermarriage with people of other nations and
other faith, and keeping up the ceremonial forms of Abraham,
Isaac, and Jacob, through all the manifold changes of revolving
generations. Moreover, our religions are connected, though
separated; they are shadow and substance, type and fulfilment.
To the Jews only, with all their blindness and waywardness,
was given the idea of one God, spiritual and invisible; and,
among them only could such a one as Jesus have appeared.
To us they have been the medium of glorious truths; and if the
murky shadow of their old dispensation rests too heavily on the
mild beauty of the new, it is because the present can never
quite unmoor itself from the past; and well for the world's
safety that it is so.

Quakers were mixed with the congregation of the Jews;
thus oddly brought together, were representatives of the ex-
treme of conservatism, and the extreme of innovation!

I was disappointed to see so large a proportion of this peculiar
people fair-skinned and blue-eyed. As no one who marries a
Gentile is allowed to remain in their synagogue, one would
naturally expect to see a decided predominance of the dark eyes,
jetty locks, and olive complexions of Palestine. But the Jews
furnish incontrovertible evidence that colour is the effect of
climate. In the mountains of Bavaria they are light-haired
and fair-skinned; in Italy and Spain they are dark; in Hin-
dostan swarthy. The Black Jews of Hindostan are said to have
been originally African or Hindoo slaves, who received their
freedom as soon as they became converted to Judaism, and had
fulfilled the rites prescribed by the ceremonial law; for the
Jews, unlike Christians, deem it unlawful to hold any one of
their own religious faith in slavery. In another respect they
put us to shame; for they hold a Jubilee of Freedom once in
fifty years, and on that occasion emancipate all, even of their
heathen slaves.

Whether the Black Jews—now a pretty large class in Hin-
dostan—intermarry with other Jews, we are not informed.
Moses, their great law-giver, married an Ethiopian. Miriam
and Aaron were shocked at it, as they would have been at any
intermarriage with the heathen tribes, of whatever colour.
Whether the Ethiopian woman had adopted the faith of Israel
is not mentioned; but we are told that the anger of the Lord
was kindled against Aaron and his sister for their conduct on this occasion.

The anniversary meetings of the New York Hebrew Benevolent Society present a singular combination. There meet together pilgrims from the Holy Land, merchants from the Pacific Ocean and the East Indies, exiles from the banks of the Vistula, the Danube, and the Dnieper, bankers from Vienna and Paris, and dwellers on the shores of the Hudson and the Susquehannah. Suspended in their dining hall, between the American and English flags, may be seen the banner of Judah, with Hebrew inscriptions in golden letters. How this stirs the sea of memory! That national banner has not been unfurled for eighteen hundred years. The last time it floated to the breeze was over the walls of Jerusalem, besieged by Titus Vespasianus. Then, our stars and stripes were not foreseen, even in dim shadow, by the vision of a prophet; and here they are intertwined together over this congress of nations!

In New York, as elsewhere, the vending of "old clo'" is a prominent occupation among the Jews; a fact in which those who look for spiritual correspondence can perceive significance; though singularly enough Sartor Resartus makes no allusion to it in his "Philosophy of Clothes." When I hear Christian ministers apologising for slavery by the example of Abraham, defending war, because the Lord commanded Samuel to hew Agag in pieces, and sustaining capital punishment by the retaliatory code of Moses, it seems to me it would be most appropriate to have the Jewish criers at the doors of our theological schools, proclaiming at the top of their lungs, "Old Clothes! Old Clothes all the way from Judea!"

The proverbial worldliness of the Jews, their unpoeitic avocations, their modern costume, and mechanical mode of perpetuating ancient forms, cannot divest them of a sacred and even romantic interest. The religious idea transmitted by this remarkable people, has given them a more abiding and extended influence on the world's history than Greece attained by her classic beauty, or Rome by her triumphant arms. Mohammadanism and Christianity, the two forms of theology which include nearly all the civilised world, both grew from the stock planted by Abraham's children. On them lingers the long-reflectcd light of prophecy; and we, as well as they are watching for its fulfilment. And, verily, all things seem tending towards it. Through all their wanderings, they have followed
the direction of Moses, to be **lenders** and not **borrowers**. The sovereigns of Europe and Asia, and the republics of America, are their debtors, to an immense amount. The Rothschilds are Jews, and they have wealth enough to purchase all Palestine if they choose; a large part of Jerusalem is in fact mortgaged to them. The oppressions of the Turkish government, and the incursions of hostile tribes, have hitherto rendered Syria an unsafe residence; but the Sultan has erected it into an independent power, and issued orders throughout his empire that the Jews shall be as perfectly protected in their religious and civil rights as any other class of his subjects; moreover, the present controversy between European nations and the East seems likely to result in placing Syria under the protection of Christian nations. It is reported that Prince Metternich, Premier of Austria, has determined, if possible, to constitute a Christian kingdom out of Palestine, of which Jerusalem is to be the seat of government. The Russian Jews, who number about 2,000,000, have been reduced to the most abject condition by contempt and tyranny; but there, too, government is now commencing a movement in their favour, without requiring them to renounce their faith. As long ago as 1817, important privileges were conferred by law on those Jews who consented to embrace Christianity. Land was gratuitously bestowed upon them, where they settled, under the name of the Society of Israelitish Christians.

The signs of the times cannot, of course, escape the observation, or elude the active zeal, of Christians of the present day. England has established many missions for the conversion of the Jews. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland has lately addressed a letter of sympathy and expostulation to the scattered children of Israel, which has been printed in a great variety of Oriental and Occidental languages. In Upper Canada, a Society of Jews converted to Christianity, have been organised to facilitate the return of the wandering tribes to the Holy Land.

The Rev. Solomon Michael Alexander, a learned Rabbi, of the tribe of Judah, has been proselyted to Christianity, and sent to Palestine by the Church of England; being consecrated the first Bishop of Jerusalem.

Moreover, the spirit of schism appears among them. A numerous and influential body in England have seceded, under the name of Reformed Jews. They denounce the Talmud as a
mass of absurdities, and adhere exclusively to the authority of Moses; whereas, orthodox Jews consider the rabbinical writings of equal authority with the Pentateuch. They have sent a Hebrew circular to the Jews of this country, warning them against the seceders. A General Convention is likewise proposed, to enable them to draw closer the bonds of union.

What a busy, restless age is this in which we are cast! What a difficult task for Israel to walk through its midst, with mantles untouched by the Gentiles.

"And hath she wandered thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return."

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LETTER VII.

REV. JOHN SUMMERFIELD—THE FARMER CRAZED BY SPECULATORS
—GREENWOOD CEMETERY—WEARING MOURNING.

September 30, 1841.

A few days since, I crossed the East river to Brooklyn, on Long Island; named by the Dutch, Breuck-len, or the Broken-land. Brooklyn Heights, famous in revolutionary history, command a magnificent view of the city of New York, the neighbouring islands, and harbour; and being at least a hundred feet above the river, and open to the sea; they are never without a refreshing and invigorating breeze. A few years ago, these salubrious heights might have been purchased by the city at a very low price, and converted into a promenade, of beauty unrivalled throughout the world; but speculators have now laid hands upon them, and they are digging them away to make room for stores, with convenient landings from the river. In this process, they not unfrequently turn out the bones of soldiers, buried there during the battles and skirmishes of the revolution.

We turned aside to look in upon the small, neat burying-
ground of the Methodist Church, where lie the bones of that remarkable young man, the Rev. John Summerfield. In the course of so short a life, few have been able to impress themselves so deeply and vividly on the memory of a thousand hearts, as this eloquent disciple of Christ. None who heard the fervid outpourings of his gifted soul could ever forget him. His grave is marked by a horizontal marble slab, on which is inscribed a well written epitaph. The commencement of it is the most striking:

"Rev. John Summerfield. Born in England; born again in Ireland. By the first, a child of genius; by the second, a child of God. Called to preach at 19; died at 27."

Dwellings were scattered around this little burying-ground, separated by no fences, their thresholds divided from the graves only by a narrow foot-path. I was anxious to know what might be the effect on the spiritual character of children, accustomed to look out continually upon these marble slabs, to play among the grassy mounds, and perchance to "take their little porringer, and eat their supper there."

About two miles from the ferry, we came to the marshy village of Gowannus, and crossed the mill-pond. A farm near by furnishes a painful illustration of the unwholesome excitement attendant upon speculation. Here dwelt an honest, ignorant, peaceful, old man, who inherited from his father a farm of little value. Its produce was, however, enough to supply his moderate wants; and he took great pleasure in a small, neatly kept flower garden, from which he was ever ready to gather a bouquet for travellers. Thus quietly lived the old-fashioned farmer and his family, and thus they might have gone home to their fathers, had not a band of speculators foreseen that the rapidly increasing city would soon take in Brooklyn, and stretch itself across the marshes of Gowannus. Full of these visions, they called upon the old man, and offered him £14,500 for a farm which had, originally, been bought almost for a song. £2,500, in silver and gold, were placed on the table before him; he looked at them, fingered them over, seemed bewildered, and agreed to give a decisive answer on the morrow. The next morning found him a raving maniac! And thus he now roams about, recklessly tearing up the flowers he once loved so dearly, and keeping his family in continual terror.

On the high ground, back of this marsh, is Greenwood
Cemetery, the object of our pilgrimage. The site is chosen with admirable taste. The grounds, beautifully diversified with hill and valley, are nearly covered with a noble old forest, from which it takes its cheerful name of the Green Wood.

The area of two hundred acres comprises a greater variety of undulating surface than Mount Auburn, and I think excels it in natural beauty. From embowered glades and deeply shaded dells, you rise in some places twenty feet, and in others more than two hundred, above the sea. Mount Washington, the highest and most remarkable of these elevations, is two hundred and sixteen feet high. The scenery here is of picturesque and resplendent beauty; comprising an admirable view of New York; the shores of North and East River, sprinkled with villages; Staten Island, that lovely gem of the waters; the entire harbour, white with the sails of a hundred ships; and the margin of the Atlantic, stretching from Sandy Hook beyond the Rockaway Pavilion. A magnificent monument to Washington is to be erected here.

Thence we rambled along, through innumerable sinuosities, until we came to a quiet little lake, which bears the pretty name of Sylvan Water. Fish abound here, undisturbed; and shrubs in their wild, natural state, bend over the margin to dip their feet and wash their faces.

"Here come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill."

As a gun is never allowed to enter the premises, the playful squirrels, at will, "drop down from the leafy tree," and the air of spring is redolent with woodland melody.

An hour's wandering brought us round to the same place again; for here, as at Mount Auburn, it is exceedingly easy for the traveller to lose his way in labyrinthine mazes.

"The wandering paths that wind and creep,
Now o'er the mountain's rugged brow,
And now where sylvan waters sleep
In quiet beauty, far below;
Those paths which many a lengthened mile
Diverge, then meet, then part once more,
Like those which erst in Creta's isle,
Were trod by fabled Minotaur."

Except the beautiful adaptation of the roads and paths to the undulating nature of the ground, art has yet done but little
for Greenwood. It is said the company that purchased it for a cemetery, will have the good taste to leave the grounds as nearly as possible in a state of nature. But as funds are increased by the sale of burying lots, the entire precincts will be enclosed within terrace-walls, a handsome gate-way and chapel will be erected, and a variety of public monuments. The few private monuments now there, are mostly of Egyptian model, with nothing remarkable in their appearance.

On this spot was fought the bloody battle of Long Island.

"Each wood, each hill, each glen,
Lives in the record of those days,
Which 'tried the souls of men.'
This fairy scene, so quiet now,
Where murmuring winds breathe soft and low,
And bright birds carol sweet,
Once heard the ringing clash of steel,
The shout, the shriek, the volley'd peal,
The rush of flying feet!"

When the plan was first suggested of finding some quiet, sequestered place, for a portion of the innumerable dead of this great city, many were very urgent to have it called The Necropolis, meaning the City of the Dead; but Cemetery was more wisely chosen; for the old Greeks signified thereby The Place of Sleep. We still need a word of Christian significance, implying, "They are not here; they have risen." I should love to see this cheerful motto over the gateway.

The increase of beautiful burial-grounds, like Mount Auburn and Greenwood, is a good sign. Blessed be all agencies that bring our thoughts into pleasant companionship with those who have "ended their pilgrimage and begun their life." Banished for ever be the sable garments, the funeral pall, the dismal, unshaded ground. If we must attend to a change of garments, while our hearts are full of sorrow, let us wear sky-blue, like the Turks, to remind us of heaven. The horror and the gloom, with which we surround death, indicates too surely our want of living faith in the soul's immortality. Deeply and seriously impressed we must needs be, whenever called to contemplate the mysterious close of "our hood-winked march from we know not whence, to we know not whither;" but terror and gloom ill become the disciples of Him, who asked with such cheerful significance, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

I rejoice greatly to observe that these ideas are gaining
ground in the community. Individuals of all sects, and in many cases entire churches, are abjuring the custom of wearing mourning; and Protestant Christendom is fast converting its dismal barricaded burial grounds into open, flowery walks. The Catholics have always done so. I know not whether the intercession of saints, and long continued masses for the dead bring their imaginations into more frequent and nearer communion with the departed; but for some reason or other, they keep more bright, than we do, the link between those who are living here, and those who live beyond. Hence, their tombs are constantly supplied with garlands by the hand of affection; and the innocent babe lying uncoffined on its bier in the open church, with fragrant flowers in its little hand, and the mellow light from painted windows resting on its sweet uncovered face. Great is the power of faith and love!

LETTER VIII.

THE SHIPPING—THE YANKEE BOY AND THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—
THE KAMSCHATKA AND LA BELLE POULE.

October 7, 1841.

Among the many objects of interest in this great city, a stranger cannot overlook its shipping, especially as New York lays claim to superiority over other cities of the Union, in the construction of vessels which are remarkable for beauty of model, elegance of finish, and gracefulness of sparring.

I have often anathematised the spirit of trade, which reigns triumphant, not only on 'Change, but in our halls of legislation, and even in our churches. Thought is sold under the hammer, and sentiment, in its holiest forms, stands labelled for the market. Love is offered to the highest bidder, and sixpences are given to purchase religion for starving souls.

In view of these things, I sometimes ask whether the age of commerce is better than the age of war? Whether our "merchant princes" are a great advance upon feudal chieftains? Whether it is better for the many to be prostrated by force, or devoured by cunning? To the imagination, those bloody old
barons seem the nobler of the two; for it is more manly to hunt a lion than entrap a fox. But reason acknowledges that mer-
chandise, with all its cunning and its fraud, is a step forward in the slow march of human improvement; and hope announces, in prophetic tones, that commerce will yet fulfil its highest mission, and encircle the world in a golden band of brotherhood.

You will not think this millenium so nigh, when I tell you that the most graceful, fairy-like vessel in these waters was a slaver! She floated like a sea-nymph, and cut the waters like an arrow. I mean the Baltimore clipper, called the Catherine; taken by British cruisers, and brought here, with all her de-
testable appurtenances of chains and padlocks, to be adjudged by the United States' Court, condemned, and sold. For what purpose she is now used, I know not; but no doubt this city is secretly much involved in the slave trade.

At the Navy Yard, Brooklyn I saw the ship of war Inde-
pendence, which carried out Mr. Dallas and his family, when he went ambassador to Russia. On their arrival at Cronstadt, they observed a barge, containing sixteen of the emperor's state-
officers, put off from a steam-boat near by, and row towards them. They came on board, leaving behind them the bargemen, and a tall, fine-looking man at the helm. While the officers were in the cabin partaking refreshments and exchanging courtesies, the helmsman leaped on board, and made himself, "hail fellow, well met" with the sailors, accepting quids of tobacco, and asking various questions. When the officers re-
turned on deck, and he had resumed his place, one of the sailors said to his comrade, with a knowing look, "I tell you what, Tom, that 'ere chap's more than we take him for. He's a land-lubber, I can tell you. Old Neptune never had the dipping of him."

An officer of the Independence overheard these remarks, and whispered to Commodore Nicholson that he shrewdly suspected the tall, plainly-dressed helmsman, was the Emperor Nicholas, in disguise; for he was said to be fond of playing such pranks. A royal salute, forty-two guns, was immediately ordered. The helmsman was observed to count the guns; and after twenty-
one (the common salute) had been fired, he took off his cap and bowed. The Russian steamer instantly ran up the imperial flag; all the forts, and every ship in the harbour, commenced a tremendous cannonading; rending the air, as when from "crag to crag leaps the live thunder."
In courteous acknowledgment of his discovered disguise, the officers of the Independence were invited to make the palace their home, during their stay at St. Petersburg, and the Emperor's carriages, horses, and aids, were at their service; a compliment never before paid to a vessel of any nation.

Yet was similar honour once conferred on an uncouth country boy from New England! The following is the substance of the story, as told by Mr. Dallas, at a public dinner given him in Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1838.

One day a lad, apparently about nineteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee; with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying, “I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the Emperor.”

“Why do you wish to see him?”

“I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands.”

Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, “It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the Emperor will consider this only a Yankee trick. What have you brought?”

“An acorn.”

“An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?”

“Why, jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks, says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him.”

“My lad, it's not an easy matter for a stranger to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it.”

“I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like
mighty well to hear about our railroads, and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you—but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well, that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace garden with his own hand; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and railroads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters; for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again, yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the Empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky! I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. 'But then you don't call 'em servants,' said she; 'you call 'em help.' I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope? says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. 'You're right, sir,' said he, 'you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!' Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mightily pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good bye, all round, and went about my business. Ain't I had a
glorious time? I expect you didn’t calculate to see me run such a rig?"

“No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it’s a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction.”

A few days after he called again, and said, “I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I’m treated so well. T’other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him, in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I’ve been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I’ve seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?”

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visitor re-appeared. “Well,” said he, “I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good bye. I thought I couldn’t do no less, he’d been so civil. Says he, “Is there anything else you’d like to see, before you go back to Ameriky?” I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I’d heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I’d read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o’ money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow, he sent the same man in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I’ve seen all I want to see! And we’re going to-morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?”

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador’s house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting, “Good bye! Good bye!”

Mr. Dallas afterwards learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers, and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a journal, which he intended to publish.
Now, who but a Yankee could have done all that?

While speaking of the Emperor, I must not forget the magnificent steam frigate Kamschatka, built here to his order. Her model, drafted by Captain Von Shantz, of the Russian navy, is extremely beautiful. She sits on the water as gracefully as a swan; and it is said her speed is not equalled by any sea-steamer on the Atlantic or Pacific, the Black Sea, the Indian, or the Baltic. It is supposed she could easily make the passage from here to England in ten days. The elegance of her rigging, and her neat, nimble wheels have been particularly admired. These wheels are constructed on a new plan, and though apparently slight, have great strength and power. Her engines are of six hundred horse power, and her tonnage about two thousand.

All the metal about her is American. In machinery and construction she carries two hundred thousand pounds of copper, fifty thousand of wrought iron, and three hundred thousand of cast iron. Two hundred and fifty men were eight months employed in building her. Her cabins are said to be magnificent. Two drawing-rooms are fitted up in princely style for the imperial family; the wood-work of these consists of mahogany, bird's-eye maple, rose-wood, and satin-wood. Her hull is entirely black; the bows and stern surmounted with a large double-headed gilt eagle, and a crown. The machinery, made by Messrs. Dunham & Co. of this city, is said to be of the most superb workmanship ever produced in this country. She is considered a remarkably cheap vessel of the kind, as she cost only four hundred thousand dollars. She was built under the superintendence of Mr. Scott, who goes in her to Russia, as chief engineer. She sailed for Cronstadt last week, being escorted out of the harbour by a large party of ladies and gentlemen. Among these was Mr. Rhoades, of New York, the naval constructor. You probably recollect that he built a large gun-ship for the Turkish Sultan; who was so much delighted when he saw the noble vessel launched right royally upon the waves, that he jumped and capered, and threw his arms about the ship-builder's neck, and gave him a golden box, set with splendid jewels. Henry Eckford, too, one of the most remarkable of marine architects, was of New York. He built the Kensington for the Greeks, and died prematurely while in the employ of Mahmoud. It is singular, is it not, that foreign powers send to this young country, when they most want
ingenious machinery, or skilful workmanship? But I will quit this strain, lest I fall into our national sin of boasting.

I cannot bid you farewell without mentioning the French frigate La Belle Poule, commanded by the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe. She is an interesting object seen from the Battery, with her tri-colour flying; for one seems to see rich sarcophagus, with its magnificent pall of black velvet, sprinkled with silver stars, in which she conveyed the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris. Every day, masses were said, and requiems sung on board, for the soul of the great departed. Do not quarrel with the phrase. In its highest significance it is ill applied to any warrior; but, nevertheless, in the strong will, successfully enforced, there is ever an element of greatness.

The same unrivalled band that attended the imperial remains are now on board, and sometimes refresh our citizens with most enchanting music. They are twenty-six in number, paid from the Prince's own purse.

Sabbath before last, a youth of fourteen, much beloved, died on board, far from home and kindred. It was an impressive sight to see the coffin of the young stranger passing through our streets, covered with the tri-coloured flag, suspended upon ropes, after the manner of marine burials in Europe, and borne by his mourning comrades.

The Prince's private state-room contains a bronze copy of the Joan of Arc, which was exquisitely sculptured by his sister, Marie, who had great genius for the fine arts, and was richly endowed with intellect. In the same room are miniatures of his royal parents, by the celebrated Madame de Mirbel, and some very spirited sketches by his own hand. It is worthy of remark, that the only royal family eminently distinguished for private virtues, combined with a high degree of intellectual cultivation, were not educated to be princes; and that their father had acquired wisdom and strength in the school of severe adversity.

The keeper of Castle Garden, when he saw me watching the barge that came from the Belle Poule, repeated, at least, half-a-dozen times, that I should not know the Prince from any other man, if I were to see him. I was amused to hear him thus betray the state of his own mind, though he failed to enlighten mine.

I love to linger about the Battery at sunset; to see the flags
all drop down suddenly from the mast-head, in honour of the retreating king of day; and to hear, in the stillness of evening, some far-off song upon the waters, or the deep, solemn sound, "All's well!" echoed from one to another of those numerous ships, all lying there so hushed and motionless. A thousand thoughts crowd upon my mind, as I silently gaze on their twinkling light, and shadowy rigging, dimly relieved against the sky. I think of the human hearts imprisoned there; of the poor sailor's toil and suffering; of his repressed affections, and benighted mind; and in that one idea of life spent without a home, I find condensed all that my nature most shudders at. I think, too, of the poor fugitive slave, hunted out by mercenary agents, chained on ship-board, and perchance looking up, desolate and heart-broken, to the same stars on which I fix my free and happy gaze. Alas, how fearfully solemn must their light be to him, in his hopeless sorrow, and superstitious ignorance.

LETTER IX.

GRANT THORBURN, THE ORIGINAL OF GALT'S LAWRIE TODD—RAVENSWOOD.

October 14, 1841.

Last week we went to Ravenswood, to visit Grant Thorburn's famous garden. We left the city by Hellgate, a name not altogether inappropriate for an entrance to New York. The waters, though troubled and peevish, were more composed than I had expected. This was owing to the high tide; and it reminded me of Washington Irving's description; "Hell-gate is as pacific at low water as any other stream; as the tide rises, it begins to fret; at half tide it rages and roars, as if bellowing for more water; but when the tide is full, it relapses again into quiet, and for a time seems to sleep almost as soundly as an alderman after dinner. It may be compared to an inveterate drinker, who is a peaceful fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he is skin-full; but when half-seas over, plays the very devil." One of the steam-ferry boats that crosses this turbulent passage, is appropriately called the Pluto. It is odd that men should have confounded together the deities that preside over riches and over hell, and that the god of commerce
should likewise be the god of lies. Perhaps the ancients had sarcastic significance in this.

The garden at Ravenswood is well worth seeing. An admirable green-house, full of choice plants; extensive and varied walks, neatly kept; and nearly three thousand dahlias in full bloom—the choicest specimens, with every variety of shade and hue; and a catalogue of great names from Lord Wellington to Kate Nickleby and Grace Darling. I never saw any floral exhibition more superb. They stood facing each other in regal groups, as if the court beauties of a coronation ball had been suddenly changed into blossoms by an enchanter's wand. The location of the garden is beautiful; in some places opening upon pretty rural scenes of wood and pasture, and fronting on the broad blue river, where, ever and anon, may be seen, through the intervening foliage, some little boat, or sloop, with snowy sail, gliding gracefully along in silence and sunlight.

Grant Thorburn, you know, of course—that little "spunk o' geni in a rickety tabernacle," on whose history Galt built his Lawrie Todd. The story derived small aid from fiction; the first volume being almost literally Grant Thorburn's history, as he tells it himself. To be sure, he never pushed into the wilderness, to lay out "Judiville," or any other new town. Though Ravenswood has grown up around him, and the tasteful name of his own choosing, he never could have endured many of the hardships of a pioneer; for the village lies on the east river, a little south of Hallet's Cove, not more than five miles from the city. The name came from the Bride of Lammermoor; for though a strict adherent of Scotland's kirk, he is a great admirer of Sir Walter's romances. The pleasant old gentleman returned in the boat with us, and was highly communicative; for, in the first place, he loves to talk of himself and his adventures, with the innocent and inoffensive egotism of a little child; and in the next place, he favours Boston ladies, having a pleased recollection of the great attention paid him there. He told us he was born near St. Leonard's Crags, and in his boyhood was accustomed to pass Jeanie Deans's cottage frequently. His grandfather was alive and stirring at the time of the Porteous Mob, and he had heard him recount the leading incidents in the heart of Mid-Lothian a thousand times. I was charmed to hear him recite, in the pure Scotch accent, Jeanie's eloquent and pathetic appeal to the Queen. Speaking of Scott's fidelity to the national character, I asked
him if he had not often met with a Dandie Dinmont; he replied, "Yes, and with Dumbiedikes too; but much oftener with a 'douce Davie Deans.'"

Lawrie Todd is very true to the life; yet it is slightly embellished with fictitious garniture, like a veritable portrait in masquerade dress. The old gentleman's love of matter of fact led him to publish a biographical sketch of himself; which, so far as it goes, is almost in the identical language used by Galt; both being in fact the very words, in which he has been long accustomed to repeat his story. Another motive for giving an unadorned account of himself in his little book, probably, was the very natural and not unpleasing propensity of an old man, to trace step by step the adventures and efforts whereby he fashioned such a flowery fortune from the barren sands.

The handsome country-seats of himself and son, standing side by side in the midst of this spacious and beautiful garden; urns supported by Cupids, (which they say in Yankee land should be called cupidities;) and oriental glimpses here and there, of some verdant mound among the winding walks, surmounted by the tufted Sago Palm, or spreading Cactus, all this contrasted oddly enough with his own account of himself, as a diminutive Scotch lad with "brief legs and shuffling feet," squatted down on the deck of the emigrant ship, which brought him here, poor and friendless, in 1794. He thus describes himself, helping the coloured cook to prepare dinner, when they first drew near the wharves of New York. "I sat down with Cato, as he was called, square on the deck, his feet against my feet, with a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skins. While thus employed, a boat came alongside with several visitors. One inquired for a farmer's servant, wishing to engage one; another for a housemaid; and the third, thanks be and praise! asked if there was a nailmaker on board. My greedy ear snapped the word, and looking up, I answered; 'I am one.' 'You!' replied he, looking down as if I was a fairy; 'You! can you make nails?' 'I'll wager a sixpence,' (all I had) was my answer, 'that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America.' This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the bragger, set all present into a roar of laughter."

A curious sample of Scotch thrift was shown when he first opened a little shop, without capital to buy stock. Brick bats, covered with ironmonger's paper, with a knife or fork tied on
the outside, were ranged on the shelves, like an imposing array of new cutlery; and a dozen snuff boxes, or shaving boxes, made a great show, fastened on round junks of wood.

"But, although, it must be allowed that this was a clever and innocent artifice," says Lawrie Todd, "yet, like other dealers in the devices of cunning, I had not been circumspect at all points; for by mistake, I happened to tie a round shaving box on a brick subterfuge, which a sly, pawky old Scotchman, who sometimes stepped in for a crack, observed.

"'Ay, man,' says he, 'but ye hae unco' queer things here. Wha ever saw a four-corner't shaving box?'—Whereupon we had a hearty good laugh. 'Od,' he resumed, 'but ye're an auld farrant chappy, and nae doot but ye'll do weel in this country, where pawkrie is no' an ill nest-egg to begin with.'"

There is, however, no "pawkrie" about his flowers and garden-seeds; they are genuine, and the best of their kind; as their celebrity throughout the country abundantly testifies.

I begged of the gardener a single sprig of acacia, whose light, feathery, yellow foliage looked like a pet plaything of the breezes, and which for the first time enabled me to understand clearly Moore's poetic description of the Desert, where "The Acacia waves her yellow hair."

I likewise took with me a geranium leaf, as a memento of the rose-geranium which Grant Thorburn accidentally bought in the day of small beginnings, and which proved the nucleus of his present floral fame and blooming fortune. The gardener likewise presented us with a bouquet of dahlias, magnificent enough for the hand-screen of a Sultana; but this politeness I think we owed to certain beautiful young ladies who accompanied us.

Altogether, it was a charming excursion; and I came away pleased with the garden and its environs, and pleased with the old gentleman, whose dwarf-like figure disappointed me agreeably; for, from his own description, I was prepared to find him ungainly and mis-shapen. I no longer deem it so very marvellous that his Rebecca should have preferred the poor canny little Scotchman to her rich New York lover.

As I never deserved to be called "Mrs. Leo Hunter," you will, perhaps, be surprised at the degree of interest I express in this man, whose claims to distinction are merely the having amassed wealth by his own industry and shrewdness, and having his adventures told by Galt's facetious pen. The accu-
mulation of dollars and cents, I grant, is a form of power the least attractive of any to the imagination; but yet, as an indication of ability of some sort, it is attractive to a degree; and, moreover, there is something in mere success which interests us—because it is a stimulus which the human mind spontaneously seeks, and without which it cannot long retain its energies. Added to this, there is a roseate gleam of romance resting on the shrewd Scotchman's life. First, there is a sober sentiment, a quaint, homely pathos which wraps the memory of his patient, quiet Rebecca in a sacred veil of tender reverence. Secondly, he is a sort of high priest of Flora; and though not such an one as would have been chosen to tend the shrine of her Roman temple, yet this will give him a poetic claim upon my interest, so long as the absorbing love of beauty renders a flower merchant more attractive to my fancy than a dealer in grain.

Were I not afraid of wearying your patience with descriptions of scenery, I would talk of the steamboat passage from Ravenswood; for, indeed, it is very beautiful. But I forbear all allusion to the gliding boats, the vernal forests, falling in love with their own shadows in the river, and the cosy cottages, peeping out from the foliage with their pleasant, friendly faces. I have placed the lovely landscape in the halls of memory, where I can look upon it whenever my soul needs the bounteous refreshings of nature. I congratulate myself for having added this picture to my gallery as a blessing for the weary months that are coming upon us; for summer has waved her last farewell, as she passed away over the summit of the sunlit hills, and I can already spy the waving white locks of old winter, as he comes hobbling up before the gale on the other side. I could forgive him the plague fit he bestows on poor summer as she hurries by; but the plague of it is, he will stand gossiping with spring's green fairy till every tooth chatters in her sweet little head.

Now, of a truth, my friend, I have been meaning to write sober sense; but what is written, is written. As the boy said of his whistling, "It did itself." I would gladly have shown more practical good sense, and talked wisely on "the spirit of the age," "progress of the species," and the like; but I believe, in my soul, fairies keep carnival all the year round in my poor brain; for even when I first wake, I find a magic ring of tinted mushrooms to show where their midnight dance has been. But
I did not bore you with scenery, and you ought to give me credit for that; we who live cooped up in cities are so apt to forget that anybody but ourselves ever sees blue sky enough for a suit of bed curtains, or buttercups and greensward sufficient for a flowered coverlet. "Don't crow till you're out of the wood," though; for the aforesaid picture hangs in the hall, and I may yet draw aside the curtain and give you a peep, if you are very curious. Real pictures, like everything else real, cannot be bought with cash. Old Mammon buys nothing but shadows. My gallery beats that of the Duke of Devonshire; for it is filled with originals by the oldest masters, and not a copy among them all; and better still, the sheriff cannot seize them, let him do his worst; others may prove property in the same, but they lie safely beyond the reach of trover or replevin.

As we passed Blackwell's Island, I looked with thoughtful sadness on the handsome stone edifice erected there for a lunatic asylum. On another part of the island is a penitentiary; likewise a noble building, though chilling the heart with its barred doors and grated windows. The morally and the intellectually insane—should they not both be treated with great tenderness? It is a question for serious thought; and phrenology, with all its absurd quackery, will yet aid mankind in giving the fitting answer. There has, at least, been kindness evinced in the location chosen; for if free breezes, beautiful expanse of water, quiet, rural scenery, and "the blue sky that bends o'er all," can "minister to the mind diseased," then surely these forlorn outcasts of society may here find God's best physicians for their shattered nerves.

Another object which interested me exceedingly was the Long-Island Farm School, for foundlings and orphans. Six or eight hundred children are here carefully tended by a matron and her assistants, until they are old enough to go out to service or trades. Their extensive play-ground runs along the shore; a place of as sweet natural influences as could well be desired. I thought of the squalid little wretches I had seen at Five Points, whose greatest misfortune was that they were not orphans. I thought of the crowd of sickly infants in Boston almshouse—the innocent victims of hereditary vice. And my heart ached that I could see no end to all this misery, though it heard it in the far-off voice of prophecy.
LETTER X.

VARIEDIES OF CHARACTER AND CHANGING POPULATION OF NEW YORK—ANECDOTE OF ABSENT MEN—THE BAGPIPE PLAYER—BURIAL OF A STRANGER IN THE WESTERN FOREST.

October 21, 1841.

In a great metropolis like this, nothing is more observable than the infinite varieties of character. Almost without effort one may find himself, in the course of a few days, beside the Catholic kneeling before the cross, the Mahommedan bowing to the east, the Jew veiled before the ark of the testimony, the Baptist walking into the water, the Quaker keeping his head covered in the presence of dignitaries and solemnities of all sorts, and the Mormon quoting from the Golden Book which he has never seen.

More, perhaps, than any other city, except Paris or New Orleans, this is a place of rapid fluctuation and never-ceasing change. A large portion of the population are like mute actors, who tramp across the stage in pantomime or pageant, and are seen no more. The enterprising, the curious, the reckless, and the criminal flock hither from all quarters of the world, as to a common centre whence they can diverge at pleasure. Where men are little known they are imperfectly restrained; therefore, great numbers here live with somewhat of that wild license which prevails in times of pestilence. Life is a reckless game, and death is a business transaction. Warehouses of ready-made coffins stand beside warehouses of ready-made clothing, and the shroud is sold with spangled opera-dresses. Nay, you may chance to see exposed at sheriff's sales, in public squares, piles of coffins, like nests of boxes, one within another, with a hole bored in the topmost lid to sustain the red flag of the auctioneer, who stands by, describing their conveniences and merits with all the exaggerating eloquence of his tricky trade.

There is something impressive, even to painfulness, in this dense crowding of human existence, this mercantile familiarity with death. It has sometimes forced upon me, for a few moments, an appalling night-mare sensation of vanishing identity; as if I were but an unknown, unnoticed, and unseparated drop in the great ocean of human existence; as if the uncomfortable
old theory were true, and we were but portions of a great mundane soul, to which we ultimately return to be swallowed up in its infinity. But such ideas I expel at once like phantasm of evil, which indeed they are. Unprofitable to all, they have a peculiarly bewildering and oppressive power over a mind constituted like my own—so prone to eager questioning of the infinite, and curious search into the invisible. I find it wiser to forbear inflating this balloon of thought, lest it roll me away through unlimited space, until I become like the absent man who put his clothes in bed and hung himself over the chair; or like his twin-brother, who laid his candle on the pillow and blew himself out.

You will, at least, my dear friend, give these letters the credit of being utterly unpremeditated; for Flibbertigibbet himself never moved with more unexpected and incoherent variety. I have wandered almost as far from my starting point as Saturn's ring is from Mercury; but I will return to the varieties in New York. Among them, I often meet a tall Scotsman, with sandy hair and high cheek bones—a regular Sawney, with tartan plaid and bagpipe. And where do you guess he most frequently plies his poetic trade? Why, in the slaughter-houses! of which a hundred or more send forth their polluted breath into the atmosphere of this swarming city hive! There, if you are curious to witness incongruities, you may almost any day see grunting pigs or bleating lambs with throats cut to the tune of Highland Mary, or Bonnie Doon, or Lochaber no more.

Among those who have flitted across my path in this thoroughfare of nations, few have interested me more strongly than an old sea-captain, who needed only Sir Walter's education, his wild excursions through solitary dells and rugged mountain-passes, and his familiarity with legendary lore, to make him, too, a poet and a romancer. Untutored as he was, a rough son of the ocean, he had combined in his character the rarest elements of fun and pathos; side by side, they glanced through his conversation, in a manner almost Shakspearean. They shone, likewise, in his weather-beaten countenance; for he had "the eye of Wordsworth and the mouth of Moliere."

One of his numerous stories particularly impressed my imagination, and remains there like a cabinet picture, by Claude. He said he was once on board a steam-boat, full of poor foreigners, going up the Mississippi to some place of destination
in the yet unsettled wilderness. The room where these poor emigrants were huddled together, was miserable enough. In one corner, two dissipated-looking fellows were squatted on the floor, playing all-fours with dirty cards; in another, lay a victim of intemperance, senseless, with a bottle in his hand; in another, a young Englishman, dying of consumption—kindly tended by a venerable Swiss emigrant, with his helpful wife, and artless daughter. The Englishman was an intelligent, well-informed young man, who, being unable to marry the object of his choice, with any chance of comfortable support in his own country, had come to prepare a home for his beloved in the Eldorado of the West. A neglected cold brought on lung fever, which left him in a rapid decline; but still, full of hope, he was pushing on for the township, where he had planned for himself a domestic paradise. He was now among strangers, and felt that death was nigh. The Swiss emigrants treated him with that thoughtful, zealous tenderness, which springs from genial hearts, deeply imbued with the religious sentiment. One wish of his soul they could not gratify, by reason of their ignorance. Being too weak to hold a pen, he earnestly desired to dictate to some one else a letter to his mother and his betrothed. This, Captain T. readily consented to do; and promised, so far as in him lay, to carry into effect any arrangements he might wish to make.

Soon after this melancholy duty was fulfilled, the young sufferer departed. When the steam-boat arrived at its final destination, the kind-hearted Captain T. made the best arrangements he could for a decent burial. There was no chaplain on board; and, unused as he was to the performance of religious ceremonies, he himself read the funeral service from a book of Common Prayer, found in the young stranger’s trunk. The body was tenderly placed on a board, and carried out, face upwards, into the silent solitude of the primeval forest. The sun, verging to the west, cast oblique glances through the foliage, and played on the pale face in flickering light and shadow. Even the most dissipated of the emigrants were sobered by a scene so touching and so solemn, and all followed reverently in procession. Having dug the grave, they laid him carefully within, and replaced the sods above him; then, sadly and thoughtfully, they returned slowly to the boat.

Subdued to tender melancholy by the scene he had witnessed, and the unusual service he had performed, Captain T.
avoided company, and wandered off alone into the woods. Unquiet questionings, and far-reaching thoughts of God and immortality, lifted his soul towards the Eternal; and heedless of his footsteps, he lost his way in the windings of the forest. A widely devious and circuitous route, brought him within sound of human voices. It was a gushing melody, taking its rest in sweetest cadences. With pleased surprise, he followed it, and came suddenly and unexpectedly in view of the new-made grave. The kindly Swiss matron, and her innocent daughter, had woven a large and beautiful cross, from the broad leaves of the papaw tree, and twined it with the pure white blossoms of the trailing convolvulus. They had placed it reverently at the head of the stranger's grave, and kneeling before it, chanted their evening hymn to the Virgin. A glowing twilight shed its rosy flush on the consecrated symbol, and the modest, friendly faces of those humble worshippers. Thus beautifully they paid their tribute of respect to the unknown one, of another faith, and a foreign clime, who had left home and kindred, to die among strangers in the wilderness.

How would the holy gracefulness of this scene have melted the heart of his mother and his beloved!

I had many more things to say to you; but I will leave them unsaid. I leave you alone with this sweet picture, that your memory may consecrate it as mine has done.

LETTER XI.

THE COLOURED METHODIST PREACHER—STORY OF ZEEK, THE SHREWD SLAVE.

December 9, 1841.

A FRIEND passing by the Methodist church in Elizabeth Street, heard such loud and earnest noises issuing therefrom, that he stepped in to ascertain the cause. A coloured woman was preaching to a full audience, and in a manner so remarkable that his attention was at once riveted. The account he gave excited my curiosity, and I sought an interview with the woman, whom I ascertained to be Julia Pell, of Philadelphia. I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable
friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek’s descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had only known him as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been “sold running,” as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia, a coloured man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had “bought running.” “I know him very well,” said Samuel; “as well as I do myself; he’s a good-for-nothing chap; and you’ll be better without him than with him.” “Do you think so?” “Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that’s all. He’s a lazy, good-for-nothing dog; and you’d better sell your right in him the first chance you get.” After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the coloured man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that every thing was in due form, he inquired, “And is Zeek now free?” “Yes, entirely free.” “Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn’t he take me?” “Not any more than he could take me,” said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, “Your servant, sir; I am Zeek.” The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia’s intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetical, is her leading characteristic.

Some have the idea that our destiny is prophesied in early presentiments; thus, Hannah More, when a little child, used to play, “go up to London and see the bishops”—an object for which she afterwards sacrificed a large portion of her own moral independence and freedom of thought. In Julia Pell’s
case, "coming events cast their shadows before." I asked her when she thought she first "experienced religion." She replied, "When I was a little girl, father and mother used to go away to meeting on Sundays, and leave me and my brothers at home all day. So, I thought I'd hold class-meetings, as the Methodists did. The children all round in the neighbourhood used to come to hear me preach. The neighbours complained that we made such a noise, shouting and singing; and every Monday father gave us a whipping. At last he said to mother, 'I'm tired of beating these poor children every week to satisfy our neighbours. I'll send for my sister to come, and she will stay at home on Sundays and keep them out of mischief.' So my aunt was brought to take care of us; and the next Sunday, when the children came thronging to hear me preach, they were greatly disappointed indeed to hear me say, in a mournful way, 'We can't have any more meetings now; because aunt's come, and she won't let us.' When my aunt heard this, she seemed to pity me and the children; and she said if we would get through before the folks came home, we might hold a meeting; for she should like to see for herself what it was we did that made such a fuss among the neighbours. Then we had a grand meeting. My aunt's heart was taken hold of that very day; and when we all began to sing, 'Come to the Saviour, poor sinner, come!' she cried, and I cried; and when we had done crying, the whole of us broke out singing, 'Come to the Saviour.' That very instant I felt my heart leap up, as if a great load had been taken right off it! That was the beginning of my getting religion; and for many years after that, I saw all the time a blue smoke rising before my eyes—the whole time a blue smoke, rising, rising." As she spoke, she imitated the ascent of smoke, by a graceful undulating motion of her hand.

"What do you suppose was the meaning of the blue smoke?" said I.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am; but I always supposed it was my sins rising before me from the bottomless pit."

She told me that when her mother died, some years after, she called her to her bed-side, and said, "Julia, the work of grace has only begun in you. You haven't got religion yet. When you can freely forgive all your enemies, and love to do them good, then you may know that the true work is completed within you." I thought the wisest schools of theology could not have established a better test.
I asked Julia if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, "Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a convenience, if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind down. It dragged it down. When I tried to think, every thing scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say, 'Behold the days come,' I began, 'B-a-.'" I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read."

These, and several other particulars I learned of Julia, at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence, while she poured forth a brief, but very impressive prayer for her venerable host; of whom she spoke as "that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hast raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people."

Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlour, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in Mad Tom. On the Sunday following, I went to hear her for myself; and in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumbling together of all sorts of things in Scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation.

I know not whether her dress was of her own choosing; but it was tastefully appropriate. A black silk gown, with plain, white cuffs; a white muslin kerchief, folded neatly over the breast, and crossed by a broad black scarf, like that which bishops wear over the surplice.

She began with great moderation, gradually rising in her tones until she arrived at the shouting pitch, common with Methodists. This she sustained for an incredible time without taking breath, and with a huskiness of effort that produced a painful sympathy in my own lungs. Imagine the following thus uttered; that is, spoken without punctuation, "Silence
in Heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel, Bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop its roaring, and the earth be still. What's the matter now? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned and said, No, not one. Go search among the angels, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; make haste, Gabriel; and Gabriel returned and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, Behold! the Lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people."

You will observe it was purely her own idea, that silence reigned on earth and in heaven while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception, not unworthy of Milton.

Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, "buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a-top of him."

This reminded me of a verse in Dr. Nettleton's Village Hymns:—

"Oh, how the resurrection light,
Will clarify believers' sight,
How joyful will the saints arise,
And rub the dust from off their eyes."

With a power of imagination singularly strong and vivid, she described the resurrection of a young girl who had died a sinner. Her body came from the grave, and her soul from the pit, where it had been tormented for many years. "The guilty spirit came up with the flames all around it—rolling—rolling—rolling." She suited the action to the word, as Siddons herself might have done. Then she described the body wailing and
shrieking, "O Lord! must I take that ghost again? Must I be tormented with that burning ghost for ever?"

Luckily for the excited feelings of her audience, she changed the scene, and brought before us the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, was imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands. "It touched the strand. O! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of Heaven's bell, the angels came crowding round, to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow-travellers. Farewell—farewell—I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there," pointing reverently upward. "May we all be aboard that blessed ship." Shouts throughout the audience, "We will! We will!" Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervour. "Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me, but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning." Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild "farewell;" responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, "I shall meet you in the morning!"

Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. "That's God's truth!" "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing, and wailing. It was like the uproar of a sea lashed by the winds.

You know that religion has always come to me in stillness; and that the machinery of theological excitement has ever been as powerless over my soul, as would be the exorcisms of a wizard. You are likewise aware of my tendency to generalise; to look at truth as universal, not merely in its particular relations; to observe human nature as a whole, and not in fragments. This propensity, greatly strengthened by the education of circumstances, has taught me to look calmly on all forms of religious opinion—not with indifference, or the scorn of unbelief, but with a friendly wish to discover everywhere the great central ideas common to all religious souls, though often
re-appearing in the strangest disguises, and lisping or jabbering in the most untranslatable tones.

Yet combined as my religious character is, of quiet mysticism and the coolest rationality, will you believe me, I could scarcely refrain from shouting, Hurra! for that heaven-bound ship; and the tears rolled down my cheeks as that dusky priestess of eloquence reiterated her wild and solemn farewell.

If she gained such power over my spirit, there is no cause to marvel at the tremendous excitement throughout an audience so ignorant, and so keenly susceptible to outward impressions. I knew not how the high-wrought enthusiasm would be let down in safety. The shouts died away, and returned in shrill fragments of echoes, like the trembling vibrations of a harp swept with a strong hand, to the powerful music of a war-song. Had I remembered a lively Methodist tune, as well as I recollected the words, I should have broke forth:—

"The gospel ship is sailing by!  
The Ark of safety now is nigh,  
Come, sinners, unto Jesus fly,  
Improve the day of grace.  
Oh, there'll be glory, hallelujah,  
When we arrive at home!"

The same instinct that guided me impelled the audience to seek rest in music for their panting spirits and quivering nerves. All joined spontaneously in singing an old familiar tune, more quiet than the bounding, billowy tones of my favourite Gospel Ship. Blessings on music! Like a gurgling brook to feverish lips are sweet sounds to the heated and weary soul.

Everybody round me could sing; and the tones were soft and melodious. The gift of song is universal with Africans; and the fact is a prophetic one. Sculpture blossomed into its fullest perfection in a physical age, on which dawned the intellectual; painting blossomed in an intellectual age, warmed by the rising sun of moral sentiment; and now music goes forward to its culmination in the coming spiritual age. Now is the time that Ethiopia begins "to stretch forth her hands." Her soul, so long silenced, will yet utter itself in music's highest harmony.

When the audience paused, Mr. Matthews, their pastor, rose to address them. He is a religious-minded man, to whose good influence Julia owes, under God, her present state of mind.
She always calls him "father," and speaks of him with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. At one period of her life, it seems that she was led astray by temptations, which peculiarly infest the path of coloured women in large cities; but ever since her "conversion to God," she has been strictly exemplary in her walk and conversation. In her own expressive language, "Hell clutched her, but hadn't energy enough to hold her." The missteps of her youth are now eagerly recalled by those who love to stir polluted waters; and they are brought forward as reasons why she ought not to be allowed to preach. I was surprised to learn that to this prejudice was added another, against women's preaching. This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, "If an ass reproved Balaam, and a barn-door fowl reproved Peter, why shouldn't a woman reprove sin?"

This classification with donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentary. The first comparison I heard most wittily replied to, by a coloured woman who had once been a slave. "Maybe a speaking woman is like an ass," said she; "but I can tell you one thing—the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't."

Father Matthews, after apologising for various misquotations of Scripture, on the ground of Julia's inability to read, added: "But the Lord has evidently called this woman to a great work. He has made her mighty to the salvation of many souls, as a cloud of witnesses can testify. Some say she ought not to preach, because she is a woman. But I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he will send.' Let everybody that has a message, deliver it—whether man or woman white or coloured! Some say women musn't preach, because they were first in the transgression; but it seems to me hard that if they helped us into sin, they shouldn't be suffered to help us out. I say, 'Let the Lord send by whom he will send;' and my pulpit shall be always open."

Thus did the good man instil a free principle into those uneducated minds, like gleams of light through chinks in a prison-wall. Who can foretell its manifold and ever-increasing results in the history of that long-crippled race? Verily great is the advent of a true idea, made manifest to men; and great are the miracles it works—making the blind to see, and the lame to walk.
LETTER XII.

THE NEW YEAR—PAST AND FUTURE—MUSIC WRITTEN ON SAND BY VIBRATION—CAUTION TO REFORMERS.

January 1, 1842.

I wish you a happy New-Year. A year of brave conflict with evil, within and without—a year of sinless victories. Would that some fairy, whose word fulfils itself in fate, would wish me such a year! Yet scarcely are the words written, when I fall to pitying myself, in view of the active images they have conjured up; and my soul turns, with wistful gaze, towards the green pastures and still waters of spiritual quietude and poetic ease. Yet, were the aforesaid fairy standing before me, ready to grant whatsoever I might ask, I think I should have strength enough to choose a year of conflict for the good of my race; but it should be warfare without poisoned arrows, and fought on the broad table-land of high mountains, never descending into the narrow by-paths of personal controversy, or chasing its foe through the crooked lanes of policy. In all ages of the world, truth has suffered much at the hands of her disciples, because they have been ever tempted to use the weapons her antagonists have chosen. Let us learn wisdom by the past. The warnings that sigh through experience, and the hope that smiles through prophecy, both have power to strengthen us.

The past and the future! how vast is the sound, how infinite the significance! Hast thou well considered the fact, that all the past is reproduced in thee, and all the future prophesied? Had not Pharaoh's daughter saved the Hebrew babe, and brought him up in all the learning of the Egyptians; had not Plato's soul uttered itself in harmony with the great choral hymn of the universe; had not Judean shepherds listened in the deep stillness of moonlight on the mountains to angels chanting forth the primal notes whence all music flows—worship, peace, and love; had any one of these been silent, wouldst thou have been what thou art? Nay, thou wouldst have been altogether another; unable even to comprehend thy present self. Had Christianity remained in dens and caves, instead of clothing itself in outward symbols of grandeur and of beauty; had cathedrals never risen in towered state,

"And over hill and dell
Gone sounding with a royal voice
The stately minster bell;"
had William the Norman never divided Saxon lands by force, and
then united his new piratical state in solemn marriage with the
Church; had Luther never thrown his inkstand at the devil, and
hit him hard; had Bishop Laud never driven heretics by
fire and faggot to the rocky shores of New England; had
William Penn taken off his hat to the Duke of York—would
thy present self have been known to thyself, couldst thou have
seen its features in a mirror?

Nay, verily. Thou art made up of all that has preceded thee;
and thus was thy being predestined. And because it is thus
in the inward spirit, it is so in the outward world. Our very
shawls bear ornaments found in Egyptian catacombs, and our
sofas rest on the mysterious Sphinx; Caryatides, which upheld
the roof of Diana's ancient temple, stand with the same quiet
and graceful majesty to sustain the lighter burden of our can-
delabres and lamps; and the water of modern wells flows into
vases, whose beautiful forms were dug from the lava of long-
buried Herculaneum.

Truth is immortal. No fragment of it ever dies. From
time to time the body dies off it; but it rises in a more perfect
form, leaving its grave-clothes behind it, to be, perchance, wor-
shipped as living things by those who love to watch among the
tombs. Every line of beauty is the expression of a thought,
and shares the immortality of its origin; hence the beautiful
acanthus leaf is transferred from Corinthian capitals to Parisian
scarfs and English calicoes.

It is said that the bow of a violin drawn across the edge of a
glass covered with sand leaves notes of music written on the
sand. Thus do the vibrations of the present leave its tune
engraven on the soul; and in the lapse of time, we call those
written notes the language of the past. Thus art thou the
child of the past and the father of the future. Thou standest
on the present "like the sea-bird on a rock in mid ocean, with
the immensity of waters behind him, ready to plunge into the
immensity of waters before him."

Art thou a reformer? Beware of the dangers of thy position.
Let not the din of the noisy present drown the music of the past.
Be assured there is no tone comes to thee from the far-off ocean
of olden time which is not a chord in the eternal anthem of the
universe; else had it been drowned in the roaring waves long
before it came to thee.

Reform as thou wilt, for the present and the future have
need of this; but let no rude scorn breathe on the past. Lay thy head lovingly in her lap, and let the glance of her eye pass into thine; for she has been to thee a mother.

"I can scorn nothing which a nation's heart Hath held for ages holy: for the heart Is alike holy in its strength and weakness; It ought not to be jested with nor scorned. All things to me are sacred that have been. And though earth like a river streaked with blood, Which tells a long and silent tale of death, May blush her history and hide her eyes, The past is sacred—it is God's, not ours; Let her and us do better if we can."

At no season does the thoughtful soul so much realise that it ever stands "between two infinities"—never does it so distinctly recognise the presence of vast ideas that look before and after, as when the Old Year turns away its familiar face and goes off to join its veiled sisterhood beyond the flood. It is true that every day ends a year, and that which precedes our birth-day does, in an especial manner, end our year; yet is there something peculiarly impressive in that epoch, which whole nations recognise as a foot-print of departing time.

The season itself has a wailing voice. The very sky in spring-time laughingly says, "How do you do?" but in winter it looks a mute farewell. "The year is dying away," says Goethe, "like the sound of bells. The wind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would fain remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life."

Thus hope springs ever from the bosom of sadness. A welcome to the New Year mingleth with our fond farewell to the old. Hail to the present with all the work it brings! Its restlessness, if looked at aright, becomes a golden prophecy. We will not read its prose and count our stops as schools have taught; but the heart shall chant it; and tones shall change the words to music that shall write itself on all coming time.

New York welcomes the new year in much the same style that she does everything else. She is not prone, as the Quaker says, "to get into the stillness" to express any of her emotions. Such a hubbub as was kept up on the night of the 31st I never
heard. Such a firing out of the old year, and such a firing in of the new! Fourth of July in Boston is nothing compared to it. The continual discharge of guns and pistols prevented my reading or writing in peace, and I took refuge in bed; but every five minutes a lurid flash darted athwart the walls, followed by the hateful crash of fire-arms. If any good thing is expressed by that sharp voice, it lies beyond the power of my imagination to discover it; why men should choose it for the utterance of joy is more than I can tell.

The racket of these powder-devilkins kept me awake till two o'clock. At five I was roused by a stout Hibernian voice, almost under my window, shouting, "Pa-ther!" "Pa-ther!" Peter did not answer, and — off went a pistol. Upon this Peter was fain to put his head out of the window, and inquire what was wanted. "A bright New-Year to ye, Pa-ther. Get up, and open the door."

The show in the shop windows during the week between Christmas and New Year's Day was splendid, I assure you. All that Parisian taste or English skill could furnish was spread out to tempt the eye. How I did want the wealth of Rothschild that I might make all the world a present! and then, methinks, I could still long for another world to endow. The happiness of Heaven must consist in loving and giving. What else is there worth living for? I have often involuntarily applied to myself a remark made by Madame Roland. "Reflecting upon what part I was fitted to perform in the world," says she, "I could never think of any that quite satisfied me but that of divine providence." To some this may sound blasphemous; it was, however, merely the spontaneous and child-like utterance of a loving and liberal soul.

Though no great observer of times and seasons, I do like the universal custom of ushering in the new year with gifts and gladsome wishes. I will not call these returning seasons notches cut in a stick to count our prison hours, but rather a garlanding of milestones on the way to our Father's mansion.

In New York they observe this festival after the old Dutch fashion; and the Dutch, you know, were famous lovers of good eating. No lady, that is a lady, will be out in the streets on the first of January. Every woman, that is "anybody," stays at home dressed in her best, and by her side is a table covered with cakes, preserves, wines, oysters, hot coffee, &c., and as every gentleman is in honour bound to call on every lady whose
acquaintance he does not intend to cut, the amount of eating and drinking done by some fashionable beaux must of course be very considerable. The number of calls is a matter of pride and boasting among ladies, and there is, of course, considerable rivalry in the magnificence and variety of the eating tables. This custom is eminently Dutch in its character, and will pass away before a higher civilisation.

To furnish forth this treat the shops vied with each other to the utmost. Confectionery abounded in the shape of every living thing; besides many things nowhere to be found, not even among gnomes, or fairies, or uncouth merrows of the sea. Cakes were of every conceivable shape—pyramids, obelisks, towers, pagodas, castles, &c. Some frosted loaves nestled lovingly in a pretty basket of sugar eggs; others were garlanded with flowers, or surmounted by cooing doves or dancing cupids. Altogether, they made a pretty show in Broadway—too pretty, since the object was to minister to heartless vanity or tempt a sated appetite.

But I will not moralise. Let us all have virtue, and then there will be no further need to talk of it, as the German wisely said.

There is one lovely feature in this annual festival. It is a season when all past neglect, all family feuds, all heart-burning and estrangement among friends may be forgotten and laid aside for ever. They who have not spoken for years may renew acquaintance, without any unpleasant questions asked, if they signify a wish to do so by calling on the first of January. Wishing all may copy this warm bit of colouring in our social picture, I bid you farewell, with my heart's best blessing and this one scrap of morals: may you treat every human being as you would treat him, and speak of every one as you would speak if sure that death would part you before next New Year's Day.

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LETTER XIII.

SCENERY WITHIN THE SOUL.—VALLEY DE SHAM—TRUTH IN ACT AS WELL AS WORD.

January 20, 1842.

Is your memory a daguerreotype machine, taking instantaneous likenesses of whatsoever the light of imagination happens
to rest upon? I wish mine were not, especially in a city like this—unless it would be more select in its choice and engrave only the beautiful. Though I should greatly prefer the green fields, with cows chewing the cud under shady trees by the side of deep, quiet pools—still I would find no fault to have my gallery partly filled with the palaces of our "merchant princes," built of the sparkling Sing Sing marble, which glitters in the sunlight like fairy domes; but the aforesaid daguerreotype will likewise engrave an ugly, angular building which stands at the corner of Division Street, protruding its sharp corners into the midst of things, determined that all the world shall see it whether it will or no, and covered with signs from cellar to garret to blazon forth all it contains. 'Tis a caricature likeness of the nineteenth century, and like the nineteenth century it plaques me; I would I could get quit of it.

I know certain minds imbued with poetic philosophy who earnestly seek all forms of outward beauty in this world, believing that their images become deeply impressed on the soul that loves them, and thus constitute its scenery through eternity. If I had faith in this theory, that large and many-labelled thing of bricks and mortar at the corner of Division Street would almost drive me to despair; for though the spirit of beauty can witness that I love it not, its lines are branded into my mind with most disagreeable distinctness. I know not why it is so; for assuredly this is not a sinner above many other structures, built by contract and inhabited by unloveable beings.

Luckily, no forms can re-appear in another world which are not within the soul. The sublime landscape there belongs to him who has spiritually retired apart into high places to pray; not to the cultivated traveller with his mind's portfolio filled with only outside images of Alpine scenery, or of huge Plimmon veiled in clouds. The gardens there are not for nabobs, who exchange rupees for rare and fragrant roses; but for humble, loving souls who cherish those sweet charities of life that lie "scattered at the feet of man like flowers." Thanks be to Him who careth for all he hath made, the poor child running about naked in the miserable abodes at Five Points, though the whole of his mortal life should be of hardship and privation, may, by the grace of God, fashion for himself as beautiful an eternity as Victoria's son; nay, perchance his situation, bad as it is, involves even less danger of losing that beauty which alone remains when the world, and all images thereof, pass away like
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mist before the rising sun. The outward is but a seeming and a show; the inward alone is permanent and real.

That men have small faith in this is witnessed by their doings. Parents shriek with terror to see a beloved child on the steep roof of lofty buildings lest his body should fall a mutilated heap upon the pavement; but they can, without horror, send him to grow rich by trade in such places as Havanna or New Orleans, where his soul is almost sure to fall, battered and crushed till scarcely one feature of God's image remains to be recognised. If heaven were to them as real as earth they could not thus make contracts with Satan to buy the shadow for the substance.

Alas, how few of us, even the wisest and the best, believe in truth, and are willing to trust it entirely. How we pass through life in simulation and false shows! In our pitiful anxiety how we shall appear before men, we forget how we appear before angels. Yet is their "public opinion" somewhat that concerns us most nearly. Passing by the theatre, I saw announced for performance a comedy called the "Valley de Sham." That simple sentence of misspelled French brought to my mind a whole railroad train of busy thought. I smiled as I read it, and said within myself, Is not that comedy New York? Nay, is not the whole world a Valley of Sham? Are not you, and I, and every other mortal, the "valet" of some "sham" or other?

"I scorn this hated scene
Of masking and disguise,
Where men on men still gleam,
With falseness in their eyes;
Where all is counterfeit,
And truth hath never say;
Where hearts themselves do cheat,
Concealing hope's decay;

"Go search thy heart, poor fool,
And mark its passions well;
'Twere time to go to school—
'Twere time the truth to tell—
'Twere time this world should cast
Its infant slough away,
And hearts burst forth at last,
Into the light of day.—
'Twere time all learned to be
Fit for Eternity."

My friend, hast thou ever thought how pleasant and altogether lovely would be a life of entire sincerity, married to
perfect love? The wildest stories of magic skill or fairy power could not equal the miracles that would be wrought by such a life; for, it would change this hollow masquerade of veiled and restless souls into a place of divine communion.

Oh, let us no longer utter false, squeaking voices through our stifling masks. If we have attained so far as to speak no lie, let us make the nobler effort to live none. Art thou troubled with vain fears concerning to-day’s bread and to-morrow’s garment? Let thy every word and act be perfect truth, uttered in genuine love; and though thou mayest ply thy spiritual trades all unconscious of their results, yet be assured that thus, and thus only, canst thou weave royal robes of eternal beauty, and fill ample storehouses, to remain long after Wall Street and State Street have crumbled into dust.

Be true to thyself. Let not the forms of business, or the conventional arrangements of society, seduce thee into falsehood. Have no fears of the harshness of sincerity. Truth is harsh only when divorced from love. There is no refinement like holiness; “for which humility is but the other name.” Politeness is but a parrot mockery of her heavenly tones, which the world lisps and stammers, to imitate, as best she can, the pure language known to us only in beautiful fragments. Not through the copy shall the fair original ever be restored.

Above all, be true to thyself in religious utterance, or remain for ever silent. Speak only according to thine own genuine, inward experience; and look well to it that thou repeatest no phrase prescribed by creeds, or familiarly used by sects, unless that phrase really conveys some truth into thine own soul. There is far too much of this muttering of dead language. Indeed, the least syllable of it is too much for him who has faith in the God of truth. Wouldst thou give up thy plain, expressive English to mumble Greek phrases, without the dimmest perception of their meaning, because schools and colleges have taught that they mean thus and so? Or, wilt thou maintain a blind reverence for words which really have no more life for thee than old garments stuffed with chaff? Multitudes who make no “profession of religion,” as the phrase is, are passively driven in the traces of a blind sectarianism, from which they lack either the energy or the courage to depart. When I see such startled by an honest inquiry of what is really meant by established forms or current phrases, I am reminded of the old man in the play, who said, “I speak no Greek,
though I love the sound on't; it goes so thundering as it conjured devils.

Not against any form or phrase do I enter a protest; but only against its unmeaning use. If to thy soul it really embodies truth, to thee it should be most sacred. But spiritual dialects, learned and spoken by rote, are among the worst of mockeries. "The man who claims to speak only as books enable him, as synods use terms, as fashion guides, or as interest commands, only babbles. Let him hush."

Be true to thy friend. Never speak of his faults to another, to show thine own discrimination; but open them all to him with candour and true gentleness. Forgive all his errors and his sins, be they ever so many; but do not excuse the slightest deviation from rectitude. Never forbear to dissent from a false opinion or a wrong practice from mistaken motives of kindness; nor seek thus to have thine own weakness sustained; for these things cannot be done without injury to thy soul. "God forbid," says Emerson, "that when I look to friendship as a firm rock to sustain me in moral emergencies, I should find it nothing but a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of my friend than to be merely his echo."

As thou wouldst be true to thy friend, be so likewise to thy country. Love her, with all her faults; but on the faults themselves pour out thy honest censure. Thus shalt thou truly serve her, and best rebuke the hirelings that would make her lose her freedom for the tickling of her ears.

Lastly, be true to the world. Benevolence, like music, is a universal language. It cannot freely utter itself in dialects that belong to a nation or a clan. In its large significance the human race is to thee a brother and a friend. Posterity needs much at thy hands, and will receive much, whether thou art aware of it or not. Thou mayest deem thyself without influence and altogether unimportant. Believe it not. Thy simplest act, thy most casual word, is cast into "the great seed-field of human thought, and will reappear, as poisonous weed or herb-medicinal, after a thousand years."

Many live as if they were not ashamed to adopt practically the selfish creed, uttered in folly or in fun, "Why should I do anything for posterity? Posterity has done nothing for me." Ay; but the past has done much for thee, and has given the future an order upon thee for the payment. If thou hast received counterfeit coin, melt out the dross, and return true metal.
LETTER XIV.

NEWSPAPER BOY—THE FOREIGN BOYS AND THEIR MOTHER—THE DRUNKEN WOMAN—THE BURYING-GROUND FOR THE POOR.

February 17, 1842.

I was always eager for the Spring-time, but never so much as now.

Patience yet a little longer! and I shall find delicate bells of the trailing arbutus, fragrant as an infant’s breath, hidden deep under their coverlid of autumn leaves, like modest worth in this pretending world. My spirit is weary for rural rambles. It is sad walking in the city. The streets shut out the sky, even as commerce comes between the soul and heaven. The busy throng, passing and repassing, fetter freedom, while they offer no sympathy. The loneliness of the soul is deeper and far more restless than in the solitude of the mighty forest. Wherever are woods and fields I find a home; each tinted leaf and shining pebble is to me a friend; and wherever I spy a wild flower, I am ready to leap up, clap my hands, and exclaim, “Cockatoo! he know me very well!” as did the poor New Zealander when he recognised a bird of his native clime in the menageries of London.

But amid these magnificent masses of sparkling marble, hewn in prison, I am all alone. For eight weary months I have met in the crowded streets but two faces I had ever seen before. Of some, I would I could say that I should never see them again; but they haunt me in my sleep, and come between me and the morning. Beseeching looks, begging the comfort and the hope I have no power to give. Hungry eyes, that look as if they had pleaded long for sympathy, and at last gone mute in still despair. Through what woful, what frightful masks does the human soul look forth, leering, peeping, and defying, in this thoroughfare of nations. Yet, in each and all lie the capacities of an archangel; as the majestic oak lies enfolded in the acorn that we tread carelessly under foot, and which decays, perchance, for want of soil to root in.

The other day I went forth for exercise merely, without other hope of enjoyment than a farewell to the setting sun, on the now deserted Battery, and a fresh kiss from the breezes of
the sea ere they passed through the polluted city, bearing healing on their wings. I had not gone far when I met a little ragged urchin, about four years old, with a heap of newspapers, “more big as he could carry,” under his little arm, and another clenched in his small red fist. The sweet voice of childhood was prematurely cracked into shrillness, by screaming street-cries at the top of his lungs; and he looked blue, cold and disconsolate. May the angels guard him! How I wanted to warm him in my heart. I stood looking after him as he went shivering along. Imagination followed him to the miserable cellar where he probably slept on dirty straw; I saw him flogged, after his day of cheerless toil, because he had failed to bring home pence enough for his parents’ grog; I saw wicked ones come muttering and beckoning between his young soul and heaven; they tempted him to steal, to avoid the dreaded beating. I saw him, years after, bewildered and frightened in the police-office, surrounded by hard faces. Their law-jargon conveyed no meaning to his ear, awakened no slumbering moral sense, taught him no clear distinction between right and wrong; but from their cold, harsh tones, and heartless merriment, he drew the inference that they were enemies; and, as such, he hated them. At that moment, one tone like a mother’s voice might have wholly changed his earthly destiny; one kind word of friendly counsel might have saved him—as if an angel standing in the genial sunlight, had thrown to him one end of a garland, and gently diminishing the distance between them, had drawn him safely out of the deep and tangled labyrinth, where false echoes and winding paths conspired to make him lose his way.

But watchmen and constables were around him, and they have small fellowship with angels. The strong impulses that might have become overwhelming love for his race are perverted to the bitterest hatred. He tries the universal resort of weakness against force; if they are too strong for him, he will be too cunning for them. Their cunning is roused to detect his cunning; and thus the gallows-game is played, with interludes of damnable merriment from police reports, wherein the heedless multitude laugh, while angels weep over the slow murder of a human soul.

When, oh when, will men learn that society makes and cherishes the very crimes it so fiercely punishes, and, in punishing, reproduces.
"The key of knowledge first ye take away,
And then, because ye've robbed him, ye enslave;
Ye shut out from him the sweet light of day,
And then, because he's in the dark, ye pave
The road, that leads him to his wished-for grave,
With stones of stumbling: then, if he but tread
Darkling and slow, ye call him 'fool' and 'knave'—
Doom him to toil, and yet deny him bread:
Chains round his limbs ye throw, and curses on his head."

God grant the little shivering carrier-boy a brighter destiny
than I have foreseen for him.

A little further on, I encountered two young boys fighting
furiously for some coppers that had been given them, and had
fallen on the pavement. They had matted, black hair, large,
lustrous eyes, and an olive complexion. They were evidently
foreign children, from the sunny clime of Italy or Spain, and
nature had made them subjects for an artist's dream. Near
by on the cold stone steps, sat a ragged, emaciated woman,
whom I conjectured, from the resemblance of her large dark
eyes, might be their mother; but she looked on their fight with
languid indifference, as if seeing, she saw it not. I spoke to
her, and she shook her head in a mournful way, that told me
she did not understand my language. Poor, forlorn wanderer;
would I could place thee and thy beautiful boys under shelter
of sun-ripened vines, surrounded by the music of thy mother-
land. Pence will I give thee, though political economy reprove
the deed. They can but appease the hunger of the body; they
cannot soothe the hunger of thy heart; that I obey the kindly
impulse may make the world none the better—perchance some
iota the worse; yet I must needs follow it—I cannot otherwise.

I raised my eyes above the woman's weather-beaten head,
and saw behind the window of clear, plate glass, large vases of
gold and silver, curiously wrought. They spoke significantly
of the sad contrasts in this disordered world, and excited in my
mind, whole volumes, not of political, but of angelic economy.
"Truly," said I, "if the law of love prevailed, vases of gold
and silver might even more abound—but no homeless outcast
would sit shivering beneath their glittering mockery. All
would be richer, and no man the poorer. When will the world
learn its best wisdom? When will the mighty discord come
into heavenly harmony?" I looked at the huge stone struc-
tures of commercial wealth, and they gave an answer that
chilled my heart. Weary of city walks, I would have turned
homeward; but nature, ever true and harmonious, beckoned to me from the Battery, and the glowing twilight gave me friendly welcome. It seemed as if the dancing spring hours had thrown their rosy mantles on old silvery winter in the lavishness of youthful love.

I opened my heart to the gladsome influence, and forgot that earth was not a mirror of the heavens. It was but for a moment; for there, under the leafless trees, lay two ragged little boys, asleep in each other's arms. I remembered having read in the police reports the day before, that two little children, thus found, had been taken up as vagabonds. They told, with simple pathos, how both their mothers had been dead for months; how they had formed an intimate friendship, had begged together, had hungered together, and together slept uncovered beneath the steel-cold stars.

The twilight seemed no longer warm; and brushing away a tear, I walked hastily homeward. As I turned into the street where God has provided me with a friendly shelter, something lay across my path. It was a woman, apparently dead; with garments all dragged in New York gutters, blacker than waves of the infernal rivers. Those who gathered around, said she had fallen in intoxication, and was rendered senseless by the force of the blow. They carried her to the watch-house, and the doctor promised she should be well attended. But, alas, for watch-house charities to a breaking heart! I could not bring myself to think otherwise than that hers was a breaking heart. Could she but give a full revelation of early emotions checked in their full and kindly flow, of affections repressed, of hopes blighted, and energies misemployed through ignorance, the heart would kindle and melt, as it does when genius stirs its deepest recesses.

It seemed as if the voice of human woe was destined to follow me through the whole of that unblest day. Late in the night I heard the sound of voices in the street, and raising the window, saw a poor, staggering woman in the hands of a watchman. My ear caught the words, "Thank you kindly, sir. I should like to go home." The sad and humble accents in which the simple phrase was uttered, the dreary image of the watch-house, which that poor wretch dreamed was her home, proved too much for my overloaded sympathies. I hid my face in the pillow and wept; for "my heart was almost breaking with the misery of my kind."
I thought, then, that I would walk no more abroad, till the fields were green. But my mind and body grow alike impatient of being enclosed within walls; both ask for the free breeze, and the wide, blue dome that overarches and embraces all. Again I rambled forth, under the February sun, as mild and genial as the breath of June. Heart, mind, and frame grew glad and strong, as we wandered on, past the old Stuyvesant church, which a few years ago was surrounded by fields and Dutch farm-houses, but now stands in the midst of peopled streets,—and past the trim, new houses, with their green verandahs, in the airy suburbs. Following the rail-road, which lay far beneath our feet, as we wound our way over the hills, we came to the burying-ground of the poor. Weeds and brambles grew along the sides, and the stubble of last year's grass waved over it, like dreary memories of the past; but the sun smiled on it, like God's love on the desolate soul. It was inexpressibly touching to see the frail memorials of affection, placed there by hearts crushed under the weight of poverty. In one place was a small rude cross of wood, with the initials J. S. cut with a penknife, and apparently filled with ink. In another, a small hoop had been bent in the form of a heart, painted green, and nailed on a stick at the head of the grave. On one upright shingle was painted only "Mutter;" the German word for Mother. On another was scrawled, as if with charcoal: "So ruhe wohl, du unser liebes kind" (Rest well, our beloved child). One recorded life's brief history thus: "H. G. born in Bavaria; died in New York." Another short epitaph, in French, told that the sleeper came from the banks of the Seine.

The predominance of foreign epitaphs affected me deeply. Who could now tell with what high hopes those departed ones had left the heart-homes of Germany, the sunny hills of Spain, the laughing skies of Italy, or the wild beauty of Switzerland? Would not the friends they had left in their childhood's home, weep scalding tears to find them in a pauper's grave, with their initials rudely carved on a fragile board? Some had not even these frail memorials. It seemed there was none to care whether they lived or died. A wide, deep trench was opened; and there I could see piles of unpainted coffins heaped one upon the other, left uncovered with earth till the yawning cavity was filled with its hundred tenants.

Returning homeward we passed a Catholic burying-ground.
It belonged to the upper classes, and was filled with marble monuments, covered with long inscriptions. But none of them touched my heart like that rude shingle with the simple word “Mutter” inscribed thereon. The gate was open, and hundreds of Irish, in their best Sunday clothes, were stepping reverently among the graves, and kissing the very sods. Tenderness for the dead is one of the loveliest features of their nation and their Church.

The evening was closing in as we returned, thoughtful, but not gloomy. Bright lights shone through crimson, blue, and green, in the apothecaries’ windows, and were reflected in prismatic beauty from the dirty pools in the street. It was like poetic thoughts in the minds of the poor and ignorant; like the memory of pure aspirations in the vicious; like a rainbow of promise, that God’s spirit never leaves even the most degraded soul. I smiled as my spirit gratefully accepted this love-token from the outward; and I thanked our heavenly Father for a world beyond this.

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LETTER XV.

MACDONALD CLARKE, THE MAD POET.

March 17, 1842.

It may seem strange to you that among the mass of beings in this great human hive, I should occupy an entire letter with one whose life was like a troubled and fantastic dream; apparently without use to himself or others. Yet he was one who has left a record on the public heart and will not be soon forgotten. For several years past the eccentricities of Macdonald Clarke have been the city talk, and almost every child in the street was familiar with his countenance. In latter years the record of inexpressible misery was written there; but he is said to have had rather an unusual portion of beauty in his youth; and even to the last the heart looked out from his wild eyes with most friendly earnestness. I saw him but twice, and now mourn sincerely that the pressure of many avocations prevented my seeking to see him oftener. So many forms of unhappiness crowd upon us in this world of perversion and disorder, that it is impossible to answer all demands. But stranger as poor
Clarke was, it now makes me sad that I did not turn out of my way to utter the simple word of kindness which never failed to rejoice his suffering and childlike soul.

I was always deeply touched by the answer of the poor, heart-broken page in Hope Leslie: "Yes, lady, I have lost my way!" How often do I meet with those who, on the crowded pathway of life, have lost their way. With poor Clarke it was so from the very outset. Something that was not quite insanity, but was nigh akin to it, marked his very boyhood.

He was born in New London, Connecticut, and was schoolmate with our eloquent friend, Charles C. Burleigh, who always speaks of him as the most kind-hearted of boys, but even then characterised by the oddest vagaries. His mother died at sea when he was twelve years old, being on a voyage for her health. He says—

"One night as the bleak October breeze
Was sighing a dirge through the leafless trees,
She was borne by rough men in the chilly dark,
Down to the wharf-side, where a barque
Waited for its precious freight.
I watched the ship-lights long and late;
When I could see them no more for tears,
I turned drooping away,
And felt that mine were darkening years."

And darkened indeed they were. "That delicate boy," as he describes himself, "an only son, having been petted to a pitiable unfitness for the sterner purposes of life, went forth alone to struggle with the world's unfriendliness and front its frowns."

He was in Philadelphia at one period, but all we ever heard of him there was, that he habitually slept in the grave-yard by the side of Franklin's monument. In 1819 he came to New York, where he wrote for newspapers, and struggled as he could with poverty, assisted from time to time by benevolence which he never sought. A sad situation for one who, like him, had a nerve protruding at every pore.

In New York he became in love with a handsome young actress of seventeen. His poverty and obvious incapacity to obtain a livelihood made the match objectionable in the eyes of her mother, and they eloped. The time chosen was as wild and inopportune as most of his movements. On the very night she was to play Ophelia, on her way to the Park Theatre, she absconded with her lover and was married. Of course the play
could not go on; the audience were disappointed and the manager angry. The mother of the young lady, a strong, masculine woman, was so full of wrath that she pulled her daughter out of bed at midnight and dragged her home. The bridegroom tried to pacify the manager by the most polite explanations, but received nothing but kicks in return, with orders never to show his face within the building again. The young couple were strongly attached to each other, and, of course, were not long kept separate. But Macdonald, who had come of a wealthy family, was too proud to have his wife appear on the stage again, and the remarkable powers of his own mind were rendered useless by the jar that ran through them all; of course, poverty came upon them like an armed man. They suffered greatly, but still clung to each other with the most fervid affection. Sometimes they slept in the deserted market-house, and when the weather would permit, under the shadow of the trees. One dreadful stormy night they were utterly without shelter, and in the extremity of their need sought the residence of her mother. They knocked and knocked in vain; at last the suffering young wife proposed climbing a shed in order to enter the window of a chamber she used to occupy. To accomplish this purpose Macdonald placed boards across a rain-water hogshead at the corner of the shed. He mounted first and drew her up after him, when suddenly the boards broke and both fell into the water. Their screams brought out the strong-handed and unforgiving mother. She seized her offending daughter by the hair and plunged her up and down in the water several times before she would help her out. She finally took her into the house and left Macdonald to escape as he could. They were not allowed to live together again, and the wife seemed compelled to return to the stage as a means of obtaining bread. She was young and pretty, her affections were blighted, she was poor, and her profession abounded with temptations. It was a situation much to be pitied, for it hardly admitted of other result than that which followed. They who had loved so fondly were divorced to meet no more. Whenever Macdonald alluded to this part of his strange history, as he often did to a very intimate friend, he always added, "I never blamed her, though it almost broke my heart. She was driven to it, and I always pitied her."

From this period the wildness of poor Clarke's nature in creased until he became generally known by the name of the
"Mad Poet." His strange productions bore about the same relation to poetry that grotesques, with monkey faces jabbering out of lily cups, and knarled trees with knot-holes twisted into hags' grimaces, bear to graceful arabesques with trailing vines and interwisted blossoms. Yet was the undoubted presence of genius always visible. Ever and anon a light from another world shone on his innocent soul, kindling the holiest aspirations which could find for themselves no form in his bewildered intellect, and so fell from his pen in uncouth and jagged fragments still sparkling with the beauty of the region whence they came. His metaphors were at times singularly fanciful. He thus describes the closing day—

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,  
And pins it with a star."

And in another place he talks of memory that shall last

"Whilst the ear of the earth hears the hymn of the ocean."

M. B. Lamar, late President of Texas, once met this eccentric individual at the room of William Page, the distinguished artist. The interview led to the following very descriptive lines from Lamar:

"Say, have you seen Macdonald Clarke,  
The poet of the moon?  
He is a d—-d eccentric lark,  
As famous as Zip Coon.

"He talks of love and dreams of fame,  
And lauds his minstrel art;  
He has a kind of zig-zag brain—  
But yet a straight-line heart.

"Sometimes his strains so sweetly float,  
His harp so sweetly sings,  
You'd almost think the tuneful hand  
Of Jubal touched the strings.

"But soon, anon, with failing art,  
The strain as rudely jars,  
As if a driver tuned the harp,  
In cadence with his ears."

He was himself well aware that his mind was a broken instrument. He described himself as—

"A poet comfortably crazy—  
As pliant as a weeping willow—  
Loves most everybody's girls; an't lazy,—  
Can write an hundred lines an hour,  
With a rackety, whackety railroad power."
From the phrase, "loves most everybody's girls," it must not be inferred that he was profligate. On the contrary, he was innocent as a child. He talked of love continually; but it was of a mystic union of souls whispered to him by angels, heard imperfectly in the lonely, echoing chambers of his soul, and uttered in phrases learned on earth, all unfit for the holy sentiment. Like the philosopher of the east, he knew by inward revelation that his soul—

"In parting from its warm abode,
Had lost its partner on the road,
And never joined their hands."

His whole life was, in fact, a restless seeking for his other half. This idea continually broke from him in plaintive, wild, imploring tones.

"I have met so much of scorn
From those to whom my thoughts were kind,
I've fancied there was never born
On earth for me one kindred mind."

"The soul that now is cursed and wild,
In one fierce, wavering, ghastly flare,
Would be calm and blest as a sleeping child,
That dreams its mother's breast is there;
Calm as the deep midsummer's air,
Calm as that brow so mild and fair,
Calm as God's angels everywhere,
For all is heaven—if Mary's there."

This restless idea often centred itself upon some young lady whom he followed for a long time with troublesome but guileless enthusiasm. The objects of his pursuit were sometimes afraid of him, but there was no occasion for this. As a New York editor very happily said, "He pursued the little Red Riding Hoods of his imagination to bless and not to devour."

Indeed, in all respects his nature was most kindly; insomuch that he suffered continual torture in this great Babel of misery and crime. He wanted to relieve all the world, and was frenzied that he could not. All that he had—money, watch, rings, were given to forlorn street wanderers with a compassionate and even deferential gentleness that sometimes brought tears to their eyes. Often, when he had nothing to give, he would snatch up a ragged, shivering child in the street, carry it to the door of some princely mansion, and demand to see the lady of the house. When she appeared he would say, "Madam, God
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has made you one of the trustees of his wealth. It is His, not yours. Take this poor child; wash it, feed it, clothe it, comfort it—in God's name."

Ladies stared at such abrupt address, and deemed the natural action of the heart sufficient proof of madness; but the little ones were seldom sent away uncomforted.

Clarke was simple and temperate in all his habits, and in his deepest poverty always kept up the neat appearance of a gentleman; if his coat was thread-bare, it was never soiled. His tendency to refinement was shown in the church he chose to worship in. It was Grace Church, the plainest but most highly respectable of the Episcopal churches in this city. He was a constant attendant, and took comfort in the devotional frame of mind excited by the music. He was confirmed at that church but a few weeks before his death, and commemorated the event in lines, of which the following are an extract:—

"Calmly circled round the altar,
The children of the Cross are kneeling.
Forward, brother—do not falter,
Fast the tears of sin are stealing;
Washing memory bright and clean,
Making futurity serene,"

During the past winter he raved more than usual. The editor of the Aurora says he met him at his simple repast of apples and milk in a public-house on last Christmas evening. He was absolutely mad. "You think I am Macdonald Clarke," said he, "but I am not. The mad poet dashed out his brains last Thursday night at the foot of Emmet's monument. The storm that night was the tears heaven wept over him. God animated the body again. I am not now Macdonald Clarke, but Afara, an archangel of the Almighty."

"I went to Grace Church to-day. Miss — sat in the seat behind me, and I tossed this velvet Bible with its golden clasps into her lap. What do you think she did? A moment she looked surprised, and then she tossed it back again. So they all treat me. All I want is some religious people that love God and love one another to treat me kindly. One sweet smile of Mary — would make my mind all light and peace, and I would write such poetry as the world never saw.

"Something ought to be done for me," said he; "I can't take care of myself. I ought to be sent to the asylum; or wouldn't
it be better to die? The moon shines through the willow trees on the graves in St. Paul’s Church-yard, and they look all covered with diamonds—don’t you think they look like diamonds? Then there is a lake in Greenwood Cemetery; that would be a good cool place for me—I am not afraid to die. The stars of heaven look down on that lake and it reflects their brightness.”

The Mary to whom he alluded was a wealthy young lady of this city, one of those whom his distempered imagination fancied was his lost half. Some giddy young persons with thoughtless cruelty, sought to excite him on this favourite idea by every species of joke and trickery. They made him believe that the young lady was dying with love for him, but restrained by her father; they sent him letters purporting to be from her hand; and finally led him to the house on pretence of introducing him, and then left him on the door-step. The poor fellow returned to Carlton House in high frenzy. The next night but one he was found in the streets kneeling before a poor beggar, to whom he had just given all his money. The beggar, seeing his forlorn condition, wished to return it, and said, “Poor fellow, you need it more than I.” When the watchman encountered them, Clarke was writing busily on his knee the history of his companion, which he was beseeching him to tell. The cap was blown from his head, on which a pitiless storm was pelting. The watchman could make nothing of his incoherent talk and he was taken to the Egyptian Tombs, a prison where vagabonds and criminals await their trial.

In the morning he begged that the book-keeper of the Carlton House might be sent for, saying that he was his only friend. This gentleman conveyed him to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell’s Island. Two of my friends who visited him there found him as comfortable as his situation allowed. He said he was treated with great kindness, but his earnest desire to get out rendered the interview very heart-trying. He expressed a wish to recover that he might write hymns and spiritual songs all the rest of his life. In some quiet intervals he complained of the jokes that had been practised on him, and said it was not kind; but he was fearfully delirious most of the time—calling vociferously for “Water! water!” and complaining that his brain was all on fire.

He died a few days after, aged about forty-four. His friend of the Carlton House took upon himself the charge of the funeral, and it is satisfactory to think that it was all ordered
just as the kind and simple-hearted being would have himself desired. The body was conveyed to Grace Church, and the funeral service performed in the presence of a few who had loved him. Among these was Fitz-Greene Halleck, who, it is said, often befriended him in the course of his suffering life. Many children were present; and one with tearful eyes brought a beautiful little bunch of flowers which a friend laid upon his bosom with reverent tenderness. He was buried at Greenwood Cemetery under the shadow of a pine tree, next to the grave of a little child—a fitting resting-place for the loving and childlike poet.

He had often expressed a wish to be buried at Greenwood. Walking there with a friend of mine they selected a spot for his grave, and he seemed pleased as a boy when told of the arrangements that should be made at his funeral. "I hope the children will come," said he, "I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure there will be in heaven: music, plenty of little children, flowers, and pure air."

They are now getting up a subscription for a marble monument. It seems out of keeping with his character and destiny. It were better to plant a rose-bush by his grave and mark his name on a simple white cross, that the few who loved him might know where the gentle, sorrowing wanderer sleeps.

LETTER XVI.

A GREAT FIRE—JANE PLATO'S GARDEN—MONEY IS NOT WEALTH.

August 7, 1842.

Were you ever near enough to a great fire to be in danger? If you were not, you have missed one form of keen excitement and awful beauty. Last week, we had here one of the most disastrous conflagrations that have occurred for a long time. It caught, as is supposed, by a spark from a furnace falling on the roof of a wheelwright's shop. A single bucket of water thrown on immediately, would have extinguished it; but it was not instantly perceived: roofs were dry, and the wind was blowing a perfect March gale. Like slavery in our government, it was not put out in the day of small beginnings, and so went
on, increasing in its rage, making a great deal of hot and disagreeable work.

It began at the corner of Chrystie Street, not far from our dwelling; and the blazing shingles, that came flying through the air, like a storm in the infernal regions, soon kindled our roof. We thought to avert the danger by buckets of water, until the block opposite us was one sheet of fire, and the heat like that of the furnace which tried Shadrach, Meschech, and Abednego. Then we began to pack our goods, and run with them in all haste to places of safety; an effort more easily described than done—for the streets all round were filled with a dense mass of living beings, each eager in playing the engines, or saving the lares of his own hearth-stone.

Nothing surprised me so much as the rapidity of destruction. At three o'clock in the afternoon, there stood before us a close neighbourhood of houses, inhabited by those whose faces were familiar, though their names were mostly unknown; at five, the whole was a pile of smoking ruins. The humble tenement of Jane Plato, the coloured woman, of whose neatly-kept garden and whitewashed fences I wrote you last summer, has passed away for ever. The purple iris, and yellow daffodils, and variegated sweet-williams, were all trampled down under heaps of red-hot mortar. I feel a deeper sympathy for the destruction of poor Jane's little garden, than I do for those who have lost whole blocks of houses; for I have known and loved flowers, like the voice of a friend—but with houses and lands I was never cumbered. In truth, I am ashamed to say how much I grieve for that little flowery oasis in a desert of bricks and stone. My beautiful trees, too—the Ailanthus, whose graceful blossoms, changing their hue from month to month, blessed me the live-long summer; and the glossy young Catalpa, over which it threw its arms so lovingly and free—there they stand, scorched and blackened; and I know not whether nature, with her mighty healing power, can ever make them live again.

The utilitarian and the moralist will rebuke this trifling record, and remind me that one hundred houses were burned, and not less than two thousand persons deprived of shelter for the night. Pardon my childish lamentations. Most gladly would I give a home to all the destitute; but I cannot love two thousand persons; and I loved my trees. Insurance stocks are to me an abstraction; but stock gilliflowers, a most pleasant reality.
Will your kind heart be shocked that I seem to sympathize more with Jane Plato for the destruction of her little garden-patch, than I do with others for loss of houses and furniture? Do not misunderstand me. It is simply my way of saying that money is not wealth. I know the universal opinion of mankind is to the contrary; but it is nevertheless a mistake. Our real losses are those in which the heart is concerned. An autograph letter from Napoleon Bonaparte might sell for fifty dollars; but if I possessed such a rare document, would I save it from the fire, in preference to a letter from a beloved and deceased husband, filled with dear little household phrases? Which would a mother value most, the price of the most elegant pair of Parisian slippers, or a little worn-out shoe, once filled with a precious infant foot, now walking with the angels?

Jane Plato's garden might not be worth much in dollars and cents; but it was to her the endeared companion of many a pleasant hour. After her daily toil, she might be seen, till twilight deepened into evening, digging round the roots, pruning branches, and training vines. I know my experience how very dear inanimate objects become under such circumstances. I have dearly loved the house in which I lived, but I could not love the one I merely owned. The one in which the purse had interest might be ten times more valuable in the market; but let me calculate as I would, I should mourn most for the one in which the heart had invested stock. The common wild flower that I have brought to my garden, and nursed, and petted, till it has lost all home-sickness for its native woods, is really more valuable than the costly exotic, purchased in full bloom from the conservatory. Men of princely fortunes never know what wealth of happiness there is in a garden.

"The rich man in his garden walks,
Beneath his garden trees;
Wrapped in a dream of other things,
He seems to take his ease.

"One moment he beholds his flowers,
The next they are forgot;
He eateth of his rarest fruits
As though he ate them not.

"It is not with the poor man so;
He knows each inch of ground,
And every single plant and flower
That grows within its bound."
"And though his garden-plot is small,  
  Him doth it satisfy;  
For there's no inch of all his ground,  
  That does not fill his eye.

"It is not with the rich man thus;  
  For though his grounds are wide,  
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,  
  With soul unsatisfied.

"Yes, in the poor man's garden grow  
  Far more than herbs and flowers;  
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,  
  And joy for weary hours.

"It is not with the poor man so—  
  Wealth, servants, he has none;  
And all the work that's done for him,  
  Must by himself be done."

I have said this much to prove that money is not wealth, and that God's gifts are equal; though joint-stock companies and corporations do their worst to prevent it.

And all the highest truths, as well as the genuine good, are universal. Doctrinal dogmas may be hammered out on theological anvils, and appropriated to spiritual corporations, called sects. But those high and holy truths, which make the soul as one with God and the neighbour, are by their very nature universal—open to all who wish to receive. Outward forms are always in harmonious correspondence with inward realities; therefore the material types of highest truths defy man's efforts to monopolise. Who can bottle up the sunlight, to sell at retail? or issue dividends of the ocean and the breeze?

This great fire, like all calamities, public or private, has its bright side. A portion of New York, and that not a small one, is for once thoroughly cleaned; a wide space is opened for our vision, and the free passage of the air. True, it looks desolate enough now; like a battle field, when waving banners and rushing steeds, and fife and trumpet, all are gone; and the dead alone remain. But the dreary sight brings up images of those hundred volcanoes spouting flame, and of the scene at midnight, so fearful in its beauty. Where houses so lately stood, and welcome feet passed over the threshold, and friendly voices cheered the fireside, there arose the lurid gleam of mouldering fires, with rolling masses of smoke, as if watched by giants from the nether world; and between them all lay
the thick darkness. It was strikingly like Martin's pictures. The resemblance renewed by old impression, that if the arts are cultivated in the infernal regions, of such are their galleries formed; not without a startling beauty, which impresses, while it disturbs the mind, because it embodies the idea of power, and its discords bear harmonious relation to each other.

If you wanted to see the real, unqualified beauty of fire, you should have stood with me, in the darkness of evening, to gaze at a burning house nearly opposite. Four long hours it sent forth flame in every variety. Now it poured forth from the windows, like a broad banner in the wind; then it wound round the door-posts like a brilliant wreath; and from the open roof there ever went up a fountain of sparks that fell like a shower of gems. I watched it for hours, and could not turn away from it. In my mind there insensibly grew up a respect for that house; because it defied the power of the elements, so bravely and so long. It must have been built of sound timber, well jointed; and as the houses round it had fallen, its conflagration was not hastened by excessive heat, as the others had been. It was one o'clock at night when the last tongue of flame flickered and died reluctantly. The next day, men came by order of the city authorities, to pull down the walls. This, too, the brave building resisted to the utmost. Ropes were fastened to it with grappling irons, and a hundred men tugged, and tugged at it, in vain. My respect for it increased, till it seemed to me like an heroic friend. I could not bear that it should fall. It seemed to me, if it did, I should no longer feel sure that J. Q. Adams and Giddings would stand on their feet against Southern aggression. I sent up a joyous shout when the irons came out, bringing away only a few bricks, and the men fell backward from the force of the shock. But at last the wall reeled, and came down with a thundering crash. Nevertheless, I will trust Adams and Giddings, tug at them as they may.

By the blessing of heaven on the energy and presence of mind of those who came to our help, our walls stand unscathed, and nothing was destroyed in the tumult; but our hearts are aching; for all round us comes a voice of wailing from the houseless and the impoverished.
LETTER XVII.

DOVES IN BROADWAY—THE DOVE AND THE PIRATE—PRISONERS AND DOVES—DODDRIDGE'S DREAM—GENIUS INSPIRED BY HOLINESS.

April 14, 1842.

In looking over some of my letters, my spirit stands reproved for its sadness. In this working-day world, where the bravest have need of all their buoyancy and strength, it is sinful to add our sorrows to the common load. Blessed are missionaries of cheerfulness!

"'Tis glorious to have one's own proud will,
And see the crown acknowledged, that we earn;
But nobler yet, and nearer to the skies,
To feel one's self, in hours serene and still,
One of the spirits chosen by Heaven to turn
The sunny side of things to human eyes."

The fault was in my own spirit rather than in the streets of New York. "Who has no inward beauty, none perceives, though all around is beautiful." Had my soul been at one with Nature and with God, I should not have seen only misery and vice in my city rambles. To-day I have been so happy in Broadway! A multitude of doves went careering before me. Now wheeling in graceful circles, their white wings and breasts glittering in the sunshine; now descending within the shadow of the houses, like a cloud; now soaring high up in the sky, till they seemed immense flocks of dusky butterflies; and ever as I walked they went before me, with most loving companionship. If they had anything to say to me, I surely understood their language, though I heard it not; for through my whole frame there went a feathery buoyancy, a joyous uprising from the earth, as if I, too, had wings, with conscious power to use them. Then they brought such sweet images to my mind! I remembered the story of the pirate hardened in blood and crime, who listened to the notes of a turtle-dove in the stillness of evening. Perhaps he had never before heard the soothing tones of love. They spoke to his inmost soul, like the voice of an angel; and wakened such response there, that he thenceforth became a holy man. Then I thought how I would like to have this the mission of my spirit; to speak to hardened and suffering hearts, in the tones of a turtle-dove.
My flying companions brought before me another picture which has had a place in the halls of memory for several years. I was once visiting a friend in prison for debt; and through the grated window, I could see the outside of the criminals' apartments. On the stone ledges, beneath their windows, alighted three or four doves; and hard hands were thrust out between the iron bars, to sprinkle crumbs for them. The sight brought tears to my eyes. Hearts that still loved to feed doves certainly must contain somewhat that might be reached by the voice of kindness. I had not then reasoned on the subject; but I felt, even then, that prisons were not such spiritual hospitals as ought to be provided for erring brothers. The birds themselves were not of snowy plumage; their little, rose-coloured feet were spattered with mud, and their feathers were soiled, as if they, too, were jail birds. The outward influences of a city had passed over them, as the inward had over those who fed them; nevertheless, they are doves, said I, and have all a dove's instincts. It was a significant lesson, and I laid it to my heart.

But these Broadway doves, ever wheeling before me in graceful eddies, why did their aerial frolic produce such joyous elasticity in my physical frame? Was it sympathy with nature, so intimate that her motions became my own? Or was it a revealing that the spiritual body had wings, wherewith I should hereafter fly?

The pleasant, buoyant sensation, recalled to my mind a dream which I read, many years ago, in Doddridge's Life and Correspondence. I will not vouch for it, that my copy is a likeness of the original. If anything is added, I know not where I obtained it, unless Doddridge himself has since told me. I surely have no intention to add of my own. I do not profess to give anything like the language; for the words have passed from my memory utterly. As I remember the dream, it was thus:

Dr. Doddridge had been spending the evening with his friend, Dr. Watts. Their conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme; and both came to the conclusion (rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at), that it could not be they were to sing through all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cog-
nizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon the pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying; he saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave the body; but how would it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that the soul had left his body. He himself stood beside the bed, looking at his own corpse, as if it were an old garment, laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how; but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the busy multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs. "Ah," thought the emancipated spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this feverish scramble. For what do they toil? and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens. How is it that I am borne through the air thought he? He looked, and saw a large purple wing; and then he knew that he was carried by an angel. "Whither are we going?" said he. "To heaven," was the reply. He asked no more questions; but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight, and gently placed him on the steps. "I thought you were taking me to heaven," said the spirit. "This is heaven," replied the angel. "This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty; but I could imagine just such built on earth." "Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the centre, on which was a golden vase, filled with sparkling wine. "Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase; "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine." Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood before him, smiling most benignly. The spirit instantly dropped on his knees, and bowed down his head before him. The holy hands of the purest were folded over him in blessing; and his voice said,
"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the meantime, observe well the wonders of this temple!"

The sounds ceased. The spirit remained awhile in stillness. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean; but the angel had departed also. The soul stood alone, in its own unveiled presence! "Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he. He looked slowly round. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvellous beauty, stood recorded the whole of his spiritual life! Every doubt, and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory, were there before him! and though forgotten for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in green valleys, by the side of running brooks; and such had been his visions from the mountain tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul; but now, for the first time, was the veil removed. To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall
The past shall reappear."

I do not mean that the paintings, and statues, and houses, which a man has made on earth, will form his environment in the world of souls; this would monopolise heaven for the wealthy and the cultivated. I mean that the spiritual combats and victories of our pilgrimage, write themselves there above, in infinite variations of form, colour, and tone; and thus shall every word and thought be brought into judgment. Of these things inscribed in heaven, who can tell what may be the action upon souls newly born into time! Perhaps all lovely forms of art are mere ultimates of spiritual victories in individual souls. It may be that all genius derives its life
from some holiness, which preceded it, in the attainment of another spirit. Who shall venture to assert that Beethoven could have produced his strangely powerful music, had not souls gone before him on earth, who with infinite struggling against temptation, aspired towards the highest, and in some degree realised their aspirations? The music thus brought from the eternal world kindles still higher spiritual aspirations in mortals, to be realised in this life, and again written above, to inspire anew some gifted spirit, who stands a ready recipient in the far-off time. Upon this ladder, how beautifully the angels are seen ascending and descending!

LETTER XVIII.

ORIGIN OF MANHATTAN—ANTIQUITIES OF NEW YORK—DAVID REYNOLDS—THE FISH AND RING.

May 26, 1843.

The Battery is growing charming again, now that Nature has laid aside her pearls, and put on her emeralds. The worst of it is, crowds are flocking there morning and evening; yet I am ashamed of that anti-social sentiment. It does my heart good to see the throng of children trundling their hoops and rolling on the grass; some, with tattered garments and dirty hands, come up from narrow lanes and stifled courts, and others with pale faces and weak limbs, the sickly occupants of heated drawing-rooms. But while I rejoice for their sakes, I cannot overcome my aversion to a multitude. It is so pleasant to run and jump, and throw pebbles, and make up faces at a friend, without having a platoon of well dressed people turn round and stare, and ask, "Who is that strange woman, that acts so like a child?" Those who are truly enamoured of Nature, love to be alone with her. It is with them as with other lovers; the intrusion of strangers puts to flight a thousand sweet fancies, as fairies are sent to scamper at the approach of a mortal footstep.

I rarely see the Battery, without thinking how beautiful it must have been before the white man looked upon it; when the tall, solemn forest, came down to the water's edge, and bathed in the moonlight stillness. The solitary Indian came out from the dense shadows, and stood in the glorious bright-
ness. As he leaned thoughtfully on his bow, his crest of eagle's feathers waved slowly in the gentle evening breeze; and voices from the world of spirits spoke into his heart, and stirred it with a troubled reference, which he felt, but could not comprehend. To us, likewise, they are ever speaking through many voiced Nature; the soul, in its quiet hour, listens intently to the friendly entreaty, and strives to guess its meaning. All round us, on hill and dale, the surging ocean and the evening cloud, they have spread open the illuminated copy of their scriptures—revealing all things, if we could but learn and read the language!

The Indian did not think this; but he felt it, even as I do. What have we gained by civilisation? It is a circling question, the beginning and end of which everywhere touch each other. One thing is certain; they who pass through the ordeal of high civilisation, with garments unspotted by the crowd, will make far higher and holier angels—will love more, and know more, than they who went to their Father's house through the lonely forest-path. But looking at it, only in relation to this earth, there is much to be said in favour of that wild life of savage freedom, as well as much against it. It would be so pleasant to get rid of that nightmare of civilised life—"What will Mrs Smith say?" and "Do you suppose folks will think strange?" It is true, that phantom troubles me but little; having snapped my fingers in its face years ago; it mainly vexes me chiefly by keeping me for ever from a full insight into the souls of others.

Should I have learned more of the spirit's life, could I have wandered at midnight with Pocahontas, on this fair island of Manhattan? I should have at least learned all that; the soul of Nature's children might have lisped, and stammered in broken sentences, but it would not have muttered through a guise or under a mask.

The very name of this island brings me back to civilisation by a most unpleasant path. It was in the autumn of 1609, that the celebrated Hudson first entered the magnificent river that now bears his name, in his adventurous yacht, the Half-Moon. The simple Indians were attracted by the red garments and bright buttons of the strangers; and as usual, their new friendship was soon sealed with the accursed "fire water." On the island, where the city now stands they had a great carouse; and the Indians, in commemoration thereof named it Manahachtanienks, abbreviated, by rapid speech, to Manhattan.
The meaning of it is, "The place where all got drunk together." As I walk through the crowded streets, I am sometimes inclined to think the name is by no means misapplied at the present day.

New York is beautiful now, with its broad rivers glancing in the sunbeams, its numerous islands, like fairy homes, and verdant headlands jutting out in graceful curves into its spacious harbour, where float the vessels of a hundred nations. But, oh! how exceeding beautiful it must have been, when the thick forest hung all round Hudson's lonely bark! When the wild deer bounded through paths where swine now grunt and grovel! That chapter of the world's history was left unrecorded here below; but historians above have it on their tablets; for it wrote itself there in daguerreotype.

Of times far less ancient, the vestiges are passing away; recalled sometimes by names bringing the most contradictory associations. Maiden Lane is now one of the busiest of commercial streets; the sky shut out with bricks and mortar; gutters on either side, black as the ancients imagined the rivers of hell; thronged with sailors and draymen; and redolent of all wharf-like smells. Its name, significant of innocence and youthful beauty, was given in the olden time, when a clear, sparkling rivulet here flowed from an abundant spring, and the young Dutch girls went and came with baskets on their heads, to watch and bleach linen in the flowing stream, and on the verdant grass.

Greenwich Street, which now rears its huge masses of brick, and shows only a long vista of dirt and paving stones, was once a beautiful beach, where boys and horses went in to bathe. In the middle of what is now the street, was a large rock, on which was built a rude summer-house, from which the merry bathers loved to jump, with splash and ringing shouts of laughter.

I know not from what Pearl Street derives its name; but, in more senses than one, it is now obviously a "pearl cast before swine."

The Bowery, with name so flowery, where the discord of a thousand wheels is overtopped by shrill street cries, was a line of orchards and mowing-land, in rear of the olden city, called in Dutch, the Bouwerys, or Farms; and in popular phrase, "The high-road to Boston." In 1631, old Governor Stuyvesant bought the "Bouwerys," (now so immensely valuable in the market sense) for 6,400 guilders, or £1,066; houses, barn, six
cows, two horses, and two young negro slaves, were included with the land. He built a Reformed Dutch church at his own expense, on his farm, within the walls of which was the family vault. The church of St. Mark now occupies the same site, and on the outside wall stands his original grave-stone, thus inscribed:

"In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherland, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died August, A.D. 1682, aged 80 years."

A pear tree stands without the wall, still vigorous, though brought from Holland, and planted there by the governor himself. His family, still among the wealthiest of our city aristocracy, have preserved some curious memorials of their venerable Dutch ancestor. A portrait in armour, well-executed in Holland, probably while he was admiral there, represents him as a dark-complexioned man, with strong, bold features, and moustachios on the upper lip. They likewise preserve the shirt in which he was christened; of the finest Holland linen, edged with narrow lace.

Near the Battery is an inclosure, called the Bowling-Green, where once stood a leaden statue of George II. During the revolution, the poor king was pulled down and dragged irreverently through the streets, to be melted into bullets for the war. He would have deemed this worse than being

"Turned to clay,
To stop a hole to keep the wind away."

However, the purpose to which his image was applied, would probably have been less abhorrent to him, than it would be to the apostles, to know the uses to which they are applied by modern Christians.

The antiquities of New York! In this new and ever-changing country, what ridiculous associations are aroused by that word! For us, tradition has no desolate arches, no dim and cloistered aisles. People change their abodes so often, that, as Washington Irving wittily suggests, the very ghosts, if they are disposed to keep up an ancient custom, don’t no where to call upon them.

This newness, combined with all surrounding social influences, tends to make us an irreverential people. It was the frequent remark of Mr. Combe, that of all nations, whose heads he had
ever an opportunity to observe, the Americans had the organ of veneration the least developed. No wonder that it is so. Instead of moss-grown ruins, we have trim brick houses; instead of cathedrals, with their “dim, religious light,” we have new meeting-houses, built on speculation, with four-and-twenty windows on each side, and at both ends, for the full enjoyment of cross-lights; instead of the dark and echoing recesses of the cloister, we have ready-made coffins in the shop windows; instead of the rainbow halo of poetic philosophy, we have Franklin’s maxims for “Poor Richard; and in lieu of kings divinely ordained, or governments heaven-descended, we have administrations turned in and out of office at every whirl of the ballot box.

“This democratic experiment will prove a failure,” said an old-fashioned federalist; “before fifty years are ended, we shall be governed by a king in this country.” And where will you get the blood?” inquired an Irishman, with earnest simplicity; “sure you will have to send over the water to get some of the blood.” Whereupon irreverent listeners laughed outright, and asked wherein a king’s blood differed from that of an Irish ditch-digger. The poor fellow was puzzled. Could he have comprehended the question, I would have asked, “And if we could import the kingly blood, how could we import the sentiment of loyalty?”

The social world, as well as the world of matter, must have its centrifugal as well as its centripetal force; and we Americans must perform that office; an honourable and useful one it is, yet not the most beautiful, nor in all respects the most desirable. Reverence is the highest quality of man’s nature; and that individual, or nation, which has it slightly developed, is so far unfortunate. It is a strong spiritual instinct, and seeks to form channels for itself where none exists; thus Americans, in the dearth of other objects to worship, fall to worshipping themselves.

Now don’t laugh, if you can help it, at what I bring forth as antiquities. Just keep the Parthenon, the Alhambra, and the ruins of Melrose out of your head, if you please; and pay due respect to my American antiquities. At the corner of Bayard and Bowery you will see a hotel, called the North American; and on the top thereof you may spy a wooden image of a lad with ragged knees and elbows, whose mother doesn’t know they’re out. That image commemorates the history of a
Yankee boy, by the name of David Reynolds. Some fifty years ago, he came here at the age of twelve or fourteen, without a copper in his pocket. I think he had run away; at all events, he was alone and friendless. Weary and hungry, he leaned against a tree, where the hotel now stands; every eye looked strange upon him, and he felt utterly forlorn and disheartened. While he was trying to devise some honest means to obtain food, a gentleman inquired for a boy to carry his trunk to the wharf; and the Yankee eagerly offered his services. For this job he received twenty-five cents; most of which he spent in purchasing fruit to sell again. He stationed himself by the friendly tree, where he had first obtained employment, and soon disposed of his little stock to advantage. With increased capital he increased his stock. He must have managed his business with Yankee shrewdness, or perhaps he was a cross of Scotch and Yankee; for he soon established a respectable fruit stall under the tree; and then he bought a small shop, that stood within its shade; and then he purchased a lot of land, including several buildings round; and finally he pulled down the old shop, and the old houses, and built the large hotel which now stands there. The old tree seemed to him like home. There he had met with his first good luck in a strange city; and from day to day, and month to month, those friendly boughs had still looked down upon his rising fortune. He would not desert that which had stood by him in the dreary days of poverty and trial. It must be removed, to make room for the big mansion; but it should not be destroyed. From its beloved trunk he caused his image to be carved, as a memento of his own forlorn beginnings, and his grateful recollections. That it might tell a truthful tale, and remind him of early struggles, the rich citizen of New York caused it to be carved, with ragged trowsers, and jacket out at elbows.

There is a curious relic of by-gone days over the door of a public house in Hudson Street, between Hamersley Street and Greenwich Bank, of which few guess the origin. It is the sign of a fish, with a ring in its mouth. Tradition says, that in the year 1743, a young nobleman, disguised as a sailor, won the heart of a beautiful village maiden, on the western coast of England. It is the old story of woman's fondness and woman's faith. She trusted him, and he deceived her. At their parting, they exchanged rings of betrothal. Time passed on, and she heard no more from him; till at last there came the insulting
offer of money, as a remuneration for her ruined happiness, and support for herself and child. Some time after she learned, to her great surprise, that he was a nobleman of high rank, in the royal navy, and that his ship was lying near the coast. She sought his vessel, and conjured him by all recollections of her confiding love, and of his own earnest protestations, to do her justice. At first, he was moved; but her pertinacity vexed him, until he treated her with angry scorn, for presuming to think she could ever become his wife. "God forgive you," said the weeping beauty; "let us exchange our rings again; give me back the one I gave you. It was my mother's; and I could not have parted with it to any but my betrothed husband. There is your money; not a penny of it will I ever use; it cannot restore my good name, or heal my broken heart. I will labour to support your child." In a sudden fit of anger, he threw the ring into the sea, saying, "When you can recover that bauble from the fishes, you may expect to be the wife of a British nobleman. I give you my word of honour to marry you then, and not till then."

Sadly and wearily the maiden walked home with her poor old father. On their way, the old man bought a fish that was offered him, just taken from the sea. When the fish was prepared for supper that night, lo! the ring was found in its stomach!

When informed of this fact, the young nobleman was so strongly impressed with the idea that it was a direct interposition of Providence, that he did not venture to break the promise he had given. He married the village belle, and they lived long and happily together. When he died, an obelisk was erected to his memory, surmounted by the effigy of a fish with a ring in its mouth. Such a story was of course sung, until it became universal tradition. Some old emigrant brought it over to this country; and there in Hudson Street hang the fish and the ring, to commemorate the loves of a past century.

Now laugh if you will; I think I have made out quite a respectable collection of American antiquities. If I seem to you at times to look back too lovingly on the past, do not understand me as quarrelling with the present. Sometimes, it is true, I am tempted to say of the nineteenth century, as the exile from New Zealand did of the huge scramble in London Streets, "Me no like London. Shove me about."

Often, too, I am disgusted to see men trying to pull down
the false, not for love of the true, but for their own selfish purposes. I gratefully acknowledge my own age and country as pre-eminently marked by activity and progress. Brave spirits are everywhere at work for freedom, peace, temperance, and education. Everywhere the walls of caste and sect are melting before them; everywhere dawns the golden twilight of universal love. Many are working for all these things, who have the dimmest insight into the infinity of their relations, and the eternity of their results; some, perchance, could they perceive the relation that each bears to all, would eagerly strive to undo what they are now doing; but luckily, heart and hand often work for better things that the head wots of.

LETTER XIX.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM—THE SOUL WATCHING ITS OWN BODY—AN ANECDOTE OF SECOND SIGHT.

June 2, 1842.

You seem very curious to learn what I think of recent phenomena in animal magnetism, or mesmerism, which you have described to me. They have probably impressed your mind more than my own; because I was ten years ago convinced that animal magnetism was destined to produce great changes in the science of medicine, and in the whole philosophy of spirit and matter. The reports of French physicians, guarded as they were on every side by the scepticism that characterises their profession and their country, contained proof enough to convince me that animal magnetism was not a nine days' wonder. That there has been a great deal of trickery, collusion, and imposture, in connexion with this subject, is obvious enough. Its very nature renders it peculiarly liable to this; whatsoever relates to spiritual existence cannot be explained by the laws of matter, and therefore becomes at once a powerful temptation to deception. For this reason, I have taken too little interest in public exhibitions of animal magnetism ever to attend one; I should always observe them with distrust.

But it appears to me that nothing can be more unphilosophic than the ridicule attached to a belief in mesmerism. Phenomena of the most extraordinary character have occurred, proved
by a cloud of witnesses. If these things have really happened, (as thousands of intelligent and rational people testify), they are governed by laws as fixed and certain as the laws that govern matter. We call them miracles, simply because we do not understand the causes that produce them; and what do we fully understand? Our knowledge is exceedingly imperfect, even with regard to the laws of matter; though the world has had the experience of several thousand years to help its investigations. We cannot see that the majestic oak lies folded up in the acorn; still less can we tell how it came there. We have observed that a piece of wood decays in the damp ground, while a nut generates and becomes a tree; and we say it is because there is a principle of vitality in the nut, which is not in the wood: but explain, if you can, what is a principle of vitality, and how came it in the acorn?

They who reject the supernatural, claim to be the only philosophers in these days, when, as Peter Parley says, "every little child knows all about the rainbow." Satisfied with the tangible inclosures of their own penfold, these are not aware that whosoever did know all about the rainbow, would know enough to make a world. Supernatural simply means above the natural. Between the laws that govern the higher and the lower, there is doubtless the most perfect harmony; and this we should perceive and understand, if we had the enlarged faculties of angels.

There is something exceedingly arrogant and short-sighted in the pretensions of those who ridicule everything not capable of being proved to the senses. They are like a man who holds a penny close to his eye, and then denies that there is a glorious firmament of stars, because he cannot see them. Carlyle gives the following sharp rebuke to this annoying class of thinkers:—"Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism? Wilt walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest logic? Thou wilt explain all, account for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt even attempt laughter!"

"Whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of mystery, which is every where under our feet and among our hands; to whom the universe is an oracle and a temple, as well as kitchen and cattle-stall—he shall be called a mystic, and delirious! To him thou, with sniffling charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it. Wert thou not born?
Wilt thou not die? Explain me all this—or do one of two things: retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up; and weep not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou thyself art hitherto a sand-blind pedant."

But if there be any truth in the wonders of animal magnetism, why has not the world heard of them before? asks the inquirer. The world did hear of them, centuries ago; and from time to time they have reappeared, and arrested local and temporary attention; but not being understood, and not being conveyed to the human mind through the medium of belief, they were soon rejected as fabulous stories, or idle superstitions; no one thought of examining them, as phenomena governed by laws which regulate the universe.

It is recorded that when the plague raged in Athens, in the days of Plato, many recovered from it with a total oblivion of all outward things; they seemed to themselves to be living among other scenes, which were as real to them as the material world was to others. The wisdom of angels, perchance, perceived it to be far more real.

Ancient history records that a learned Persian Magus who resided among the mountains that overlooked Taoscees, recovered from the plague with a perpetual oblivion of all outward forms, while he often had knowledge of the thoughts passing in the minds of those around him. If an unknown scroll were placed before him, he would read it though a brazen shield were interposed between him and the parchment; and if figures were drawn on the water, he at once recognised the forms, of which no visible trace remained.

In Taylor's Plato, mention is made of one Clearchus, who related an experiment tried in the presence of Aristotle and his disciples at the Lyceum. He declares that a man, by means of moving a wand up and down, over the body of a lad, "led the soul out of it," and left the form perfectly rigid and senseless; when he afterwards led the soul back, it told, with wonderful accuracy, all that had been said and done.

This reminds me of a singular circumstance which happened to a venerable friend of mine. I had it from her own lips. She was taken suddenly ill one day, and swooned. To all appearance, she was entirely lifeless; insomuch that her friends feared she was really dead. A physician was sent for and a variety of experiments tried, before there were any symptoms
of returning animation. She herself was merely aware of a dizzy and peculiar sensation, and then she found herself standing by her own lifeless body, watching all their efforts to resuscitate it. It seemed to her strange, and she was too confused to know whether she were in that body or out of it. In the meantime, her anxious friends could not make the slightest impression on the rigid form, either by sight, hearing, touch, taste, or smell; it was to all appearance dead. The five outward gates of entrance to the soul were shut and barred. Yet when the body revived, she told everything that had been done in the room, every word that had been said, and the very expression of their countenances. The soul had stood by all the while, and observed what was done to the body. How did it see when the eyes were closed, like a corpse? Answer that before you disbelieve a thing because you cannot understand it. Could I comprehend how the simplest violet came into existence, I too would urge that plea. It were as wise for a child of four years old to deny that the planets move round the sun, because its infant mind cannot receive the explanation, as for you and me to ridicule the arcana of the soul's connexion with the body, because we cannot comprehend them, in this imperfect state of existence. Beings so ignorant should be more humble and reverential; this frame of mind has no affinity whatever with the greedy superstition that is eager to believe everything, merely because it is wonderful.

It is deemed incredible that people in magnetic sleep can describe objects at a distance, and scenes which they never looked upon while waking; yet nobody doubts the common form of somnambulism, called sleep-walking. You may singe the eye-lashes of a sleep-walker with a candle, and he will perceive neither you nor the light. His eyes have no expression; they are like those of a corpse. Yet he will walk out in the dense darkness, avoiding chairs, tables, and all other obstructions; he will tread the ridge-pole of a roof, far more securely than he could in a natural state, at mid-day; he will harness horses, pack wood, make shoes, &c., all in the darkness of midnight. Can you tell me with what eyes he sees to do these things? and what light directs him? If you cannot, be humble enough to acknowledge that God governs the universe by many laws incomprehensible to you; and be wise enough to conclude that these phenomena are not deviations from the divine order of things, but occasional manifestations of principles always at
work in the great scale of being, made visible at times, by causes as yet unrevealed.

Allowing very largely for falsehood, trickery, superstitious fear, and stimulated imagination, I still believe most fully that many things now rejected as foolish superstitions, will hereafter take their appropriate place in a new science of spiritual philosophy. From the progress of animal magnetism, there may perhaps be evolved much that will throw light upon old stories of oracles, witchcraft, and second sight. A large portion of these stories are doubtless falsehoods, fabricated for the most selfish and mischievous purposes; others may be an honest record of things as they actually seemed to the narrator. Those which are true assuredly have a cause, and are miraculous only as our whole being is miraculous. Is not life itself the highest miracle? Everybody can tell you what it does, but where is the wise man who can explain what it is? When did the infant receive that mysterious gift? Whence did it come? Whither does it go, when it leaves the body?

Scottish legends abound with instances of second sight, oftentimes supported by a formidable array of evidence; but I have met only one individual who was the subject of such a story.

She is a woman of plain practical sense, very unimaginative, intelligent, extremely well-informed, and as truthful as the sun. I tell the story as she told it to me. One of her relatives was seized with rapid consumption. He had for some weeks been perfectly resigned to die; but one morning, when she called upon him, she found his eyes brilliant, his cheeks flushed with an unnatural bloom, and his mind full of belief that he should recover health. He talked eagerly of voyages he would take, and of the renovating influence of warmer climes. She listened to him with sadness; for she was well acquainted with his treacherous disease, and in all these things she saw symptoms of approaching death. She said this to her mother and sisters, when she returned home. In the afternoon of the same day, as she sat sewing in the usual family circle, she accidentally looked up—and gave a sudden start, which immediately attracted attention and inquiry. She replied, "Don't you see cousin —?"

They thought she had been dreaming; but she said, "I certainly am not asleep. It is strange you do not see him; he is there." The next thought was that she was seized with sudden insanity; but she assured them that she never was more
rational in her life: that she could not account for the circumstance, any more than they could; but her cousin certainly was there, and looking at her with a very pleasant countenance. Her mother tried to turn it off as a delusion; but nevertheless, she was so much impressed by it, that she looked at her watch, and immediately sent to inquire how the invalid did. The messenger returned with news that he was dead, and had died at that moment.

My friend told me that at first she saw only the bust; but gradually the whole form became visible, as if some imperceptible cloud, or veil, had slowly rolled away; the invisible veil again rose, till only the bust remained; and then that vanished.

She said the vision did not terrify her at the time; it simply perplexed her, as a thing incomprehensible. Why she saw it, she could explain no better than why her mother and sisters did not see it. She simply told it to me just as it appeared to her; as distinct and real as any other individual in the room.

Men would not be afraid to see spirits if they were better acquainted with their own. It is because we live so entirely in the body that we are startled at a revelation of the soul.

Animal magnetism will come out from all the shams and quackery that have made it ridiculous, and will yet be acknowledged as an important aid to science, an additional proof of immortality, and a means, in the hands of Divine Providence, to arrest the progress of materialism.

For myself, I am deeply thankful for any agency that even momentarily blows aside the thick veil between the finite and the infinite, and gives me never so hurried and imperfect a glimpse of realities which lie beyond this valley of shadows.

LETTER XX.


June 9, 1842.

There is nothing which makes me feel the imprisonment of a city like the absence of birds. Blessings on the little warblers! Lovely types are they of all winged and graceful thoughts.
Dr. Follen used to say, "I feel dependent for a vigorous and hopeful spirit on now and then a kind word, the loud laugh of a child, or the silent greeting of a flower." Fully do I sympathise with this utterance, of his gentle and loving spirit; but more than the benediction of the flower, more perhaps than even the mirth of childhood, is the clear, joyous note of the bird, a refreshment to my soul.

"The birds! the birds of summer hours
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight.

Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amidst the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer."

But alas! like the free voices of fresh youth, they come not on the city air. Thus should it be; where mammon imprisons all thoughts and feelings that would fly upward, their winged types should be in cages, too. Walk down Mulberry Street, and you may see, in one small room, hundreds of little feathered songsters, each hopping about restlessly in his gilded and garlanded cage, like a dyspeptic merchant in his marble mansion. I always turn my head away when I pass; for the sight of the little captives goes through my heart like an arrow. The darling little creatures have such visible delight in freedom—

"In the joyous song they sing;
In the liquid air they cleave;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nests they weave."

I seldom see a bird encaged without being reminded of Petion, a truly great man, the popular idol of Haiti, as Washington is of the United States.

While Petion administered the government of the island, some distinguished foreigner sent his little daughter, a beautiful bird, in a very handsome cage. The child was delighted, and
with great exultation exhibited the present to her father. "It is, indeed, very beautiful, my daughter," said he; "but it makes my heart ache to look at it. I hope you will never show it to me again."

With great astonishment, she inquired his reasons. He replied, "When this island was called St. Domingo, we were all slaves. It makes me think of it to look at that bird; for he is a slave."

The little girl's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, as she exclaimed, "Why, father! he has such a large, handsome cage; and as much as ever he can eat and drink."

"And would you be a slave," said he, "if you could live in a great house, and be fed on frosted cake?"

After a moment's thought, the child began to say, half reluctantly, "Would he be happier, if I opened the door of his cage?" "He would be free!" was the emphatic reply. Without another word, she took the cage to the open window, and a moment after, she saw her prisoner playing with the humming-birds among the honey-suckles.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds was often related by my grandfather who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door one summer-day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained by the sight of a snake slowly winding up the tree.

Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvelous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. The popular belief was that the serpent charmed the bird by looking steadily at it; and that such a sympathy was thereby established, that if the snake were struck, the bird felt the blow, and writhed under it.

These traditions excited my grandfather's curiosity to watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he had a chance to despoil the nest. The distressed mother meanwhile continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one
particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death by cutting off his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white ash!

That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition, but a veritable fact in history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ankles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the north star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in “massa’s” corn or tobacco.

I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees round their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

The following well authenticated anecdote has something wonderfully human about it:

A parrot had been caught young, and trained by a Spanish lady, who sold it to an English sea-captain. For a time the bird seemed sad among the fogs of England, where birds and men all spoke to her in a foreign tongue. By degrees, however, she learned the language, forgot her Spanish phrases, and seemed to feel at home. Years passed on, and found pretty poll the pet of the captain’s family. At last her brilliant feathers began to turn grey with age; she could take no food but soft pulp, and had not strength enough to mount her perch. But no one had the heart to kill the old favourite, she was entwined with so many pleasant household recollections. She had been some time in this feeble condition, when a Spanish gentleman called one day to see her master. It was the first time she heard the language for many years. It probably brought back to memory the scenes of her youth in that beautiful region of vines and sunshine. She spread forth her wings with a wild scream of joy, rapidly ran over the Spanish
phrases, which she had not uttered for years, and fell down dead.

There is something strangely like reason in this. It makes one want to know whence comes the bird's soul, and whither goes it.

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is founded on traditions handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open doorway. I was delighted, and spent more time watching them than "penny-wise" people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother-bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than these did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be inwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on "the woman question;" for during the process of incubation he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food;
and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labour. When the young ones came forth he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the sheds with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledgelings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbours. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and chatted away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, "It's pretty sport, but we can't do it."

Three times the neighbours came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they alighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party; I have frolicked with blessed Nature
much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. That beautiful family continued to be our playmates, until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art, from those little creatures perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung my gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbours. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me. We had lived so friendly together, that I wanted to meet them in another world, if I could not in this; and I wept, as a child weeps at its first grief.

There was somewhat, too, in their beautiful life of loving freedom which was a reproach to me. Why was not my life as happy and as graceful as theirs? Because they were innocent, confiding, and unconscious, they fulfilled all the laws of their being without obstruction.

"Inward, inward to thy heart,
Kindly Nature, take me;
Lovely, even as thou art,
Full of loving, make me.
Thou knowest not of death-cold forms,
Knowest nought of littleness;
Lifeful truth thy being warms.
Majesty and earnestness."

The old Greeks observed a beautiful festival, called "The Welcome of the Swallows." When these social birds first returned in the spring-time, the children went about in procession, with music and garlands; receiving presents at every door, where they stopped to sing a welcome to the swallows, in that graceful old language, so melodious even in its ruins, that the listener feels as if the brilliant azure of Grecian skies,
the breezy motion of their olive groves, and the gush of their silvery fountains, had all passed into a monument of liquid and harmonious sounds.

LETTER XXI.

STATEN ISLAND—SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOUR.

June 16, 1842.

If you want refreshment for the eye, and the luxury of pure breezes, go to Staten Island. This beautiful little spot, which lies so gracefully on the waters, was sold by the Indians to the Dutch, in 1657, for ten shirts, thirty pairs of stockings, ten guns, thirty bars of lead for balls, thirty pounds of powder, twelve coats, two pieces of duffel, thirty kettles, thirty hatchets, twenty hoes, and a case of knives and awls. This was then considered a fair compensation for a tract eighteen miles long, and seven broad; and compared with most of our business transactions with the Indians, it will not appear illiberal. The facilities for fishing, the abundance of oysters, the pleasantness of the situation, and old associations, all endeared it to the natives. They lingered about the island, like reluctant ghosts, until 1670; when, being urged to depart, they made a new requisition of four hundred fathoms of wampum, and a large number of guns and axes; a demand which was very wisely complied with, for the sake of a final ratification of the treaty.

On this island is a quarantine ground, unrivalled for the airiness of its situation and the comforts and cleanliness of its arrangements. Of the foreigners from all nations which flood our shores, an immense proportion here take their first footstep on American soil; and judging from the welcome Nature gives them, they might well believe they had arrived in Paradise. From the high grounds, three hundred feet above the level of the sea, may be seen a beautiful variety of land and sea, of rural quiet, and city splendour. Long Island spreads before you her vernal forests, and fields of golden grain; the North and East rivers sparkle in the distance; and the magnificent Hudson is seen flowing on in joyful freedom. The city itself seems clean and bright in the distance—its deformities hidden, and its beauties exaggerated, like the fame
of far-off heroes. When the sun shines on its steeple, windows, and roofs of glittering tin, it is as if the Fire Spirits had suddenly created a city of fairy palaces. And when the still shadows creep over it, and the distant lights shine like descended constellations, twinkling to the moaning music of the sea, there is something oppressive in its solemn beauty. Then comes the golden morning light, as if God suddenly unveiled his glory! There on the bright waters float a thousand snowy sails, like a troop of beautiful sea birds; and imagination, strong in morning freshness, flies off through the outlet to the distant sea, and circles all the globe with its wreath of flowers.

Amid these images of joy, repose the quarantine burying-ground; bringing sad association, like the bass-note in a music-box. How many who leave their distant homes, full of golden visions, come here to take their first and last look of the promised land. What to them are all the fair, broad, acres of this new world? They need but the narrow heritage of a grave. But every soul that goes hence, apart from friends and kindred, carries with it a whole unrevealed epic of joy and sorrow, of gentle sympathies and passion's fiery depths. O, how rich in more than Shakspearean beauty would be the literature of that quarantine ground, if all the images that pass in procession before those dying eyes, would write themselves in daguerreotype!

One of the most interesting places on this island, is the Sailor's Snug Harbour. A few years ago, a gentleman by the name of Randall, left a small farm, that rented for two or three hundred dollars, at the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, for the benefit of old and worn-out sailors. This property increased in value, until it enabled the trustees to purchase a farm on Staten Island, and erect a noble stone edifice, as a hospital for disabled seamen; with an annual income of nearly thirty thousand dollars. The building has a very handsome exterior, and is large, airy, and convenient. The front door opens into a spacious hall, at the extremity of which flowers and evergreens are arranged one above another, like the terrace of a conservatory; and from the entries above, you look down into this pretty nook of "greenery." The whole aspect of things is extremely pleasant—with the exception of the sailors themselves. There is a sort of torpid resignation in their countenance and movement, painful to witness. They reminded me of what some one said of the
Greenwich pensioners: "they seemed to be waiting for death." No outward comfort seemed wanting, except the constant prospect of the sea: but they stood alone in the world—no wives, no children. Connected by no link with the ever-active present, a monotonous future stretched before them, made more dreary by its contrast with the keen excitement and ever-shifting variety of their past life of peril and pleasure. I have always thought too little provision was made for this lassitude of the mind, in most benevolent institutions. Men accustomed to excitement, cannot do altogether without it. It is a necessity of nature, and should be ministered to in all innocent forms. Those poor old tars should have sea-songs and instrumental music, once in a while, to stir their sluggish blood; and a feast might be given on great occasions, to younger sailors in temperance boarding-houses, that the past might have a chance to hear from the present. We perform but a half charity, when we comfort the body and leave the soul desolate.

Within the precincts of the city, too, are pleasant and safe homes provided for sailors; spacious, well-ventilated, and supplied with libraries and museums.

After all, this nineteenth century, with all its turmoil and clatter, has some lovely features about it! If evil spreads with unexampled rapidity, good is abroad, too, with miraculous and omnipresent activity. Unless we are struck by the tail of a comet, or swallowed by the sun meanwhile, we certainly shall get the world right side up, by and bye.

Among the many instrumentalities at work to produce this, increasing interest in the sailor's welfare is a cheering omen. Of all classes, except the negro slaves, they have been the most neglected and the most abused. The book of judgment can alone reveal how much they have suffered on the wide, deep ocean, with no door to escape from tyranny, no friendly forest to hide them from the hunter; doomed, at their best estate, to suffer almost continued deprivation of home, that worse feature in the curse of Cain; their minds shut up in caves of ignorance so deep, that if religion enters with a friendly lamp, it too frequently terrifies them with the shadows it makes visible. Religious they must be, in some sense, even when they know it not; for no man with a human soul within him, can be unconscious of the Divine Presence, with infinite space round him, the blue sky overhead, with its million world-lamps, and everywhere, beneath and around him,
“Great ocean, strangest of creation’s sons!  
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired!  
That rolls the wild, profound, eternal bass  
In Nature’s anthem, and makes music such  
As pleaseth the ear of God.”

Thus circumstanced, the sailor cannot be ignorant, without being superstitious too. The infinite comes continually before him, in the sublimest symbols of sight and sound. He does not know the language, but he feels the tone. Goethe has told us, in most beautiful allegory, of two bridges, whereby earnest souls pass from the Finite to the Infinite. One is a rainbow, which spans the dark river; and this is faith; the other is a shadow cast quite over by the giant superstition, when he stands between the setting sun and the unknown shore.

Blessings on all friendly hands that are leading the sailor to the rainbow bridge. His spirit is made reverential in the great temple of nature, resounding with the wild voices of the winds, and strange music of the storm-organ; too long has it been left trembling and shivering on the bridge of shadows. For him, too, the rainbow spans the dark stream, and becomes at last a bridge of gems.

LETTER XXII.

THE NON-RESISTING COLONY.

June 23, 1842.

The highest gifts my soul has received, during its world-pilgrimage, have often been bestowed by those who were poor, both in money and intellectual cultivation. Among those donors, I particularly remember a hard-working, uneducated mechanic, from Indiana or Illinois. He told me that he was one of thirty New Englanders, who, twelve years before, had gone out to settle in the western wilderness. They were mostly neighbours; and had been drawn to unite together in emigration from a general unity of opinion on various subjects. For some years previous, they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each other’s houses, to talk over their duties to God and man, in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the gospel, their priesthood the inward light. There were then
no anti-slavery societies; but thus taught, and reverently willing to learn, they had no need of such agency, to discover that it was wicked to enslave. The efforts of peace societies had reached this secluded band only in broken echoes, and non-resistance societies had no existence. But with the volume of the Prince of Peace, and hearts open to his influence, what need had they of preambles and resolutions?

Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens; they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers; believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther—they openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighbourhood, and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbours, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do, if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvests?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency."

When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Barns were taken down in the night, and cows let into the cornfields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, "Neighbour, your cows have been in my field. I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees, a visible change came over these troublesome neighbours. They ceased to cut off horses' tails, and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken-broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you'd be ashamed to throw stones at their
chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

Years passed on, and saw them thriving in worldly substance, beyond their neighbours, yet beloved by all. From them the lawyer and the constable obtained no fees. The Sheriff stammered and apologised, when he took their hard-earned goods in payment for the war tax. They mildly replied, "'Tis a bad trade, friend. Examine it in the light of conscience and see if it be not so." But while they refused to pay such fees and taxes, they were liberal to a proverb in their contributions for all useful and benevolent purposes.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid it in at the government price; which at that time was five shillings per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom, or equity, would be regarded. The first day's sale showed that speculation ran to the verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in, at £4 5s., £5, and £5 5s. an acre. The Christian colony had small hope of retaining their farms. As first settlers, they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold, at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed, with grateful surprise, that their neighbours were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating: "Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time, they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighbourhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go, at the government price."

The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered five shillings; intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one bid over
them! Without an opposing voice, the fair acres returned to them! I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence, I listened to this unlettered backwoodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do," said I, "if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work." "We would give him food when hungry, shelter him when cold, and always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessities; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty, but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure they could not. It would either melt them, or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard-handed labourer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, money is not wealth.

LETTER XXIII.

THE FLORIDA SLAVE TRADER, AND PATRIARCH—BOSWELL'S REMARKS ON THE SLAVE TRADE—THE FIXED POINT OF VIEW.

July 7, 1842.

It has been my fortune, in the course of a changing life, to meet with many strange characters; but I never, till lately, met with one altogether unaccountable.

Some six or eight years ago, I read a very odd pamphlet, called "The Patriarchal System of Society, as it exists under the name of Slavery; with its necessity and advantages. By an inhabitant of Florida." The writer assumes that "the patriarchal system constitutes the bond of social compact; and
is better adapted for strength, durability, and independence, than any state of society hitherto adopted."

"The prosperous state of our northern neighbours," says he, "proceeds, in many instances, indirectly from southern slave labour; though they are not aware of it." This was written in 1829; read in these days of universal southern bankruptcy, it seems ludicrous; as if it had been intended for sarcasm, rather than sober earnest.

But the main object of this singular production is to prove that colour ought not to be the badge of degradation; that the only distinction should be between slave and free—not between white and coloured. That the free people of colour, instead of being persecuted, and driven from the southern States, ought to be made eligible to all offices and means of wealth. This would form, he thinks, a grand chain of security, by which the interests of the two castes would become united, and the slaves be kept in permanent subordination. Intermarriage between the races he strongly advocates; not only as strengthening the bond of union between castes that otherwise naturally war upon each other, but as a great improvement of the human race. "The intermediate grades of colour," says he, "are not only healthy, but, when condition is favourable, they are improved in shape, strength, and beauty. Daily experience shows that there is no natural antipathy between the castes on account of colour. It only requires to repeal laws as impolitic as they are unjust and unnatural—laws which confound beauty, merit, and condition, in one state of infamy and degradation on account of complexion. It is only required to leave nature to find out a safe and wholesome remedy for evils, which of all others are the most deplorable, because they are morally irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of happiness and self-preservation."

I afterwards heard that Z. Kinsley, the author of this pamphlet, lived with a coloured wife, and treated her and her children with kindness and consideration. A traveller, writing from Florida, stated that he visited a planter, whose coloured wife sat at the head of the table, surrounded by healthy and handsome children. That the parlour was full of portraits of African beauties, to which the gentleman drew his attention, with much exultation; dwelling with great earnestness on the superior physical endowments of the coloured race, and the obvious advantages of amalgamation. I at once conjectured
that this eccentric planter, was the author of the pamphlet on the patriarchal system.

Soon after, it was rumoured that Mr. Kinsley had purchased a large tract of land of the Haitien government; that he had carried his slaves there, and given them lots. Then I heard that it was a colony established for the advantage of his own mulatto sons; that the workmen were in a qualified kind of slavery, by consent of the government; and that he still held a large number of slaves in Florida.

Last week, this individual, who had so much excited my curiosity, was in the city; and I sought an interview. I found his conversation entertaining, but marked by the same incongruity that characterizes his writings and his practice. His head is a peculiar one; it would, I think, prove as great a puzzle to phrenologists, as he himself is to moralists and philosophers.

I told him of the traveller's letter, and asked if he were the gentleman described.

"I never saw the letter," he replied; "but from what you say, I have no doubt that I am the man. I always thought and said, that the coloured race were superior to us, physically and morally. They are more healthy, have more graceful forms, softer skins, and sweeter voices. They are more docile and affectionate, more faithful in their attachments, and less prone to mischief, than the white race. If it were not so, they could not have been kept in slavery."

"It is a shameful and a shocking thought," said I, "that we should keep them in slavery by reason of their very virtues."

"It is so, ma'am; but, like many other shameful things, it is true."

"Where did you obtain your portraits of coloured beauties?"

"In various places. Some of them I got on the coast of Africa. If you want to see beautiful specimens of the human race, you should see some of the native women there."

"Then you have been on the coast of Africa?"

"Yes, ma'am; I carried on the slave trade several years."

"You announce that fact very coolly," said I. "Do you know that, in New England, men look upon a slave-trader with as much horror as they do upon a pirate?"

"Yes; and I am glad of it. They will look upon a slave-holder just so, by and by. Slave-trading was a very respectable business when I was young. The first merchants in England
and America were engaged in it. Some people hide things which they think other people don't like. I never conceal anything."

"Where did you become acquainted with your wife?"

"On the coast of Africa, ma'am. She was a new nigger, when I first saw her."

"What led you to become attached to her?"

"She was a fine, tall figure, black as jet, but very handsome. She was very capable, and could carry on all the affairs of the plantation in my absence, as well as I could myself. She was affectionate and faithful, and I could trust her. I have fixed her nicely in my Haytien colony. I wish you would go there. She would give you the best in the house. You ought to go, to see how happy the human race can be. It is in a fine, rich valley, about thirty miles from Port Platte; heavily timbered with mahogany all round; well-watered; flowers so beautiful; fruits in abundance, so delicious that you could not refrain from stopping to eat, till you could eat no more. My son has laid out good roads, and built bridges and mills; the people are improving, and everything is prosperous. I am anxious to establish a good school there. I engaged a teacher; but somebody persuaded him it was mean to teach niggers, and so he fell off from his bargain."

"I have heard that you hold your labourers in a sort of qualified slavery; and some friends of the coloured race have apprehensions that you may sell them again."

"My labourers in Haiti are not slaves. They are a kind of indentured apprentices. I give them land, and they bind themselves to work for me. I have no power to take them away from that island; and you know very well that I could not sell them there."

"I am glad you have relinquished the power to make slaves of them again. I had charge of a fine, intelligent fugitive, about a year ago. I wanted to send him to your colony; but I did not dare to trust you."

"You need not have been afraid, ma'am. I should be the last man on earth to give up a runaway. If my own were to run away, I wouldn't go after 'em."

"If these are your feelings, why don't you take all your slaves to Haiti?"

"I have thought that subject all over, ma'am; and I have settled it in my own mind. All we can do in this world is to
balance evils. I want to do great things for Haiti; and in order to do them, I must have money. If I have no negroes to cultivate my Florida lands, they will run to waste; and then I can raise no money from them for the benefit of Haiti. I do all I can to make them comfortable, and they love me, like a father. They would do anything on earth to please me. Once I stayed away longer than usual, and they thought I was dead. When I reached home, they overwhelmed me with their caresses; I could hardly stand it."

"Does it not grieve you to think of leaving these faithful, kind-hearted people to the cruel chances of slavery?"

"Yes, it does; but I hope to get all my plans settled in a few years."

"You tell me you are seventy-six years old; what if you should die before your plans are completed?"

"Likely enough I shall. In that case, my heirs would break my will, I dare say, and my poor niggers would be badly off."

"Then manumit them now; and avoid this dreadful risk."

"I have thought that all over, ma'am; and I have settled it that I can do more good by keeping them in slavery a few years more. The best we can do in this world is to balance evils judiciously."

"But you do not balance wisely. Remember that all the descendants of your slaves, through all coming time, will be affected by your decision."

"So will all Haiti be affected through all coming time, if I can carry out my plans. To do good in the world, we must have money. That's the way I reasoned when I carried on the slave trade. It was very profitable then."

"And do you have no remorse of conscience, in recollecting that bad business?"

"Some things I do not like to remember; but they were not things in which I was to blame; they were inevitably attendant on the trade."

I argued that any trade must be wicked, that had such inevitable consequences. He admitted it; but still clung to his balance of evils. If that theory is admitted in morals at all, I confess that his practice seems to be a legitimate, though an extreme result. But it was altogether vain to argue with him about fixed principles of right and wrong; one might as well fire small shot at the hide of a rhinoceros. Yet were
there admirable points about him;—perseverance, that would conquer the world; an heroic candour, that avowed all things, creditable, and discreditable; and kindly sympathies, too—though it must be confessed that they go groping and floundering about in the strangest fashion.

He came from Scotland; no other country, perhaps, except New England, could have produced such a character. His father was a Quaker; and he still loves to attend Quaker meetings; particularly silent ones, where he says he has planned some of his best bargains. To complete the circle of contradictions, he likes the abolitionists, and is a prodigious admirer of George Thompson.

"My neighbours call me an abolitionist," said he; "I tell them they may do so, and welcome; for it is a pity they shouldn’t have one case of amalgamation to point at."

This singular individual has been conversant with all sorts of people, and seen almost all parts of the world. "I have known the Malay, and the African, the North American Indian, and the European," said he; "and the more I’ve seen of the world, the less I understand it. It’s a queer place; that’s a fact."

Probably this mixture with people of all creeds and customs, combined with the habit of looking outward for his guide of action, may have bewildered his moral sense, and produced his system of "balancing evils!" A theory obviously absurd, as well as slippery in its application; for none but God can balance evils: it requires omniscience and omnipresence to do it.

His conversation produced great activity of thought on the subject of conscience, and of that "light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world." Whether this utilitarian remembers it or not, he must have stifled many convictions before he arrived at his present state of mind. And so it must have been with "the pious John Newton," whose devotional letters from the coast of Africa, while he was slave-trading there, record "sweet seasons of communion with his God." That he was not left without a witness within him, is proved by the fact, that in his journal he expresses gratitude to God for opening the door for him to leave the slave trade, by providing other employment. The monitor within did not deceive him; but his education was at war with its dictates, because it taught him that whatever was legalised was right.
Plain as the guilt of the slave trade now is to every man, woman, and child, it was not so in the time of Clarkson; had it been otherwise, there would have been no need of his labours. He was accused of planning treason and insurrection; plots were laid against his life, and the difficulty of combating his obviously just principles, led to the vilest misrepresentations and the most false assumptions. Thus it must always be with those who attack a very corrupt public opinion.

The slave trade, which all civilised laws now denounce as piracy, was defended in precisely the same spirit that slavery is now. Witness the following remarks from Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, whose opinions echo the tone of genteel society:

"I beg leave to enter my most solemn protest against Dr. Johnson's general doctrine with respect to the slave trade. I will resolutely say that this unfavourable notion of it was owing to prejudice, and imperfect or false information. The wild and dangerous attempt which has for some time been persisted in, to obtain an act of our legislature to abolish so very important and necessary a branch of commercial interest, must have been crushed at once, had not the insignificance of the zealots, who vainly took the lead in it, made the vast body of planters, merchants, and others, whose immense properties are involved in that trade, reasonably enough suppose that there could be no danger. The encouragement which the attempt has received, excites my wonder and indignation; and though some men of superior abilities have supported it (whether from a love of temporary popularity when prosperous, or a love of general mischief when desperate), my opinion is unshaken. To abolish a status which in all ages God has sanctioned, and man continued, would not only be robbery to an innumerable class of our fellow subjects, but it would be extreme cruelty to African savages; a portion of whom it saves from massacre, or intolerable bondage in their own country, and introduces into a much happier state of life; especially now, when their passage to the West Indies, and their treatment there, is humanely regulated. To abolish that trade, would be to shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

These changes in the code of morals adopted by society, by no means unsettle my belief in eternal and unchangeable principles of right and wrong: neither do they lead me to doubt that in all these cases men inwardly know better than
they act. The slaveholder, when he manumits on his death bed, thereby acknowledges that he has known he was doing wrong. Public opinion expresses what men will to do; not their inward perceptions. All kinds of crimes have been countenanced by public opinion in some age or nation; but we cannot as easily show how far they were sustained by reason and conscience in each individual. I believe the lamp never goes out, though it may shine dimly through a foggy atmosphere.

This consideration should renew our zeal to purify public opinion; to let no act or word of ours help to corrupt it in the slightest degree. How shall we fulfil this sacred trust, which each holds for the good of all? Not by calculating consequences; not by balancing evils, but by reverent obedience to our own highest convictions of individual duty.

Few men ask concerning right and wrong of their own hearts. Few listen to the oracle within which can only be heard in the stillness. The merchant seeks his moral standard on 'Change—a fitting name for a thing so fluctuating; the sectary in the opinion of his small theological department; the politician in the tumultuous echo of his party; the worldling in the buzz of saloons. In a word, each man inquires of his public; what wonder, then, that the answers are selfish as trading interest, blind as local prejudice, and various as human whim?

A German drawing-master once told me of a lad who wished to sketch landscapes from nature. The teacher told him that the first object was to choose some fixed point of view. The sagacious pupil chose a cow grazing beneath the trees. Of course, his fixed point soon began to move hither and thither, as she was attracted by the sweetness of the pasturage; and the lines of his drawing fell into strange confusion.

This is a correct type of those who choose public opinion for their moral fixed point of view. It moves according to the provender before it, and they who trust to it have but a whirling and distorted landscape.

Coleridge defines public opinion as "the average prejudices of the community." Woe unto those who have no safer guide of principles and practice than this "average of prejudices." Woe unto them in an especial manner, in these latter days, when "The windows of heaven are opened, and therefore the foundations of the earth do shake!"

Feeble wanderers are they, following a flickering Jack-o'-
lantern, when there is a calm, bright pole-star for ever above the horizon, to guide their steps, if they would but look to it.

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LETTER XXIV.

THE RED ROOF—THE LITTLE CHILD PICKING A WHITE CLOVER—
MUSIC AND FIRE—WORKS AT CASTLE GARDENS.

July 28, 1842.

When the spirit is at war with its outward environment, because it is not inwardly dwelling in trustful obedience to its God, how often does some very slight incident bring it back humble and repentant, to the Father's footstool. A few days since, cities seemed to me such hateful places, that I deemed it the greatest of hardships to be pent up therein. As usual, the outward grew more and more detestable, as it reflected the restlessness of the inward. Piles of stones and rubbish, left by the desolating fire, looked more hot and dreary than ever; they were building brick houses between me and the sunset—and in my requiring selfishness, I felt as if it were my sunset, and no man had a right to shut it out; and then to add the last drop to my vexation, they painted the roof of the house and piazza as fierce a red as if the mantle of the great fire, that destroyed its predecessor, had fallen over them. The wise course would have been to try to find something agreeable in a red roof, since it suited my neighbour's convenience to have one. But the head was not in a mood to be wise because the heart was not humble and obedient; so I fretted inwardly about the red roof, more than I would care to tell in words; I even thought to myself, that it would be no more than just and right if people, with such bad taste, should be sent to live by themselves on a quarantine island. Then I began to think of myself as a most unfortunate and ill-used individual, to be for ever pent up within brick walls, without even a dandelion to gaze upon; from that I fell to thinking of many fierce encounters between my will and necessity, and how will had always been conquered, chained, and sent to the treadmill to work. The more I thought after this fashion, hotter glaring the bricks, and fiercer glowing the red roof under the scorching sun. I was
making a desert within, to paint its desolate likeness on the scene without.

A friend found me thus, and having faith in nature's healing power, he said, "Let us seek green fields and flowery nooks." So we walked abroad; and while yet amid the rattle and glare of the city, close by the iron railway, I saw a very little, ragged child stooping over a small patch of stinted, dusty grass. She rose up with a broad smile over her hot face, for she had found a white clover! The tears were in my eyes. "God bless thee, poor child!" said I; "thou hast taught my soul a lesson, which it will not soon forget. Thou, poor neglected one, canst find blossoms by the dusty wayside, and rejoice in thy hard path, as if it were a mossy bank strewn with violets." I felt humbled before that ragged, gladsome child. Then saw I plainly that walls of brick and mortar did not, and could not, hem me in. I thought of those who loved me and every remembered kindness was a flower in my path; I thought of intellectual gardens, where this child might perchance never enter, but where I could wander at will over acres broad as the world; and if even there the restless spirit felt a limit, lo, poetry had but to throw a ray thereon, and the fair gardens of earth were reflected in the heavens like the fata morgana of Italian skies, in a drapery of rainbows. Because I was poor in spirit, straightway there was none so rich as I. Then was it revealed to me that only the soul which gathers flowers by the dusty wayside can truly love the fresh anemone by the running brook, or the trailing arbutus hiding its sweet face among the fallen leaves. I returned home a better and wiser woman, thanks to the ministry of that little one. I saw that I was not ill-used and unfortunate, but blessed beyond others; one of nature's favourites, whom she ever took to her kindly heart, and comforted in all seasons of distress and waywardness. Though the sunset was shut out, there still remained the roseate flush of twilight, as if the sun, in answer to my love, had written to me a farewell message on the sky. The red piazza stood there, blushing for him who painted it; but it no longer pained my eyesight; I thought what a friendly warmth it would have, seen through the wintry snows. Oh, blessed indeed are little children! Mortals do not understand half they owe them; for the good they do us is a spiritual gift, and few perceive how it intertwines the mystery of life. They form a ladder of garlands on which the angels descend to our souls; and without them,
such communication would be utterly lost. Let us strive to be like little children.

As I mused on the altered aspect of the outward world, according to the state of him who looked upon it, I raised to my eye a drop from a broken chandelier. That glass fragment was like a fairy wand, or Aladdin's wondrous lamp. The line of tumbling wooden shanties, which I had often blamed the capricious fire for sparing, the piles of lime and stones that wearied my eyesight were at once changed to rainbows; even the offensive red roof smiled upon me in the softened beauty of purple and gold. Not earth, but the medium through which earth is seen, produces beauty. I said to myself, "Whereunto shall I liken this angular bit of glass?" The answer came to me in music—in words and tones of song: "The faith touching all things with hues of heaven." Then prayed I earnestly for that faith, as a perpetual gift. Prayer, earnest and true, rose from that fragment of broken glass; thus from things most common and trivial, spring the highest and the holiest.

I thought then that I would never again look on outward circumstances, except in the cheerful light of a trusting and grateful heart. Yet within a week, came the restless comparing of me with thee. If I could only be situated as such an one was, how good I could be, and how much good I would do. I said within myself, "This must not be. If I indulge this train of thought, the walls will again crowd upon me, and the bricks glare worse than ever." So I walked to the Battery, to look at moonlight on the water; in full faith that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." The moon had not yet risen; but softly from the recesses of Castle Garden came tones of music, welcome to my soul as a mother's voice. We walked in, thinking only to hear the band, and lounge quietly on a seat overhanging the water. All pleasure in this world is but the cessation of some pain; and they only who work unto weariness, in mind or body, can fully enjoy the luxury of repose. And this repose was so perfect, so strengthening! Instead of the pent-up, stifling air of the central city, was a cool, evening breeze, gentle as if a thousand winged messengers fanned one's cheeks for love; below, the ever-flowing water laved the stones with a refreshing sound; round us floated music, so plaintive and so shadowy! It sung "The light of other days"—the very voice of moonlight, soft and trembling over the dim waters of the past; and then, as if the atmosphere
were not already bathed in sufficient beauty, slowly rose the mild, majestic moon; and the water-spirits hailed her presence with mazy, undulating dance, as if rejoicing in the glittering wealth of jewelry she gave. At such an hour, beyond all others, does nature seem to be filled with an inward, hidden life; in serious and beseeching tones, she seems to say, "Lo I reveal unto you a great mystery, lying at the foundation of all being. I speak it in all tones, I write it in all colours. When will the mortal arise who understands my language?" And a sacred voice answers, "When His will is done on earth, as it is done in heaven." In the midst of such communion, the soul feels that

"This visible nature and this common world,  
Is all too narrow."

Wings wave in the air, voices speak through the sea, and the rustling trees are whispering spirits. It was this yearning after the spiritual that pervades all things, whose presence never found, is constantly revealed in so many echoes—it is this dim longing, which of old "peopled space with life and mystical predominance;" this filled the grove with dryads, the waves with nymphs, the earth with fairies, the sky with angels. The external and the sensual call this the ravings of imagination; and they know not that she is the priestess of high truth.

All this I did not think of, as I leaned over the waters of Castle Garden; but this, and far more was spoken into my heart; and I shall find it all recorded in rainbow letters, on my journal there beyond.

In such listening mood, when the outward lay before me, in hieroglyphic symbols of a volume so infinite, I turned with a feeling of sadness towards a painted representation of Vera Cruz, which the bill proclaimed was to be taken by the French fleet that evening, for the amusement of spectators. The imitation of a distant city was certainly good, speaking according to the theatrical standard; but it seemed to me desecration, that Art should thus intrude her delusions into the sanctuary of Nature. In a mood less elevated, I might have scorned her pretensions, with a proud impatience; but as it was, I simply felt sad at the incongruity. I looked at the moon in her serene beauty, at the little boats here floating across the veil of silver blonde, which she had thrown over the dancing
waves, and there, with lanterns, gliding like fire-flies among the deep distant shadows; and I said, if Art ventures into this presence, let her come only as the Greek Diana, or marble nymph sleeping on her urn.

But Art revenged herself for the slight estimation in which I held her. She could not satisfy me with beauty harmonious with Nature; but she charmed with the brilliancy of contrast. Opposite me I saw a light mildly splendid, as if seen through an atmosphere of motionless water. It had a fairy look, and I could not otherwise than observe it, from time to time, though the moonbeams played so gracefully and still. Anon, with a whizzing sound, it became a wheel of fire; then it changed to a hexagon, set with emeralds, topaz, and rubies; then circles of orange, white, and crimson light revolved swiftly round a resplendent centre of amethyst; then it became flowers made of gems; and after manifold changes of unexpected beauty, it revolved a large star, set with jewels of all rainbow hues, over which there fell a continual fountain of golden rain. It was called the kaleidoscope; and its fairy splendour far exceeded anything I ever imagined of fireworks. I asked pardon of insulted Art, and thanked her, too, for the pleasure she had given me.

I turned again to moonlight and silence, and my happy spirit carried no discord there. Even when I thought of returning to the hot and crowded city, I said, "This too will I do in cheerfulness. I will learn of nature to love all, and do all." Slowly, and with loving reluctance, we turned away from the moon-lighted waters; then came across the waves the liquid melody of a flute; it called us back with such friendly, sweet entreaty, that we could not otherwise than stop to listen to its last silvery cadence. Again we turned away, and had nearly made our escape, when an accordion from a distant boat, in softened accents begged us still to linger.

Then a band on board the newly-arrived French frigate struck up the Cracovienne, the expressive dance of Poland, bringing with it images of romantic grace, and strange deep thoughts of the destiny of nations. We lingered and lingered. Nature and Art seemed to have conspired that night to do their best to please us. At last, the sounds died away; and stepping to to their echo in our memories, we passed out; the iron gate of the Battery clanked behind us; the streets reared their brick walls between us and the loveliness of earth and heaven.
But they could not shut it out; for it had passed into our souls.

You will smile, and say the amount of all this romancing is a confession that I was a tired and wayward child, needing moonlight and a show to restore my serenity. And what of that? If I am not too perfect to be in a wayward humour, I surely will not be too dignified to tell of it. I say, as Betine does to Gunderode: "How glad I am to be so insignificant. I need not fork up discreet thoughts when I write to thee, but just narrate how things are. Once I thought I must not write unless I could give importance to the letter by a bit of moral, or some discreet thought; now I think not to chisel out, or glue together my thoughts. Let others do that. If I must write so, I cannot think."

LETTER XXV.

ROCKLAND LAKE—MAJOR ANDRE—THE DUTCH FARMERS.

August 4, 1842.

Last week, for a single day, I hid myself in the green sanctuary of nature; and from the rising of the sun till the going down of the moon, took no more thought of cities, than if such excrescences never existed on the surface of the globe. A huge waggon, traversing our streets, under the midsummer sun, bearing, in immense letters, the words, "Ice from Rockland Lake," had frequently attracted my attention, and become associated with images of freshness and romantic beauty. Therefore, in seeking the country for a day, I said our course should be up the Hudson, to Rockland Lake. The noontide sun was scorching, and our heads were dizzy with the motion of the boat; but these inconveniences, so irksome at the moment, are faintly traced on the tablet of memory. She engraves only the beautiful in lasting characters; for beauty alone is immortal and divine.

We stopped at Piermont, on the widest part of Tappan Bay, where the Hudson extends itself to the width of three miles. On the opposite side, in full view from the hotel, is Tarrytown, where poor André was captured. Tradition says, that a very
large white-wood tree, under which he was taken, was struck by lightning, on the very day that news of André's death was received at Tarrytown. As I sat gazing on the opposite woods, dark in the shadows of moonlight, I thought upon how very slight a circumstance often depends the fate of individuals, and the destiny of nations. In the autumn of 1780, a farmer chanced to be making cider at a mill, on the east bank of the Hudson, near that part of Haverstraw Bay, called "Mother's Lap." Two young men, carrying muskets, as usual in those troubled times, stopped for a draught of sweet cider, and seated themselves on a log to wait for it. The farmer found them looking very intently on some distant object, and inquired what they saw. "Hush! hush!" they replied; "the red coats are yonder, just within the Lap," pointing to an English gun boat, with twenty-four men, lying on their oars. Behind the shelter of a rock, they fired into the boat, and killed two persons. The British returned a random shot; but ignorant of the number of their opponents, and seeing that it was useless to waste ammunition, on a hidden foe, they returned whence they came, with all possible speed. This boat had been sent to convey Major André to the British sloop-of-war, Vulture, then lying at anchor off Teller's Point. Shortly after, André arrived; and finding the boat gone, he, in attempting to proceed through the interior, was captured. Had not those men stopped to drink sweet cider, it is probable that André would not have been hung; the American revolution might have terminated in a quite different fashion; men now deified as heroes, might have been handed down to posterity as traitors; our citizens might be proud of claiming descent from tories; and slavery have been abolished eight years ago, by virtue of our being British colonies. So much may depend on a draught of cider! But would England herself have abolished slavery, had it not been for the impulse given to free principles by the American revolution? Probably not. It is not easy to calculate the consequences involved even in a draught of cider; for no fact stands alone; each has infinite relations.

A very pleasant ride at sunset brought us to Orangetown, to the lone field where Major André was executed. It is planted with potatoes, but the plough spares the spot on which was once his gallows and his grave. A rude heap of stones, with the remains of a dead fir tree in the midst, are all that mark it; but tree and stones are covered with names. It is on an
eminence, commanding a view of the country for miles. I gazed on the surrounding woods, and remembered on this self-same spot, the beautiful and accomplished young man walked back and forth, a few minutes preceding his execution, taking an earnest farewell look of earth and sky. My heart was sad within me. Our guide pointed to a house in full view, at half a mile's distance, which he told us was at that time the headquarters of General Washington. I turned my back suddenly upon it. The last place on earth where I would wish to think of Washington, is at the grave of André. I know that military men not only sanction but applaud the deed; and reasoning according to the maxims of war, I am well aware how much can be said in its defence. That Washington considered it a duty, the discharge of which was most painful to him, I doubt not. But, thank God, the instincts of my childhood are unvitiated by any such maxims. From the first hour I read of the deed, until the present day, I never did, and never could, look upon it as otherwise than cool, deliberate murder. That the theory and practice of war commends the transaction, only serves to prove the infernal nature of war itself.

Milton (stern moralist as he was, in many respects) maintains, in his "Christian Doctrine," that falsehoods are sometimes not only allowable, but necessary. "It is scarcely possible," says he, "to execute any of the artifices of war, without openly uttering the greatest untruths, with the indisputable intention of deceiving." And because war requires lies, we are told by a Christian moralist, that lies must, therefore, be lawful! It is observable that Milton is obliged to defend the necessity of falsehoods in the same way that fighting is defended; he makes many references to the Jewish scriptures, but none to the Christian. Having established his position, that wilful, deliberate deception was a necessary ingredient of war, it is strange, indeed, that his enlightened mind did not at once draw the inference that war itself must be evil. It would have been so, had not the instincts of heart and conscience been perverted by the maxims of men, and the customs of that fierce period.

The soul may be brought into military drill service, like the limbs of the body; and such a one, perchance, might stand on André's grave, and glory in his capture; but I would rather suffer his inglorious death, than attain to such a state of mind.

A few years ago, the Duke of York requested the British consul to send the remains of Major André to England. At
that time, two thriving firs were found near the grave, and a peach tree, which a lady in the neighbourhood had planted there, in the kindness of her heart. The farmers, who came to witness the interesting ceremony, generally evinced the most respectful tenderness for the memory of the unfortunate dead; and many of the women and children wept. A few idlers, educated by militia trainings, and Fourth of July declamation, began to murmur that the memory of General Washington was insulted by any respect shown to the remains of André; but the offer of a treat lured them to the tavern, where they soon became too drunk to guard the character of Washington. It was a beautiful day; and these disturbing spirits being removed, the impressive ceremony proceeded in solemn silence. The coffin was in good preservation, and contained all the bones, with a small quantity of dust. The roots of the peach tree had entirely interwoven the skull with their fine network. His hair, so much praised for its uncommon beauty, was tied, on the day of his execution, according to the fashion of the times. When his grave was opened, half a century afterwards, the ribbon was found in perfect preservation, and sent to his sister in England. When it was known that the sarcophagus, containing his remains, had arrived in New York, on its way to London, many ladies sent garlands, and emblematic devices, to be wreathed around it, in memory of the "beloved and lamented André." In their compassionate hearts, the teachings of nature were unperverted by maxims of war, or that selfish jealousy, which dignifies itself with the name of patriotism. Blessed be God, that custom forbids women to electioneer or fight. May the sentiment remain, till war and politics have passed away. Had not women and children been kept free from their polluting influence, the medium of communication between earth and heaven would have been completely cut off.

At the foot of the eminence where the gallows had been erected, we found an old Dutch farm-house, occupied by a man who witnessed the execution, and whose father often sold peaches to the unhappy prisoner. He confirmed the account of André's uncommon personal beauty; and had a vivid remembrance of the pale, but calm heroism with which he met his untimely death. Every thing about this dwelling was anticipated. Two pictures of George III. and his queen, taken at the period when we owed allegiance to them, as "the government ordained of God," marked plainly the progress of art since
that period; for the portraits of Victoria on our cotton-spools, are graceful in comparison. An ancient clock, which has ticked uninterrupted good time, on the same ground, for more than a hundred years, stood in one corner of the little parlour. It was brought from the East Indies by an old Dutch sea-captain, great grandfather of the present owner. In those nations, where opinions are transmitted unchanged, the outward forms and symbols of thought remain so likewise. The gilded figures, which entirely cover the body of this old clock, are precisely the same, in perspective, outline, and expression, as East India figures of the present day.

My observations, as a traveller, are limited to a very small portion of the new world; and, therefore, it has never been my lot to visit scenes so decidedly bearing the impress of former days, as this Dutch county.

"Life, on a soil inhabited in olden time, and once glorious in its industry, activity, and attachment to noble pursuits, has a peculiar charm," says Novalis. "Nature seems to have become there more human, more rational; a dim remembrance throws back, through the transparent present, the images of the world in marked outline; and thus you enjoy a two-fold world, purged by this very process from the rude and disagreeable, and made the magic poetry and fable of the mind. Who knows whether also an indefinable influence of the former inhabitants, now departed, does not conspire to this end?"

The solemn impression, so eloquently described by Novalis, is what I have desired above all things to experience; but the times seen through "the transparent present" of these thatched farm-houses, and that red Dutch church, are not far enough in the distance; far removed from us, it is true; but still farther from mitred priest, crusading knight, and graceful troubadour. "An indefinable influence of the former inhabitants," is indeed most visible; but then it needs no ghost to tell us that these inhabitants were thoroughly Dutch. Since the New York and Erie railroad passed through their midst, careful observers say, that the surface of the stagnant social pool begins to ripple, in very small whirlpools, as if an insect stirred the waters. But before that period, a century produced no visible change in theology, agriculture, dress, or cooking. They were the very type of conservatism; immoveable in the midst of incessant change. The same family live on the same
homestead, generation after generation. Brothers married, and came home to fathers to live, so long as the old house would contain wives and swarming children; and when house and barn were both overrun, a new tenement, of the self-same construction, was put up, within stone's throw. To sell an acre of land received from their fathers, would be downright desecration. It is now literally impossible for a stranger to buy of them at any price. A mother might be coaxed to sell her babies, as easily as they to sell their farms. Consider what consternation such a people must have been in, when informed that the New York and Erie railroad was to be cut straight through their beloved, hereditary acres! They swore by "donner und blitzen," that not a rail should ever be laid on their premises. The railroad company, however, by aid of chancery, compelled them to acquiesce; and their grief was really pitiful to behold. Neighbours went to each other's "stoops," to spend a social evening; and, as their wont had ever been, they sat and smoked at each other, without the unprofitable interruption of a single word of conversation; but not according to custom, they now grasped each other's hands tightly at parting, and tears rolled down their weather-beaten cheeks. The iron of the railroad had entered their souls. And well it might; for it not only divided orchards, pastures, and gardens, but in many instances, cut right through the old homesteads. Clocks that didn't know how to tick, except on the sinking floor where they had stood for years, were now removed to other premises, and went mute with sorrow. Heavy old tables, that hadn't stirred one of their countless legs for half a century, were now compelled to budge; and potatoes, whose grandfathers and great grandfathers, had slept together in the same bed, were now removed beyond nodding distance. Joking apart, it was a cruel case. The women and children wept, and some of the old settlers actually died of a broken heart. Several years have elapsed since the Fire-King first went whizzing through on his wings of steam; but the Dutch farmers have not yet learned to look on him without a muttered curse; with fear and trembling, they guide their sleek horses and slow-and-sure waggons over the crossings, expecting, every instant, to be reduced to impalpable powder.

Poor old men! what will they say when railroads are carried through all their old seed-fields of opinion, theological and political? As yet, there are no twilight fore-shadowings of
such possibilities; but assuredly, the day will come, when ideas, like potatoes, will not be allowed to sprout up peaceably in the same hillock where their venerable progenitors vegetated from time immemorial.

As yet, no rival spires here point to the same heaven. There stands the Dutch Reformed Church with its red body, and low white tower, just where stood the small stone church, in which Major André was tried and sentenced. The modern church (I mean the building) is larger than the one of olden time; but creed and customs, somewhat of the sternest, have not changed one hair's breadth. I thought of this as I looked at the unsightly edifice; and suddenly there rose up before me the image of some of our modern disturbers, stalking in among these worshipping antediluvians, and pricking their ears with the astounding intelligence, that they were "a den of thieves," and "a hill of hell." 'Tis a misfortune to have an imagination too vivid. I cannot think of that red Dutch church, without a crowd of images that make me laugh till the tears come.

Not far from the church, is a small stone building, used as a tavern. Here they showed me the identical room where André was imprisoned. With the exception of new plastering, it remains the same as then. It is long, low, and narrow, and being without furniture or fire-place, it still has rather a jail-like look. I was sorry for the new plastering, for I hoped to find some record of prison thoughts cut in the walls. Two doves were cuddled together on a bench in one corner, and looked in somewhat melancholy mood. These mates were all alone in that silent apartment, where André shed bitter tears over the miniature of his beloved. Alas for mated human hearts! This world is too often for them a pilgrimage of sorrow.

The miniature, which André made such strong efforts to preserve, when everything else was taken from him, and which he carried next his heart till the last fatal moment, is generally supposed to have been a likeness of the beautiful, graceful, and highly-gifted Honora Sneyd, who married Richard Lovel Edgeworth, and thus became step-mother to the celebrated Maria Edgeworth. A strong youthful attachment existed between her and Major André; but for some reason or other, they separated. He entered the army, and died the death of a felon. Was he a felon? No. He was generous, kind, and brave. His noble nature was perverted by the maxims of war;
but the act he committed for the British army, was what an American officer would have gloried in doing for his own. Washington employed spies; nor is it probable that he, or any other military commander, would have hesitated to become one, if by so doing, he could get the enemy completely into his power. It is not, therefore, a sense of justice, but a wish to inspire terror, which leads to the execution of spies. War is a game, in which the devil plays at nine-pins with the souls of men.

Early the next morning, we rose before the sun, and took a waggon ride, of ten miles, to Rockland Lake. The road was exceedingly romantic. On one side, high, precipitous hills, covered with luxuriant foliage, or rising in perpendicular masses of stone, singularly like the façade of some ruined castle; on the other side, almost near enough to dip our hands in its water, flowed the broad Hudson, with a line of glittering light along its edge, announcing the coming sun. Our path lay straight over the high hills, full of rolling stones and innumerable elbows; for it went round about to avoid every rock, as a good, old-fashioned Dutch path should, in prophetic contempt of railroads. But all around was verdure, abundance, and beauty; and we could have been well content to wind round and round among those picturesque hills, like Peter Rugg, in his everlasting ride, had not the advancing sun given premonitory symptoms of the fiercest heat. We plainly saw that he was pulling the corn up by the hair of its head, and making the grass grow with a forty-horse power. At last, the lake itself opened upon us, with whole troops of lilies. This pure sheet of water, more than a mile long, is enclosed by a most graceful sweep of hills, verdant with foliage, and dotted with golden grain. It is as beautiful a scene as my eye ever rested on. "A piece of heaven let fall to earth." At the farm where we lodged, a summer-house was placed on a verdant curve, which swelled out into the lake, as if a breeze had floated it there in play. There I sat all day long, too happy to talk. Never did I thus throw myself on the bosom of nature, as it were on the heart of my dearest friend. The cool rippling of the water, the whirring of a humming-bird, and the happy notes of some little warbler, tending her nest directly over our heads, was all that broke silence in that most beautiful temple.

After a while, our landlord came among us. He had been
a sailor, soldier, Indian doctor, and farmer; but the incidents of his changing life had for him no deeper significance than the accumulation of money.

I sighed, that man alone should be at discord with the harmony of nature. But the bird again piped a welcome to her young; and no other false note intruded on the universal hymn of earth, and air, and sky.

At twilight, we took boat, and went paddling about among the shadows of the green hills. I wept when I gave a farewell look to Rockland Lake; for I had no hope that I should ever again see her lovely face, or listen to her friendly voice; and none but Him, who speaks through nature, can ever know what heavenly things she whispered in my ear, that happy summer's day.

LETTER XXVI.

FLOWERS—ALL BEING SPIRALLY LINKED.

September 1, 1842.

From childhood, I have had a most absorbing passion for flowers. What unheard of quantities of moss and violets have I trailed from their shady birth-place, to some little nook, which fate allowed me, for the time being, to call my home? And then, how I have pitied the poor things, and feared they would not be so happy, as if I had left them alone. Yet flowers ever seemed to thrive with me, as if they knew I loved them. Perchance they did; for invisible radii, inaudible language, go forth from the souls of all things. Nature ever sees and hears it; as man would, were it not for his self-listening.

The flowers have spoken to me more than I can tell in written words. They are the hieroglyphics of angels, loved by all men for the beauty of the character, though few can decypher even fragments of their meaning. Minerals, flowers, and birds among a thousand other triune ideas, ever speak to me of the past, the present, and the future. The past, like minerals, with their fixed forms of gorgeous but unchanging beauty; the present, like flowers, growing and ever changing—bud, blossom, and seed-vessel—seed, bud, and blossom, in
endless progression; the future, like birds, with winged aspirations, and a voice that sings into the clouds. Not separate are past, present, and future; but one evolved from the other, like the continuous, ever-rising line of the spiral: and not separate are minerals, vegetables, and animals. The same soul pervades them all; they are but higher and higher types of the self-same ideas; spirally they rise, one out of the other. Strike away one curve in the great growth of the universe, and the stars themselves would fall. Some glimpses of these arcana were revealed to the ancients; hence the spiral line occurs frequently among the sacred and mysterious emblems in their temples.

There is an astronomical theory that this earth, by a succession of spiral movements, is changing its position, until its poles will be brought into harmonious relation with the poles of the heavens; then sunshine will equally overspread the globe, and spring become perpetual. I know not whether this theory be correct; but I think it is—for reasons not at all allied with astronomical knowledge. If the millennium, so long prophesied, ever comes; if the lion and the lamb ever lie down together within the souls of men, the outward world must likewise come into divine order, and the poles of the earth will harmonise with the poles of the heavens; then shall universal spring reign without, the emblem and offspring of universal peace within.

Everywhere in creation, we find visible types of these ascending series. Everything is interlinked; each reaches one hand upward and one downward, and touching palms, each is interclasped with all above and all below. Plainly is this truth written on the human soul, both in its individual and universal progress; and therefore it is inscribed on all material forms. But yesterday, I saw a plant called the crab cactus, most singularly like the animal from which it takes its name. My companion said it was "a strange freak of nature." But I knew it was no freak. I saw that the cactus and the crab meant the same thing—one on a higher plane than the other. The singular plant was the point where fish and vegetable touched palms; where the ascending spiral circles passed into each other. There is another cactus that resembles the sea-urchin; and another, like the star-fish. In fact, they all seem allied to the crustaceous tribe of animals; and from the idea, which this embodies, sprung the fancy that fairies of the earth
sometimes formed strange union with merrows of the sea. Every fancy, the wildest and the strangest, is somewhere in the universe of God, a fact, a reality.

Another indication of interlinking series is found in the zoophytes, the strangest of all links between the vegetable and animal world; sometimes growing from a stem like a plant, and radiating like a blossom, yet devouring insects and digesting them like an animal. Behold minerals in their dark mines! how they strive toward efflorescence, in picturesque imitation of foliage and tendrils, and roots, and tangled vines. Such minerals are approaching the circle of creation that lies above them, and from which they receive their life; mineral and vegetable here touch palms, and pass the electric fluid that pervades all life.

As the approach of different planes in existence is indicated in forms, so is it in character and uses. Among minerals, the magnet points ever to the north; so is there a plant in the prairies, called by travellers the Polar plant, or Indian compass, because the plane of its leaf points due north and south, without other variation than the temporary ruffling of the breeze.

If these secrets were clearly read, they might throw much light on the science of healing, and perhaps reconcile the clashing claims of mineral and vegetable medicines. Doubtless, every substance in nature is an antidote to some physical evil; owing to some spiritual cause, as fixed as the laws of mathematics, but not as easily perceived. The toad, when bitten by a spider, goes to the plantain leaf, and is cured; the bird, when stung by the yellow serpent, flies to the Guaco plant, and is healed. If we knew what spiritual evil was represented by the spider's poison, and what spiritual good by the plantain leaf, we should probably see the mystery revealed. Good always overcomes the evil, which is its perverted form; thus love casteth out hatred, truth overcomes falsehood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness. Always and everywhere is evil overcome with good; and because it is so in the soul of man, it is and must be so in all the laws and operations of the nature of God.

"There are influences yet unthought, and virtues, and many inventions, And uses, above and around, which man hath not yet regarded. — There be virtues yet unknown in the wasted foliage of the elm, In the sun-dried harebell of the downs, and the hyacinth drinking in the meadows;
In the sycamore's winged fruit, and the facet-cut cones of the cedar;
And the pansy and bright geranium live not alone for beauty,
Nor the waxen flower of the arbute, though it dieth in a day;
Nor the sculptured crest of the fir, unseen but by the stars;
And the meanest weed of the garden serveth unto many uses;
The salt tamarisk, and juicy flag, the freckled arum and the daisy.
For every green herb, from the lotus to the darnel,
Is rich with delicate aids to help incurious man."

"There is a final cause for the aromatic gum, that congealeth the moss
around a rose;
A reason for each blade of grass, that rear eth its small spire.
How knoweth discontented man what a train of ills might follow,
If the lowest menial of nature knew not her sacred office?
In the perfect circle of creation not an atom could be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone to the bindweed round a hawthorn.
The briar and the palm have the wages of life, rendering secret service."

I did not intend to write thus mystically; and I feel that
these are thoughts that should be spoken into your private
car, not published to the world. To some few they may,
perchance, awaken a series of aspiring thoughts, till the highest
touch the golden harps of heaven, and fill the world with
celestial echoes. But to many they will seem an ambitious
attempt to write something, which is in fact nothing. Be it
so. I have spoken in a language which few may understand,
and none can teach or learn. It writes itself in sunbeams of
flowers, gems, and an infinity of forms. I know it at a glance;
but I learned it in no school. When I go home and shut the
door, it speaks to me, as if it were a voice; but amid the
multitude, the sound is hushed.

This, which people call the real world, is not real to me; all
its sights seem shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service
in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and dust mirrors,
and do errands, as I am bid; but glad am I, when work is
done, to go home to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace,
with light let in from above; and all forms of beauty are on
the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-
tinted shell on the sea-shore.

I strove not to speak in mysticism; and lo, here I am, as
the Germans would say, "up in the blue" again. I know not
how it is, my thoughts to-day are like birds of paradise; they
have no feet, and will not light on earth.

I began to write about flowers with the most simplicity;
not meaning to twine of them a spiral ladder of garlands from
earth to heaven. The whole fabric arose from my looking into the blue eyes of my German Forget-me-not, which seems so much like a babe just wakening from a pleasant dream. Then my heart blessed flowers from its inmost depths. I thought of the beautiful story of the Italian child laid on the bed of death, with a wreath among his golden ringlets, and a bouquet in his little cold hand. They had decked him thus for the angels; but when they went to place him in his coffin, lo, the little cherub was sitting up playing with the flowers.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child of the far west clasps his hands with glee, as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine.

All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

LETTER XXVII.


September 8, 1842.

It is curious to observe by what laws ideas are associated; how, from the tiniest seed of thought, rises the unbragious tree, with moss about its foot, blossoms on its head, and birds among its branches. Reading my last letter, concerning the spiral series of the universe, some busy little spirit suggested that there should, somewhere in creation, be a flower that made music. But I said, do they not all make melody? The
Persians write their music in colours; and perchance, in the arrangement of flowers, angels may perceive songs and anthems. The close relationship between light and music has been more less dimly perceived by the human mind everywhere. The Persian, when he gave to each note a colour, probably embodied a greater mystery than he understood. The same undefined perception makes us talk of the harmony of colours, and the tone of a picture; it led the blind man to say that his ideas of red was like the sound of a trumpet; and it led Festus to speak of "a rainbow of sweet sounds." John S. Dwight was inspired with the same idea, when he eloquently described music as "a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise translated out of seeing into hearing."

But I must not trust myself to trace the beautiful analogy between light and music. As I muse upon it, it is like an opening between clouds, so transparent and so deep, deep, that it seems as if one could see through it beyond the farthest star—if one could but gaze long and earnestly enough.

"Every flower writes music on the air;" and every tree that grows enshrines a tone within its heart. Do you doubt it? Try the willow and the oak, the elm and the poplar, and see whether each has not its own peculiar sound, waiting only for the master's hand to make them discourse sweet music. One of the most remarkable instruments ever invented gives proof of this. M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flock in the loneliness of the fields, he was for ever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice, for music to him was life. His old familiarity with tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood of different kinds. They were arranged
irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some to the other; in and out in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The Emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black, as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets à la Guzikow were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice: then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear, warbling like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like the sky-lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

There is something pleasant to my imagination in the fact that every tree has its own peculiar note, and is a performer in the great concert of the universe, which for ever rises before the throne of Jehovah. But when the idea is applied to man, it is painful in the extreme. The Emperor of Russia is said
to have an imperial band, in which each man is doomed all his life long to sound one note, that he may acquire the greatest possible perfection. The effect of the whole is said to be admirable; but nothing would tempt me to hear this human musical machine. A tree is a unit in creation; though, like everything else, it stands in relation to all things. But every human soul represents the universe. There is horrible pro-
fanation in compelling a living spirit to utter but one note. Theological sects strive to do this continually; for they are sects because they magnify some one attribute of Deity, or see but one aspect of the divine government. To me, their fragmentary echoes are most discordant; but doubtless the angels who listen to them as a whole may perhaps hear a pleasant chorus.

Music, whether I listen to it, or try to analyze it, ever fills me with thoughts which I cannot express—because I cannot sing; for nothing but music can express the emotions to which it gives birth. Language, even the richest flow of metaphor, is too poor to do it. That the universe moves to music, I have no doubt; and could I but penetrate this mystery, where the finite passes into the infinite, I should surely know how the world was created. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies in their motion, produced music inaudible to mortal ears. These motions he believed conformed to certain fixed laws, that could be stated in numbers, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. This "music of the spheres" has been considered an idea altogether fanciful; but the immortal Kepler applied the Pythagorean theory of numbers, and musical intervals, to the distance of the planets; and a long time after, Newton discovered and acknowledged the importance of the application. Said I not that the universe moved to music? The planets dance before Jehovah, and music is the echo of their motions. Surely the ear of Beethoven had listened to it when he wrote these misnamed "waltzes" of his, which, as John S. Dwight says, "remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly systems in their sublime career through space."

Have you ever seen Retsch's illustration of Schiller's Song of a Bell? If you have, and know how to appreciate its speaking gracefulness, its earnest depth of life, you are richer than Rothschild or Astor; for a vision of beauty is an everlasting inheritance. Perhaps none but a German would have thus en-
twined the sound of a bell with the whole of human life; for
with them the bell mingles with all of mirth, sorrow, and worship. Almost all the German and Belgian towns are provided with chiming bells, which play at noon and evening. There was such a set of musical bells on the church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg. The bell-player was a grey-headed man, who had for many years rung forth the sonorous chimes, that told the hours to the busy throng below. When the church was on fire, either from infirmity or want of thought, the old man remained at his post. In the terrible confusion of the blazing city, no one thought of him, till the high steeple was seen wreathed with flame. As the throng gazed upward, the firm walls of the old church, that had stood for ages, began to shake. At that moment the bells sounded the well-known German chorale, which usually concludes the Protestant service, "Nun danket alle Gott"—"Now all thank God." Another moment and there was an awful crash! The bells, which had spoken into the hearts of so many generations, went silent for ever. They and the old musician sunk together into a fiery grave; but the echo of their chimes goes sounding on through the far eternity.

They have a beautiful custom at Hamburg. At ten o'clock in the morning, when men are hurrying hither and yon in the great whirlpool of business, from the high church tower comes down the sound of sacred music, from a large and powerful horn appropriated to that service. It is as if an angel spake from the clouds, reminding them of immortality.

You have doubtless heard of the mysterious music that peals over the bay at West Pascagoula. It has for a long time been one of the greatest wonders of the south-west. Multitudes have heard it, rising as it were from the water, like the drone of a bagpipe, then floating away—away—away—in the distance—soft, plaintive, and fairy-like, as if Æolian harps sounded with richer melody through the liquid element; but none have been able to account for the beautiful phenomenon.

"There are several legends touching these mysterious sounds. One of them relates to the extinction of the Pascagoula tribe of Indians, the remnant of which, many years ago, it is said, deliberately entered the waters of the bay and drowned themselves, to escape capture and torture, when attacked by a neighbouring formidable tribe. There is another legend, as well authenticated as traditionary history can well be, to the effect, that about one hundred years ago, three families of Spaniards,
who had provoked the resentment of the Indians, were beset by the savages, and to avoid massacre and pollution, marched into the bay, and were drowned—men, women, and children. Tradition adds, that the Spaniards went down to the waters following a drum and pipe, and singing, as enthusiasts are said to do, when about to commit self-immolation. The slaves in the neighbourhood believe that the sounds which sweep with mournful cadence over the bay, are uttered by the spirits of those hapless families; nor will any remonstrance against the superstition abate their terror, when the wailing is heard.” Formerly neither threats nor blows could induce them to venture out after night; and to this day, it is exceedingly difficult to induce one of them to go in a boat alone upon the quiet waters of Pascagoula Bay. One of them, being asked by a recent traveller what he thought occasioned that music, replied:

“Well, I tink it’s dead folk’s come back agin: dat’s what I does. White people say it’s dis ting and dat ting; but it’s noting, massa, but de ghosts of people wat didn’t die nat’rally in dere beds long time ago—Indians or Spaniards, I believes dey was.”

“But does the music never frighten you?”

“Well, it does. Sometimes wen I’se out alone on de bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds myself in a perspiration, and de way I works my way home is of de fastest kind. I declare de way I’se frightened sometimes is so bad I doesn’t know myself.”

But in these days few things are allowed to remain mysterious. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican thus explains the music of the water spirits:—

“During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of ‘Paraguay,’ and San Juan de Nicaragua, from the nature of the coast, we were compelled to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dark to late night, our ears were delighted with Æolian music, that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first I thought it was the sea-breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin (the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing), but after examination I found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet, mellow, and aerial, like the soft breathings of a thousand
lutes, touched by fingers of the deep sea-nymphs at an immense distance.

"Although I have considerable 'music in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing; I had half filled my bucket with the finest white cat-fish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water and took fish and all into my cabin for the night.

"I had not yet fallen asleep, when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear, and getting up, what was my surprise to find my 'cat-fish' discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket.

"I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jew's harp."

So you see the Naiads have a band to dance by. I should like to have the mocking bird try his skill at imitating this submarine melody. You know the Bob-o'link with his inimitable strain of "linked sweetness, long drawn out?" At a farm house occupied by my father-in-law, one of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window, and began to sing. A cat-bird (our New England mocking bird) perched near, and began to imitate the notes. The short, quick, "bob-o'link "bob-o'link," he could master very well; but when it came to the prolonged trill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain—the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the bob-o'link poured forth his soul in song; the mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened most intently. Again he tried; but it was all in vain. The bob-o'link, as if conscious that none could imitate his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, stronger, richer strain that ever. The mocking-bird evidently felt that his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kinds of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded by robins, sparrows, whippowills, blackbirds and limnets. Having shown of his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the altogether inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious; but it was mere talent trying to copy genius. He couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping, in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away abruptly, in evident vexation.
Music, like everything else, is now passing from the few to the many. The art of printing has laid before the multitude the written wisdom of ages, once locked up in the elaborate manuscripts of the cloister. Engraving and photography spread the productions of the pencil before the whole people. Music is taught in our common schools, and the cheap accordion brings its delights to the humblest artisan. All these things are full of prophecy. Slowly, slowly, to the measured sound of the spirit's music, there goes round the world the golden band of brotherhood; slowly, slowly, the earth comes to its place, and makes a chord with heaven.

Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute, or other instrument of music, be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without wakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say. In the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo, to be carried on for ever throughout the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the waters; soon it will become a world concert;—and thou above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased wilt hear thy early song, in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven.

LETTER XXVIII.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL—BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE OF A STREET MUSICIAN—ANECDOTE OF A SPANISH DONKEY—HORSES TAMED BY KINDNESS—THE ONE VOICE, WHICH BROUGHT A DISCORDANT CHOIR INTO HARMONY.

September 29, 1842.

I wish I could walk abroad without having misery forced on my notice, which I have no power to relieve. The other day, I looked out of my window, and saw a tall, gaunt-looking woman leading a little ragged girl, of five or six years old. The
child carried a dirty little basket, and I observed that she went up to every door, and stood on tiptoe to reach the bell. From every one, as she held up her little basket, she turned away and came down the steps so wearily, and looked so sad—so very sad. I saw this repeated at four or five doors, and my heart began to swell within me. "I cannot endure this," thought I: "I must buy whatever her basket contains." Then prudence answered, "Where's the use? Don't you meet twenty objects more wretched every day? Where can you stop? I moved from my window; but as I did so, I saw my guardian angel turn away in sorrow. I felt that neither incense nor anthem would rise before God from that selfish second thought. I went to the door. Another group of suffering creatures were coming from the other end of the street; and I turned away again, with the feeling that there was no use in attending to the hopeless mass of misery around me. I should have closed the door, perhaps, but as the little girl came near, I saw on her neck a cross, with a rudely carved image of the crucified Saviour. Oh, blessed Jesus! friend of the poor, the suffering, and the guilty, who is like thee to guide the erring soul, and soften the selfish heart? The tears gushed to my eyes. I bought from the little basket a store of matches for a year. The woman offered me change; but I could not take it in sight of that cross. "In the Saviour's name, take it all," I said, "and buy clothes for that little one." A gleam lighted up the woman's hard features; she looked surprised and grateful. But the child grabbed at the money, with a hungry avarice, that made my very heart ache. Hardship, privation, and perchance severity, had changed the genial heart warmth, the gladsome thoughtlessness of childhood, into the grasping sensuality of a world-trodden soul. It seemed to me the saddest thing that in all God's creation there should be one such little child. I almost feared they had driven the angels away from her. But it is not so. Her angel, too, does always stand before the face of her Father, who is in Heaven.

This time, I yielded to the melting of my heart; but a hundred times a week, I drive back the generous impulse, because I have not the means to gratify it. This is the misery of a city like New York, that a kindly spirit not only suffers continual pain, but is obliged to do itself perpetual wrong. At times, I almost fancy I can feel myself turning to stone by
inches. Gladly, oh, how gladly, do I hail any little sunbeam of love, that breaks through this cloud of misery and wrong.

The other day, as I came down Broome Street, I saw a street musician, playing near the door of a genteel dwelling. The organ was uncommonly sweet and mellow in its tones, the tunes were slow and plaintive, and I fancied that I saw in the woman’s Italian face an expression that indicated sufficient refinement to prefer the tender and the melancholy, to the “lively tunes” in vogue with the populace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and the sorrowful music seemed her own appropriate voice. A little girl clung to her scanty garments, as if afraid of all things but her mother. As I looked at them, a young lady of pleasing countenance opened the window, and began to sing like a bird, in keeping with the street organ. Two other young girls came and leaned on her shoulder; and still she sang on. Blessings on her gentle heart! It was evidently the spontaneous gush of human love and sympathy. The beauty of the incident attracted attention. A group of gentlemen gradually collected around the organist; and ever as the tune ended, they bowed respectfully towards the window, waved their hats, and called out, “More, if you please!” One, whom I knew well for the kindest and truest soul, passed round his hat; hearts were kindled, and the silver fell in freely. In a minute four or five dollars were collected for the poor woman. She spoke no word of gratitude, but she gave such a look! “Will you go to the next street, and play to a friend of mine?” said my kind-hearted friend. She answered, in tones expressing the deepest emotion, “No, Sir, God bless you all—God bless you all” (making a courtesy to the young lady, who had stepped back, and stood sheltered by the curtain of the window), “I will play no more to-day; I will go home now!” The tears trickled down her cheeks, and as she walked away, she ever and anon wiped her eyes with the corner of her shawl. The group of gentlemen lingered a moment to look after her, then turning towards the now closed window, they gave three enthusiastic cheers, and departed, better than they came. The pavement on which they stood had been a church to them; and for the next hour, at least, their hearts were more than usually prepared for deeds of gentleness and mercy. Why are such scenes so uncommon? Why do we thus repress our sympathies, anh chill the genial current of nature, by formal observances and restraints?
I thank my heavenly Father for every manifestation of human love. I thank him for all experiences, be they sweet or bitter, which help me to forgive all things, and to enfold the whole world with blessing. "What shall be our reward," says Swedenborg, "for loving our neighbours as ourselves in this life? That when we become angels, we shall be enabled to love him better than ourselves." This is a reward pure and holy; the only one which my heart has not rejected, whenever offered as an incitement to goodness. It is this chiefly which makes the happiness of lovers more nearly allied to heaven, than any other emotions experienced by the human heart. Each loves the other better than himself; each is willing to sacrifice all to the other—nay, finds joy therein. That it is that surrounds them with a golden atmosphere, and tinges the world with rose-colour. A mother's love has the same angelic character. More completely unselfish, but lacking the charm of perfect reciprocity.

The cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows, and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word, love. It is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life. To each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles, if we will but embody it in act.

"Love is the story without an end, that angels throng to hear; The word, the king of words, carved on Jehovah's heart."

From the highest to the lowest, all feel its influence, all acknowledge its sway. Even the poor, despised donkey is changed by its magic influence. When coerced and beaten, he is vicious, obstinate, and stupid. With the peasantry of Spain, he is a petted favourite, almost an inmate of the household. The children bid him welcome home, and the wife feeds him from her hands. He knows them all, and he loves them all, for he feels in his inmost heart that they all love him. He will follow his master, and come and go at his bidding, like a faithful dog; and he delights to take the baby on his back, and walk him round, gently, on the greensward. His intellect expands, too, in the sunshine of affection; and he that is called the stupidest of animals, becomes sagacious. A Spanish peasant had for many years carried milk into Madrid, to supply a set of customers. Every morning he and his donkey, with loaded panniers, trudged the well-known round. At last, the peasant became very ill, and had no one to send to market.
His wife proposed to send the faithful old animal by himself. The panniers were accordingly filled with cannisters of milk, an inscription, written by the priest, requested customers to measure their own milk, and return the vessels; and the donkey was instructed to set off with his load. He went, and returned in due time with empty cannisters; and this he continued to do for several days. The house bells in Madrid are usually so constructed that you pull downward to make them ring. The peasant afterwards learned that his sagacious animal stopped before the door of every customer, and after waiting what he deemed a sufficient time, pulled the bell with his mouth. If affectionate treatment will thus idealise the jackass, what may it not do? Assuredly there is no limit to its power. It can banish crime, and make this earth an Eden.

The best tamer of colts that was ever known in Massachusetts never allowed whip or spur to be used; and the horses he trained never needed the whip. Their spirits were unbroken by severity, and they obeyed the slightest impulse of the voice or rein, with the most animated promptitude; but rendered obedient to affection, the vivacity was always restrained by graceful docility. He said it was with horses as with children; if accustomed to beating, they would not obey without it. But if managed with untiring gentleness, united with consistent and very equable firmness, the victory once gained over them was gained for ever.

In the face of all these facts, the world goes on manufacturing whips, spurs, the gallows, and chains; while each one carries within his own soul a divine substitute for these devil's inventions, with which he might work miracles, inward and outward, if he would. Unto this end let us work with unflagging faith. Great is the strength of an individual soul, true to its high trust;—mighty is it even to the redemption of a world.

A German, whose sense of sound was exceeding acute, was passing by a church, a day or two after he had landed in this country, and the sound of music attracted him to enter, though he had no knowledge of our language. The music proved to be a piece of nasal psalmody, sung in most discordant fashion; and the sensitive German would fain have covered his ears. As this was scarcely civil, and might appear like insanity, his next impulse was to rush into the open air, and leave the hated sounds behind him. "But this, too, I feared to do,"
said he, "lest offence might be given; so I resolved to endure the torture with the best fortitude I could assume; when lo! I distinguished, amid the din, the soft clear voice of a woman singing in perfect tune. She made no effort to drown the voices of her companions, neither was she disturbed by their noisy discord; but patiently and sweetly she sang in full, rich tones; one after another yielded to the gentle influence; and before the tune was finished, all were in perfect harmony."

I have often thought of this story as conveying an instructive lesson for reformers. The spirit that can thus sing patiently and sweetly in a world of discord, must indeed be of the strongest, as well as the gentlest kind. One scarce can hear his own soft voice amid the braying of the multitude; and ever and anon comes the temptation to sing louder than they, and drown the voices that cannot thus be forced into perfect tune. But this were a pitiful experiment; the melodious tones, cracked into shrillness, would only increase the tumult.

Stronger, and more frequently, comes the temptation to stop singing, and let discord do its own wild work. But blessed are they that endure to the end—singing patiently and sweetly, till all join in with loving acquiescence, and universal harmony prevails, without forcing into submission the free discord of a single voice.

This is the hardest and bravest task, which a true soul has to perform amid the clashing elements of time. But once has it been done perfectly, unto the end; and that voice, so clear in its meekness, is heard above all the din of a tumultuous world; one after another chimes in with its patient sweetness; and, through infinite discords, the listening soul can perceive that the great tune is slowly coming into harmony.

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**LETTER XXIX.**

**BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—LONG ISLAND FARMS—ANECDOTE FROM SILVIO PELlico—A MODEL ALMS-HOUSE AMONG THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.**

October 6, 1842.

I went last week to Blackwell's island, in the East river, between the city and Long Island. The environs of the city are unusually beautiful, considering how far autumn has
advanced upon us. Frequent rains have coaxed vegetation into abundance, and preserved it in verdant beauty. The trees are hung with a profusion of vines, the rocks are dressed in nature’s green velvet of moss, and from every little cleft peeps the rich foliage of some wind-scattered seed. The island itself presents a quiet loveliness of scenery, unsurpassed by anything I have ever witnessed; though nature and I are old friends, and she has shown me many of her choicest pictures, in a light let in only from above. No form of gracefulness can compare with the bend of flowing waters all round and round a verdant island. The circle typifies love; and they who read the spiritual alphabet, will see that a circle of waters must needs be very beautiful. Beautiful it is, even when the language it speaks is an unknown tongue. Then the green hills beyond look so very pleasant in the sunshine, with homes nestling among them, like dimples on a smiling face. The island itself abounds with charming nooks—open wells in shady places, screened by large weeping willows; gardens and arbors running down to the river’s edge to look at themselves in the waters; and pretty boats, like white-winged birds, chased by their shadows, and breaking the waves into gems.

But man has profaned this charming retreat. He has brought the screech-owl, the bat, and the vulture, into the holy temple of nature. The island belongs to Government; and the only buildings on it are penitentiary, mad-house, and hospital; with a few dwellings occupied by people connected with those institutions. The discord between man and nature never before struck me so painfully; yet it is wise and kind to place the erring and the diseased in the midst of such calm bright influences. Man may curse, but nature for ever blesses. The guiltiest of her wandering children she would fain enfold within her arms to the friendly heart-warmth of a mother’s bosom. She speaks to them ever in the soft, low tones of earnest love; but they, alas, tossed on the roaring stunning surge of society, forget the quiet language.

As I looked up at the massive walls of the prison, it did my heart good to see doves nestling within the shelter of the deep, narrow, grated windows. I thought what blessed little messengers of heaven they would appear to me, if I were in prison; but instantly a shadow passed over the sunshine of my thought. Alas, doves do not speak to their souls, as they would to mine; for they have lost their love for child-like,
and gentle things. How have they lost it? Society with its unequal distribution, its perverted education, its manifold injustice, its cold neglect, its biting mockery, has taken from them the gifts of God. They are placed here, in the midst of green hills, and flowing streams, and cooing doves, after the heart is petrified against the genial influence of all such sights and sounds.

As usual, the organ of justice (which phrenologists say is unusually developed in my head) was roused into great activity by the sight of prisoners. "Would you have them prey on society?" said one of my companions. I answered, "I am troubled that society has first preyed upon them. I will not enter into an argument about the right of society to punish these sinners; but I say she made them sinners. How much I have done towards it, by yielding to popular prejudices, obeying false customs, and suppressing vital truths, I know not; but doubtless I have done, and am doing, my share. God forgive me. If he dealt with us, as we deal with our brother, who could stand before him?"

While I was there, they brought in the editors of the Flash, the Libertine, and the Weekly Rake. My whole soul loathes such polluted publications; yet a sense of justice again made me refractory. These men were perhaps trained to such service by all the social influences they had ever known. They dared to publish what nine-tenths of all around them lived unreproved. Why should they be imprisoned, while others flourished in the full tide of editorial success, circulating papers as immoral, and perhaps more dangerous, because their indecency is slightly veiled? Why should the Weekly Rake be shut up, when daily rakes walk Broadway in fine broadcloth and velvet?

Many more than half the inmates of the Penitentiary were women; and of course a large proportion of them were taken up as "street-walkers." The men who made them such, who, perchance, caused the love of a human heart to be its ruin, and changed tenderness into sensuality and crime—these men live in the "ceiled houses" of Broadway, and sit in council in the City Hall and pass "regulations" to clear the streets they have filled with sin. And do you suppose their poor victims do not feel the injustice of society thus regulated? Think you they respect the laws? Vicious they are, and they may be both ignorant and foolish; but, nevertheless, they are too wise to respect such laws. Their whole being cries out that it is
a mockery; all their experience proves that society is a game
of chance, where the cunning slip through, and the strong leap
over. The criminal feels this, even when incapable of
reasoning upon it. The laws do not secure his reverence,
because he sees that their operation is unjust. The secrets of
prisons, so far as they are revealed, all tend to show that the
prevailing feeling of criminals, of all grades, is that they are
wronged. What we call justice, they regard as an unlucky
chance; and whosoever looks calmly and wisely into the
foundations on which society rolls and tumbles, (I cannot say
on which it rests, for its foundations heave like the sea), will
perceive that they are victims of chance.

For instance, everything in school-books, social remarks,
 domestic conversation, literature, public festivals, legislative
proceedings, and popular honours, all teach the young soul
that it is noble to retaliate, mean to forgive an insult, and
unmanly not to resent a wrong. Animal instincts, instead of
being brought into subjection to the higher powers of the soul,
are thus cherished into more than natural activity. Of three
men thus educated, one enters the army, kills a hundred
Indians, hangs their scalps on a tree, is made major-general,
and considered a fitting candidate for the presidency. The
second goes to the southwest to reside; some "roarer" calls
him a rascal—a phrase not misapplied, perhaps, but necessary
to be resented; he agrees to settle the question of honour at
ten paces, shoots his insulter through the heart, and is hailed
by society as a brave man. The third lives in New York. A
man enters his office, and true, or untrue, calls him a knave.
He fights, kills his adversary, is tried by the laws of the land,
and hung. These three men indulged the same passion, acted
from the same motives, and illustrated the same education;
yet how different their fate!

With regard to dishonesty, too—the maxims of trade, the
customs of society, and the general unreflecting tone of public
conversation, all tend to promote it. The man who has made
"good bargains," is wealthy and honoured; yet the details of
those bargains few would dare to pronounce good. Of two
young men nurtured under such influences, one becomes a
successful merchant; five thousand dollars are borrowed of him;
he takes a mortgage on a house worth twenty thousand dollars;
in the absence of the owner, when sales are very dull, he offers
the house for sale, to pay his mortgage; he bids it in himself,
for four thousand dollars; and afterwards persecutes and imprisons his debtor for the remaining thousand. Society calls him a shrewd business man, and pronounces his dinners excellent; the chance is, he will be a magistrate before he dies.—The other young man is unsuccessful; his necessities are great; he borrows some money from his employer's drawer, perhaps resolving to restore the same; the loss is discovered before he has a chance to refund it; and society sends him to Blackwell's Island, to hammer stones with highway robbers. Society made both these men thieves; but punished the one, while she rewarded the other. That criminals so universally feel themselves victims of injustice, is one strong proof that it is true; for impressions entirely without foundation are not apt to become universal. If society does make its own criminals, how shall she cease to do it? It can be done only by a change in the structure of society, that will diminish the temptations to vice, and increase the encouragements to virtue. If we can abolish poverty, we shall have taken the greatest step toward the abolition of crime; and this will be the final triumph of the gospel of Christ. Diversities of gifts will doubtless always exist; for the law written on spirit, as well as on matter, is infinite in variety. But when the kingdom of God comes "on earth, as it is in heaven," there will not be found in any corner of it that poverty which hardens the heart under the severe pressure of physical suffering, and stultifies the intellect with toil for mere animal wants. When public opinion regards wealth as a means, and not as an end, men will no longer deem penitentiaries a necessary evil; for society will then cease to be a great school for crime. In the mean time, do penitentiaries and prisons increase or diminish the evils they are intended to remedy?

The superintendent at Blackwell told me, unasked, that ten years' experience had convinced him that the whole system tended to increase crime. He said of the lads who came there, a large proportion had already been in the house of refuge; and a large proportion of those who left, afterwards went to Sing Sing. "It is as regular a succession as the classes in a college," said he, "from the House of Refuge to the Penitentiary, and from the Penitentiary to the State prison." I remarked that coercion tended to rouse all the bad passions in man's nature, and if long continued, hardened the whole character. "I know that," said he, "from my own experience; all the
devil there is in me, rises up when a man attempts to compel me. But what can I do? I am obliged to be very strict. When my feelings tempt me to unusual indulgence, a bad use is almost always made of it. I see that the system fails to produce the effect intended; but I cannot change the result.

I felt that his words were true. He could not change the influence of the system while he discharged the duties of his office; for the same reason that a man cannot be at once a slave driver and missionary on a plantation. I allude to the necessities of the office, and do not mean to imply that the character of the individual was severe. On the contrary, the prisoners seemed to be made as comfortable as was compatible with their situation. There were watch-towers, with loaded guns, to prevent escape from the island; but they conversed freely with each other as they worked in the sunshine, and very few of them looked wretched. Among those who were sent under guard to row us back to the city, was one who jested on his own situation, in a manner which showed plainly enough that he looked on the whole thing as a game of chance, in which he happened to be the loser. Indulgence cannot benefit such characters. What is wanted is, that no human being should grow up without deep and friendly interest from the society round him; and that none should feel himself the victim of injustice, because society punishes the very sins which it teaches, nay drives men to commit. The world would be in a happier condition if legislators spent half as much time and labour to prevent crime, as they do to punish it. The poor need houses of encouragement, and society gives them houses of correction. Benevolent institutions and reformatory societies perform but a limited and temporary use. They do not reach the groundwork of evil; and it is re-produced too rapidly for them to keep even the surface healed. The natural, spontaneous influences of society should be such as to supply men with healthy motives, and give full, free play to the affections and the faculties. It is horrible to see our young men goaded on by the fierce, speculating spirit of the age, from the contagion of which it is almost impossible to escape, and then see them tortured into madness, or driven to crime, by fluctuating changes of the money-market. The young soul is, as it were, entangled in the great merciless machine of a falsely constructed society; the steam he had no hand in raising, whirls him hither and
thither, and it is altogether a lottery-chance whether it crushes or propels him.

Many who are mourning over the too obvious diseases of the world, will smile contemptuously at the idea of re-construction. But let them reflect a moment upon the immense changes that have already come over society. In the middle ages, both noble and peasant would have laughed loud and long at the prophecy of such a state of society as now exists in the free States of America; yet here we are!

I by no means underrate modern improvements in the discipline of prisons, or progressive meliorations in the criminal code. I rejoice in these things as facts, and still more as prophecy. Strong as my faith is that the time will come when war and prisons will both cease from the face of the earth, I am by no means blind to the great difficulties in the way of those who are honestly striving to make the best of things as they are. Violations of right, continued generation after generation, and interwoven into the whole structure of action and opinion, will continue troublesome and injurious, even for a long time after they are outwardly removed. Legislators and philanthropists may well be puzzled to know what to do with those who have become hardened in crime; meanwhile, the highest wisdom should busy itself with the more important questions—How did these men become criminals? Are not social influences largely at fault? If society is the criminal, were it not well to reform society?

It is common to treat the inmates of penitentiaries and prisons as if they were altogether unlike ourselves—as if they belonged to another race; but this indicates superficial thought and feeling. The passions which carried those men to prison exist in your own bosom, and have been gratified, only in a less degree; perchance, if you look inward, with enlightened self-knowledge, you will perceive that there have been periods in your own life when a hair’s-breadth further in the wrong would have rendered you amenable to human laws; and that you were prevented from moving over that hair’s-breadth boundary by outward circumstances, for which you deserve no credit.

If reflections like these make you think lightly of sin, you pervert them to a very bad use. They should teach you that every criminal has a human heart, which can be reached and softened by the same means that will reach and soften your
own. In all, even the most hardened, love lies folded up, perchance buried; and the voice of love calls it forth, and makes it gleam like living coals through ashes. This influence, if applied in season, would assuredly prevent the hardness which it has so much power to soften.

That most tender-spirited and beautiful book, entitled, "My Prisons, by Silvio Pellico," abounds with incidents to prove the omnipotence of kindness. He was a gentle and a noble soul, imprisoned merely for reasons of State, being suspected of republican notions. Robbers and banditti, confined in the same building, saluted him with respect as they passed him in the court; and he always returned their salutations with brotherly cordiality. He says, "One of them once said to me, 'Your greeting, signore, does me good. Perhaps you see something in my face that is not very bad? An unhappy passion led me to commit a crime; but oh, signore, I am not, indeed I am not a villain.' And he burst into tears. I held out my hand to him, but he could not take it. My guards, not from bad feeling, but in obedience to orders, repulsed him."

In the sight of God, perchance their repulse was a heavier crime than that for which the poor fellow was imprisoned; perhaps it made him a villain, when the genial influence of Silvio Pellico might have restored him a blessing to the human family. If these things are so, for what a frightful amount of crime are the coercing and repelling influences of society responsible!

I have not been happy since that visit to Blackwell's Island. There is something painful, yea, terrific, in feeling myself involved in the great wheel of society, which goes whirling on, crushing thousands at every turn. This relation of the individual to the mass is the sternest and most frightful of all the conflicts between necessity and free will. Yet here, too, conflict should be harmony, and will be so. Put far away from thy soul all desire of retaliation, all angry thoughts, all disposition to overcome or humiliate an adversary, and be assured thou hast done much to abolish gallows, chains, and prisons, though thou hast never written or spoken a word on the criminal code.

God and good angels alone know the vast, the incalculable influence that goes out into the universe of spirit, and thence flows into the universe of matter, from the conquered evil, and the voiceless prayer, of one solitary soul. Wouldst thou
bring the world unto God? Then live near to him thyself. If divine life pervade thine own soul, every thing that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayst be unconscious of being charged therewith. This surely would be the highest, to strive to keep near the holy, not for the sake of our own reward here or hereafter, but that through love to God we might bless our neighbour. The human soul can perceive this, and yet the beauty of the earth is everywhere defaced with jails and gibbets! Angelic natures can never deride, else were there loud laughter in heaven at the discord between man's perceptions and his practice.

At Long Island Farms I found six hundred children, supported by the public. It gives them wholesome food, comfortable clothing, and the common rudiments of education. For this it deserves praise. But the aliment which the spirit craves, the public has not to give. The young heart asks for love—yearns for love—but its own echo only returns to it through empty halls, instead of answer.

The institution is much lauded by visitors, and not without reason; for every thing looks clean and comfortable, and the children appear happy. The drawbacks are such as inevitably belong to their situation, as children of the public. The oppressive feeling is, that there are no mothers there. Every thing moves by machinery, as it always must with masses of children, never subdivided into families. In one place I saw a stack of small wooden guns, and was informed that the boys were daily drilled to military exercises, as a useful means of forming habits of order, as well as fitting them for the future service of the State. Their infant school evolutions partook of of the same drill character; and as for their religion, I was informed that it was "beautiful to see them pray; for at the first tip of the whistle, they all dropped on their knees." Alas, poor childhood, thus doth "Church and State" provide for thee! The State arms thee with wooden guns, to play the future murderer, and the Church teaches thee to pray in platoons, "at the first tip of the whistle." Luckily they cannot drive the angels from thee, or most assuredly they would do it, pro bono publico.

The sleeping-rooms were clean as a Shaker's apron. When I saw the long rows of nice little beds, ranged side by side, I inquired whether there was not a merry buzz in the morning. "They are not permitted to speak at all in the sleeping apartments," replied the superintendent. The answer sent
a cold chill through my heart. I acknowledged that in such large establishments the most exact method was necessary, and I knew that the children had abundant opportunity for fun and frolic in the sunshine and the open fields, in the after part of the day; but it is so natural for all young things to crow and sing when they open their eyes to the morning light, that I could not bear to have the cheerful instinct perpetually repressed.

The hospital for these children is on the neighbouring island of Blackwell. This establishment, though clean and well supplied with outward comforts, was the most painful sight I ever witnessed. About one hundred and fifty children were there, mostly orphans, inheriting every variety of disease from vicious and sickly parents. In beds all of a row, or rolling by dozens over clean matting on the floor, the poor little pale, shrivelled, and blinded creatures were waiting for death to come and release them. Here the absence of a mother's love was most agonising; not even the patience and gentleness of a saint could supply its place; and saints are rarely hired by the public. There was a sort of resignation expressed in the countenances of some of the little ones, which would have been beautiful in maturer years, but in childhood it spoke mournfully of a withered soul. It was pleasant to think that a large proportion of them would soon be received by the angels, who will doubtless let them sing in the morning.

That the law of love may cheer and bless even public establishments, has been proved by the example of the Society of Friends. They formerly had an establishment for their own poor in Philadelphia, on a plan so simple and so beautiful, that one cannot but mourn to think it has given place to more common and less brotherly modes of relief;—a nest of small households, enclosed on three sides, an open space devoted to gardens, in which each had a share. Here each poor family lived in separate rooms, and were assisted by the Society, according to its needs. Sometimes a widow could support herself, with the exception of rent; and in that case, merely rooms were furnished gratis. An aged couple could perhaps subsist very comfortably, if supplied with house and fuel; and the friendly assistance was according to their wants. Some needed entire support; and to such it was ungrudgingly given. These paupers were oftentimes ministers and elders, took the highest seats in the meeting-house, and had as much influence as any in the affairs of the Society. Everything conspired to make them
retain undiminished self-respect. The manner in which they evinced this would be considered impudence in the tenants of our modern alms-houses. One old lady being supplied with a load of wood at her free lodgings, refused to take it, saying, that it did not suit her; she wanted dry, small wood. "But," remonstrated the man, "I was ordered to bring it here." "I can't help that. Tell 'em the best wood is the best economy. I do not want such wood as that." Her orders were obeyed, and the old lady's wishes were gratified. Another, who took great pride and pleasure in the neatness of her little garden, employed a carpenter to make a trellis for her vines. Some objection was made to paying this bill, it being considered a mere superfluity. But the old lady maintained that it was necessary for her comfort; and at meetings and all public places, she never failed to rebuke the elders. "O! you profess to do unto others as you would be done by, and you have never paid that carpenter his bill." Worn out by her perseverance, they paid the bill, and she kept her trellis of vines. It probably was more necessary to her comfort than many things they would have considered as not superfluous.

The poor of this establishment did not feel like dependents, and were never regarded as a burden. They considered themselves as members of a family, receiving from brethren the assistance they would have gladly bestowed under a reverse of circumstances. This approaches the gospel standard. Since the dawn of Christianity, no class of people have furnished an example so replete with a most wise tenderness, as the Society of Friends in the days of its purity. Thank God, nothing good or true ever dies. The lifeless form falls from it, and it lives elsewhere.

LETTER XXX.

CROTON WATER—THE FOUNTAINS—FEAR OF PUBLIC OPINION—SOCIAL FREEDOM—ANECDOTE OF THE LITTLE BOY THAT RAN AWAY FROM PROVIDENCE.

November 13, 1842.

Oh, who that has not been shut up in the great prison-cell of a city, and made to drink of its brackish springs, can estimate the blessings of the Croton Aqueduct?—clean, sweet,
abundant water! Well might they bring it thirty miles underground, and usher it into the city with roaring cannon, sonorous bells, waving flags, floral canopies, and a loud chorus of song!

I shall never forget my sensations when I first looked upon the Fountains. My soul jumped, and clapped its hands, rejoicing in the exceeding beauty. I am an novice, and very easily made wild by the play of graceful forms; but those accustomed to the splendid displays of France and Italy, say the world offers nothing to equal the magnificence of the New York jets. There is such a head of water, that it throws the column sixty feet into the air, and drops it into the basin in a shower of diamonds. The one in the Park, opposite the Astor House, consists of a large central pipe, with eighteen subordinate jets in a basin a hundred feet broad. By shifting the plate on the conduit pipe, these fountains can be made to assume various shapes. The Maid of the Mist, the Croton Plume, the Vase, the Dome, the Bouquet, the Sheaf of Wheat, and the Weeping-willow. As the sun shone on the sparkling drops, through mist and feathery foam, rainbows glimmered at the sides, as if they came to celebrate a marriage between Spirits of Light and Water Nymphs.

The fountain in Union Park is smaller, but scarcely less beautiful. It is a weeping willow of crystal drops; but one can see that it weeps for joy. Now it leaps and sports as gracefully as Undine in her wildest moods, and then sinks into the vase under a veil of woven pearl, like the undulating farewell courtesy of her fluid relations. On the evening of the great Croton celebration, they illuminated this fountain with coloured fireworks, kindling the cloud of mist with many-coloured gems; as if the Water Spirits had had another wedding with fairies of the diamond mines.

I went out to Harlaem, the other day, to see the great jet of water, which there rises a hundred feet in the air, and falls through a belt of rainbows. Water will rise to its level, as surely as the morality of a nation, or a sect, rises to its idea of God. They to whom God is the Almighty, rather than the Heavenly Father, do not understand that the highest ideal of justice is perfect and universal love. They cannot perceive this; for both spiritually and naturally water never rises above the level of its source. But how sublimely it rushes upward to find its level! As I gazed in loving wonder on that beautiful column, it seemed to me a fitting type of those pure, free
spirits, who, at the smallest opening, spring upward to the highest, revealing to all mankind the true level of the religious idea of their age. But, alas, here is the stern old conflict between necessity and freewill. The column, by the law of its being, would rise quite to the level of its source; but, as the impulse, that sent it forth in such glorious majesty, expends itself, the lateral pressure overpowers the leaping waters, and sends them downwards in tears.

If we had a tube high enough to defend the struggling water from surrounding pressure, it would rise to its level. Will society ever be so constructed as to enable us to do this spiritually? It must be so before "Holiness to the Lord" is written on the bells of the horses.

I told my beloved friends, as we stood gazing on that magnificent jet of water, that its grandeur and its gracefulness revealed much, and promised more. They smiled, and reminded me that it was a canon of criticism, laid down by Blair, never to liken the natural to the spiritual. I have no dispute with those who let down an iron-barred portcullis between matter and spirit. The winged soul flies over, and sees the whole as one fair region, golden with the same sunlight, fresh with the same breezes from heaven.

But I must not offer sybilline leaves in the market. Who will buy them? The question shows that my spirit likewise feels the lateral pressure. Would I could turn downward as gracefully as the waters! uniting the upward tendency in an arch so beautiful, and every drop sparkling as it falls into the common reservoir, whence future fountains shall gush in perpetual beauty.

I am again violating Blair's injunction. His iron gate rolls away like a stage curtain, and lo, the whole region of spiritual progress opens in glorious perspective! How shall I get back to the actual, and stay there? If the doctrine of transmigration of souls were true, I should assuredly pass into a bird of Paradise, which for ever floats in the air, or if it touches the earth for a moment, is impatient to soar again.

Strange material this for a reformer! And I tell you plainly that reforming work lies around me like "the ring of necessity," and ever and anon freewill bites at the circle. But this necessity is only another name for conscience; and that is the voice of God. I would not unchain freewill, if I could; for if I did, the planets would fly out of their places;
for they, too, in their far off splendour, are linked together with truth and duty.

But there is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the pressure of public opinion; the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Clark, will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Oh, thou foolish soul! Thou art afraid of thy neighbour, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou has fettered his feet. It were wise for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk upright unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank to him.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

"But what will people say?"

Why does it concern thee what they say? Thy life is not in their hands. They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee anything that is worth the having. Satan may promise thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre of it to give. He may offer much, as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." Only have faith in this, and thou wilt live high above the rewards and punishments of that spectral giant, which men call Society.

"But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented."

And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive the missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they if they bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel; to cast from them, like ropes of sand, all fear of sects, and parties,
and clans, and classes. Most earnestly do I pray to be bound only by my own conscience, in that circle of duties, which widens ever, till it enfolds all being, and touches the throne of God.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other; and not a peep do we get under the thick, stiUing veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves; and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dare not, lest it seem unpolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dare not, lest it seem unpolite to the host; so they both remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visitor arrives, they say, "I am busy to-day; but if you wish to ride, there are horse and saddle in the stable; if you wish to read, there are books in the library; if you are inclined to music, flute and and piano are in the parlour; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk with me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go when you please, and while you stay do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet, without invitation, and with the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books, and busts and flowers; in another, pictures, and engravings; in a third, music; couples are ensconced in some sheltered alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who like; but eating, which constitutes so large a part of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion, that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under-crust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts; be thou assured that all living souls love freedom better than cake or under-crust.

Of perfect social freedom I never knew but one instance.
Doctor H—— of Boston, coming home to dine one day, found a very bright-looking and handsome mulatto on the steps, apparently about seven or eight years old. As he opened the door, the boy glided in, as if it were his home. "What do you want?" said the doctor. The child looked up with smiling confidence, and answered, "I am a little boy that run away from Providence; and I want some dinner; and I thought maybe you would give me some." His radiant face, and child-like freedom operated like a charm. He had a good dinner, and remained several days, becoming more and more the pet of the whole household. He said he had been cruelly treated by somebody in Providence, and had run away; but the people he described could not be found. The doctor thought it would not do to have him growing up in idleness, and he tried to find a place where he could run of errands, clean knives, &c., for his living. An hour after this was mentioned, the boy was missing. In a few weeks, they heard of him in the opposite part of the city, sitting on a door-step at dinner-time. When the door opened, he walked in, smiling, and said, "I am a little boy that run away from Providence; and I want some dinner, and I thought may be you would give me some." He was not mistaken this time either. The heart that trusted so completely received a cordial welcome. After a time, it was again proposed to find some place at service; and straightway this human butterfly was off; no one knew whither.

For several months no more was heard of him. But one bright winter day, his first benefactor found him seated on the steps of a house in Beacon Street. "Why Tom, where did you come from?" said he. "I came from Philadelphia." "How upon earth did you get there?" "I heard folks talk about New York, and I thought I should like to see it. So I went on board a steam-boat; and when it put off, the captain asked me who I was; and I told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I wanted to go to New York, but I hadn't any money. 'You little rascal,' says he, 'I'll throw you overboard.' 'I don't believe you will,' said I; and he didn't. I told him I was hungry, and he gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed for me. When I got to New York, I went and sat down on a door-step; and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I went in, and told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So they gave me something to eat, and made up
a nice little bed for me, and let me stay there. But I wanted to see Philadelphia; so I went into a steam-boat; and when they asked me who I was, I told them that I was a little boy that run away from Providence. They said I had no business there, but they gave me an orange. When I got to Philadelphia, I sat down on a door-step, and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I told him I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I thought perhaps he would give me something to eat. So they gave me a good dinner, and made me up a nice little bed. Then I wanted to come back to Boston; and everybody gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed. And I sat down on this door-step, and when the lady asked me what I wanted, I told her I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So she gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed; and I stay here, and do her errands sometimes. Every body is very good to me, and I like every body.”

He looked up with the most sunny gaiety, and striking his hoop as he spoke, went down the street like an arrow. He disappeared soon after, probably in quest of new adventures. I have never heard of him since; and sometimes a painful fear passes through my mind, that the kidnappers, prowling about all our large towns, have carried him into slavery.

The story had a charm for me, for two reasons. I was delighted with the artless freedom of the winning, wayward child; and still more did I rejoice in the perpetual kindness, which everywhere gave it such friendly greeting. Oh! if we would but dare to throw ourselves on each other’s hearts, how the image of heaven would be reflected all over the face of this earth, as the clear blue sky lies mirrored in the waters.

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LETTER XXXI.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—CONVERSATION WITH WILLIAM LADD—
TWO ANECDOTES, SHOWING THE DANGER OF TRUSTING TO
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

November 19, 1842.

To-day, I cannot write of beauty; for I am sad and troubled. Heart, head, and conscience, are all in battle-array against the savage customs of my time. By and by, the law of love, like
oil upon the waters, will calm my surging sympathies, and make the current flow more calmly, though none the less deep or strong. But to-day, do not ask me to love governor, sheriff or constable, or any man who defends capital punishment. I ought to do it; for genuine love enfolds even murderers with its blessings. By to-morrow, I think I can remember them without bitterness; but to-day, I cannot love them; no, I cannot.

We were to have had an execution yesterday; but the wretched prisoner avoided it by suicide. The gallows had been erected for several hours, and with a cool refinement of cruelty, was hoisted before the window of the condemned; the hangman was all ready to cut the cord; marshals paced back and forth, smoking and whistling; spectators were waiting impatiently to see whether he would "die game." Printed circulars had been handed abroad to summon the number of witnesses required by law: "You are respectfully invited to witness the execution of John C. Colt." I trust some of them are preserved for museums. Specimens should be kept, as relics of a barbarous age, for succeeding generations to wonder at. They might be hung up in a frame; and the portrait of a New Zealand chief, picking the bones of an enemy of his tribe, would be an appropriate pendant.

This bloody insult was thrust into the hands of some citizens, who carried hearts under their vests, and they threw it in tattered fragments to the dogs, as more fitting witnesses than human beings. It was cheering to those who have faith in human progress, to see how many viewed the subject in this light. But as a general thing, the very spirit of murder was rife among the dense crowd, which thronged the place of execution. They were swelling with revenge, and eager for blood. One man came all the way from New Hampshire, on purpose; thereby showing himself a likely subject for the gallows, whoever he may be. Women deemed themselves not treated with becoming gallantry, because tickets of admittance were denied them; and I think it showed injudicious partiality; for many of them can be taught murder by as short a lesson as any man, and sustain it by arguments from scripture, as ably as any theologian. However, they were not admitted to this edifying exhibition in the great school of public morals; and had only the slim comfort of standing outside, in a keen November wind, to catch the first toll of the bell, which would announce that a human brother had been sent struggling into
eternity by the hand of violence. But while the multitude stood with open watches, and strained ears to catch the sound, and the marshals smoked and whistled, and the hangman walked up and down, waiting for his prey, lo! word was brought that the criminal was found dead in his bed! He had asked one half hour alone to prepare his mind for departure; and at the end of that brief interval, he was found with a dagger thrust into his heart. The tidings were received with fierce mutterings of disappointed rage. The throng beyond the walls were furious to see him with their own eyes, to be sure that he was dead. But when the welcome news met my ear, a tremendous load was taken from my heart. I had no chance to analyse right and wrong; for over all thought and feeling flowed impulsive joy, that this "Christian" community were cheated of a hanging. They who had assembled to commit legalised murder, in cold blood, with strange confusion of ideas, were unmindful of their own guilt, while they talked of his suicide as a crime equal to that for which he was condemned. I am willing to leave it between him and his God. For myself, I would rather have the burden of it on my own soul, than take the guilt of those who would have executed a fellow-creature. He was driven to a fearful extremity of agony and desperation. He was precisely in the situation of a man on board a burning ship, who being compelled to face death, jumps into the waves, as the least painful mode of the two. But they, who thus drove him "to walk the plank," made cool, deliberate preparations to take life, and with inventive cruelty sought to add every bitter drop that could be added to the dreadful cup of vengeance.

To me, human life seems so sacred a thing, that its violent termination always fills me with horror, whether perpetrated by an individual or a crowd; whether done contrary to, or according to law and custom. Why John C. Colt should be condemned to an ignominious death for an act of resentment altogether unpremeditated, while men, who deliberately, and with malice aforethought, go out to murder another for some insulting word, are judges, and senators in the land, and favourite candidates for the President's chair, is more than I can comprehend. There is, to say the least, a strange inconsistency in our customs.

At the same moment that I was informed of the death of the prisoner, I heard that the prison was on fire. It was soon
extinguished, but the remarkable coincidence added not a little to the convulsive excitement of the hour. I went with a friend to look at the beautiful spectacle; for it was exceedingly beautiful. The fire had kindled at the very top of the cupola, the wind was high, and the flames rushed upward, as if the angry spirits below had escaped on fiery wings. Heaven forgive the feelings that, for a moment, mingled with my admiration of that beautiful conflagration! Society had kindled all around me a bad excitement, and one of the infernal sparks fell into my own heart. If this was the effect produced on me, who am by nature tender-hearted, by principle opposed to all retaliation, and by social position secluded from contact with evil, what must it have been on the minds of rowdies and desperadoes? The effect of executions on all brought within their influence, is evil, and nothing but evil. For a fortnight past, this whole city has been kept in a state of corroding excitement, either of hope or fear. The stern pride of the prisoner left little, in his peculiar case, to appeal to the sympathies of society; yet the instincts of our common nature rose up against the sanguinary spirit manifested towards him. The public were, moreover, divided in opinion with regard to his crime; and in the keen discussion of legal distinctions, moral distinctions became woefully confused. Each day, hope and fear alternated; the natural effect of all this, was to have the whole thing regarded as a game, in which the criminal might, or might not, become the winner; and every experiment of this kind shakes public respect for the laws, from centre to circumference. Worse than all this, was the horrible amount of diabolical passion excited. The hearts of men were filled with murder; they gloated over the thoughts of vengeance, and were rabid to witness a fellow creature's agony. They complained loudly that he was not to be hung high enough for the crowd to see him. "What a pity!" exclaimed a woman, who stood near me, gazing at the burning tower; "they will have to give him two hours more to live." "Would you feel so, if he were your son?" said I. Her countenance changed instantly. She had not before realised that every criminal was somebody's son.

As we walked homeward, we encountered a deputy sheriff; not the most promising material, certainly, for lessons on humanity; but to him we spoke of the crowd of savage faces, and the tones of hatred, as obvious proofs of the bad influence...
of capital punishment. "I know that," said he; "but I don't see how we could dispense with it. Now, supposing that we had fifty murderers shut up in prison for life, instead of hanging 'em; and suppose there should come a revolution; what an awful thing it would be to have fifty murderers to be let loose upon the community!" "There is another side to that proposition," we answered; "for every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers outside the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside." He said perhaps it was so; and went his way.

As for the punishment and the terror of such doings, they fall most keenly on the best hearts in the community. Thousands of men, as well as women, had broken and startled sleep for several nights preceding that dreadful day. Executions always excite a universal shudder among the innocent, the humane, and the wise-hearted. It is the voice of God, crying aloud within us against the wickedness of this savage custom. Else why is it that the instinct is so universal?

The last conversation I had with the late William Ladd made a strong impression on my mind. While he was a sea-captain, he occasionally visited Spain, and once witnessed an execution there. He said that no man, however low and despicable, would consent to perform the office of hangman; and whoever should dare to suggest such a thing to a decent man, would be likely to have his brains blown out. This feeling was so strong, so universal, that the only way they could procure an executioner, was to offer a condemned criminal his own life, if he would consent to perform the vile and hateful office upon another. Sometimes executions were postponed for months, because there was no condemned criminal to perform the office. A fee was allotted by law to the wretch who did perform it, but no one would run the risk of touching his polluted hand by giving it to him; therefore, the priest threw the purse as far as possible; the odious being ran to pick it up, and hastened to escape from the shuddering execrations of all who had known him as a hangman. Even the poor animal that carried the criminal and his coffin in a cart to the foot of the gallows, was an object of universal loathing. He was cropped and marked, that he might be known as the "Hangman's Donkey." No man, however great his needs, would use this beast either for pleasure or labour; and the peasants are so averse to having him pollute their fields with
his footsteps, that when he was seen approaching, the boys drove
him off with hisses, sticks, and stones. Thus does the human
heart cry out against this wicked practice!

A tacit acknowledgment of the demoralising influence of execu-
tions is generally made, in the fact that they are forbidden to
be public, as formerly. The scene is now in a prison-yard, in-
stead of open fields, and no spectators are admitted but officers
of the law, and those especially invited. Yet a favourite argu-
ment in favour of capital punishment has been the terror that
the spectacle inspires in the breast of evil doers. I trust those
who were singled out from the mass of New York population,
by particular invitation, especially the judges and civil officers,
will feel the full weight of the compliment. During the French
Revolution, public executions seemed too slow, and Fouquier
proposed to put the guillotine under cover, where batches of a
hundred might be despatched with few spectators. "Wilt thou
demoralise the guillotine?" asked Callot, reproachfully.

That bloody guillotine was an instrument of law, as well as
our gallows; and what wickedness has not been established by
law? Nations, clans, and classes, engaged in fierce struggles of
selfishness and hatred, made laws to strengthen each other's
power, and revenge each other's aggressions. By slow degrees,
always timidly and reluctantly, society emerged out of the bar-
barisms with which it thus became entangled. It is but a
short time ago that men were hung in this country for stealing.
The last human brother who suffered under this law, in Massa-
chusetts, was so wretchedly poor that when he hung on the gal-
lows his rags fluttered in the wind. What think you was the
comparative guilt, in the eye of God, between him and those who
hung him? Yet, it was according to law; and men cried out
then as they now do, that it was not safe to have the law al-
tered. Judge Mc'Kean, governor of Pennsylvania, was strongly
opposed to the abolition of death for stealing, and the disuse of
the pillory and whipping-post. He was a very humane man,
but had the common fear of changing old customs. "It will
not do to abolish these salutary restraints, it will break up the
foundations of society." Those relics of barbarism were banished
long ago; but the foundations of society are in nowise injured
thereby.

The testimony from all parts of the world is invariable and
conclusive, that crime diminishes in proportion to the mildness
of the laws. The real danger is in having laws on the statute-
book at variance with the universal instincts of the human heart, and thus tempting men to continual evasion. The evasion even of a bad law is attended with many mischievous results; its abolition is always safe.

In looking at capital punishment in its practical bearings an observing mind is at once struck with the extreme uncertainty attending it. The balance swings hither and thither and settles, as it were, by chance. The strong instincts of the heart teach juries extreme reluctance to convict for capital offences. They will avail themselves of every loophole in the evidence, to avoid the bloody responsibility imposed upon them. In this way, undoubted criminals escape all punishment, until society becomes alarmed for its own safety, and insists that the next victim shall be sacrificed. It was the misfortune of John C. Colt to be arrested at the time when the popular wave of indignation had been swelling higher and higher, in consequence of the impunity with which Robinson, White, and Jewell, had escaped. The wrath and jealousy which they had excited was visited upon him, and his chance for a merciful verdict was greatly diminished. The scale now turns the other way; and the next offender will probably receive very lenient treatment, though he should not have half so many extenuating circumstances in his favour.

Another thought which forces itself upon the mind in consideration of this subject is the danger of convicting the innocent. Murder is a crime which must of course be committed in secret, and therefore the proof must be mainly circumstantial. In Scotland it led to so many terrible mistakes, that they long ago refused to convict any man of a capital offence, upon circumstantial evidence.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day, the German came into the kitchen with a clasp knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual; but he sat with his back towards them, and being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it in her husband's heart. She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street, and scream Murder! The poor foreigner, in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang
forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore, in the most positive terms, that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation, or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter; but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore unhesitatingly that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., whose convictions of the man's innocence were so painfully strong, that from that day to this, he has refused to have any connexion with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and, on her death-bed, confessed her agency in the diabolical transaction; but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this tardy repentance; society had wantonly thrown away its power to atone for the grievous wrong.

Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the tragical fate of Burton, in Missouri, on which a novel was founded, which still circulates in the libraries. A young lady, belonging to a genteel and very proud family, in Missouri, was beloved by a young man named Burton; but unfortunately her affections were fixed on another less worthy. He left her with a tarnished reputation. She was by nature energetic and high-spirited, her family were proud, and she lived in the midst of a society which considered revenge a virtue, and named it honour. Misled by this false popular sentiment, and her own excited feelings, she resolved to repay her lover's treachery with death. But she kept her secret so well that no one suspected her purpose, though she purchased pistols, and practised with them daily. Mr. Burton gave evidence of his strong attachment by renewing his attentions when the world looked most coldly upon her. His generous kindness won her bleeding heart, but the softening influence of love did not lead her to forego the dreadful purpose she had formed. She watched for a favourable opportunity, and shot her betrayer, when no one was near to witness the horrible deed. Some little incident excited the suspicion of Burton, and he induced her to confess to him the whole transaction. It was
obvious enough that suspicion would naturally fasten upon him, the well known lover of her who had been so deeply injured. He was arrested, but succeeded in persuading her that he was in no danger. Circumstantial evidence was fearfully against him, and he soon saw that his chance was doubtful; but with affectionate magnanimity, he concealed this from her. He was convicted and condemned. A short time before the execution, he endeavoured to cut his throat; but his life was saved, for the cruel purpose of taking it away according to the cold-blooded barbarism of the law. Pale and wounded, he was hoisted to the gallows before the gaze of a Christian community.

The guilty cause of all this was almost frantic, when she found that he had thus sacrificed himself to save her. She immediately published the whole history of her wrongs, and her revenge. Her keen sense of wounded honour was in accordance with public sentiment, her wrongs excited indignation and compassion, and the knowledge that an innocent and magnanimous man had been so brutally treated, excited a general revulsion of popular feeling. No one wished for another victim, and she was left unpunished, save by the dreadful records of her memory.

Few know how numerous are the cases where it has subsequently been discovered that the innocent suffered instead of the guilty. Yet one such case is enough to lead to the abolition of capital punishment.

But many say, “The Old Testament requires blood for blood.” So it requires that a woman should be put to death for adultery; and men for doing work on the Sabbath; and children for cursing their parents; and “If an ox were to push with his horn, in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.” The commands given to the Jews, in the old dispensation, do not form the basis of any legal code in Christendom. If one command is binding on our conscience, all are binding; for they all rest on the same authority. They who feel bound to advocate capital punishment for murder, on account of the law given to Moses, ought for the same reason, to insist that children should be executed for striking or cursing their parents.

“It was said by them of old time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you resist not evil.” If our “eyes were lifted up,” we should see, not Moses and Elias, but Jesus only.
LETTER XXXII.

MERCY TO CRIMINALS—MRS FRY'S ANSWER MADE GOOD BY BEING BELOVED; STILL HIGHER TO LOVE OTHERS.

November 26, 1842.

Every year of my life I grow more and more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false. Society has done my spirit grievous wrong, for the last few weeks, with its legal bull-baitings, and its hired murderers. They have made me ashamed of belonging to the human species; and were it not that I struggled hard against it, and prayed earnestly for a spirit of forgiveness, they would have made me hate my race. Yet feeling thus, I did wrong to them. Most of them had merely caught the contagion of murder, and really were not aware of the nature of the fiend they harboured. Probably there was not a single heart in the community, that would not have been softened, could it have entered into confidential intercourse with the prisoner as Dr. Anthon did. All would then have learned that he was a human being; with a heart to be melted, and a conscience to be roused, like the rest of us; that under the turbid and surging tide of proud, exasperated feelings, ran a warm current of human affections, which, with more genial influences, might have flowed on deeper and stronger, mingling its waters with the river of life. All this each one would have known, could he have looked into the heart of the poor criminal as God looketh. But his whole life was judged by a desperate act, done in the insanity of passion; and the motives and the circumstances were revealed to the public only through the cold barbarisms of the law, therefore he seemed like a wild beast, walled out from human sympathies—not as a fellow-creature, with like passions and feelings as themselves.

Carlyle, in his French Revolution, speaking of one of the three bloodiest judges of the Reign of Terror, says: "Marat, too, had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle, like the rest of us." We are to apt to forget these gentle considerations when talking of public criminals.

If we looked into our souls with a more wise humility, we
should discover in our own ungoverned anger the germ of murder; and meekly thank God that we, too, had not been brought into temptations too fiery for our strength. It is sad to think how the records of a few evil days may blot out from the memory of our fellow-men whole years of generous thoughts and deeds of kindness; and this, too, when each one has before him the volume of his own broken resolutions, and oft-repeated sins. The temptation which most easily besets you, needed, perhaps, to be only a little stronger, you needed only to be surrounded by circumstances a little more dangerous and exciting, and perhaps you, who now walk abroad in the sunshine of respectability, might have come under the ban of human laws, as you have into frequent disobedience of the divine; and then that one foul blot would have been regarded as the hieroglyphic symbol of your whole life. Between you and the inmate of the penitentiary, society sees a difference so great, that you are scarcely recognised as belonging to the same species; but there is One who judgeth not as man judgeth.

When Mrs. Fry spoke at Newgate, she was wont to address both prisoners and visitors as sinners. When Dr. Channing alluded to this practice, she meekly replied, “In the sight of God, there is not, perhaps, so much difference as men think.” In the midst of recklessness, revenge and despair, there is often a glimmering evidence that the divine spark is not quite extinguished. Who can tell into what a holy flame of benevolence and self-sacrifice it might have been kindled, had the man been surrounded from his cradle by an atmosphere of love?

Surely these considerations should make us judge mercifully of the sinner, while we hate the sin with tenfold intensity, because it is an enemy that lies in wait for us all. The highest and holiest example teaches us to forgive all crimes, while we palliate none.

Would that we could learn to be kind—always and everywhere kind! Every jealous thought I cherish, every angry word I utter, every repulsive tone, is helping to build penitentiaries and prisons, and to fill them with those who merely carry the same passions and feelings farther than I do. It is an awful thought; and the more it is impressed upon me, the more earnestly do I pray to live in a state of perpetual benediction.

“Love hath a longing and a power to save the gathered world, And rescue universal man from the hunting hell-hounds of his doings.”
And so I return, as the old preachers used to say, to my first proposition; that we should think gently of all, and claim kindred with all, and include all, without exception, in the circle of our kindly sympathies. I would not thrust out even the hangman, though methinks if I were dying of thirst, I would rather wait to receive water from another hand than his. Yet what is the hangman but a servant of the law? And what is the law but an expression of public opinion? And if public opinion be brutal, and thou a component part thereof, art thou not the hangman's accomplice? In the name of our common Father, sing thy part of the great chorus in the truest time, and thus bring this discord into harmony!

And if at times, too strong for thee, go out into the great temple of Nature, and drink in freshness from her never-failing fountain. The devices of men pass away as a vapour; but she changes never. Above all fluctuations of opinion, and all the tumult of the passions, she smiles ever, in various but unchanging beauty. I have gone to her with tears in my eyes, with a heart full of the saddest forebodings, for myself and all the human race; and lo, she has shown me a babe plucking a white clover, with busy, uncertain little fingers, and the child walked straight into my heart, and prophesied as hopefully as an angel; and I believed her, and went on my way rejoicing. The language of nature, like that of music, is universal; it speaks to the heart, and is understood by all. Dialects belong to clans and sects; tones to the universe. High above all language, floats music on its amber cloud. It is not the exponent of opinion, but of feeling. The heart made it; therefore it is infinite. It reveals more than language can ever utter, or thoughts conceive. And high as music is above mere dialects—wielding its godlike way, while verbs and nouns go creeping—even so, sounds the voice of Love, that clear, treble-note of the universe, into the heart of man, and the ear of Jehovah.

In sincere humility do I acknowledge that if I am less guilty than some of my human brothers, it is mainly because I have been beloved. Kind emotions and impulses have not been sent back to me, like dreary echoes, through empty rooms. All around me, at this moment, are tokens of a friendly heart-warmth. A sheaf of dried grasses brings near the gentle image of one who gathered them for love; a varied group of the graceful lady-fern tells me of summer rambles in the woods,
by one who mingled thoughts of me with all her glimpses of nature's beauty. A rose-bush, from a poor Irish woman, speaks to me of her blessings. A bird of paradise, sent by friendship, to warm the wintry hours with thoughts of sunny Eastern climes, cheers me with its floating beauty, like a fairy fancy. Flower-tokens from the best of neighbours, have come all summer long, to bid me a blithe good morning, and tell me news of sunshine and fresh air. A piece of sponge, graceful as if it grew on the arms of the wave, reminds me of Grecian seas, and of Hylas borne away by water-nymphs. It was given me for its uncommon beauty; and who will not try harder to be good, for being deemed a fit recipient of the beautiful? A root, which promises to bloom into fragrance, is sent by an old Quaker lady, whom I know not, but who says, "I would fain minister to thy love of flowers." Affection sends childhood to peep lovingly at me from engravings, or stand in classic grace, embodied in the little plaster cast. The far-off and the near, the past and the future, are with me in my humble apartment. True, the mementoes cost little of the world's wealth; for they are of the simplest kind; but they express the universe—because they are thoughts of love, clothed in forms of beauty.

Why do I mention these things? From vanity? Nay, verily; for it often humbles me to tears, to think how much I am loved more than I deserve; while thousands, far nearer to God, pass on their thorny path, comparatively uncheered by love and blessing. But it came into my heart to tell you how much these things helped me to be good; how they were like roses dropped by unseen hands, guiding me through a wilderness path unto our Father's mansion. And the love that helps me to be good, I would have you bestow upon all, that all may become good. To love others is greater happiness than to be beloved by them; to do good is more blessed than to receive. The heart of Jesus was so full of love, that he called little children to his arms, and folded John upon his bosom; and this love made him capable of such divine self-renunciation, that he could offer up even his life for the good of the world. The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high. This source of happiness is within the reach of all; here, if not elsewhere, may the stranger and the friendless satisfy the infinite yearnings of the human heart, and find therein refreshment and joy.
Believe me, the great panacea for all the disorders in the universe, is Love. For thousands of years, the world has gone on perversely, trying to overcome evil with evil; with the worst results, as the condition of things plainly testifies. Nearly two thousand years ago, the prophet of the Highest proclaimed that evil could be overcome only with good. But "when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on earth?" If we have faith in this holy principle, where is it written on our laws or our customs?

Write it on thine own life: and men reading it shall say—"Lo, something greater than vengeance is here; a power mightier than coercion." And thus the individual faith shall become a social faith; and to the mountains of crime around us, it will say, "Be thou removed, and cast into the depths of the sea!" and they will be removed; and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

This hope is coming towards us, with a halo of sunshine round its head; in the light it casts before, let us do works of zeal with the spirit of love. Man may be redeemed from his thraldom! He will be redeemed. For the mouth of the Most High hath spoken it. It is inscribed in written prophecy, and he utters it to our hearts in perpetual revelation. To you, and me, and each of us, He says, "Go, bring my people out of Egypt, into the promised land."

To perform this mission, we must love both the evil and the good, and shower blessings on the just as well as unjust. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, I have had much friendly aid on my own spiritual pilgrimage; through many a cloud has pierced a sunbeam, and over many a pit-fall have I been guided by a garland. In gratitude for this, fain would I help others to be good, according to the small measure of my ability. My spiritual adventures are very like those of the "little boy that run away from Providence." When troubled or discouraged, my soul seats itself on some door-step—there is ever some one to welcome me in, and make "a nice little bed" for my weary heart. It may be a young friend, who gathers for me flowers in Summer, and grasses, ferns, and red berries in the Autumn; or it may be sweet Mary Howitt, whose mission it is "to turn the sunny side of things to human eyes;" or Charles Dickens, who looks with such deep and friendly glance into the human heart, whether it beats beneath embroidered vest, or tattered jacket; or the serene and gentle
Fénélon; or the devout Thomas à Kempis; or the meek-spirited John Woolman; or the eloquent hopefullness of Channing; or the cathedral tones of Keble, or the saintly beauty of Raphael, or the clear melody of Handel. All speak to me with friendly greeting, and have somewhat to give my thirsty soul. Fain would I do the same, for all who come to my door-step, hungry, and cold, spiritually or naturally. To the erring and the guilty, above all others, the door of my heart shall never open outward. I have too much need of mercy. Are we not all children of the same Father? and shall we not pity those who among pit-falls lose their way home?

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LETTER XXXIII.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—PUSEYISM—WORSHIP OF IRISH LABOURERS —ANECDOTE OF THE IRISH.

December 8, 1842.

I went, last Sunday, to the Catholic Cathedral, a fine-looking Gothic edifice, which impressed me with that feeling of reverence so easily inspired in my soul by a relic of the past. I have heard many say that their first visit to a Catholic church filled them with laughter, the services seemed so absurd a mockery. It was never thus with me. I know not whether it is Nature endowed me so largely with imagination and with devotional feelings, or whether it is because I slept for years with "Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ" under my pillow, and found it my greatest consolation, and best outward guide, next to the New Testament; but so it is, that holy old monk is twined all about my heart with loving reverence, and the forms which had so deep a spiritual significance to him, could never excite in me a mirthful feeling. Then the mere circumstance of antiquity is impressive to a character inclined to veneration. There stands the image of what was once a living church. A sort of Congress of Religions is she; with the tiara of the Persian priest, the staff of the Roman augur, and the embroidered mantle of the Jewish rabbi. This is all natural; for the Christian Idea was a resurrection from deceased Heathenism and Judaism, and rose encumbered with
the grave-clothes and jewels of the dead. The Greek and Roman, when they became Christian, still clung fondly to the reminiscences of their early faith. The undying flame on Apollo's shrine reappeared in ever-lighted candles on the Christian altar; and the same idea that demanded vestal virgins for the heathen temple, set nuns apart for the Christian sanctuary. Tiara and embroidered garments were sacred to the imagination of the converted Jew; and conservatism, which in man's dual nature ever keeps innovation in check, led him to adopt them in his new worship. Thus did the spirituality of Christ come to us loaded with old forms, not naturally or spontaneously flowing therefrom. The very cathedrals, with their clustering columns and intertwined arches, were architectural models of the groves and "high-places," sacred to the mind of the Pagans, who from infancy had therein worshipped their "strange gods." The days of the Christian week took the names of heathen deities, and statues of Venus were adored as Virgin Mothers. The bronze image of St. Peter, at Rome, whose toe has been kissed away by devotees, was once a statue of Jupiter. An English traveller took off his hat to it as Jupiter, and asked him, if he ever recovered his power, to reward the only individual that ever bowed to him in his adversity.

Let us not smile at this old commingling of religious faiths and forms. It is most natural; and must ever be, when a new idea evolves itself from the old. The Reformers, to evade this tendency, destroyed the churches, the paintings, and the statues, which habit had so long endeared to the hearts and imaginations of men; yet while they flung away, with ruthless hand, all the poetry of the old establishment, they were themselves so much the creatures of education, that they brought into the new order of things many cumbrous forms of theology, the mere results of tradition; and the unpretending fisherman, and tent-maker, still remained Saint Peter and Saint Paul.

Protestants make no images of Moses; but many divide the homage of Christ with him, and spiritually kiss his toe. Thus will the glory of a coming church walk in the shadow of our times, casting a radiance over that which it cannot quite dispel.

I think it is Mosheim who says, "After Christianity became incorporated with the government, it is difficult to determine whether Heathenism was most Christianised, or Christianity most heathenised."
Woe for the hour, when moral truth became wedded to politics, and religion was made to subserve purposes of state. That prostration of reason to authority still fetters the extremest Protestant of the nineteenth century, after the lapse of of more than a thousand years, and a succession of convulsive efforts to throw it off. That boasted "triumph of Christianity," came near being its destruction. The old fable of the Pleiad fallen from the sky, by her marriage with an earth-born prince, is full of significance, in many applications; and none more so, than the attempt to advance a spiritual principle by political machinery. Constantine legalised Christianity, and straightway the powers of this world made it their tool. To this day two-thirds of Christians look outward to ask whether a thing is law, and not inward to ask whether it is right. They have mere legal consciences; and do not perceive that human law is sacred only when it is the expression of a divine principle. To them, the slave trade is justifiable while the law sanctions it, and becomes piracy, when the law pronounces it so. The moral principle that changes laws, never emanates from them. It acts on them, but never with them. They through whom it acts, constitute the real church of the world, by whatsoever name they are called.

The Catholic church is a bad foundation for liberty, civil or religious. I deprecate its obvious and undeniable tendency to enslave the human mind; but I marvel not that the imaginations of men are chained and led captive by this vision of the past; for it is encircled all around with poetry, as with a halo; and within its fantastic pageantry there is much that makes it sacred to the affections.

At the present time, indications are numerous that the human mind is tired out in the gymnasium of controversy, and asks earnestly for repose, protection, mystery, and undoubting faith. This tendency betrays itself in the rainbow mysticism of Coleridge, the patriarchal tenderness of Wordsworth, the infinite aspiration of Beethoven. The reverential habit of mind varies its forms, according to temperament and character. In some minds, it shows itself in a superstitious fondness for all old forms of belief; the Church which is proved to their minds to resemble the apostolic, in its ritual, as well as its creed, is therefore the true Church. In other minds, veneration takes a form less obviously religious; it is shown by a strong affection for everything antique; they worship shadowy
legends, architectural ruins, and ancient customs. This habit of thought enabled Sir Walter to conjure up the guardian spirit of the house of Avenel, and re-people the regal halls of Kenilworth. His works were the final efflorescence of feudal grandeur; that system had passed away from political forms, and no longer had a home in human reason; but it lingered with a dim glory in the imagination, and blossomed thus amidst ruins.

Another class of minds rise to a higher plane of reverence; their passion for the past becomes mingled with earnest aspiration for the holy. Such spirits walk in a golden fog of mysticism, which leads them far, often only to bring them back in a circling path to the faith of childhood, and the established laws of the realm.

To such, Puseyism comes forward, like a fine old cathedral made visible by a gush of moonlight. It appeals to the ancient, the venerable and the mossgrown. It promises permanent repose in the midst of endless agitation. The young, the poetic, and the mystical are charmed with "the dim religious light" from its painted oriels; they enter its gothic aisles, resounding with the echoes of the past; and the solemn glory fills them with worship. Episcopacy rebukes, and dissenters argue; but that which ministers to the sentiment of reverence, will have power over many souls who hunt in vain for truth through the mazes of argument. To the ear that loves music, and sits listening intently for the voice that speaks while the dove descends from heaven, how discordant, how altogether unprofitable, is this hammering of sects!—this coopering and heading up of empty barrels, so industriously carried on in theological schools! When I am stunned by the loud and many-tongued jargon of sect, I no longer wonder that men are ready to fall down and worship Romish absurdities, dressed up in purple robes and golden crown; the marvel rather is, that they have not returned to the worship of the ancient graces, the sun, the moon, the stars, or even the element of fire.

But be not disturbed by Pope or Pusey. They are but a part of the check-and-balance system of the universe, and in due time will yield to something better. Modes of faith last just as long as they are needed in the order of Providence, and not a day longer. Let the theologian fume and fret as he may, truth cannot be forced above its level, any more than its great
prototype, water. Of what avail are sectarian efforts, and controvers
tial words? Live thou a holy life — let thy utterance be that of a free, meek spirit! Thus, and not by ecclesiastical machinery, wilt thou help to prepare the world for a wiser faith and a purer worship.

Meanwhile, let us hope and trust; and respect sincere devo
tion, wheresoever found. A wise mind never despises aught that flows from a feeling heart. Nothing would tempt me to disturb, even by the rustle of my garments, the Irish servant girl, kneeling in the crowded aisle. Blessed be any power, which, even for a moment, brings the human soul to the foot of the cross, conscious of its weakness and its ignorance, its errors and its sins. We may call it superstition if we will, but the zealous faith of the Catholic is everywhere conspicuous above that of the Protestant. A friend from Canada lately told me an incident which deeply impressed this fact upon his mind. When they cut new roads through the woods, the priests are in the habit of inspecting all the places where villages are to be laid out. They choose the finest site for a church, and build thereon a high, strong cross, with railings round it, about three feet distant from each other. The inner enclosure is usually more elevated than the outer; a mound being raised about the foot of the cross. Inserted in the main timber is a small image of the crucified Saviour, defended from the atmosphere by glass. In Catholic countries, this is called a Calvare. In the village called Petit Brulé (because when nearly all the dwellings of the first settlers had been consumed by fire) was one of these tall Calvares, rendered conspicuous by its whiteness among the dense foliage of the forest. My friend had been riding for a long time in silence and solitude, and twilight was fast deepening into evening, when his horse suddenly reared, and showed signs of fear. Thinking it most prudent to understand the nature of the danger that awaited him, he stopped the horse, and looked cautiously round. The tall white cross stood near, in distinct relief against the dark back-ground of the forest, and at the foot were two Irishmen kneeling to say their evening prayers. They were poor, labouring men, employed in making the road. There was no human habitation for miles. From their own rude shanties, they must have walked at least two or three miles, after their severe daily toil, thus to bow down and worship the Infinite, in a place they deemed holy!

Let those who can, ridicule the superstition that prompted
such an act. Hereafter, may angels teach what remained unrevealed to them on earth, that Christ is truly worshipped, "neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem."

I love the Irish. Blessings on their warm hearts, and their leaping fancies! Clarkson records that while opposition met him in almost every form, not a single Irish member of the British Parliament ever voted against the abolition of the slave trade; and how is the heart of that generous island now throbbing with sympathy for the oppressed!

Creatures of impulse and imagination, their very speech is poetry. "What are you going to kill?" said I to one of the most stupid of Irish serving-maids, who seemed in great haste to crush some object in the corner of the room. "A black boog, ma'am," she replied. "That is a cricket," said I. "It does no harm, but makes a friendly chirping on the hearth-stone."

"Och, and is it a cricket it is? And when the night is abroad, will it be spaking? Sure I'll not be after killing it at all."

The most faithful and warm-hearted of the Irish labourers (and the good among them are the best on earth) urged me last spring not to fail, by any means, to rise before the sun on Easter morning. "The Easter sun always dances when it rises," said he. Assuredly he saw no mockery in my countenance, but perhaps he saw incredulity; for, he added, with pleasing earnestness, "And why should it not dance, by reason of rejoicement?" In his believing ignorance, he had small cause to envy me the superiority of my reason; at least I felt so for the moment. Beautiful is the superstition that makes all nature hail the holy; that sees the cattle all kneel at the hour Christ was born, and the sun dance, "by reason of rejoicement," on the morning of his resurrection; that believes the dark cross, actually found on the back of every ass, was first placed there when Jesus rode into Jerusalem with palm-branches streewed before him.

Not in vain is Ireland pouring itself all over the earth. Divine Providence has a mission for her children to fulfil; though a mission unrecognised by political economists. There is ever a moral balance preserved in the universe, like the vibrations of the pendulum. The Irish, with their glowing hearts and reverent credulity, are needed in this cold age of intellect and scepticism.
Africa furnishes another class, in whom the heart ever takes guidance of the head; and all over the world the way is opening for them among the nations. Hayti and the British West Indies; Algiers, settled by the French; British colonies, spreading over the west and south of Africa; and emancipation urged throughout the civilised world.

Women, too, on whose intellect ever rests the warm light of the affections, are obviously coming into a wider and wider field of action.

All these things prophesy of physical force yielding to moral sentiment; and they all are agents to fulfil what they prophesy. God speed the hour.

LETTER XXXIV.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

January, 1843.

You ask what are my opinions about "Woman's Rights." I confess a strong distaste to the subject, as it has been generally treated. On no other theme, probably, has there been uttered so much of false, mawkish sentiment, shallow philosophy, and sputtering, farthing-candle wit. If the style of its advocates has often been offensive to taste, and unacceptable to reason, assuredly that of its opponents have been still more so. College boys have amused themselves with writing dreams, in which they saw women in hotels, with their feet hoisted, and chairs tilted back, or growling and bickering at each other in legislative halls, or fighting at the polls, with eyes blackened by fisticuffs. But it never seems to have occurred to these facetious writers, that the proceedings which appear so ludicrous and improper in women are also ridiculous and disgraceful in men. It were well that men should learn not to hoist their feet above their heads, and tilt their chairs backward, not to growl and snap in the halls of legislation, or give each other black eyes at the polls.

Maria Edgeworth says, "We are disgusted when we see a woman's mind overwhelmed with a torrent of learning; that the tide of literature has passed over it should be betrayed only by its fertility." This is beautiful and true; but is it not likewise applicable to man? The truly great never seek to display themselves. If they carry their heads high above the crowd,
it is only made manifest to others by accidental revelations of their extended vision. "Human duties and proprieties do not lie so very far apart," said Harriet Martineau; "if they did, there would be two gospels and two teachers, one for man and another for woman."

It would seem, indeed, as if men were willing to give women exclusive benefit of gospel-teaching. "Women should be gentle," say the advocates of subordination; but when Christ said, "Blessed are the meek," did he preach to women only? "Girls should be modest," is the language of common teaching, continually uttered in words and customs. Would it not be an improvement for men, also, to be scrupulously pure in manners, conversation and life? Books addressed to young married people abound with advice to the wife, to control her temper, and never to utter wearisome complaints, or vexatious words, when the husband comes home fretful or unreasonable from his out-of-door conflicts with the world. Would not the advice be as excellent and appropriate, if the husband were advised to conquer his fretfulness, and forbear his complaints, in consideration of his wife's ill-health, fatiguing cares, and the thousand disheartening influences of domestic routine? In short, whatsoever can be named as loveliest, best, and most graceful in woman, would likewise be good and graceful in man. You will perhaps remind me of courage? If you use the word in its highest signification, I answer that woman, above others, hath abundant need of it in her pilgrimage; and the true woman wears it with a quiet grace. If you mean mere animal courage, that is not mentioned in the sermon on the Mount, among those qualities which enable us to inherit the earth, or become the children of God. That the feminine ideal approaches much nearer to the gospel standard, than the prevalent idea of manhood is shown by the universal tendency to represent the Saviour and his most beloved disciple with mild, meek expression, and feminine beauty. None speak of the bravery, the might, or the intellect of Jesus; but the devil is always imagined as a being of acute intellect, political cunning, and the fiercest courage. These universal and instinctive tendencies of the human mind reveal much.

That the present position of women in society is the result of physical force is obvious enough; whosoever doubts it, let her reflect why she is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man. What constitutes the danger of aggression? Superior physical strength, uncontrolled by the moral
sentiments. If physical strength were in complete subjection to moral influence, there would be no need of outward protection. That animal instinct and brute force now govern the world, is painfully apparent in the condition of women everywhere; from the Morduan Tartars, whose ceremony of marriage consists in placing the bride on a mat, and consigning her to the bridegroom, with the words, "Here, wolf, take thy lamb,"—to the German remark, that "stiff ale, stinging tobacco, and a girl in her smart dress, are the best things." The same sentiment, softened by the refinements of civilisation, peeps out in Stephen's remark, that "woman never looks so interesting, as when leaning on the arm of a soldier:" and in Hazlitt's complaint that "it is not easy to keep up a conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them; it is not quite fair to ask them a reason for what they say."

This sort of politeness to women is what men call gallantry; an odious word to every sensible woman, because she sees that it is merely the flimsy veil which foppery throws over sensuality, to conceal its grossness. So far is it from indicating sincere esteem and affection for woman, that the profligacy of a nation may, in general, be fairly measured by its gallantry. This taking away rights, and condescending to grant privileges, is an old trick of the physical force principle; and with the immense majority, who only look on the surface of things, this mask effectually disguises an ugliness, which would otherwise be abhorred. The most inveterate slaveholders were those who took most pride in dressing their household servants handsomely, and who would be most ashamed to have the name of being unnecessarily cruel. And profligates, who form the lowest and most sensual estimate of women, are the very ones to treat them with an excess of outward deference.

There are few books which I can read through without feeling insulted as a woman; but this insult is almost universally conveyed through that which was intended for praise. Just imagine, for a moment, what impression it would make on men, if women authors should write about their "rosy lips," and "melting eyes," and "voluptuous forms," as they write about us! That women in general do not feel this kind of flattery to be an insult, I readily admit; for in the first place, they do not perceive the gross chattel-principle of which it is the utterance; moreover, they have, from long habit, become accustomed to consider themselves as household conveniences, or gilded toys.
Hence, they consider it feminine and pretty to adjure all such use of their faculties as would make them co-workers with man in the advancement of those great principles, on which the progress of society depends. "There is perhaps no animal," says Hannah More, "so much indebted to subordination, for its good behaviour, as woman." Alas, for the animal age, in which such utterance could be tolerated by public sentiment!

Martha More, sister of Hannah, describing a very impressive scene at the funeral of one of her Charity School teachers, says, "The spirit within me seemed struggling to speak, and I was in a sort of agony; but I recollected that I had heard, somewhere, a woman must not speak in the church. Oh, had she been buried in the church-yard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt himself should not have restrained me; for I seemed to have received a message from a higher Master within, seeking utterance."

This application of theological teaching carries its own commentary.

I have said enough to show that I consider prevalent opinions and customs highly unfavourable to the moral and intellectual development of women: and I need not say, that, in proportion to their true culture, women will be more useful and happy, and domestic life more perfected. True culture in them, as in men, consists in the full and free development of individual character, regulated by their own perceptions of what is true, and their own love of what is good.

This individual responsibility is rarely acknowledged, even by the most refined, as necessary to the spiritual progress of women. I once heard a very beautiful lecture from R. W. Emerson, on Being and Seeming. In the course of many remarks, as true as they were graceful, he urged women to be, rather than seem. He told them that all their laboured education of forms, strict observance of genteel etiquette, tasteful arrangement of the toilette, &c., all this seeming would not gain hearts like being truly what God made them; that earnest simplicity, the sincerity of nature, would kindle the eye, light up the countenance, and give an inexpressible charm to the plainest features.

The advice was excellent, but the motive, by which it was urged, brought a flush of indignation over my face. Men were exhorted to be, rather than to seem, that they might fulfil the sacred mission for which their souls were embodied; that they might, in God's freedom, grow up into the full stature of
spiritual manhood; but women were urged to simplicity and truthfulness, that they might become more pleasing.

Are we not all immortal beings? Is not each one responsible for himself and herself? There is no measuring the mischief done by the prevailing tendency to teach women to be virtuous as a duty to man, rather than to God—for the sake of pleasing the creature, rather than the Creator. "God is thy law, thou mine," said Eve to Adam. May Milton be forgiven for sending that thought "out into everlasting time" in such a jewelled setting. What weakness, vanity, frivolity, infirmity of moral purpose, sinful flexibility of principle—in a word, what soul-stifling, has been the result of thus putting man in the place of God!

But while I see plainly that society is on a false foundation, and that prevailing views concerning women indicate the want of wisdom and purity, which they serve to perpetuate—still, I must acknowledge that much of the talk about women's rights offends both my reason and my taste. I am not of those who maintain there is no sex in souls; nor do I like the results deducible from that doctrine. Kinmont, in his admirable book, called the Natural History of Man, speaking of the warlike courage of the ancient German women, and of their being respectfully consulted on important public affairs, says, "You ask me if I consider all this right, and deserving of approbation; or that women were here engaged in their appropriate tasks? I answer, yes; it is just as right that they should take this interest in the honour of their country, as the other sex. Of course, I do not think that women were made for war and battle; neither do I believe that men were. But since the fashion of the times had made it so, and settled it that war was a necessary element of greatness, and that no safety was to be procured without it, I argue that it shows a healthful state of feeling in other respects, that the feelings of both sexes were equally enlisted in the cause; that there was no division in the house, or the state; and that the serious pursuits and objects of the one were also the serious pursuits and objects of the other."

The nearer society approaches to divine order, the less separation will there be in the characters, duties, and pursuits of men and women. Women will not become less gentle and graceful, but men will become more so. Women will not neglect the care and education of their children, but men will
find themselves ennobled and refined by sharing those duties with them; and will receive, in return, co-operation and sympathy in the discharge of various other duties, now deemed inappropriate to women. The more women become rational companions, partners in business and in thought, as well as in affection and amusement, the more highly will men appreciate home—that blessed word, which opens to the human heart the most perfect glimpse of Heaven, and helps to carry it thither, as on an angel's wings.

"Domestic bliss,
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoyed; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky."

Alas for these days of palatial houses where families exchange comforts for costliness, fireside retirement for flirtation and flaunting, and the simple, healthful, cozy meal, for gravies and gout, dainties and dyspepsia! There is no characteristic of my countrymen which I regret so deeply, as their slight degree of adhesiveness to home. Closely intertwined with this instinct, is the religion of a nation. The home and the church bear a near relation to each other. The French have no such word as home in their language, and I believe they are the least reverential and religious of all the Christian nations. A Frenchman had been in the habit of visiting a lady constantly for several years, and being alarmed at a report that she was sought in marriage, he was asked why he did not marry her himself. "Marry her!" exclaimed he; "good heavens! where should I spend my evenings?" The idea of domestic happiness was altogether a foreign idea to his soul, like a word that conveyed no meaning. Religious sentiment in France leads the same roving life as the domestic affections; breakfasting at one restaurateur's, and supping at another's. When some wag in Boston reported that Louis-Philippe had sent over Dr. Channing to manufacture a religion for the French people, the witty significance of the joke was generally appreciated.

There is a deep spiritual reason why all that relates to the domestic affections should ever be found in close proximity with religious faith. The age of chivalry was likewise one of unquestioning veneration, which led to the crusade for the holy sepulchre.
The French Revolution, which tore down churches, and voted that there was no God, likewise annulled marriage; and the doctrine that there is no sex in souls has usually been urged by those of infidel tendencies. Carlyle says, "But what feeling it was in the ancient, devout, deep soul, which of marriage made a sacrament; this, of all things in the world, is what Diderot will think of for aeons without discovering; unless, perhaps, it were to increase the vestry fees."

The conviction that woman's present position in society is a false one, and therefore re-acts disastrously on the happiness and improvement of man, is pressing, by slow degrees, on the common consciousness, through all the obstacles of bigotry, sensuality, and selfishness. As man approaches to the truest life, he will perceive more and more that there is no separation or discord in their mutual duties. They will be one; but it will be as affection and thought are one; the treble and bass of the same harmonious tune.

LETTER XXXV.

LIGHTNING DAGUERROTYP E-ELECTRICITY—EFFECTS OF CLIMATE.

February, 1843.

A book has been lately published called the Westover Manuscripts, written more than a hundred years ago, by Colonel William Byrd, an old Virginian cavalier, residing at Westover, on the north bank of James River. He relates the following remarkable circumstance, which powerfully arrested my attention, and set in motion thoughts that flew beyond the stars, and so I lost sight of them, till they again come within my vision, in yonder world, where, as the German beautifully expresses it, "we shall find our dreams, and only lose our sleep." The writer says:

"Of all the effects of lightning I ever heard of, the most amazing happened in this country, in the year 1736. In the summer of that year, a surgeon of a ship, whose name was Davis, came ashore at York, to visit a patient. He was no sooner got into the house, but it began to rain, with many terrible claps of thunder. When it was almost dark, there
came a dreadful flash of lightning, which struck the surgeon dead, as he was walking about the room, but hurt no other person, though several were near him. At the same time, it made a large hole in the trunk of a pine tree, which grew about ten feet from the window. But what was most surprising in this disaster was, that on the breast of the unfortunate man that was killed, was the figure of a pine tree, as exactly delineated as any limner in the world could draw it; nay, the resemblance went so far as to represent the colour of the pine, as well as the figure. The lightning must probably have passed through the tree before it struck the man, and by that means have printed the icon of it on his breast. But whatever may have been the cause, the effect was certain, and can be attested by a cloud of witnesses, who had the curiosity to go and see this wonderful phenomenon."

This lightning daguerrotype aroused within me the old inquiry, "What is electricity? Of what spiritual essence is it the form and type?" Questions that again and again have led my soul in such eager chase through the universe, to find an answer, that it has come back weary, as if it had carried heavy weights, and traversed Saturn's rings in magnetic sleep. Thick clouds come between me and this mystery, into which I have searched for years; but I see burning lines of light along the edges, which significantly indicate the glory it veils.

I sometimes think electricity is the medium which puts man into relation with all things, enabling him to act on all. It is now well established as a scientific fact though long regarded as an idle superstition, that some men can ascertain the vicinity of water, under ground, by means of a divining rod. Thouenel, and other scientific men in France, account for it by supposing that "the water forms with the earth above it, and the fluids of the human body, a galvanic circle." The human body is said to be one of the best conductors yet discovered, and nervous or debilitated persons to be better conductors than those in sound health. If the body of the operator be a very good conductor, the rod in his hand will be forcibly drawn towards the earth, whenever he approaches a vein of water, that lies near the surface. If silk gloves or stockings are worn, the attraction is interrupted; and it varies in degree, according as any substances between the water and the hand of the operator are more or less good conductors of the galvanic fluid.
We know what a frightful imitation of life can be produced in a dead body by the galvanic battery.

The animal magnetiser often feels as if strength had gone out of him; and it is very common for persons in magnetic sleep to speak of bright emanations from the fingers which are making passes over them.

What is this invisible, all-pervading essence, which thus has power to put man into communication with all? That man contains the universe within himself, philosophers conjectured ages ago; and therefore named him "the microcosm." If man led a true life, he would, doubtless, come into harmonious relation with all forms of being, and thus his instincts would be universal, and far more certain and perfect, than those of animals. The bird knows what plant will cure the bite of a serpent; and if man led a life as true to the laws of his being, as the bird does to hers, he would have no occasion to study medicine, for he would at once perceive the medicinal quality of every herb and mineral. His inventions are, in fact, only discoveries; for all existed, before he applied it, and called it his own. The upholsterer-bee had a perfect cutting instrument, ages before scissors were invented; the mason-bee cemented pebbles together, for his dwelling, centuries before houses were built with stone and mortar; the wasp of Cayenne made her nest of beautiful white card paper, cycles before paper was invented; the lightning knew how to print images, aeons before Monsieur Daguerré found out half the process—viz.: the form without the colour; the bee knew how to take up the least possible room in the construction of her cells, long before mathematicians discovered that she had worked out the problem perfectly; and I doubt not fishes had the very best of submarine reflectors, before Mrs. Mather invented her ocean telescope, which shows a pin distinctly on the muddy bottom of the bay.

I cannot recall the name of the ancient philosopher, who spent his days in watching insects and other animals, that he might gather hints to fashion tools; but the idea has long been familiar to my mind, that every conceivable thing which has been, or will be invented, already exists in nature, in some form or other. Man alone can reproduce all things of creation; because he contains the whole in himself, and all forms of being flow into his, as a common centre.

Of what spiritual thing is electricity the type? Is there a
universal medium by which all things of spirit act on the soul, as matter on the body by means of electricity? And is that medium the will, whether of angels or of men? Wonderful stories are told of early friends, how they were guided by a sudden and powerful impulse, to avoid some particular bridge, or leave some particular house, and subsequent events showed that danger was there. Many people consider this fanaticism; but I have faith in it. I believe the most remarkable of these accounts give but a faint idea of the perfection to which man's moral and physical instincts might attain, if his life were obedient and true.

Though in vigorous health, I am habitually affected by the weather. I never indulge in gloomy thoughts; but resolutely turn away my gaze from the lone stubble waving in the autumn wind, and think only of the ripe, golden seed which the sower will go forth to sow. But when to the dreariness of departing summer is added a week of successive rains; when day after day the earth under foot is slippery mud, and the sky over head is like grey marble, then my nature yields itself prisoner to utter melancholy. I am ashamed to confess it, and hundreds of times have struggled desperately against it, unwilling to be conquered by the elements, looking at me with an "evil eye." But so it is—a protracted rain always convences me that I never did any good, and never can do any; that I love nobody, and nobody loves me. I have heard that Dr. Franklin acknowledges a similar effect on himself, and philosophically conjectures the physical cause. He says animal spirits depend greatly on the presence of electricity in our bodies; and during long-continued rain, the dampness of the atmosphere absorbs a large portion of it; for this reason, he advises that a silk waistcoat be worn next the skin, silk being a non-conductor of electricity. Perhaps this precaution might diminish the number of suicides in the foggy month of November, "when Englishmen are so prone to hang and drown themselves."

Animal magnetism is connected, in some unexplained way, with electricity. All those who have tried it, are aware that there is a metallic feeling occasioned by the magnetic passes—a sort of attraction, as one might imagine the magnet and the steel to feel when brought near each other. The magnetiser passes his hands over the subject, without touching, and at the end of each operation shakes them, precisely as if he were conducting off electric fluid. If this is the actual effect, the
drowsiness, stupor, and final insensibility, may be occasioned by a cause similar to that which produces heaviness and depression of spirits in rainy weather. Why it should be so, in either case, none can tell. The most learned have no knowledge what electricity is; they can only tell what it does, not how it does it. That the state of the atmosphere has prodigious effect on human temperament, is sufficiently indicated by the character of nations. The Frenchman owes his sanguine hopes, his supple limbs, his untiring vivacity, to a genial climate; to this, also, in a great measure, the Italian owes his pliant gracefulness and impulsive warmth. The Dutchman, on his level marshes, could never dance La Sylphide; nor the Scotch girl, on her foggy hills, become an improvisatrice. The French dance into everything, on everything, and over everything; for they live where the breezes dance among vines, and the sun showers down gold to the piper; and dance they must, for glad-some sympathy. We call them of "mercurial" temperament;—according to Dr. Franklin's theory, they are surcharged with electricity.

In language, too, how plainly one perceives the influence of climate! Languages of northern origin abound in consonants, and sound like clanging metals, or the tipping up of a cart-load of stones. The southern languages flow like a rill that moves to music; the liquid vowels so sweetly melt into each other. This difference is observable even in the dialect of our northern and southern tribes of Indians. At the north, we find such words as Carratunk, Scowhegan, Norridgewock, and Memphremagog; at the south, Pascagoula, Santee, and that most musical of all names, Oceola.

Climate has had its effect, too, on the religious ideas of nations. How strongly does the bloody Woden and the thundering Thor, of northern mythology, contrast with the beautiful graces and gliding nymphs of Grecian origin. As a general rule (sometimes affected by local causes), southern nations cling to the pictured glory of the Catholic Church, while the northern assimilate better with the severe plainness of the Protestant.

If I had been reared from infancy under the cloudless sky of Athens, perhaps I might have bounded over the earth as if my "element were air, and music but the echo of my steps;" the caution that looks where it treads, might have been changed for the ardent gush of a Sappho's song; the sunbeam might
have passed into my soul, and written itself on the now thoughtful countenance in perpetual smiles.

Do you complain of this, as you do of phrenology, and say that its favors fatalism too much? I answer, no matter what it favors if it be truth. No two truths ever devoured each other, or ever can. Look among the families of your acquaintance—you will see two brothers vigorous, intelligent, and enterprising; the third was like them, till he fell on his head, had fits, and was ever after puny and stupid. There are two sunny-tempered, graceful girls—their sister might have been as cheerful as they, but their father died suddenly, before her birth, and the mother's sorrow chilled the fountains of her infant life, and she is nervous, deformed, and fretful. Is there no fatality, as you call it, in this? Assuredly, we are all, in some degree, the creatures of outward circumstance; but this in nowise disturbs the scale of moral responsibility, or prevents equality of happiness. Our responsibility consists in the use we make of our possessions, not on their extent. Salvation comes to all through obedience to the light they have, be it much or little. Happiness consists not in having much, but in wanting no more than we have. The idiot is as happy in playing at Jack Straws, or blowing bubbles all the livelong day, as Newton was in watching the great choral dance of the planets. The same universe lies above and around both. "The mouse can drink no more than his fill at the mightiest river;" yet he enjoys his draught as well as the elephant. Thus are we all unequal, yet equal. That we are, in part, creatures of necessity, who that has tried to exert free will can doubt? But it is a necessity which has power only over the outward, and can never change evil into good, or good into evil. It may compel us to postpone or forbear the good we would fain do, but it cannot compel us to commit the evil.

If a consideration of all these outward influences teach us charity for the deficiencies of others, and a strict watch over our own weaknesses, they will perform their appropriate office.

"There is so much of good among the worst, so much of evil in the best.

Such seeming partialities in Providence, so many things to lessen and expand,

Yea, and with all man's boast, so little real freedom of his will,
That to look a little lower than the surface, garb or dialect, or fashion,
Thou shalt feebly pronounce for a saint, and faintly condemn for a sinner."
LETTER XXXVI.

THE INDIANS.

March, 1843.

I went, a few evenings ago, to the American Museum, to see fifteen Indians fresh from the western forest. Sacs, Fox, and Iowas, really important people in their respective tribes. Nan-Nouce-Fush-E-To, which means the Buffalo King, is a famous Sac chief, sixty years old, covered with scars, and grim as a Hindoo god, or pictures of the devil on a Portuguese contribution box, to help sinners through purgatory. It is said that he has killed with his own hand one hundred Osages, three Mohawks, two Kas, two Sioux, and one Pawnee; and if we may judge by his organ of destructiveness, the story is true; a more enormous bump I never saw in that region of the skull. He speaks nine Indian dialects, has visited almost every existing tribe of his race, and is altogether a very remarkable personage. Mon-To-Gah, the White Bear, wears a medal from President Munro for certain services rendered to the whites. Wa-Con-To-Kitch-Er is an Iowa chief, of grave and thoughtful countenance, held in much veneration as the prophet of his tribe. He sees visions, which he communicates to them for their spiritual instruction. Among the squaws is No-Nos-See, the She-Wolf, a niece of the famous Black Hawk, and very proud of the relationship; and Do-Hum-Me, the Productive Pumkin, a very handsome woman, with a great deal of heart and happiness in her countenance.

"Smiles settled on her sun-flecked cheeks,
Like noon upon the mellow apricot."

She was married about a fortnight ago, at Philadelphia, to Cow-Hick-He, son of the principal chief of the Iowas, and as noble a specimen of manhood as I ever looked upon. Indeed, I have never seen a group of human beings so athletic, well-proporioned, and majestic. They are a keen satire on our civilised customs, which produce such feeble forms and pallid faces. The unlimited pathway, the broad horizon, the free grandeur of the forest, has passed into their souls, and so stands revealed in their material forms.

We who have robbed the Indians of their lands, and worse
still, of themselves, are very fond of proving their inferiority. We are told that the facial angle in the

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This simply proves that the Caucasian race, through a succession of ages, has been exposed to influences eminently calculated to develop the moral and intellectual faculties. That they started first in the race, might have been owing to a finer and more susceptible nervous organisation, originating in climate, perhaps, but serving to bring the physical organisation into more harmonious relation with the laws of spiritual reception. But by whatever agency it might have been produced, the nation, or race that perceived even one spiritual idea in advance of others, would necessarily go on improving in geometric ratio, through the lapse of ages. For our past, we have the oriental fervour, gorgeous imagery, and deep reverence of the Jews, flowing from that high fountain, the perception of the oneness and invisibility of God. From the Greeks we receive the very Spirit of Beauty, flowing into all forms of philosophy and art, encircled by a golden halo of Platonism, which

"Far over many a land and age hath shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne."

These have been transmitted to us in their own forms, and again reproduced through the classic strength and high cultivation of Rome, and the romantic minstrelsy and rich architecture of the middle ages. Thus we stand, a congress of ages, each with a glory on its brow, peculiar to itself, yet in part reflected from the glory that went before.

But what have the African savage and the wandering Indian for their past? To fight for food, and grovel in the senses, has been the employment of their ancestors. The past reproduced in them, belongs mostly to the animal part of our mixed nature. They have indeed come in contact with the race on which had dawned higher ideas; but how have they come in contact? As victims, not as pupils. Rum, gunpowder, the horrors of slavery, the unblushing knavery of trade, these have been their teachers! And because these have failed to produce a high degree of
moral and intellectual cultivation, we coolly declare that the negroes are made for slaves, that the Indians cannot be civilised; and that when either of the races come in contact with us, they must either consent to be our beasts of burden, or be driven to the wall and perish.

That the races of mankind are different, spiritually as well as physically, there is, of course, no doubt; but it is as the difference between trees of the same forest, not as between trees and minerals. The facial angle and shape of the head is various in races and nations; but these are the effects of spiritual influences, long operating on character, and in their turn becoming causes; thus intertwining, as past and future ever do.

But it is urged that Indians who have been put to schools and colleges still remained attached to a roving life; away from all these advantages,

"His blanket tied with yellow strings, the Indian of the forest went."

And what if he did? Do not white young men, who have been captured by savages in infancy, show an equally strong disinclination to take upon themselves the restraints of civilised life? Does anybody urge that this well-known fact proves the white race incapable of civilisation?

You ask, perhaps, what becomes of my theory that races and individuals are the product of ages, if the influences of half a life produce the same effects on the Caucasian and the Indian? I answer, that white children brought up among Indians, though they strongly imbibe the habits of the race, are generally prone to be the geniuses and prophets of their tribe. The organisation of nerve and brain has been changed by a more harmonious relation between the animal and the spiritual; and this comparative harmony has been produced by the influences of Judea, Greece, and Rome, and the age of chivalry; though of all these things the young man never heard.

Similar influences brought to bear on the Indians or the Africans, as a race, will gradually change the structure of their skulls, and enlarge their perceptions of moral and intellectual truth. The same influences cannot be brought to bear upon them; for their past is not our past, and of course never can be. But let ours mingle with theirs, and you will find the result varied, without inferiority. They will be flutes on different notes, and so harmonise the better.

And how is this elevation of all races to be effected? By
that which worketh all miracles, in the name of Jesus—the law of love. We must not teach as superiors; we must love as brothers. Here is the great deficiency in all our efforts for the ignorant and the criminal. We stand apart from them, and expect them to feel grateful for our condescension in noticing them at all. We do not embrace them warmly with our sympathies, and put our souls into their souls' stead.

But even under this great disadvantage; accustomed to our smooth, deceitful talk, when we want their lands, and to the cool villany with which we break treaties when our purposes are gained; receiving gunpowder and rum from the very hands which retain from them all the better influences of civilised life; cheated by knavish agents, cajoled by government, and hunted with bloodhounds—still, under all these disadvantages, the Indians have shown that they can be civilised. Of this, the Choctaws and Cherokees are admirable proofs. Both these tribes have a regularly-organised, systematic government, in the democratic form, and a printed constitution. The right of trial by jury, and other principles of a free government, are established on a permanent basis. They have good farms, cotton-gins, saw-mills, schools, and churches. Their dwellings are generally comfortable, and some of them are handsome. The last annual message of the chief of the Cherokees is a highly-interesting document, which would not compare disadvantageously with any of our governors' messages. It states that more than £625,000 are due to them from the United States; and recommends that this sum be obtained, and in part distributed among the people; but that the interest of the school fund be devoted to the maintenance of schools, and the diffusion of knowledge. There was a time when our ancestors, the ancient Britons, went nearly without clothing, painted their bodies in fantastic fashion, offered up human victims to uncouth idols, and lived in hollow trees, or rude habitations, which we should now consider unfit for cattle. Making all due allowance for the different state of the world, it is much to be questioned whether they made more rapid advancement than the Cherokees and Choctaws.

It always fills me with sadness to see Indians surrounded by the false environment of civilised life; but I never felt so deep a sadness as I did in looking upon these western warriors; for they were evidently the noblest of their dwindling race,
unused to restraint, accustomed to sleep beneath the stars. And here they were, set up for a two-shilling show, with monkeys, flamingoes, dancers, and buffoons! If they understood our modes of society well enough to be aware of their degraded position, they would doubtless quit it with burning indignation at the insult. But as it is, they allow women to examine their beads, and children to play with their wampum, with the most philosophic indifference. In their imperturbable countenances, I thought I could once or twice detect a slight expression of scorn at the eager curiosity of the crowd. The Albiness, a short woman, with pink eyes, and hair like white floss, was the only object that visibly amused them. The young chiefs nodded to her often, and exchanged smiling remarks with each other, as they looked at her. Upon all the buffooneries and legerdemain tricks of the Museum, they gazed as unmoved as John Knox himself could have done. I would have given a good deal to know their thoughts, as mimic cities and fairy grottoes and mechanical dancing figures rose and sunk before them. The mechanical figures were such perfect imitations of life, and went through so many wonderful evolutions, that they might well surprise even those accustomed to the marvels of mechanism. But Indians, who pay religious honours to venerable rocks and moss-grown trees, who believe that brutes have souls as well as men, and that all nature is filled with spirits, might well doubt whether there was not here some supernatural agency, either good or evil. I would suffer almost anything if my soul could be transmigrated into the She Wolf, or the Productive Pumpkin, and their souls pass consciously into my frame for a few days, that I might experience the fashion of their thoughts and feelings. Was there ever such a foolish wish! The soul is Me, and is Thee. I might as well put on their blankets as their bodies, for purposes of spiritual insight. In that other world shall we be enabled to know exactly how heaven and earth and hell appear to other persons, nations, and tribes? I would it might be so; for I have an intense desire for such revelations. I do not care to travel to Rome, or St. Petersburg, because I can only look at people; and I want to look into them, and through them; to know how things appear to their spiritual eyes, and sound to their spiritual ears. This is a universal want; hence the intense interest taken in autobiography by all classes of readers. Oh, if any one had but the courage to write the whole truth of himself,
undisguised, as it appears before the eye of God and angels, the world would read it, and it would soon be translated into all the dialects of the universe.

But these children of the forest do not even give us glimpses of their inner life; for they consider that the body was given to conceal the emotions of the soul. The stars look down into their hearts, as into mine; the broad ocean, glittering in the moonbeams, speaks to them of the infinite; and, doubtless, the wild flowers and the sea-shells "talk to them in thought." But what thoughts, what revelations of the infinite? This would I give the world to know; but the world cannot buy an answer.

How foreign is my soul to that of the beautiful Do-Hum-Me! How helpless should I be in situations where she would be a heroine; and how little could she comprehend my eager thought, which seeks the creative three-in-one throughout the universe, and finds it in every blossom and every mineral. Between Wa-Con-To-Kitch-Er and the German Herder, what a distance! Yet are they both prophets; and though one looks through nature with the pitch-pine torch of the wilderness, and the other is lighted by a whole constellation of suns, yet have both learned, in their degree, that matter is only the time-garment of the spirit. The stammering utterance with which the Iowa seer reveals this, it were worth a kingdom to hear, if we could but borrow the souls of his tribe while they listen to his visions.

It is a genial trait with the Indian tribes to recognise the Great Spirit in every little child. They rarely refuse a child anything. When their revenge is most implacable, a little one is often sent to them, adorned with flowers and shells, and taught to lisp a prayer that the culprit may be forgiven; and such mediation is rarely without effect, even on the sternest warrior. This trait alone is sufficient to establish their relationship with Herder, Richter, and other spirits of angel-stature. Nay, if we could look back a few centuries, we should find the ancestors of Shakspere, and the fastidiously-refined Goethe, with painted cheeks, wolves' teeth for jewels, and boars' hides for garments. Perhaps the universe could not have passed before the vision of those star-like spirits, except through the forest life of such wild ancestry.

Some theorists say that the human brain, in its formation, "changes with a steady rise, through a likeness to one animal and then another, till it is perfected in that of man, the highest animal." It seems to be so with the nations in their progressive
rise out of barbarism. I was never before so much struck with
the animalism of Indian character, as I was in the frightful
war-dance of these chiefs. Their gestures were as furious as
wild-cats, they howled like wolves, screamed like prairie dogs,
and tramped like buffaloes. Their faces were painted fiery red,
or, with cross-bars of green and red, and they were decorated
with all sorts of uncoth trappings of hair, bones, and teeth.
That which regulated their movements, in lieu of music, was a
discordant clash; and altogether they looked and acted more like
demons from the pit, than anything human. It was the natural
and appropriate language of war. The wolfish howl, and the
wild-cat leap, represent it more truly than graceful evolutions,
and the Marseilaise hymn. That music rises above mere brute
vengeance; it breathes, in fervid ecstasy, the soul's aspiration
after freedom—the struggle of will with fate. It is the future
setting sail from old landings, and merrily piping all hands on
board. Is it too noble a voice to belong to physical warfare;
the shrill howl of old Nan-Nouce-Fush-E-To, is good enough
for such brutish work; it clove the brain like a tomahawk, and
was hot with hatred.

In truth, that war-dance was terrific both to eye and ear. I
looked at the door, to see if escape were easy, in case they
really worked themselves up to the scalping point. For the
first time, I fully conceived the sacrifices and perils of Puritan
settlers. Heaven have mercy on the mother who heard those
dreadful yells when they really foreboded murder! or who
suddenly met such a group of grotesque demons in the loneliness
of the forest!

But instantly I felt that I was wronging them in my thought.
Through paint and feathers, I saw gleams of right honest and
friendly expression; and I said, we are children of the same
Father, seeking the same home. If the Puritans suffered from
their savage hatred, it was because they met them with savage
weapons, and a savage spirit. Then I thought of William
Penn's treaty with the Indians; "the only one ever formed
without an oath, and the only one that was never broken." I
thought of the deputation of Indians, who, some years ago,
visited Philadelphia, and knelt with one spontaneous impulse
round the monument of Penn.

Again I looked at the yelling savages in their grim array,
stamping through the war-dance, with a furious energy that
made the floor shake, as by an earthquake; and I said, These,
too, would bow, like little children, before the persuasive power of Christian love! Alas, if we had but faith in this divine principle, what mountains of evil might be removed into the depths of the sea.

P. S. Alas, poor Do-Hum-Me is dead; so is No-See, Black Hawk's niece; and several of the chiefs are indisposed. Sleeping by hot anthracite fires, and then exposed to the keen encounters of the wintry wind; one hour, half stifled in the close atmosphere of theatres and crowded saloons, and the next, driving through snowy streets and the midnight air; this is a process which kills civilised people by inches, but savages at a few strokes.

Do-Hum-Me was but nineteen years old, in vigorous health, when I saw her a few days since, and obviously so happy in her newly wedded love, that it ran over at her expressive eyes, and mantled her handsome face like a veil of sunshine. Now she rests among the trees, in Greenwood Cemetery! not the trees that whispered to her childhood. Her coffin was decorated according to Indian custom, and deposited with the ceremonies peculiar to her people. Alas, for the handsome one, how lonely she sleeps here! Far, far away from him, to whom her eye turned constantly, as the sunflower to the light!

Sick, and sad at heart, this noble band of warriors, with melancholy steps, left the pestilential city last week, for their own broad prairies in the West. Do-Hum-Me was the pride and idol of them all. The old Iowa chief, the head of the deputation, was her father; and notwithstanding the stoicism of Indian character, it is said that both he and the bereaved young husband were overwhelmed with an agony of grief. They obviously loved each other most strongly. May the Great Spirit grant them a happy meeting in their "fair hunting grounds" beyond the sky.

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**LETTER XXXVII.**

**GREEN OLD AGE—SWEDENBORG AND FOURIER.**

March, 1843.

When I began to write these letters, it was simply as a safety-valve for an expanding spirit, pent up like steam in a boiler. I told you they would be of every fashion, according to my chang-
ing mood; now a mere panorama of passing scenes, then childlike prattle about birds or mosses; now a serious exposition of facts, for the reformer’s use, and then the poet’s path, on winged Pegasus, far up into the blue.

To-day I know not what I shall write; but I think I shall be off to the sky; for my spirit is in that mood when smiling faces peep through chinks in the clouds, and angel’s fingers beckon and point upward. As I grow older, these glimpses into the spiritual become more and more clear, and all the visible stamps itself on my soul, a daguerreotype image of the invisible, written with sunbeams.

I sometimes ask myself, Will it continue to be so? For coming age casts its shadows before; and the rarest of attainments is to grow old happily and gracefully. When I look around among the old people of my acquaintance, I am frightened to see how large a proportion are a burden to themselves, and an annoyance to others. The joyfulness of youth excites in them no kindlier feeling than gloom, and lucky is it, if it does not encounter angry rebuke or supercilious contempt. The happiness of lovers has a still worse effect; it frets them until they become like the man with a tooth-ache, whose irritation impelled him to kick poor puss, because she was sleeping so comfortably on the hearthrug.

If this state were an inevitable attendant upon advanced years, then indeed would long life be an unmitigated curse. But there is no such necessity imposed upon us. We make old age cheerless and morose, in the same way that we pervert all things; and that is, by selfishness. We allow ourselves to think more of our own convenience and comfort, in little matters, than we do of the happiness and improvement of others; and thus we lose the habit of sympathising with love and joy. I pray God to enable me to guard against this. May I be ever willing to promote the innocent pleasure of others, in their own way, even if it be not my way. Selfishness can blight even the abundant blossoms of youth; and if carried into age, it leaves the soul like a horse enclosed within an arid and stony field, with plenty of verdant pastures all around him.

Childhood itself is scarcely more lovely than a cheerful, kind, sunshiny old age.

“How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!”
And when'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!"

Here is the great secret of a bright and green old age. When Tithonus asked for an eternal life in the body, and found, to his sorrow, that immortal youth was not included in the bargain, it surely was because he forgot to ask the perpetual gift of loving and sympathising.

Next to this, is an intense affection for nature, and for all simple things. A human heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the re-production of flowers, and the changing tints of autumn ferns. Nature, unlike other friends, has an exhaustless meaning, which one sees and hears more distinctly, the more they are enamoured of her. Blessed are they who hear it; for through tones comes the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul, which reverently listens, Nature whispers, speaks, or warbles, most heavenly arcana.

And even they who seek her only through science, receive a portion of her own tranquillity, and perpetual youth. The happiest old man I ever saw, was one who knew how the mason-bee builds his cell, and how every bird lines her nest; who found pleasure in a sea-shore pebble, as boys do in new marbles; and who placed every glittering mineral in a focus of light, under a kaleidescope of his own construction. The effect was like the imagined riches of fairy land; and when an admiring group of happy young people gathered round it, the heart of the good old man leapt like the heart of a child. The laws of nature, as manifested in her infinitely various operations, were to him a perennial fountain of delight; and, like her, he offered the joy to all. Here was no admixture of the bad excitement attendant upon ambition or controversy; but all was serenely happy, as are an angel's thoughts, or an infant's dreams.

Age, in its outward senses, returns again to childhood; and thus should it do spiritually. The little child enters a rich man's house, and loves to play with the things that are new and pretty; but he thinks not of their market value, nor does he pride himself that another child cannot play with the same. The farmer's home will probably delight him more; for he will love living squirrels better than marble greyhounds, and the
merry bob-o'lincoln better than stuffed birds from Araby the blest; for they cannot sing into his heart. What he wants is life and love—the power of giving and receiving joy. To this estimate of things, wisdom returns, after the intuitions of childhood are lost. Virtue is but innocence on a higher plane, to be attained only through severe conflict. Thus life completes its circle; but it is a circle that rises while it revolves; for the path of spirit is ever spiral, containing all of truth and love in each revolution, yet ever tending upward. The virtue which brings us back to innocence on a higher plane of wisdom, may be the childhood of another state of existence; and through successive conflicts, we may again complete the ascending circle, and find it holiness.

The ages, too, are rising spirally; each containing all, yet ever ascending. Hence, all our new things are old, and yet they are new. Some truth known to the ancients meets us on a higher plane, and we do not recognise it, because it is like a child of earth, which has passed upward and become an angel. Nothing of true beauty ever passes away. The youth of the world, which Greece embodied in immortal marble, will return in the circling ages, as innocence comes back in virtue; but it shall return filled with a higher life; and that, too, shall point upward. Thus shall the arts be glorified. Beethoven's music prophesies all this, and struggles after it continually; therefore, whosoever hears it (with the inward, as well as the outward ear), feels his soul spread its strong pinions, eager to pass "the flaming bounds of time and space," and circle all the infinite.

It is a beautiful conception of Fourier's, that the Aurora Borealis is the Earth's aspiration after its glorious future; and that when the moral and intellectual world are brought into order by the right construction of society, these restless, flashing northern lights will settle into an intensely radiant circle round the poles, melt all the ice, and bring into existence new flowers of unknown beauty.

Astronomers almost contemporary with Fourier, and probably unacquainted with his theory of reconstructing society, have suggested the idea of progressive changes in the earth's motions, till her poles shall be brought into exact harmony with the poles of the heavens, and thus perpetual spring pervade the whole earth.

It is a singular fact, too, that the groups and series of
Fourier's plan of society are in accordance with Swedenborg's description of the order in heaven. It is said that Fourier never read Swedenborg; yet has he embodied his spiritual order in political economy, as perfectly as if he had been sent to answer the prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth, as it is in heaven."

Visions! idle visions! exclaims the man of mere facts. Very well, friend; walk by the light of thy lantern, if it be sufficient for thee. I ask thee not to believe in these visions; for peradventure thou canst not. But said I not truly that their faces smile through chinks in the clouds, and that their fingers beckon and point upward?

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE SNOW-STORM—THE COLD-FOOTED, WARM-HEARTED LITTLE ONES.

March 17, 1843.

Here it is the 17th of March, and I was rejoicing that winter had but a fortnight longer to live, and imagination already began to stir its foot among last year's fallen leaves, in search of the hidden fragrant treasures of the trailing arbutus—when lo, there comes a snow-storm, the wildest and most beautiful of the season! The snow-spirit has been abroad, carreering on the wings of the wind, in the finest style imaginable; throwing diamonds and ermine mantles around him with princely prodigality.

I had wealth of fairy splendour on my windows this morning. Alpine heights, cathedral spires, and glittering grottoes. It reminded me of the days of my youth, when on the shores of the Kennebec I used to watch to see "the river go down," as the rafters expressed it. A magnificent spectacle it was, in those seasons when huge masses of ice were loosened by sudden warmth, and came tumbling over the falls, to lie broken into a thousand fantastic shapes of beauty. Trees, mountains, turrets, spires, broken columns, went sailing along, glancing and glittering in the moonlight, like petrified Fata-Morgana of Italian skies, with the rainbows frozen out. And here I had it painted in crystal, by the wild artist whom I heard at his
work in the night-time, between my dreams, as he went by with the whistling storm.

"Nature, dear Goddess," is so beautiful! always so beautiful! Every little flake of the snow is such a perfect crystal; and they fall together so gracefully, as if fairies of the air caught water-drops, and made them into artificial flowers to garland the wings of the wind! Oh, it is the saddest of all things, that even one human soul should dimly perceive the beauty that is ever around us, "a perpetual benediction." Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colours, on manuscripts illuminated with stars and flowers. But we are not in harmony with the whole, and so we understand her not.

Here and there, a spirit less at discord with Nature, hears semitones in the ocean and the wind, and when the stars look into his heart, he is stirred with dim recollections of a universal language, which would reveal all, if he only remembered the alphabet. "When one stands alone at night, amidst unfettered Nature," says Bettine, "it seems as though she were a spirit praying to man for release! And should man set Nature free? I must at some time reflect upon this; but I have already very often had this sensation, as if wailing Nature plaintively begged something of me; and it cut me to the heart, not to be able to understand what she would have. I must consider seriously of this; perhaps I may yet discover something which shall raise us above this earthly life."

Well may Nature beg plaintively of man; for all that disturbs her harmony flows from his spirit. Age after age, she has toiled patiently, manifesting in thunder and lightning, tempest, and tornado, the evils which man produces, and thus striving to restore the equilibrium which he disturbs. Everything else seeks earnestly to live according to the laws of its being, and therefore each has individual excellence, the best adapted of all things to its purpose. Because Nature is earnest, spontaneous, and true, she is perfect. Art, though it makes a fair show, produces nothing perfect. Look through a powerful microscope at the finest cambric needle that ever was manufactured, and it shall seem blunt as a crowbar; but apply the same test to the antennæ of a beetle or a butterfly, and thou wilt see them taper to an invisible point. That man's best works should be such bungling imitations of Nature's infinite perfection, matters not much; but that he should make himself an
imitation, this is the fact which Nature moans over, and deprecates beseechingly. Be spontaneous, be truthful, be free, and thus be individuals! is the song she sings through warbling birds, and whispering pines, and roaring waves, and screeching winds. She wails and implores, because man keeps her in captivity, and he alone can set her free. To those who rise above custom and tradition, and dare to trust their own wings never so little above the crowd, how eagerly does she throw her garland ladders to tempt them upwards! How beautiful, how angelic, seems every fragment of life which is earnest and true! Every man can be really great, if he will only trust his own highest instincts, think his own thoughts, and say his own say. The stupidest fellow, if he would but reveal, with childlike honesty, how he feels, and what he thinks, when the stars wink at him, when he sees the ocean for the first time, when music comes over the waters, or when he and his beloved look into each other's eyes,—would he but reveal this, the world would hail him as a genius, in his way, and would prefer his story to all the epics that ever were written, from Homer to Scott.

"The commonest mind is full of thought, some worthy of the rarest;
And could it see them fairly writ, would wonder at its wealth."

Nay, there is truth in the facetious assertion of Carlyle, that the dog, who sits looking at the moon so seriously, would doubtless be a poet, if he could but find a publisher. Of this thing be assured, no romance was ever so interesting, as would be a right comprehension of that dog's relation to the moon, and of the relation of both to all things, and of all things to thyself, and of thyself to God. Some glimmering of this mysterious relation of each to all may disturb the dog's mind with a strange solemnity, until he fancies he sees another dog in the moon and howls thereat. Could his howl be translated and published, it might teach us somewhat that the wisest has not yet conjectured.

Let not the matter-of-fact reader imagine me to say that it is difficult for puppies to find publishers. The frothy sea of circulating literature would prove such assertion a most manifest falsehood. Nor do I assert that puerile and common-place minds are diffident about making books. There is babbling more than enough; but among it all, one finds little true speech, or true silence. The dullest mind has some beauty peculiarly
its own; but it echoes, and does not speak itself. It strives to write as schools have taught, as custom dictates, or as sects prescribe; and so it stammers, and makes no utterance. Nature made us individuals, as she did the flowers and the pebbles, but we are afraid to be peculiar, and so our society resembles a bag of marbles, or a string of mould candles. Why should we all dress after the same fashion? The frost never paints my windows twice alike.

As I write, I look round for the sparkling tracery; it is gone, and I shall never see a copy. Well, I will not mourn for this. The sunshine has its own glorious beauty, and my spirit rejoices therein, even more than in the graceful pencillings of the snow. All kinds of beauty have I loved with fervent homage. Above all, do I worship it in its highest form; that of a sincere and loving soul. Even here in the city, amid bricks and mortar, and filth and finery, I find it in all its manifestations, from the animal to the god-like.

This morning, our pavements were spread with jewelled ermine, more daintily prepared than the foot-cloth of an Eastern queen. But now the world has travelled through it, as it does through the heart of a politician, and every pure drift is mud-bespattered. But there is still the beauty of the bells, and the graceful little shell-like sleighs, and the swift motions. There is something exhilarating in the rapid whirl of life, abroad and joyous in New York, soon after a new-fallen snow. It excites somewhat of the triumphant emotion which one feels when riding a swift horse, or careering on the surging sea. It brings to my mind Lapland deer, and flashing Aurora, and moon-images in the sky, and those wonderful luminous snows, which clothe the whole landscape with phosphoric fire.

But there is beauty here far beyond rich furs, and Russian chimes, and noble horses, or imagination of the glorious refractions in arctic skies; for here are human hearts, faithful and loving, amid the fiercest temptations; still genial and cheerful, though surrounded by storm and blight. Two little ragged girls went by the window just now, their scanty garments fluttering in the wind; but their little blue hands were locked in each other, and the elder tenderly lifted the younger through the snow-drift. It was but a short time ago, that I passed the same children in Broadway. One of them had rags bound round her feet, and a pair of broken shoes. The other was barefoot and she looked very red, for it was pinching cold.
“Mary,” said the other, in a gentle voice, “sit down on the door-step, here, and I will take off my shoes. Your feet are cold, and you shall wear them the rest of the way.” “Just a little while,” replied the other; “for they are very cold; but you shall have them again directly.” They sat down and made the friendly exchange; and away jumped the little one, her bare feet pattering on the cold stones, but glowing with a happy heart-warmth.

You say I must make up such incidents, because you never see humanity under such winning aspects in the streets of New York. Nay, my friend, I do not make up these stories; but I look on this ever-moving panorama of life, as Coleridge describes his Cupid:

“What outward form and features are,
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair,
He seeth with the heart.”

LETTER XXXIX.

THE MINISTRATIONS OF SORROW.

April 27, 1843.

There is a fine engraving of Jean Paul Richter, surrounded by floating clouds, all of which are angels’ faces; but so soft and shadowy, that they must be sought for to be perceived. It was a beautiful idea thus to environ Jean Paul; for whosoever reads him, with an earnest thoughtfulness, will see heavenly features perpetually shining through the golden mists or rolling vapour.

But the picture interested me especially, because it embodied a great spiritual truth. In all clouds that surround the soul, there are angel faces, and we should see them if we were calm and holy. It is because we are impatient of our destiny, and do not understand its use in our eternal progression, that the clouds which envelope it seem like black masses of thunder, or cold and dismal obstructions of the sunshine. If man looked at his being as a whole, or had faith that all things were intended to bring him into harmony with the divine will, he would gratefully acknowledge that spiritual dew and rain, wind and light-
ning, cloud and sunshine, all help his growth, as their natural forms bring to maturity the flowers and the grain. "Whosoever quarrels with his fate, does not understand it," says Bettine; and among all her inspired sayings she spake none wiser.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.

I admit the truth of Bulwer's assertion, that "long adversity usually leaves its prey somewhat chilled, and somewhat hardened to affection; passive and quiet of hope, resigned to the worst, as to the common order of events, and expecting little from the best, as an unlooked for incident in the regularity of human afflictions." But I apprehend this remark is mainly applicable to pecuniary difficulties, which, "in all their wretched and entangling minutiae, like the diminutive cords by which Gulliver was bound, tame the strongest mind, and quell the most buoyant spirit."

These vexations are not man's natural destiny, and therefore are not healthy for his soul. They are produced by a false structure of society, which daily sends thousands of kind and generous hearts down to ruin and despair, in its great whirl of falsity and wrong. These are victims of a stinging grief, which has in it nothing divine, and brings no healing on its wings.

But the sorrow which God appoints is purifying and ennobling, and contains within it a serious joy. Our Father saw that disappointment and separation were necessary, and he has made them holy and elevating. From the sepulchre the stone is rolled away, and angels declare to the mourner, "He is not here; he is risen. Why seek the living among the dead?" And a voice higher than the angels, proclaims, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"There is no death to those who know of life; No time to those who see eternity."

Blessed indeed are the ministrations of sorrow! Through it, we are brought into more tender relationship to all other forms of being, obtain a deeper insight into the mystery of eternal life, and feel more distinctly the breathings of the infinite. "All sorrow raises us above the civic, ceremonial law, and makes the prosaist a psalmist," says Jean Paul.

Whatsoever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy.
The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and He who is greater than all prophets, was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

Sorrow connects the soul with the invisible and the everlasting; and therefore all things prophesy it, before it comes to us. The babe weeps at the wail of music, though he is a stranger to grief; and joyful young hearts are saddened by the solemn brightness of the moon. When men try to explain the oppressive feelings inspired by moonlight and the ever silent stars, they say it is as if spirits were near. Thus Bettine writes to Gunderode: "In the night was something confidential, which allured me as a child; and before I ever heard of spirits, it seemed as if there was something living near me, in whose protection I trusted. So was it with me on the balcony, when a child three or four years old, when all the bells were tolling for the Emperor's death. As it always grew more nightly and cool, and nobody with me, it seemed as if the air was full of bell-chimes, which surrounded me; then came a gloom over my little heart, and then again sudden composure, as if my guardian angel had taken me in his arms. What a great mystery is life, so closely embracing the soul, as the chrysalis the butterfly!"

The spiritual speaks ever to us, but we hear it at such moments, because the soul is silent, and listening, and therefore the infinite pervades it.—All alone, alone, through deep shadows, thus only can ye pass to golden sunshine on the eternal shore! this is the prophetic voice, whose sad but holy utterance goes deep down into the soul when it is alone with moonlight and stars. Under its unearthly influence, childhood nestles closer to its mother's side, and the mirthful heart of youth melts into tears. It is as if the cross upreared its dark shadow before the vision of the infant Saviour.

As we grow older, this prophecy becomes experience. By the hand of sorrow, the finite is rolled away like a scroll, and we stand consciously in the presence of the infinite and the eternal. The wailing of the autumn wind, the lone stubble waving in the wintry field, the falling foliage, and the starry stillness, are no longer a luxury of sadness, as in the days of youthful imagination. The voice of wailing has been within us; our loved ones have left us, and we are like the lone stubble in the once blooming field; the leaves of our hopes are fall-
ing withered around us, and the midnight stillness is filled with dreary echoes of the past.

Oh, Father, how fearful is this pilgrimage! Alone in the twilight, and voices from the earth, the air; and the sky, call, “Whence art thou?—Whither goest thou?” And none makes answer. Behind us comes the voice of the past, like the echo of a bell, travelling through space for a thousand years; and all it utters, is, “As thou art, I was.” Before us stands the future, a shadow robed in vapour, with a far-off sunlight shining through. The present is around us—passing away—passing away. And we? Oh, Father! fearful indeed is this earth’s pilgrimage, when the soul has learned that all its sounds are echoes—all its sights are shadows.

But lo! the clouds open, and a face serene and hopeful looks forth, and says, Be thou as a little child, and thus shalt thou become a seraph. The shadows which perplex thee are all realities; the echoes are all from the eternal voice which gave to light its being. All the changing forms around thee are but images of the infinite and the true, seen in the mirror of time, as they pass by, each on a heavenly mission. Be thou as a little child. Thy Father’s hand will guide thee home.

I bow my head in silent humility. I cannot pray that afflictions may not visit me. I know why it was that Mrs Fletcher said,—“Such prayers never seem to have wings.” I am willing to be purified through sorrow, and to accept it meekly, as a blessing. I see that all the clouds are angels’ faces, and their voices speak harmoniously of the everlasting chime.

LETTER XL.

MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK—THE STORKS OF NUREMBERG—ALL NATIONS ARE BRETHREN.

May 1, 1843.

The first of May!—how the phrase is twined all round with violets, and clumps of the small Husitania (which remind me of a “Sylvania phalanx” of babies), and slight anemones, nodding gracefully as blooming maidens, under the old moss-grown trees! How it brings up visions of fair young floral queens, and garlanded May-poles, and door-posts wreathed with flowers,
and juvenile choirs hymning the return of the swallows, in the ancient time! The old French word *Mes*, signifies a garden; and in Lorraine, *Mai* still has that meaning; from which, perhaps, the word maiden. In Brittany, *Mae* signifies green, flourishing; the Dutch *Mooij*, means beautiful, agreeable; the Swedish *Mio* is small, pretty and pleasant; and the East India *Maya* is Goddess of Nature. Thus have men shown their love of this genial month, by connecting its name with images of youth and loveliness.

In our climate, it happens frequently that "Winter lingering, chills the lap of May," and we are often tantalised with promises unfulfilled. But though our Northern Indians named June "the month of flowers," yet with all her abundant beauty, I doubt whether she commends herself to the heart like May, with her scanty love tokens from the grave of the frosty past. They are like infancy, like resurrection, like everything new and fresh, and full of hopefulness and promise.

The first, and the last! Ah, in all human things, how does one idea follow the other, like its shadow! The circling year oppresses me with its fulness of meaning. Youth, manhood, and old age, are its most external significance. It is symbolical of things far deeper, as every soul knows that is travelling over steep hills, and through quiet valleys, unto the palace called Beautiful, like Bunyan's world-renowned Pilgrim. Human life, in its forever-repeating circle, like nature, in her perpetual self-restoring beauty, tells us that from the burial-place of Winter, young Spring shall come forth to preach resurrection; and thus it must be in the outward and symbolical, because thus it is in the inward, spiritual progression of the soul.

"Two children in two neighbour villages,  
Playing mad pranks along the heathy lees;  
Two strangers meeting at a festival;  
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;  
Two lives bound fast in one, with golden case;  
Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,  
Washed with still rains, and daisy-blossomed;  
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;  
So runs the round of life from hour to hour."

Blessings on the Spring-time, when Nature stands like young children hand in hand, in prophecy of future marriage.

May-day in New York, is the saddest thing, to one who has been used to hunting mooses by the brook, and paddling in its waters. Brick walls, instead of budding trees, and rattling
wheels in lieu of singing birds, are bad enough; but to make the matter worse, all New York moves on the first of May; not only moves about, as usual in the everlasting hurry-scurry of business, but one house empties itself into another, all over the city. The streets are full of loaded drays, on which tables are dancing, and carpets rolling to and fro. Small chairs, which bring up such pretty, cosy images of rolly-polly manniekins and maidens, eating supper from tilted porringer, and spilling the milk on their night gowns—these go ricketting along on the tops of beds and bureaus, and not unfrequently pitch into the street, and so fall asunder.

Children are driving hither and yon, one with a flower-pot in his hand, another with work-box, hand-box, or oil canakin; each so intent upon his important mission that all the world seems to him (as it does to many a theologian) safely locked up within the little walls he carries. Luckily, both boy and bigot are mistaken, or mankind would be in a very bad box, sure enough. The dogs seem bewildered with this universal transmigra­tion of bodies; and as for the cats, they sit on the door steps, mewing piteously, that they were not born in the middle ages, or at least, in the quiet old portion of the world. And I, who have almost as strong a love of localities as poor puss, turn away from the windows, with a suppressed anathema on the nineteenth century, with its perpetual changes. Do you want an appropriate emblem of this country, and this age? Then stand on the side walks of New York, and watch the universal transit on the first of May. The facility and speed with which our people change politics, and move from sect to sect, and from theory to theory, is comparatively slow and moss­grown; unless, indeed, one excepts the Rev. O. A. Brownson, who seems to stay in any spiritual habitation a much shorter time than the New Yorkers do in their houses. It is the custom here, for those who move out, to leave the accumulated dust and dirt of the year, for them who enter to clear up. I apprehend it is somewhat so with all the ecclesiastical and civil establishments, which have so long been let out to tenants in rotation. Those who enter them, must make a great sweeping and scrubbing, if they would have a clean residence.

That people should move so often in this city, is generally a matter of their own volition. Aspirations after the infinite, lead them to perpetual change, in the restless hope of finding something better and better still. But they would not raise
the price of drays, and subject themselves to great inconvenience, by moving all on one day, were it not that the law compels everybody who intends to move at all, to quit his premises before twelve o'clock on May morning. Failing to do this, the police will put him and his goods into the street, where they will fare much like a boy beside an upset hornet's nest. The object of this regulation is, to have the Directory for the year arranged with accuracy. For, as theologians, and some reformers, can perceive no higher mission for human souls, than to arrange themselves rank and file in sectarian platoons, so the civil authorities do not apprehend that a citizen has any more important object for living, just at this season, than to have his name set in a well ordered Directory.

However, human beings are such creatures of habit and imitation, that what is necessity soon becomes fashion, and each one wishes to do what everybody else is doing. A lady in the neighbourhood closed all her blinds and shutters, on May-day; being asked by her acquaintance whether she had been in the country, she answered, "I was ashamed not to be moving on the first of May; and so I shut up the house that the neighbours might not know it." One could not well imagine a fact more characteristic of the despotic sway of custom and public opinion, in the United States, and the nineteenth century. Elias Hicks' remark, that it "takes live fish to swim up stream," is emphatically true of this age and country, in which liberty-caps abound, but no one is allowed to wear them.

I am by temperament averse to frequent changes, either in my spiritual or material abodes. I think I was made for a German; and that my soul in coming down to earth, got drifted away by some side-wind, and so was wafted into the United States, to take up its abode in New York. Jean Paul speaking of the quiet habits of the Germans, says he does not believe they turn in their beds so often as the French do. Oh, for one of those old German homes, where the same stork, with his children and grand-children, builds on the same roof, generation after generation; where each family knows its own particular stork, and each stork knows the family from all the world beside. Oh, for a quiet nook in good old Nuremberg, where still flourishes the lime-trees, planted seven hundred years ago, by Empress Cunegunde: where the same family inhabits the same mansion for five centuries; where cards are still sold in the same house where cards were first manufactured; and where
the great-grandson makes watches in the same shop that was occupied by his watch-making great-grandfather.

But after all, this is a foolish, whining complaint. A stork's nest is very pleasant, but there are better things. Man is moving to his highest destiny through manifold revolutions of spirit; and the outward must change with the inward.

It is selfish and unwise to quarrel with this spiritual truth or its ultimate results, however inconvenient they may be. The old fisherman, who would have exterminated steam-boats, because they frightened the fish away from the waters where he had baited them for years, was by no means profound in his social views, or of expansive benevolence.

If the world were filled with different tribes of Nurembergers, with their storks, what strangers should we brethren of the human household be to each other! Thanks to Carlyle, who has brought England and America into such close companionship with the mind of Germany. Thanks to Mary Howitt, who has introduced Frederica Bremer into our homes, like a sunbeam of spring, and thus changed Sweden from a snowy abstraction to a beautiful and healthy reality. It is so pleasant to look into the hearts and eyes of those Northern brothers! To be conveyed to their firesides by a process so much swifter than steam!

Do you fear that the patriot will be lost in the cosmopolite? Never fear. We shall not love our own household less, because we love others more. In the beautiful words of Frederika: "The human heart is like Heaven; the more angels, the more room."
To-day is Christmas. For several days past, cartloads of evergreens have gone by my windows, the pure snow falling on them, soft and still as a blessing. To-day, churches are wreathed in evergreen, altars are illuminated, and the bells sound joyfully in Gloria Excelsis. Thronges of worshippers are going up to their altars, in the Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman and English churches. Eighteen hundred years ago, a poor babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men." Earth made no response to the chorus. It always entertains angels unawares. When the Holy One came, they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars, in their midnight course, listen to millions of human voices, and deep organ tones struggle upward, vainly striving to express the hopes and aspirations, which that advent concentrated from the past, and prophesied for the future. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the Principle of Love—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept only to swear by, that Gospel which says, "Swear not at all."

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have "ushered in our brief to-day;" and is there peace and good-will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon
fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, "This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice now; men are not yet prepared for it." As if slavery ever could fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never venture into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologised for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! "The men carried arms," said they, "and therefore we did not know they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards." The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. "They carried arms," said they, "and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God."

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "We will not fight, under any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen," think you that any nation would dare to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilised world would cry "fy!" upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptation of the term.

I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly
answered, "If they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colours flying and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander of the military force was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale, indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above-mentioned.

The doctrines of Jesus are not beautiful abstractions, but living vital truths. There is in them no elaborate calculation of consequences, but simply the Divine impulse uttered. They are few and simple, but of infinite power in spirit, and of universal application. In all conceivable moral propositions, they stand like the algebraic X for the unknown quantity, and if consulted aright, always give the true answer. The world has been deluged with arguments about war, slavery, &c., and the wisest product of them all is simply an enlightened application of the maxims of Jesus. Faith in God, love to man, and action obedient thereto, from these flow all that belong to order, peace, and progress. Probably, the laws by which the universe was made are thus reducible to three in one, and all varieties of creation are thence unfolded, as all melody and harmony flow from three primal notes. God works sympatheti-
cally. The divine idea goes forth and clothes itself in form, from which all the infinity of forms are evolved. We mortals see truth in fragments and try to trace it upward to its origin, by painful analysis. In this there is no growth. All creation, all life, is evolved by the opposite process. We must reverence truth. We must have that faith in it, of which action is the appropriate form; and, lo the progress, which we have sought for so painfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the seed expands into blossoms and fruit.

I did not mean to preach a sermon. But the evergreens, and the music from neighbouring churches, carried me back to the hill-sides of Palestine, and my spirit involuntarily began to ask—What response does earth now give to that chorus of peace and good will?

It matters little that Christ was not born on that day, which the church has chosen to commemorate his birth. The associations twined round it for many centuries have consecrated it to my mind. Nor am I indifferent to the fact that it was the old Roman festival for the Birth of the Sun. As a form of their religious idea it is interesting to me; and I see peculiar beauty in thus identifying the birth of the natural sun with the advent of the Sun of Righteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense, enlightens and vivifies the nations. The learned argue that Christ was probably born in the spring; because the Jewish people were at that season enrolled for taxation, and this was the business which carried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem, and because the shepherds of Syria would not be watching their flocks in the open air, during the cold months. To these reasons, Swedenborgians would add another; for, according to the Doctrine of Correspondence, unfolded by their "illuminated scribe," Spring corresponds to Peace; that diapason note, from which all growth rises in harmonious order.

But I am willing to accept the wintry anniversary of Christmas, and take it to my heart. As the sun is now born anew, and his power begins to wax, instead of waning, so may the Truth and Love, which his Light and Heat typifies, gradually irradiate and warm our understanding and affections.

Frederika Bremer gives the following delightful picture of this Christian festival in the cold regions of the North:—"Not alone in the houses of the wealthy blaze up fires of joy, and are heard the glad shouts of children. From the humblest cottages also resounds joy; in the prisons it becomes bright, and the
poor partake of plenty. In the country, doors, hearths and tables, stand open to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway, the innkeeper demands no payment from the traveller, either for board or lodging. This is the time in which the earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' And not only human beings, but animals also have their good things at Christmas. All domestic animals are entertained in the best manner; and the little birds of heaven rejoice too; for at every barn, a tall stake raises itself, on the top of which rich sheaves of oats invite them to a magnificent meal. Even the poorest day-labourer, if he himself possess no corn, asks and receives from the peasant a bundle of grain, raises it aloft, and makes the birds rejoice beside his empty barn."

The Romans kept their festival of the Sun with social feasts and mutual gifts; and the windows of New-York are to-day filled with all forms of luxury and splendour, to tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas boxes for family and friends. Many are the rich jewels and shining stuffs, this day bestowed by affection or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I were as rich as John Jacob Astor I would this day go to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artiste, in Orchard-street, buy all he has, and give freely to every one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hidden in that small obscure workshop some little gems of art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verd de Prato. There is something that moves me strangely in those old Grecian forms. They stand like petrified melodies from the world's youthful heart. I would like to buy out Baronto every Christmas, and mix those "fair humanities of old religion" with the Madonnas and Saviours of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine who has no money to spend for jewels, or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his actions there is more angelic music, than in those divine old statues. He filled a large basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, to distribute them among hungry children. How little dirty faces peeped after him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled, as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out—"This little boy has had no cake, sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretences; but this was no
conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never ate cake from Christmas to Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket excited a prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine outpouring of hearts. An honest son of the Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? A jintleman giving cakes to folks he don't know, and never asking a bit o' money for the same!"

Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathising kindness astonishes the poor.

In the course of his Christmas rambles, my friend entered a house occupied by fifteen families. In the corner of one room, on a heap of rags, lay a woman with a babe three days old, without food or fire. In another very small apartment was an aged weather-beaten woman. She pointed to an old basket of pins and tape, as she said, "For sixteen years I have carried that basket on my arm, through the streets of New York; and often have I come home with weary feet, without money enough to buy my supper. But we must always pay our rent in advance, whether we have a leaf of bread to eat, or not." Seeing the bed without clothing, the visitor inquired how she slept. "Oh the house is very leaky. The wind whistles through and through, and the rain and snow come driving in. When any of us are sick, or the weather is extra cold, we lend our bedding, and some of us sit up while others get a nap." As she spoke, a ragged little girl came in to say, "Mammy wants to know whether you will lend her your fork?" "To be sure, I will, dear," she replied, in the heartiest tone imaginable. She would have been less generous had her fork been a silver one. Her visitor smiled as he said, "I suppose you borrow your neighbour's knife in return for your fork?" "Oh yes," she replied, "and she is as willing to lend as I am. We poor folks must help one another. It is all the comfort we have." The kind-hearted creature did not know, perhaps, that it was precisely such comfort as the angels have in Heaven; only theirs is without the drawback of physical suffering and limited means.

I have said that these families, owning a knife and fork between them, and loaning their bed-clothes after a day of toil,
were always compelled to pay their rent in advance. Upon adding together the sums paid by each for accommodations so wretched, it was found that the income from this dilapidated building, in a filthy and crowded street, was greater than the rent of many a princely mansion in Broadway. This mode of oppressing the poor is a crying sin in our city. A benevolent rich man could not make a better investment of capital, than to build tenements for the labouring class, and let them on reasonable terms.

This Christmas tour of observation, has suggested to my mind many thoughts concerning the present relations of labour and capital. But I forbear; for I see that this path, like every other, "if you do but follow it, leads to the end of the world." I had rather dwell on the perpetual effort of divine Providence, to equalise what the selfishness of man strives to make unequal.

If the poor have fewer pleasures than the rich, they enjoy them more keenly; if they have not that consideration in society which brings with it so many advantages, they avoid the irksome slavery of conventional forms; and what exercise of the benevolent sympathies could a rich man enjoy, in making the most magnificent Christmas gift, compared with the beautiful self-denial which lends its last blanket that another may sleep? That there should exist the necessity for such sacrifices, what does it say to us concerning the structure of society, on this Christmas day, nearly two thousand years after the advent of Him who said, "God is your Father, and all ye are brethren?"

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LETTER II.

December 28, 1843.

I have twice heard Ole Bul. I scarcely dare to tell the impression his music made upon me. But, casting aside all fear of ridicule for excessive enthusiasm, I will say that it expressed to me more of the infinite, than I ever saw, or heard, or dreamed of, in the realms of Nature, Art, or Imagination.

They tell me his performance is wonderfully skilful; but I have not enough of scientific knowledge to judge of the difficulties he overcomes. I can readily believe of him, what Bettina says of Beethoven, that "his spirit creates the inconceivable, and his fingers perform the impossible." He played on
four strings at once, and produced the rich harmony of four instruments. His bow touched the strings as if in sport, and brought forth light leaps of sound, with electric rapidity, yet clear in their distinctness. He made his violin sing with flute-like voice, and accompany itself with a guitar, which came in ever and anon like big drops of musical rain. All this I felt, as well as heard, without the slightest knowledge of quartetto or staccato. How he did it, I know as little as I know how the sun shines, or the spring brings forth its blossoms. I only know that music came from his soul into mine, and carried it upward to worship with the angels.

Oh, the exquisite delicacy of those notes! Now tripping and fairy-like, as the song of Ariel; now soft and low, as the breath of a sleeping babe, yet clear as a fine-toned bell; now high, as a lark soaring upward, till lost among the stars!

Noble families sometimes double their names, to distinguish themselves from collateral branches of inferior rank. I have doubled his, and in memory of the Persian nightingale have named him Ole Bulbul.

Immediately after a deep, impassioned, plaintive melody, an Adagio of his own composing, which uttered the soft low breathing of a Mother’s Prayer, rising to the very agony of supplication, a voice in the crowd called for Yankee Doodle. It shocked me like Harlequin tumbling on the altar of a temple. I had no idea that he would comply with what seemed to me the absurd request. But, smiling, he drew the bow across his violin, and our national tune rose on the air, transfigured in a veil of glorious variations. It was Yankee Doodle in a state of clairvoyance. A wonderful proof of how the most common and trivial may be exalted by the influx of the infinite.

When urged to join the throng who were following this Star of the North, I coolly replied, “I never like lions; moreover, I am too ignorant of musical science to appreciate his skill.” But when I heard this man, I at once recognised a power that transcends science, and which mere skill may toil after in vain. I had no need of knowledge to feel this subtle influence, any more than I needed to study optics to perceive the beauty of the rainbow. It overcame me like a miracle. I felt that my soul was for the first time, baptized in music; that my spiritual relations were somehow changed by it, and that I should henceforth be otherwise than I had been. I was so oppressed with “the exceeding weight of glory,” that I drew
my breath with difficulty. As I came out of the building, the street sounds hurt me with their harshness. The sight of ragged boys and importunate coachmen jarred more than ever on my feelings. I wanted that the angels that had ministered to my spirit should attune theirs also. It seemed to me as if such music should bring all the world into the harmonious beauty of divine order. I passed by my earthly home, and knew it not. My spirit seemed to be floating through infinite space. The next day I felt like a person who had been in a trance, seen heaven opened, and then returned to earth again.

This doubtless appears very excessive in one who has passed the enthusiasm of youth, with a frame too healthy and substantial to be conscious of nerves, and with a mind instinctively opposed to lion-worship. In truth, it seems wonderful to myself; but so it was. Like a romantic girl of sixteen, I would pick up the broken string of his violin, and wear it as a relic, with a half superstitious feeling that some mysterious magic of melody lay hidden therein.

I know not whether others were as powerfully wrought upon as myself; for my whole being passed into my ear, and the faces around me were invisible. But the exceeding stillness showed that the spirits of the multitude bowed down before the magician. While he was playing, the rustling of a leaf might have been heard; and when he closed, the tremendous bursts of applause told how the hearts of thousands leaped up like one.

His personal appearance increases the charm. He looks pure, natural, and vigorous, as I imagine Adam in Paradise. His inspired soul dwells in a strong frame, of admirable proportions, and looks out intensely from his earnest eyes. Whatever may be his theological opinions, the religious sentiment must be strong in his nature; for Teutonic reverence, mingled with impassioned aspiration, shines through his honest Northern face, and runs through all his music. I speak of him as he appears while he and his violin converse together. When not playing, there is nothing observable in his appearance, except genuine health, the unconscious calmness of strength in repose, and the most unaffected simplicity of dress and manner. But when he takes his violin, and holds it so caressingly to his ear, to catch the faint vibration of its strings, it seems as if "the angels were whispering to him." As his fingers sweep across the strings, the angels pass into his soul, give him their tones,
and look out from his eyes, with the wondrous beauty of inspiration. His motions sway to the music, like a tree in the winds; for soul and body chord. In fact, "his soul is but a harp, which an infinite breath modulates; his senses are but strings, which weave the passing air into rhythm and cadence."

If it be true, as has been said, that a person ignorant of the rules of music, who gives himself up to its influence, without knowing whence it comes, or whither it goes, experiences, more than the scientific, the passionate joy of the composer himself, in his moments of inspiration, then was I blest in my ignorance. While I listened, music was to my soul what the atmosphere is to my body, it was the breath of my inward life. I felt, more deeply than ever, that music is the highest symbol of the infinite and holy. I heard it moan plaintively over the discords of society, and the dimmed beauty of humanity. It filled me with inexpressible longing to see man at one with Nature and with God; and it thrilled me with joyful prophecy that the hope would pass into glorious fulfilment.

With renewed force I felt what I have often said, that the secret of creation lay in music. "A voice to light gave being." Sound led the stars into their places, and taught chemical affinities to waltz into each other's arms.

"By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled;
As sages taught, where faith was found."

Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of Love,—because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of passionate attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man—is music to the universe. Flexile, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not Poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colours, and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it makes all gracefulness of motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in
“petrified music.” In the words of Bettina—“Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its working; for it is the contact of divine with human.”

But I must return from this flight among the stars, to Ole Bulbul’s violin; and the distance between the two is not so great as it appears.

Some, who never like to admit that the greatest stands before them, say that Paganini played the Carnival of Venice better than his Norwegian rival. I know not. But if ever laughter ran along the chords of musical instrument with a wilder joy, if ever tones quarrelled with more delightful dissonance, if ever violin frolicked with more capricious grace, than Ole Bulbul’s, in that fantastic whirl of melody, I envy the ears that heard it.

The orchestra was from Park theatre, the best in the city, and their overtures were in themselves a rich treat. But it seemed to me as if they were sometimes lost in a maze. I fancied, once or twice, that the electric brilliancy of his performance bewildered them; that “panting time toiled after him in vain.” I should indeed suppose that it was as easy to play an accompaniment to the Aurora Borealis, as to this Norwegian genius.

Ole Bul was educated for the ministry, but afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In Italy, the star of his fame first rose resplendent. It is said he was at Bologna, trying, under depressing circumstances, to compose a piece of music, when Madame Rossini chanced to pass by his apartment, and her attention was at once arrested by the fascinating sounds. The director of the Philharmonic Society was in distress, in consequence of the failure of a promise from De Beriot and Malibran. Madame Rossini informed him of the treasure she had discovered. Ole Bulbul was received with great eclat, and from that time has played to overflowing houses, in the principal cities of France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway and England. He comes to the New World, because genius craves the sympathy of the universe, and delights to pour itself abroad like the sunbeams. His reception in New-York has exceeded all preceding stars. His first audience were beside themselves with delight, and the orchestra threw down their instruments in estatic wonder. Familiarity with his performance brings less excitement, but I think more pleasure.
LETTER III.

January 1st, 1844.

To-day is the first of the month, which receives its name from Janus, the two-faced god, who looks before and backward, and is therefore a fitting emblem of this season of retrospection and hope. For myself, I have passed so many of these mile-stones, on my pilgrimage, that I would fain forget their recurrence, if I could; but in New-York I am not allowed to be oblivious. Last night one could hear nothing but merry glees and snatches of comic songs, as if a hundred theatres had emptied themselves into the street.

The watchmen were out in double force—a precaution which is deemed necessary to preserve public peace on this noisy anniversary. The notorious Calithumpian Band are by these means kept within bounds. In former years they played all manner of mischievous tricks—such as taking down the sign of a cabbage from a provision shop and nailing it over a tailor's door; putting "Coffin Warehouse" on the doctor's walls; "Turning done here," or "Soft Soap for Sale," on the doors of politicians; "Brimstone, Wholesale or Retail," on certain meeting houses, &c. These pranks became so annoying that the police were required to put a stop to them. This redoubtable band fired volleys over the grave of the departed year last night, and marched in the new monarch with fife and drum. Being accompanied throughout their route by a formidable troup of watchmen, they caroused within bounds; but the watch-houses this morning doubtless exhibited some funny scenes. This is a somewhat melancholy way of being happy; no very great improvement upon old Silenus, with his troop of bacchanals and satyrs.

In London, they welcome the New-Year with a merry peal of bells from all the steeples; but the most beautiful custom prevails in Germany. An orchestra of thirty or forty of the best musicians go up into the steeple of the highest church, and perform some grand symphony. Imagine what it would be to hear Haydn or Beethoven poured forth on the midnight air, from the church of St. Michael's, in Hamburg, which is 480 feet high! The glorious tones flow down, softened by the distance, as if they floated over the silvery Rhine by moonlight.
I never think of it without being reminded of Longfellow's inspired lines:

“And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior.”

I find it not easy to come away from that steeple-harmony to this city of turmoil and traffic. I will refresh myself with a vision of beauty, and she shall lead me back. Our merchants think that those graceful beings, who

“Had their haunts by dale or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,”

have all vanished, long ago. But Nature is filled with spirits, as it was in the old Grecian time. One of them dwells in our midst, and scatters blessings like a goddess. This lovely nymph, for years uncounted, reclined in the verdant fields, exchanging glances with the stars, which saw themselves in her deep blue eyes. In true transcendental style, she reposed quietly in the sunshine, watching the heavens reflect themselves in her full urn. Sometimes the little birds drank therefrom, and looked upward, or the Indian disturbed her placid mirror for a moment with his birchen cup. Thus ages passed, and the beautiful nymph gazed ever upward, and held her mirror to the heavens. But the Spirit which pervades all forms was changing—changing; and it whispered to the nymph, “Why liest thou here all the day idle? The birds only sip from thy full urn, while thousands of human beings suffer for what thou hast to spare.” Then the nymph held communion with the sun, and he answered, “I give unto all without stint or measure, and yet my storehouse is full, as at the beginning.” She looked at heaven, and saw written among the stars, “Lo, I embrace all, and thy urn is but a fragment of the great mirror, in which I reveal myself to all.”

Then the nymph felt heaving aspirations at her heart; and she said, “I too would be like the sunshine, and the bright blue heaven.” A voice from the infinite replied, “He that giveth receiveth. Let thine urn pour forth forever, and it shall be forever full.”

Then the water leaped joyfully, and went on its mission of love. Concealed, like good deeds, it went all over the city, and baptized in the name of Purity, Temperance, and Health. It flowed in the midst of pollution and filth, but kept itself un-
mixed and undefiled, like Arethusa in her pathway through the sea—like a pure and loving heart visiting the abodes of wretchedness and sin. The children sport with its thousand rills; the poor invoke blessings on the urn whence such treasures flow; and when the old enemy Fire puts forth his forked tongue, the nymph throws her veil over him, and hissing, he goes out from her presence. Yet the urn fails not, but overflows evermore. And since the nymph has changed repose for action, and self-contemplation for bounteous outgiving, she has received

"A very shower
Of beauty for her earthly dower."

She stands before us a perpetual Fountain of beauty and joy, wearing the sunlight for diamonds, and the rainbow for her mantle. This magnificent vision of herself, as a veiled Water-Spirit, is her princely gift to the soul of man; and who can tell what changes may be wrought therewith?

Her name, Crotona, hath the old Grecian sound; but greater is her glory than Callirhoe or Arethusa, or Ægle, the fairest of the Naiades; for Crotona manifests the idea of an age on which rests the golden shadow of an approaching millennium—that equal diffusion is the only wealth, and working for others is the only joy.

Are you curious to know what conjured up this fair vision to my mind? On New Year's night, a fire broke out in a narrow and crowded street. It was soon extingushed, and on that occasion alone the insurance companies estimate that at least a million of dollars' worth of property was saved by Croton water. Fires, once so terrific in this city, are now mere trifles. The alarms are not more than one to six, compared to former years. This indicates that a large proportion was the work of incendiaries, who have small motive to pursue their vocation, now that the flames can be so easily extingushed. Reflecting on these blessings, I thought how the old Greeks would have worshipped Crotona, and what a fair statue they would have chisselled from their Pentelic marble. But after all, what had they so beautiful as our Maid of the Mist?

The money saved, will, to some of your readers, be the most interesting fact in connection with Crotona: for there are men, who, even in the sound of Ole Bulbul's violin could recognise nothing more than the effect of horse hair passing across tightened strings. For the benefit of such, I wish I could have
counted all the white kid gloves abroad in the street to-day. It would have been an interesting item in the statistics of trade, and moreover would have served as a census of all the gentlemen who make any pretensions to gentility.

The New Year's show in the windows was exceedingly beautiful this year. The shawls are of richer colours, the feathers more delicately tinged, the jewellery, cutlery, and crockery, are of more tasteful patterns. I look with interest on these continually progressive improvements, because they seem to me significant of a more perfect state of society than we have yet known. The outward is preparing itself for the advancing idea of the age, as a bride adorns herself for her husband.

The efforts to diminish drunkenness, the earnestness with which men inquire how crime can be prevented, poverty abolished and slavery swept from the face of a loathing earth—all these, and kindred reforms, have a more intimate connection with the tendency to perfection in manufactures and arts, than appears on the surface: for these are always forms of the ideas of an age. The world has not yet seen such architecture, or heard such music, as it will see and hear, when brute force yields to moral influence, and the brotherhood of man is universally acknowledged.

LETTER IV.

January 14th, 1844.

Are you among those who have transient but vivid impressions, which seem like recollections of an anterior state of existence? The experience of my friends is very dissimilar in this matter. Some do not comprehend what the question means, and shrink from it, as from an indication of insanity. Others at once confess that such vague impressions have puzzled them from childhood. If not universal, they are at least peculiar to no age or nation. The Egyptians believed that men were spirits fallen from a brighter world; that a Genius stood at the entrance of mortal life, with a Lethean cup in his hand, and gave to every soul a deep oblivious draught, from which they awoke with recollections so confused that they mistook gleams of the past for
a light from the future, calling memory hope, and experience prophecy.

"Glimpses of glory ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once has been, what now is not,
But, what again shall brightly be."

Plato considered the human soul as a wandering exile from the orb of light, and its infinite aspirations as shadowy recollections of its radiant home. Through all succeeding time this idea has been re-uttered in poetry and allegory. Wordsworth says:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

"Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life?
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?
Hath not at times some recent friend looked out an old familiar?
Some newest circumstance, or place, teemed as with ancient memories?
A startling sudden flash lighteth up all for an instant,
And then it is quenched in darkness, and leaveth the cold spirit tremb-

Some people are vaguely impressed with the idea of having previously been some other individual, or of having formerly belonged to some peculiar nation, or era of the world. Mr Borrow, in his interesting book called The Zincali, or Gipsies of Spain, tells us that he could remember no time when the mere mention of a gipsy did not awaken indescribably strange and pleasant feelings in his mind. This impulse led him to spend years with that singular people, and to identify himself completely with their feelings, tastes, and habits of life. The gipsies accounted for it, by the supposition that the soul which animated his body had, at some former time, tenanted that of one of their own tribe.

Perhaps this dim consciousness, impressed on the human mind in such various ways, is merely a result of the fact that every human being is a reproduction of all that has gone before him, and therefore his soul is filled with echoes from their multiplied voices. Or it may be that the spiritual world, in which we are all unconsciously living, while we abide in the material world, is more thinly veiled from some souls than others. Perhaps some dwell habitually near the mysterious boundary-line of clairvoyance.

Whatever may be the explanation, I know full well that long before I heard of the Egyptian cup, or Plato's theory, I was often haunted with a bewildering consciousness of having lived somewhere before I lived here. After comparing notes on the subject with a friend, one evening, I wrote the following story, fantastic, but not without significance, and called it

THE REMEMBERED HOME.

A child lay sleeping by the sea-shore. The tide was coming in so fast, that the foam of the great waves already dashed near the feet of the sleeping one. A white gull came riding thither on the top of a huge wave. He flew high up in the air, and screamed as he flew.

Whereat the sleeper awoke, and looked around him. The place was wild and lonely; but the red, round sun was rising up out of the ocean, and as the sea-nymphs danced up to meet him, the points of their diamond crowns glittered among the green billows.

"Where am I?" said the child. He rubbed his eyes, and looked all around with wonder. "How came I here?" he said: "This is not my home!"

Suddenly, he heard soft sweet voices. They came from above his head, and the caves of the rocks echoed them.

Then he remembered that he was a King's son, and had once lived in a glorious palace. How had he wandered thence? Had gipsies stolen him, as he slept in his golden cradle? Those soft, sweet voices sounded like old times. "I heard them in my Father's house," said he; "O, I wish they would sing to me again."

In the simplicity of his little heart, he thought some one among the rocks sung in reply to the voices in the air. He crept into a cave, and asked, "Where is my home? Ye that sing here so sweetly the song of my Father's house, can ye tell me where is my home?"

The waves dashed loud against the rocks, but there was no other sound; only, as he ceased to speak, echo, with hollow tones, answered, "Home."

"Where is my home?" he cried, with passionate eagerness; —and echo again answered, "Home."

Afraid of the loneliness, and of the mocking sounds, the child crept out of the cave, and came into the morning sunshine.
He walked on and on, and it seemed to him as if the smooth, hard beach would have no end. The great waves, as they came tumbling and roaring at his feet, seemed to speak into his heart, with a deep loud voice, "Home! Home!"

Then the tears rolled down his cheeks; for he felt as if he were wandering alone in a strange place.

As he went along, crying bitterly, he met a lame old woman, who said to him sharply, "Well, John, where have you been? A fine piece of work is this, for you to walk in your sleep, and so be whimpering by the sea-shore at break of day? I must tie you to the bedstead; and then all the walking you do, you must do in your dreams."

The boy looked timidly at her, as she took him by the hand; and he wondered within himself if she were the gipsy that had stolen him. Then he remembered the melodious voices, and the echoes in the cave, and how the great thundering waves seemed to speak into his heart.

"Why don't you talk?" said the old woman; "I should think you would be glad to go home."

The boy answered, "It sometimes seems to me as if I once lived in a beautiful palace, and as if the hut where we are going were not my home."

"That comes of walking in your sleep," said the old woman: "These are dreams. Come home, and go to work; for dreaming will get you no breakfast."

So the little boy went to her hut; and when he had milked the cow, and drawn the water, and split wood for the oven, she made ready for him a nice breakfast. She was very good to him, according to her ways; and when he had done his work, she was always willing he should run in the fields to play with other children.

Gradually he forgot the voices in the air, and the echoes in the cave, until it seemed to him he had always lived in the old woman's hut.

But, a long, long time after, it chanced that the cow rambled from her pasture, and John was sent to find her.

He wandered far into a deep, thick wood; and there, by the side of a running brook, in the midst of white shining birch stems, that stood thick around, like slender columns of silver, the old cow was lying on the grass, with her feet folded under her, peacefully chewing her cud. The full, clear moon shone on the brook, and as the waters went rippling along over the
stones, it seemed as if the moon were broken in pieces, and every little wavelet were scampering off with a single fragment.

The thoughtful lad looked at the moon, fast tending to the West; he looked at her image in the brook; and he listened to the deep silence of the woods. The same sweet voices, that he had heard before, seemed to come from the brook; and the notes they sung were like snatches of an old familiar tune. Again, he remembered, but more dimly than before, that he had once lived in a glorious palace, full of light and music.

He stood leaning against a birch tree, and looked, with earnest thoughtful love, at a pale evening primrose, which grew by the brink of a rivulet.

By degrees the flower raised itself, and assumed the look of a tall graceful girl, playfully dipping her feet in the water. Then the heart of the youth was right joyful! He sprang forward, exclaiming, "Oh, it is long, long years since we parted. Do you remember how I tried to kiss your image in the great crystal mirror in my father's palace? and how provoked I was, that ever, as I tried to kiss your image, I kissed myself? How glad I am to see you again! Will you lead me to our home?"

The tall primrose waved her yellow blossoms in the evening air, and made no answer. The youth stood amazed. Where had the maiden vanished? Whence did she come? What meant these recollections of a far-off home?

In the deep solitude around, it seemed as if all things tried to tell him, if he could but understand their language.

Slowly and sadly he returned to his hut, driving the cow before him.

The night was beautiful, but solemn; for all was dusky light, and star-stillness. The lone traveller gazed at the silent sky with earnest glances, and still his busy heart repeated the question, "Where is my home? Where is the beautiful maiden?"

It seemed as if the stars might tell him, if they would; but the stars passed into his heart and found no voice.

For a long, long time, he remembered this scene with strange distinctness. At early dawn, at evening twilight, in the deep woods, and by the sounding shore, he thought of those soft, sweet voices, and the beautiful maiden. His heart desired to hear and see them again with inexpressible longings.

At last, after weary months, he met them thus: he rose before the sun one bright May morning, and went forth to
gather violets for the children. In the field before him, he saw a beautiful child, with white garments and golden hair. He called to her, "Little one, you will take cold in the damp grass, with that thin dress!" But the child turned round laughing, and threw flowers at his head. As he came nearer to her, he perceived that she had thin, transparent wings of lovely purple; and sometimes she went skimming along the grass, and sometimes she sailed round his head, tossing flowers in his face, and singing,

"Follow, follow, follow me!
Follow me by rock and tree!
Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!
Where thy home is thou shalt know—
But long the path, the journey slow.
Follow, follow, follow me!
Follow me by rock and tree!
Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one."

Thus she went on singing and dancing, and sailing in the air. Sometimes she ran before him silently; but if he questioned her, she skimmed swiftly away, as if she were skating on ice; and he could only see the shining of her white garments among the trees in the distance. She would wait till he came near, and then begin to sing,

"Follow, follow, follow me!"

In this way she led him to the top of a high mountain, and then flew away far up into the sky, and so out of sight. The youth gazed upward till he could no longer see the waving of her garments, or the glittering of her wings. "Oh, would that I, too, could fly!" he exclaimed. He looked down upon the broad green fields and the winding river, that lay at his feet like emeralds set in silver; and the world seemed more lonely than ever. He leaned his head upon his hand and sighed. Suddenly he heard a tuneful voice; and it sang the same notes that puzzled him on the sea-shore. He turned quickly round, and the beautiful maid of the primrose stood before him!

Blushing deeply, and trembling with delight, he arose and said, "A pleasant May morning to you, fair maiden! Will you tell me your name?" With modest and simple frankness, she replied, "Thanks, for this friendly greeting. My name is Mary; and my father is Joseph, the miller. You can see our
mill, if you look where the brook goes rushing down the sides of the mountain."

"Now this is passing strange," thought he; "did I not see this very girl rise out of a primrose, by the side of the birchen brook? Is she not, moreover, the very one, whose image I tried to kiss in my father's mirror?" But he kept these thoughts to himself, fearing she would again disappear. He said aloud, "You are abroad early this morning fair maiden."

She replied, "I came hither for a rare blue flower, that my little sister dearly loves. It grows only on the mountain top, as if it liked to live near the sky. See, my basket is nearly filled with flowers; but I have not found our favourite blue-eye yet."

The youth eagerly inquired of what flower she was in search; and never was he so pleased, as when he found a group of them nodding under the warm shelter of a rock. They rambled over the mountain, till the basket and the maiden's apron were filled with flowers; and then slowly they went down to the cottage by the mill. The good mother came to the door, with clean white cap, and silken kerchief folded over her bosom. The youth saluted her respectfully, and she, with warm, friendly heart, asked him to come in and share their breakfast. As he ate of their fresh honey and cakes of sweet meal, it seemed as if he had known them for years.

"I do not remember the faces of the old miller and his wife," said he within himself; "but as for that sweet Mary, with her large blue eyes and golden hair, I certainly saw her in my father's mirror."

From that day he went very often to the mill by the mountain stream. And as he and Mary stood arm in arm, watching the pure white foam, as it went tumbling and sparkling over the wheels of the mill, or looking up, with large still thoughts, into the silent sky, he was often puzzled to know whether his companion was an earthly maiden, an angel, or a fairy. Her voice was so like the voices heard on the sea-shore; and she so often sung snatches of songs that seemed like familiar music long forgotten. Still more remarkable was the deep expression of her gentle eyes, which he said looked like the tones of his father's voice. Then that marvellous vision of the primrose by the brook; and the fair child, with shining wings, who first guided him to his Mary. Even the blue flowers he gathered on the mountain top perplexed him, like things seen in a
dream. And though the beautiful girl assured him she was Mary, the miller's daughter, she at times confessed that she, too, seemed to remember a far-off radiant home, and, in her dreams heard voices singing,

"Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!"

Then, the maiden really seemed to have fairy gifts; for, in the darkest night and the cloudiest day, wheresoever the youth saw her, a warm and mellow gleam, like sunlight, shone all round her. Ever since he had known her, the stars seemed to look, like mild eyes, into his heart; and when he was thinking of her, things inanimate found a voice, and spoke to him of that far-off glorious home. Once she plucked a rose, and gave it to him; and ever after, even when the leaves were withered, whenever he looked at it, a smiling face came out from the centre, with gentle, earnest eyes, and golden hair, and, in soft sweet tones, said, "Remember Mary!"

They often talked together of these things; and one day the youth said, "What hinders us, dear Mary, that we do not set out on a pilgrimage in search of our lost home?"

With a smile, she answered, "Perhaps it will be our Father's will that I shall go before. If I do, will you not dream you hear my voice singing,

"Follow, follow, lonely one"?

Her words made the youth sad in his heart. "I should never find the way, without you," he said; and, as he clasped her hand, the warm tears fell on it.

Seven days after that, he went to see his Mary; and the sorrowing mother told him the Angel of Death had been at the mill. Her darling one had gone to the spirit-land.

When that fair body was laid in the ground, John covered the place with the blue mountain flowers, and there he sat and wept. The good mother spoke words of comfort; but he heard her not. Soothing voices breathed in the evening air; but he arose and stamped on the ground, and tore his hair, and screamed, "Sing me these songs no longer! I have no home. They are all lies—lies that ye utter. Has not Mary gone away forever, even as the vision of the primrose vanished into thin air? Find some other dreaming fool to listen to your song!"

A grieved and moaning sound was heard, and died away slowly—slowly, in the distance.
The youth rushed down from the mountain, and roamed sullenly by the sea-shore. Although it was broad sunshine, the sky looked dark, and there was no light upon the earth. The pleasant birds were gone; crows cawed in the air; and the wagons creaked more harshly, since Mary died.

All at once, a tall figure, with a brass trumpet in his hand, walked up and blew a loud blast in his ear.

"In the name of the Furies, what did you that for?" exclaimed the angry youth.

"Pray excuse me, sir," replied the figure, bowing low, "you seem to be creeping along in a gloomy way here. Men say you are in search of a lost home. Just see what a wondrous balloon I'll prepare for you!"

Ho put his trumpet to the edge of the sea, and blowing strongly, a large, beautiful bubble sailed upward.

"There's a travelling equipage!" exclaimed the trumpeter. "Spring on that, and you may ride to Jupiter, or Saturn, if you choose."

The youth jumped astride the bubble. It went bobbing hither and thither, as the wind carried it; and if it seemed likely to fall, the stranger blew lustily on his trumpet, and sent it aloft again. It kept very near the earth; but the giddy youth thought he was up in the blue; and he felt great contempt for the pigmies that walked on the ground.

By and bye, other figures came up beside him, riding on bubbles. This irritated him, and he tried to kick them out of the way.

At last, up came a monkey riding on a bubble, fiddling with all his might; and the trumpeter blew stoutly to keep him aloft.

Then came a Chinese juggler, dancing on a bubble, and tossing about five ivory balls the while.—The blasts from the brass trumpet came so thick and strong, that he and the monkey kept close alongside the youth.

At this, he exclaimed sharply, "A pretty sight are you two, jigging about on soap bubbles, in that ridiculous fashion! Is it possible you are such fools as to think you imitate me, sailing on a rainbow?"

"Is it a rainbow you call it, sir?" said the monkey, with a grin: "it's nothing on earth but a bubble!"

This made him so angry, that he tried to knock them both down; but the juggler hit him on the forehead with one of his ivory balls, and he tumbled down senseless on the beach.
When he came to himself, he was lying in a cave, on a bed of sea-weed. A beautiful airy figure stood before him, with a garment of transparent silver gauze, through which her graceful form was visible. She held him a goblet of wine, and, twirling herself round like an opera dancer, began to sing:

"Follow me, follow me,
To the caves of the sea
Where beauty is glowing,
And bright wine is flowing!
Follow me, follow me,
To the caves of the sea."

"I will follow thee to the end of the world, beautiful stranger!" exclaimed the youth.

He tried to rise, but he grew dizzy, and leaned against a rock to recover his strength. As he leaned, a withered rose fell from his bosom. When he took it up, a lovely face, with golden locks, and sad earnest eyes, looked out from it, and said in low, plaintive tones, "Remember Mary!"

He kissed it devoutly, then turned to look at the gay, dancing stranger. But lo! her beautiful face was twisted into a resemblance of a monkey. She grinned, as she said, "It's nothing but a bubble!" and so, with awkward hops, went tumbling down on four feet, into the hidden recesses of the cave.

The youth again kissed his precious rose. The mild, earnest eyes smiled upon him, and the lips said, "Why seek you not your Mary, and your home?"

"It is—it must be so!" he exclaimed. "I have a glorious home; and I will seek for it."

He went forth from the cave. The landscape looked bright, the air was balmy, and the never-ceasing song of the sea had in it some bass notes of the old familiar tune.

The youth remembered how Mary had repeated to him,

"Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one!"

So he gathered his garments around him, and turned toward the East. But presently he heard a cracked, shrill voice behind him, calling, "Halloo! halloo! there!"

Turning, he saw a thin, wrinkled old man with a sharp visage, and a tight little mouth. He stood in an enormously large nautilus shell, as big as a boat, and full of gold. He beckoned so earnestly, that the youth went back.
"Stranger, I want your help," said the little old man, in coaxing tones. "I know where are piles and piles of gold like this. If you will help me get it, you shall have half of it; and that will make you richer than a king's son, I can tell you."

The youth was tempted by the offer, and promised to enter the old man's service.

A moaning sound, like sad wind-music was heard in the distance; but it passed away, and he heeded it not.

He went to work with the old man; and they dug in dark caves, month after month, and year after year. He had scarcely time to glance at the bright heavens and the flowery earth. His withered rose lay neglected in his chest, and all recollection of his home had passed away.

His chief amusement was to pile up golden coins. He said to himself, "When I have a hundred thousand piles, each six feet high, I will build a palace of ivory, and all the floors shall be of pearl, inlaid with gold doubloons. My twelve milk-white horses shall have harnesses of pure gold, covered with seed pearl. Oh, then I shall be perfectly happy!"

So he digged and heaped, and digged and heaped, till he had piled up a hundred thousand pillars, each six feet high.

He of the brass trumpet blew loud blasts, proclaiming to all wayfarers that here dwelt a man richer than Croesus. All men touched their hats to him. Even the Chinese juggler laid his forehead to the ground as he passed.

But all at once, the coins behaved in the oddest fashion. From many of them there suddenly grew out wings, so that they looked liked golden beetles of a new and ungainly shape. They flew away, like a swarm of bees, and went skirling through the air, klip! klap! klip! klap! cickety, click!

Then the sharp-face little old man, who first decoyed him into the boat, tittered and laughed to see folks run after the flying gold. The trumpeter laid down his trumpet; said he had a pain in his side, and should go into a consumption if he blew any more.

John resolved to lock up the rest of his coins, lest they, too, should fly away. But the piles all tumbled to ashes beneath his touch. The people round him all said they were certainly gold. He tried to believe them; but when he took up a coin, he saw nothing but ashes.

As he meditated on this, one of the flying pieces alighted on the table, and began to dance a rigadoon. It tumbled over
and over, and presently sprang up in the form of a monkey, with a face like the wrinkled old man of the boat. He turned a somerset in the air, and then came up with a dollar on his nose, singing, with an ugly grim, “It’s nothing on earth but a bubble!”

Provoked beyond endurance, he seized a large stick and would have killed the beast; but a venerable man, with silver-white hair and a bland countenance, held back his arm, and said, “Harm not the poor animal; but rather do him good.”

John covered his face and wept, as he said, “All things are bubbles! They told me I should be like a king’s son, if I heaped up this accursed gold, that now gibes, and gibbers, and mocks at me!”

“And wast thou not a king’s son in the beginning?” said the old man, with solemn tenderness. “What could the caves of the earth add to wealth like thine?”

Then was the wanderer strangely moved, and his thoughts were perplexed within him; for there was something in that old man’s clear, mild eye, that reminded him of his beloved Mary, and the blue flowers on the mountain top.

With a troubled voice he murmured, “The sea and the earth, the mountains and the stars all lie to me.”

“Not the mountains and the stars, my son,” replied the old man. “But look! thy enemy is hungry.”

The rich man turned, and saw the Chinese juggler in rags, leading a half starved monkey. His heart was softened, and he took gold and gave him, and said, “Buy food for him and thee, and come to me again.” But the gold that he gave returned into his own hand, though they carried it away with thankful hearts; and as he laid it upon the table, he found that that, and that only, changed not to ashes; it remained pure, solid gold.

The white-haired old man smiled, and said, “All is not a bubble.

That thou keepest thou losest,
That thou givest thou hast.

Wilt thou follow me to thy Father’s house?”

He said this persuadingly; and he that heard, again believed, and turned his face toward the East. “Shall I carry nothing with me?” he inquired. “Thy withered rose, and the gold thou gavest to thy enemy,” replied the venerable guide.

Before they had proceeded far, the trumpeter and the old
man hallooed after them, and the siren of the cave sang her song.

But they kept bravely on, ever toward the mountain in the East. The flowers grew thicker in their path, and sent up their fragrant breath, an offering of love. In the trees seemed to be a multitude of harps; and unseen hands played the old familiar tunes.

When they reached the top of the mountain, John turned to speak to that kind old man, with solemn, friendly voice; but the child with white raiment and shining wings stood before him. She carried in her arms long wreaths of the most beautiful flowers; and as she danced round and round him, she twined them playfully about his limbs, singing—

"Ever toward the rising sun,
Follow, follow, lonely one.
Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near!"

But presently, when a broad river came across their path, the man stepped shuddering back, saying the waters looked cold and deep, and he could not wade through them.

The child dipped her wreath in the water, and straightway a glorious rainbow spanned the river.

On the opposite side appeared Mary, with a rose upon her bosom, and a bright revolving star on her forehead. She too began to sing—

"Loud sound the notes of lofty cheer,
Be strong of heart—thy Home is near!"

Then a bright smile lighted up the face of the wearied traveller. He folded his arms, and the shining child guided him across the rainbow with her wreath of flowers.

On the other side, stood a stately palace of gold and pearl; and when he entered, he beheld the self-same crystal mirror, where he, in the far olden time, had tried to kiss the image of his Mary.

The coins he had given his enemy changed to golden harps, and made heavenly music. The withered rose bloomed again in more glorious beauty, and the whole air was filled with its fragrant breath, as it waved gracefully in the gentle breeze.

Then John fell on the neck of his beloved, and said, "We have found our Father's house. This is our Home."
LETTER V.

January, 20, 1844.

Inquiring one day for a washerwoman, I was referred to a coloured woman, in Lispenard Street, by the name of Charity Bowery. I found her a person of uncommon intelligence, and great earnestness of manner.

In answer to my enquiries, she told me her history, which I will endeavour to relate precisely in her own words. Unfortunately, I cannot give the highly dramatic effect it received from her expressive intonations, and rapid variations of countenance.

With the exception of some changes of names, I repeat, with perfect accuracy, what she said, as follows:—

"I am about sixty-five years old. I was born near Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him away. He used to whip them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother nursed all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each of her own. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. Oh, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married; for mistress didn't like to have her people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband; 'For,' said she, 'if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man; and mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to any body. I see something was the matter; and I begged
of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars, that he could not pay; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I begged him to sell me and my children, rather than to go to jail. I see the tears come into his eyes. 'I don’t know, Charity,' said he; 'I'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about; I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.'

"Two or three days after, he came to me, and says he; 'Charity, how should you be liked to be sold to Mr. Kinmore?' I told him I would rather be sold to him than to any body else, because my husband belonged to him. My husband was a nice good man, and we set stores by one another. Mr. Kinmore agreed to buy us; and so I and my children went there to live. He was a kind master; but as for mistress Kinmore,—she was a devil? Mr. Kinmore died a few years after he bought us; and in his will he give me and my husband free; but I never knewed anything about it, for years afterward. I don’t know how they managed it. My poor husband died, and never knowed that he was free. But it's all the same now. He's among the ransomed. He used to say, 'Thank God, it's only a little way home; I shall soon be with Jesus.' Oh, he had a fine old Christian heart."

Here the old woman sighed deeply, and remained silent for a moment, while her right hand slowly rose and fell upon her lap, as if her thoughts were mournfully busy. At last she resumed.

"Sixteen children I've had, first and last; and twelve I've nursed for mistress. From the time my first baby was born, I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was of more consequence to them, than to me; for I was old, and used to be a slave. But mistress Kinmore wouldn't let me have my children. One after another—one after another—she sold 'em away from me. Oh, how many times that woman's broke my heart!"

Here her voice choked, and the tears began to flow. She wiped them quickly with the corner of her apron, and continued: "I tried every way I could, to lay up a copper to buy my children; but I found it pretty hard; for mistress kept me at work all the time. It was 'Charity! Charity! Charity!' from morning till night. 'Charity, do this,' and 'Charity, do that.'
"I used to do the washings of the family; and large washings they were. The public road run right by my little hut; and I thought to myself, while I stood there at the wash-tub, I might, just as well as not, be earning something to buy my children. So I set up a little oyster-board; and when anybody come along, that wanted a few oysters and a cracker, I left my wash-tub and waited upon him. When I got a little money laid up, I went to my mistress and tried to buy one of my children. She knew how long my heart had been set upon it, and how hard I had worked for it. But she wouldn't let me have one!—She wouldn't let me have one! So, I went to work again; and set up late o' nights, in hopes I could earn enough to tempt her. When I had two hundred dollars, I went to her again; but she thought she could find a better market, and she wouldn't let me have one. At last, what did you think that woman did? She sold me and five of my children to the speculators! Oh, how I did feel, when I heard my children was sold to the speculators!"

I knew very well that by speculators the poor mother meant men whose trade it is to buy up coffles of slaves, as they buy cattle for the market.

After a short pause, her face brightened up, and her voice suddenly changed to a gay and sprightly tone.

"Surely, ma'am, there's always some good comes of being kind to folks. While I kept my oyster-board, there was a thin, peaked-looking man, used to come and buy of me. Sometimes he would say, 'Aunt Charity (he always called me Aunt Charity), you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I feel poorly to-day.' I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always trusted him. He liked my messes mighty well.—Now, who do you think that should turn out to be, but the very speculator that bought me! He come to me, and says he, 'Aunt Charity (he always called me Aunt Charity), you've been very good to me, and fixed me up many a nice little mess, when I've been poorly; and now you shall have your freedom for it, and I'll give you your youngest child.'"

"That was very kind," said I; "but I wish he had given you all of them."

With a look of great simplicity, and in tones of expostulation, the slave-mother replied, "Oh, he couldn't afford that, you know."
"Well," continued she, "after that, I concluded I'd come to the Free States. But mistress had one child of mine; a boy about twelve years old. I had always set my heart upon buying Richard. He was the image of his father; and my husband was a nice a good man; and we set stores by one another. Besides, I was always uneasy in my mind about Richard. He was a spirity lad; and I knew it was very hard for him to be a slave. Many a time, I have said to him, 'Richard, let what will happen, never lift your hand against your master.'

"But I knew it would always be hard work for him to be a slave. I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it wasn't enough to buy my poor boy, I'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I had paid enough. She knew she could trust me. She knew Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She wouldn't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I didn't get much more time, than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I didn't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes she'd let me have my boy. One day, she sent me off an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman,—she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair; and as mistress counted the money,—ten dollars,—twenty dollars,—fifty dollars,—I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, 'What's the matter?' She pointed to mistress's lap and said, 'Broder's money! Broder's money!' Oh, then I understood it all! I said to mistress Kinmore, 'Have you sold my boy?' Without looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, 'Yes, Charity; and I got a great price for him!'' [Here the coloured woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tone of Southern ladies.]

"Oh, my heart was too full! She had sent me away of an errand, because she didn't want to be troubled with our cries. I hadn't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall never see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load of lead. I couldn't speak my feelings. I never spoke them to her, from that day to this. As I went out of the
room, I lifted up my hands, and all I could say was, 'Mistress, how could you do it?'

The poor creature's voice had grown more and more tremulous, as she proceeded, and was at length stifled with sobs.

After some time, she resumed her story: "When my boy was gone, I thought I might sure enough as well go to the Free States. But mistress had a little grandchild of mine. His mother died when he was born. I thought it would be some comfort to me, if I could buy little orphan Sammy. So I carried all the money I had to my mistress again, and asked her if she would let me buy my grandson. But she wouldn't let me have him. Then I had nothing more to wait for; so I come on to the Free States. Here I have taken in washing; and my daughter is smart at her needle; and we get a very comfortable living."

"Do you ever hear from any of your children?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear from one of them. Mistress Kinmore sold one to a lady, that comes to the North every summer; and she brings my daughter with her."

"Don't she know that it is a good chance to take her freedom, when she is brought to the North?" said I.

"To be sure she knows that," replied Charity, with significant emphasis. "But my daughter is pious. She's member of a church. Her mistress knows she wouldn't tell a lie for her right hand. She makes her promise on the Bible, that she won't try to run away, and that she will go back to the South with her; and so, ma'am, for her honour and her Christianity's sake, she goes back into slavery."

"Is her mistress kind to her?"

"Yes, ma'am; but then everybody likes to be free. Her mistress is very kind. She says I may buy her for four hundred dollars; and that's a low price for her,—two hundred paid down, and the rest as we can earn it. Kitty and I are trying to lay up enough to buy her."

"What has become of your mistress Kinmore? Do you ever hear from her?"

"Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress Kinmore? She gave a sort of a start, and said, in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it you?' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come from under the ground; for she was far gone in a con-"
sumption. If I wasn't mistaken, there was something about here (laying her hand on her heart), that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress Kinmore? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she wouldn't let me buy)."

"'I'm poorly, Charity, says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone, which Fanny Kemble herself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tones of earnest dignity, "Och! I couldn't stand that! Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from Mrs. Kinmore, since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the North every summer, told me last Fall she didn't think mistress Kinmore could live long. When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress. I told her I had a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

I asked Charity if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "I found out that my poor Richard was sold to a man in Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me, here in New York, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he wouldn't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him,—and,—in two hours my poor boy was dead! Richard was a spitory lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he's free now. God be praised, he's free now; and I shall soon be with him." * * * * *

In the course of my conversations with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the coloured people at the south, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her imagination so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the Slave States on that occasion, of course, reached her ear in repeated echoes;
and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegira to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods, with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the coloured folks were afraid to pray, in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reported it round among themselves, that if a note was heard, we should have some dreadful punishment. After that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn; and they often killed them, before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their slave hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:—

"A few more beatings of the wind and rain,
Ere the winter will be over—
Glory, Hallelujah!

Some friends has gone before me,—
I must try to go and meet them—
Glory, Hallelujah!

A few more risings and settings of the sun,
Ere the winter will be over—
Glory, Hallelujah!

There's a better day a coming—
There's a better day a coming—
Oh, Glory, Hallelujah!"

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They wouldn't let us sing that. They wouldn't let us sing that. They thought we was going to rise, because we sung 'better days are coming.'"

I shall never forget poor Charity's natural eloquence, or the spirit of Christian meekness and forbearance, which so beautifully characterised her expressions. She has now gone where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."
LETTER VI.

January 26, 1844.

I went, a few days ago, to hear Professor Gouraud's introductory lecture on Phreno-Mnemotechny; a new system of Mnemonics, which promises to form a memory of incalculable powers of retention, in ten lessons, of an hour each. The Tabernacle was crowded; for men are always desirous to find some rail-road to learning, some machine for the manufacture of intellect.

The lecturer having been much incomed by a defective memory in early life, and having for years given his attention almost exclusively to this subject, very naturally exaggerates its importance. Valuable as memory is, it could not, even in the highest state of cultivation, ever be what he styled it: "the lever of Archimedes in science, literature, and art;" "the supreme power of the mind;" "the source from which Phidias, Michael Angelo, Mozart, &c., mainly derived their immortal fame."

I believe he brought forward everything that could be brought, to exalt the praises of memory, except the testimony of mythology. But if he had recollected to state that the Nine Muses had for their mother, Mnemosyne, Goddess of Memory, he probably would have forgotten to state that they likewise had Jupiter for their father. For though he would doubtless acknowledge that there is a transcendent power in the mind, which uses memory merely to give form to its divinity, yet, in the zeal of his theory, he seems to lose sight of the fact. He has the outward world safely and systematically packed in his Mnemonic warehouse, and rejoices over it, as a merchant does over the gold in his iron safe. They are both in danger of forgetting that their treasures are not wealth, but only representatives of wealth.

Among the examples of extraordinary natural memory, the lecturer first cited Adam; because he remembered the names of "all the beasts of the field, and all the fowls of the air." But how this could be an act of memory, I could not imagine; for, according to the account, Adam gave the names, which of course had no existence till they fell from his own lips.

Every outward form has a correspondence with some variation of thought or feeling in the soul of man, and from that,
thought or affection derives its existence. This science of correspondence is no freak of imagination; it is governed by laws as fixed and universal as the laws of chemistry and mathematics. At the present period of the world, men preserve a glimmering recollection of this science in mere fragments of metaphor; from which we may imagine somewhat of the beauty of the harmonious whole, as the Elgin marbles indicate the perfection of the Parthenon. But Adam doubtless saw himself in Nature, as we see our faces in a mirror. Therefore, when the animals passed before him, he at once recognized the idea or feeling of which they were the outward form; and the idea or feeling vibrated as its image passed, and thus gave birth to language. Thus do the little points on the barrel of a music-box touch their appropriate keys, and speak in melody. This universal and intimate relation of the spiritual with the natural world, from which language flows, with "its Æolian-harp accompaniment of tones," was pre-arranged by the Infinite Mind, as the tune of the music-box, was arranged by the composer. When Adam named the things of earth, I apprehend he made no more effort of memory, than do the points on the barrel of a music-box.

Among the examples of wonderful natural memory, the lecturer cited Cyrus, who knew the name of every soldier in his army; Themistocles, who could call every citizen of Athens by name; Cæsar, who could dictate to six secretaries at once, in as many different languages; Cleopatra, who could converse with ease in thirty or forty different dialects of the East; Hortensius, the orator, who could go to an auction-room, listen to the day's sales, and the next repeat the price and purchaser of every article; and Crebillon, who composed all his works in his mind, without the aid of pen and ink. But of all the characters he mentioned, none so much excited my pity, as the Roman, who remembered, word for word, all the public discourses he had ever heard. I felt for him the most profound compassion; somewhat alleviated by the idea that he was not born in this republic, and carried no Fourth of July orations with him to another world.

Professor Gouraud related an anecdote of Voltaire, which may be new to some readers. While he was at the court of Prussia, he announced his intention to read a new poem in the presence of Frederick and his courtiers. The time arrived, and preparations for the recital were made with much pomp and
circumstance. Voltaire came in full dress, with his precious MS. written on vellum, and tied with rose-coloured ribbon. He read it in his best style, and waited for the expected applause. Frederick very coolly remarked that the poet had been playing them a trick: that the poem had been read to him months ago, by an officer of his army, who had been so unfortunate as to lose the MS. Voltaire, mortified and indignant, denied the possibility of such a thing. The officer was accordingly called, and being asked whether he had yet found his MS., he answered, no. When asked to recite such portions of it as he could recollect, he repeated, word for word, from beginning to end, the poem which had just been read. Overwhelmed with vexation and shame, Voltaire was about to rush from the room, but Frederick recalled him, saying, "Excuse me, my friend, this is all a hoax. I heard that an officer of my army boasted that he could remember a book by hearing it once read. In order to test his powers, I placed him behind a curtain while you recited your poem, and he has recollected every syllable." The explanation was of course satisfactory, and the poet cordially shook hands with his daguerrotype. The lecturer regretted that the name of this prodigy of memory had not been preserved. But what would his name express to us? It would say no more than a row of nails from his boot. He would be merely a ghost with a shadow, instead of without one.

The lecturer told us that Pope Clement VI. being knocked down in a riot in the streets of Rome, and taken up senseless, recovered with miraculous powers of memory; insomuch, that he remembered all he heard or read, without being able to comprehend how he did it. This singular effect of disease reminded me of the well-known case, related by Coleridge, of a very ignorant servant girl, who, in the paroxysms of fever, recited page after page of Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, &c., with great fluency and correctness. A close investigation into the phenomenon led to the discovery that she had, in her childhood, lived with a learned old clergyman, who was in the daily habit of reading Greek and Latin authors aloud, as he passed and repassed the room where she was at work. The words altogether unassociated with ideas, had impressed themselves upon her mind, and sickness by some unknown agency, made them visible. Coleridge suggests that it is thus every word will be brought to judgment hereafter.

Drunkenness plays strange pranks with the memory. With
all its beastliness there is something transcendental about it. It rends away the veil in which men walk disguised, and compels them to speak in *vino veritas*. It likewise removes one curtain from the memory, while it draws another. The sot forgets what he did when he was sober, but when drunk again, he recollects all that occurred in previous drunkenness. If he loses a package while intoxicated, the only way to gain knowledge of it is to get him drunk again. Some of the phenomena of animal magnetism are strikingly similar to this. In fact, disease is not unfrequently the cause of wonderful manifestations of memory, though sometimes merely of words, and sometimes merely of figures.

Printed programmes were handed to the audience, containing chronological tables, diameters and distances of the planets, tables of latitude and longitude, and miscellaneous facts, many of them apparently chosen merely for their oddity, as the most unlikely things to be remembered by the natural process. The simultaneous opening of thousands of these papers sounded like a driving shower among the leaves of a forest; and appealing thus to my imagination, it afforded momentary relief to the stifling atmosphere of the crowded room. From these papers, the audience selected questions at will, which were answered by the professor's pupils, with wonderful rapidity. One young lady filled a large blackboard with arithmetical figures, as fast as her hand could move; and had there been time enough, she might, apparently, have gone on to cover the walls of the entire room with her interminable rows; yet when these figures were compared with those printed in the programme, not one of them was out of place. A little boy and girl, about eight years old, answered, very promptly, a great variety of puzzling questions, about the diameter and distances of the planets, and the date of remarkable events. These questions were chosen indiscriminately and answered accurately, though the children had had but few hours instruction. One young man seemed able to repeat all dates. He could tell when Jacob dreamed his dream, when the whale swallowed Jonah, when Samuel hewed Agag to pieces, when Zimri began to reign, when Tobit was persecuted by his ill-tempered wife, and many other things, equally important and interesting, set forth in the programme. Professor Gouraud assured his audience that all this volume of dates, facts, and figures, might be learned, as if by magic, by any one who would join his classes: that by spending on them
about as much time as it would take to read them once, we
should wake up in the morning, and find them all in our heads.
This suggestion made my brow begin to ache. I found some-
thing extremely uncomfortable in the idea of having my
intellectual apartments cluttered up with ghosts of Agag,
Zimri, Jehoiakim, Tobit's quarrelsome wife, and the like. I
felt something of the spirit of Bettina, when she said, "I would
not ask my teacher who Nimrod was, for fear he should tell
me; and it would be so useless to know."

You will readily imagine that I am not fitted to be an
enthusiast in Mnemonics. In the first place, I never could
help remembering all I wanted to remember, and a great deal
more; and in the next place, the outward interests me but
little, except so far as I perceive its inward significance. If I
could ascertain, or even imagine, what place Mrs. Tobit's
scolding has among the great powers of Nature, or what link it
supplies in the chain of causation, I should feel interested in
her. But why should I care to know the day and the year
when a shadow from a magic lantern danced on the wall?

Do not understand me as underrating the importance of
statistics, or the exceeding usefulness of memory. As the
greatest soul cannot perform its functions well, except through
the medium of a healthly body, so the inspiration which teaches
all discoveries and inventions in science, art, and literature,
needs the medium of a well arranged memory. But memory is
only a vessel into which the inspiration is poured; merely a
cup to contain the glowing wine.

Professor Gouraud's attention was originally drawn to the
subject by the deficiency of his own memory. When young,
he had the strongest desire for knowledge, but could not
possibly retain what he learned. His parents, of course,
would not venture to knock him on the head, like Pope
Clement VI., for fear they should not happen to hit the right
place; so they endeavoured to help him with such systems of
Mnemonics as were then known. One of these, called the
System of Localities, consists in associating the fact or date
with some article of furniture in the house, as a chair, or
a picture. This process fills up the mind like an auction
room, and seems somewhat similar to that of the woman, who
caused her stairs to be pulled down and re-built, to make the
figure of her carpet come in the right place. A man once
prepared, after this fashion, a speech he was about to deliver;
but the building marked with his localities burned down the night before, and his memory was gone. The next system proposed was that of Animalisation, by which historical facts were associated with animals. Thus events in the life of Solomon would be recalled by previous associations with various parts of an elephant; the elephant being the wisest of animals. The history of Athens would be associated with an owl, the sacred bird of Athens; that of Rome with the eagle, which was her national emblem, &c. This menagerie in the head took up more room than the ideas they were intended to fasten, and the system was soon dismissed, as useless to mankind. The German, Feinagle, invented a new art of memory, which was afterward improved upon by Dr. Gray. In his "Memoria Technica" he proposes to make certain changes in the names of persons, places, &c., in such a way that the words shall signify also certain numbers, according to tables previously drawn up.

Professor Gouraud does not explain what his system is; but he says the principle on which it is based was suggested to his mind by the theory of Feinagle and Gray. He did not take their system, and remove obstructions from its application; he merely received a suggestion from it. The light they afforded was to him as the drifting sea-weed to Columbus; not a thing to land upon, but showing the vicinity of land. He has been labouring upon it four years, and thinks he has now brought it to absolute perfection.

The results, as exhibited to the public, are certainly surprising; especially on his own once defective memory, which now seems to be an encyclopedia of science and art.

He asserts that the system can be successfully applied to every branch of human knowledge, even to the acquisition of languages. He believes it was pre-arranged by God, and that He intended man should remember all things by just this process; but we, in our blundering stupidity, have been nearly six thousand years finding it out.

As Phrenology is the democracy of metaphysics, and Photography the democracy of drawing, so Mnemonics appears to be, emphatically, the democracy of learning. It levels all distinctions. The ignorant slave, or the child of eight years old, can tell all about the planets, as accurately as the best astronomer and mathematician; though they know nothing of the laws by which the answer was obtained.

The Professor urged, as a recommendation of the system, that
the acquisition of learning by this process required no serious
effort of the mind. But this seemed to me a very grave
objection to it. Knowledge of external things is doubtless
extremely valuable; and strictly speaking, no fact is unimpor-
tant. But, compared with the strength of mind gained in
acquiring them, the facts themselves dwindle into insignificance.
The soul is invigorated by effort, as the muscles of a gold-
beater’s arm grow strong by exertion.

Memory which develops itself by natural and healthy growth,
is formed by associating a fact with other facts, and all facts
with ideas and principles; and to such a mind, facts always
suggest ideas and principles. Thus a philosophic memory is
formed, while imagination is stimulated, and the reflective
powers invigorated. The very best system of artificial memory
must be wanting in this principle of flexibility and growth. So
far as it enables the mind to dispense with labour, it is a serious
injury. The process may, however, be very convenient in the
details of business; though Raphaels, Mozarts, and Newtons,
cannot grow by steam, even of forty-horse power.

P. S.—Speaking of memory, reminds me of Dickens’s new
story, The Christmas Carol. The newspapers announce it
merely as a “ghost story.” It is a most genial production, one
of the sunniest bubbles that ever floated on the stream of light
literature. The ghost is nothing more or less than memory.

About this Carol, I will tell you “a merry toy,” as Jeremy
Taylor was wont to say. Two friends of mine proposed to give
me a New-Year’s present, and asked me to choose what it
should be. I had certain projects in my head for the benefit of
another person, and I answered that the most acceptable gift
would be a donation to carry out my plans. One of the friends,
whom I addressed, was ill pleased with my request. She
either did not like the object, or she thought I had no right
to change the appropriation of their intended bounty. She
at once said, in a manner extremely laconic and decided,
“I won’t give one cent.” Her sister remonstrated, and re-
presented that the person in question had been very unfortunate.
“There is no use in talking to me,” she replied; “I won’t give
one cent.”

Soon after, a neighbour sent in Dickens’s Christmas Carol,
saying it was a new work, and perhaps the ladies would like to
read it. When the story was carried home, the neighbour
asked, "How did you like it?" "I have not much reason to thank you for it," said she; "for it has cost me three dollars." "And pray how is that?" "I was called upon to contribute toward a charitable object, which did not in all respects meet my approbation. I said I wouldn't give one cent. Sister tried to coax me; but I told her it was of no use, for I wouldn't give one cent. But I have read the Christmas Carol, and now I am obliged to give three dollars."

It is indeed a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely.

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LEYER VII.

February 14, 1844.

To-day is St. Valentine's day, the observance of which is said to have originated among the Romans, who, on a festival of Juno, on the 14th of February, put into a box the names of young women to be drawn out by young men. The Roman Catholics, according to their usual policy of transferring to their church festivals endeared to the populace by long usage, gave the day to St. Valentine, instead of Juno. This saint was a Roman bishop, who suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Claudius II., and was afterward canonized. How he came to be the peculiar patron of love-tokens, it is not easy to ascertain. It probably was an accident that the day set apart for him in the Catholic calendar happened to come on the 14th of February. Whatever gave him this distinction, his name is now associated with love and courtship throughout Christendom; and very curious are some of the old customs observed in honour of St. Valentine.

Within the few last years, the observance of this festival has been extending in New York, and it has now become quite a showy affair. Valentines, engraved for the occasion, are displayed in the shop windows in great profusion. The styles are various; from the most beautiful and tasteful devices, valued at seven or eight dollars, down to the most comic and grotesque, for fifty, or twenty-five cents. In some, the paper is edged with an exquisite imitation of the finest Brabant lace;
and in the corner, a smiling Cupid rides on a butterfly, or lies partially concealed in a richly-coloured rose. Others are edged with arabesques of gold, or an ultra-marine ground; and the letters of the amorous epistle are variously coloured, like the gorgeous old illuminated MSS. In some, the image of Cupid sleeps on delicate white satin; in others, he is hidden under a network of silvered or gilded paper, cut so fine, that when raised up, the little god seems enclosed in a cage of cobwebs. Among the comic ones, I noticed a very fat man, with a blowsy-faced Cupid shooting roast-beef into his mouth. To-day, there is a strong reinforcement of carriers, and a great crowd round the post-office. Forty thousand valentines, it is said, pass through in the course of the day. To-night, a club of bachelors, according to annual custom, give the ladies a brilliant ball, at the Astor House.

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!" says Charles Lamb. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? Or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! Like unto thee assuredly there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air ‘brushed with the hiss of rustling wings;’ singing Cupids are thy choristers; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

In London, it is said that two hundred thousand letters, beyond usual daily average, annually pass through the post-office on St. Valentine’s day. "Two hundred thousand pence paid for foolery!" exclaims an old gentleman. To which the daughter replies, "Why then just two hundred thousand people must be in love with each other." "Ah, child, thou art a foolish reckoner. All Valentines are not in love. Instead of bleeding hearts transfixed with arrows, many of them would do well to choose for their emblem a fox eating a silly goose, or a puppy munching the butterfly that sails into his open mouth."

The cynical old gentleman is right; painful as it is to oppose his bitter sarcasm to the rose-coloured dreams of unsuspecting youth, Those gaily-dressed Valentines in our windows, will
many of them, be sent on evil errands. To-day will commence some private tragedies, on which the curtain is to fall at the mad-house, or on Blackwell's Island.

Alas, society is like an inverted pyramid, and that which should point to the heavens, is buried in the earth. The highest fact in man's mysterious existence, the holiest emblem of the union of divine with human, the mediation between matter and spirit, by which the former should become glorified and god-like, and thus ascend unto the bosom of the Father—this sacred gift is trampled under the feet of men, and changed into a stinging serpent, which carries its foul slime over the roses of life.

Moore beautifully describes the contest between two principles which, in a right order of things, would never be antagonistical, but only beautiful and harmonious qualities of one law of our being. He thus describes a festival in the Epicurean gardens: "Over the lake of the Temple were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre. Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on; their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros; the former the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening, their conflict was maintained with various success. The timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist, being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished."

I have wandered from the shop windows of New York, to Grecian gardens, in the ancient time. My mind has a troublesome habit, which compels it to fly high above the surface of things, or dive into the hidden caves beneath. To atone for my mystical vagaries, I will tell a true story, not without significance at this season of Valentines.

In a city, which shall be nameless, there lived, long ago, a young girl, the only daughter of a widow. She came from the country, and was as ignorant of the dangers of a city, as the squirrels of her native fields. She had glossy black hair, gentle, beaming eyes, and "lips like wet coral." Of course, she knew that she was beautiful; for when she was a child, strangers
often stopped as she passed, and exclaimed, "How handsome she is!" And as she grew older, the young men gazed on her with admiration. She was poor, and removed to the city to earn her living by covering umbrellas. She was just at that susceptible age, when youth was passing into womanhood; when the soul begins to be pervaded by "that restless principle, which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union."

At the hotel opposite, Lord Henry Stuart, an English nobleman, had at that time taken lodgings. His visit to this country is doubtless well remembered by many, for it made a great sensation at the time, He was a peer of the realm, descended from the royal line, and was, moreover, a strikingly handsome man, of right princely carriage. He was subsequently a member of the British Parliament, and is now dead.

As this distinguished stranger passed to and from his hotel, he encountered the umbrella girl, and was impressed by her uncommon beauty. He easily traced her to the opposite store, where he soon after went to purchase an umbrella. This was followed up by presents of flowers, chats by the way-side, and invitations to walk or ride; all of which were gratefully accepted by the unsuspecting rustic. He was playing a game, for temporary excitement; she, with a head full of romance, and a heart melting under the influence of love, was unconsciously endangering the happiness of her whole life.

Lord Henry invited her to visit the public gardens, on the Fourth of July. In the simplicity of her heart, she believed all his flattering professions, and considered herself his bride elect; she therefore accepted the invitation, with innocent frankness. But she had no dress fit to appear on such a public occasion, with a gentleman of high rank, whom she verily supposed to be her destined husband. While these thoughts revolved in her mind, her eye was unfortunately attracted by a beautiful piece of silk, belonging to her employer. Ah, could she not take it, without being seen, and pay for it secretly, when she had earned money enough? The temptation conquered her in a moment of weakness. She concealed the silk, and conveyed it to her lodgings. It was the first thing she had ever stolen, and her remorse was painful. She would have carried it back, but she dreaded discovery. She was not sure that her repentance would be met in a spirit of forgiveness.

On the eventful Fourth of July, she came out in her new dress. Lord Henry complimented her upon her elegant
appearance; but she was not happy. On their way to the gardens, he talked to her in a manner which she did not comprehend. Perceiving this, he spoke more explicitly. The guileless young creature stopped, looked in his face with mournful reproach, and burst into tears. The nobleman took her hand kindly, and said, "My dear, are you an innocent girl?" "I am, I am," replied she, with convulsive sobs. "Oh, what have I ever done, or said, that you should ask me that?" Her words stirred the deep fountains of his better nature. "If you are innocent," said he, "God forbid that I should make you otherwise. But you accepted my invitations and presents so readily, that I supposed you understood me." "What could I understand," said she, "except that you intended to make me your wife?" Though reared amid the proudest distinctions of rank, he felt no inclination to smile. He blushed and was silent. The heartless conventionalities of life stood rebuked in the presence of affectionate simplicity. He conveyed her to her humble home, and bade her farewell, with a thankful consciousness that he had done no irretrievable injury to her future prospects. The remembrance of her would soon be to him as the recollection of last year's butterflies. With her, the wound was deeper. In her solitary chamber, she wept, in bitterness of heart, over her ruined air-castles. And that dress, which she had stolen to make an appearance befitting his bride! Oh, what if she should be discovered? And would not the heart of her poor widowed mother break, if she would ever know that her child was a thief? Alas, her wretched forebodings were too true. The silk was traced to her; she was arrested, on her way to the store, and dragged to prison. There she refused all nourishment, and wept incessantly.

On the fourth day, the keeper called upon Isaac T. Hopper, and informed him that there was a young girl in prison, who appeared to be utterly friendless, and determined to die by starvation. The kind-hearted Friend immediately went to her assistance. He found her lying on the floor of her cell, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. He tried to comfort her, but could obtain no answer. "Leave us alone," said he to the keeper. "Perhaps she will speak to me, if there is none to hear." When they were alone together, he put back the hair from her temples, laid his hand kindly on her beautiful head, and said in soothing tones, "My child, consider me as thy father. Tell me all thou hast
done. If thou hast taken this silk, let me know all about it. I will do for thee as I would for a daughter; and I doubt not that I can help thee out of this difficulty."

After a long time spent in affectionate entreaty, she leaned her young head on his friendly shoulder, and sobbed out, "Oh, I wish I was dead. What will my poor mother say, when she knows of my disgrace?"

"Perhaps we can manage that she never shall know it," replied he; and alluring her by this hope, he gradually obtained from her the whole story of her acquaintance with the nobleman. He bade her be comforted, and take nourishment; for he would see that the silk was paid for, and the prosecution withdrawn. He went immediately to her employer, and told him the story. "This is her first offence," said he: "the girl is young, and the only child of a poor widow. Give her a chance to retrieve this one false step, and she may be restored to society, a useful and honoured woman. I will see that thou art paid for the silk." The man readily agreed to withdraw the prosecution, and said he would have dealt otherwise by the girl, had he known all the circumstances. "Thou shouldest have inquired into the merits of the case, my friend," replied Isaac. "By this kind of thoughtlessness, many a young creature is driven into the downward path, who might easily have been saved."

The kind-hearted man then went to the hotel and inquired for Henry Stuart. The servant said his lordship had not yet risen. "Tell him my business is of importance," said Friend Hopper. The servant soon returned and conducted him to the chamber. The nobleman appeared surprised that a plain Quaker should thus intrude upon his luxurious privacy; but when he heard his errand, he blushed deeply, and frankly admitted the truth of the girl's statement. His benevolent visitor took the opportunity to "bear a testimony," as the Friends say, against the sin and selfishness of profligacy. He did it in such a kind and fatherly manner, that the young man's heart was touched. He excused himself, by saying that he would not have tampered with the girl, if he had known her to be virtuous. "I have done many wrong things," said he, "but, thank God, no betrayal of confiding innocence rests on my conscience. I have always esteemed it the basest act of which man is capable." The imprisonment of the poor girl, and the forlorn situation in which she had been found, dis-
tressed him greatly. And when Isaac represented that the silk had been stolen for his sake, that the girl had thereby lost profitable employment, and was obliged to return to her distant home, to avoid the danger of exposure, he took out a fifty dollar note, and offered it to pay her expenses. "Nay," said Isaac, "thou art a very rich man; I see in thy hand a large roll of such notes. She is the daughter of a poor widow, and thou hast been the means of doing her great injury. Give me another."

Lord Henry handed him another fifty dollar note, and smiled as he said, "You understand your business well. But you have acted nobly, and I reverence you for it. If you ever visit England, come to see me. I will give you a cordial welcome, and treat you like a nobleman."

"Farewell, friend," replied Isaac: "Though much to blame in this affair, thou too hast behaved nobly. Mayst thou be blessed in domestic life, and trifle no more with the feelings of poor girls; not even with those whom others have betrayed and deserted."

Luckily, the girl had sufficient presence of mind to assume a false name, when arrested; by which means her true name was kept out of the newspapers. "I did this," said she, "for my poor mother's sake." With the money given by Lord Henry, the silk was paid for, and she was sent home to her mother, well provided with clothing. Her name and place of residence remain to this day a secret in the breast of her benefactor.

Several years after the incidents I have related, a lady called at Friend Hopper's house, and asked to see him. When he entered the room, he found a handsomely dressed young matron, with a blooming boy of five or six years old. She rose to meet him, and her voice choked, as she said, "Friend Hopper, do you know me?" He replied that he did not. She fixed her tearful eyes earnestly upon him, and said, "You once helped me, when in great distress." But the good missionary of humanity had helped too many in distress, to be able to recollect her without more precise information. With a tremulous voice, she bade her son go into the next room, for a few minutes; then dropping on her knees, she hid her face in his lap, and sobbed out, "I am the girl that stole the silk. Oh, where should I now be, if it had not been for you!"

When her emotion was somewhat calmed, she told him that she had married a highly respectable man, a Senator of his
native state. Having a call to visit the city, she had again and again passed Friend Hopper's house, looking wistfully at the windows to catch a sight of him; but when she attempted to enter, her courage failed.

"But I go away to morrow," said she, "and I could not leave the city, without once more seeing and thanking him who saved me from ruin." She recalled her little boy, and said to him, "Look at that gentleman, and remember him well; for he was the best friend your mother ever had." With an earnest invitation that he would visit her happy home, and a fervent "God bless you," she bade her benefactor farewell.

My venerable friend is not aware that I have written this story. I have not published it from any wish to glorify him, but to exert a genial influence on the hearts of others; to do my mite toward teaching society how to cast out the Demon Penalty, by the voice of the Angel Love.

LETTER VIII.

February, 21, 1844.

My imagination has lately been much excited by a vivid account of Mammoth Cave, from a young friend who spent several days there. I will try to transfer to your mind, as well as I can, the picture he gave me

"Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch heaven."

Mammoth Cave is situated in the southwest part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from the famous Harrodsburg Springs. The word cave is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is in fact a subterranean world; containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto.

It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country, like highland prairies, called the Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely. Fine woods of oak, hickory, and chestnut, clear of underbrush, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.
The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan, for 10,000 dollars. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is in fact his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy, like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime; with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near by, is a funnel-shaped hollow of 300 acres; probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run in to it, they cannot escape. There are troops of wild deer in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; bear-hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abounds.

Walking along the verge of this hollow, you come to a ravine, leading to Green River, whence you command a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there, to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here, nor is it easy to imagine that it could be done by the strength of man.

In rear of the hotel is a deep ravine, densely wooded, and covered with luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads by a winding path, to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top, is a perennial fountain of sweet and cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendant foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufacture, during the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man; but unfortunately, they buried them again, without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

As you come opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously, from about 85° to below 60°, and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an
iceberg. In winter, the effect is reversed. The scientific have indulged in various speculations concerning the air of this cave. It is supposed to get completely filled with cold winds during the long blasts of winter, and as there is no outlet, they remain pent up till the atmosphere without becomes warmer than that within; when there is, of course, a continual effort toward equilibrium. Why the air within the cave should be so fresh, pure, and equable, all the year round, even in its deepest recesses, is not so easily explained. Some have suggested that it is continually modified by the presence of chemical agents. Whatever may be the cause, its agreeable salubrity is observed by every visitor, and it is said to have great healing power in diseases of the lungs.

The amount of exertion which can be performed here without fatigue, is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path, like a fawn at play. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity, by continual new discoveries and startling revelations. This excitement continues after the return to the hotel. No one feels the need of cards, or politics. The conversation is all about the cave! The cave! And What shall we see to-morrow?

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air from dark depths beyond blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there, to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of of eight acres, arched with a dome 100 feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark grey rock, in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller, one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave; because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda, you pass into Audubon's Avenue, from
30 to 100 feet high, with galleries of rock on each side, jutting out farther and farther, till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This contains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery, and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leaps up from the adjoining galleries, and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, which seem made for the purpose. There has been preaching from this pulpit; but unless it was superior to most theological teaching, it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far, all is irregular, jagged rocks, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations, which grow more and more perfect, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the Church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation, as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here in 1813, was the body of a woman five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet, lay a pair of moccasins, and a handsome knapsack, made of bark: containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bear's teeth, eagle's claws and fawn's red hoofs; whistles made of cane; two rattlesnake's skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head, made of erect feathers of rooks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked like sail-needles; deer's sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine. I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum.

From Mummy Hall, you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars, on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks and sleepy eyes are
quite perfect; the trunk, at first very distinct, gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock. On another pillar is a lion's head; on another, a human head with a wig, called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point, projects half way over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk almost to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm.

As you pass along, the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate columns in the cave. The stalactite and stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish yellow, which, when the light shines through them, look like transparent amber. They are sonorous as a clear-toned bell. A pendant mass, called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken, by being struck too powerfully.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly ornamented chapel of Henry VII. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees twisting into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' Armchair, a stalactite formation, well adapted to the human figure. The chapel is the most beautiful specimen of Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

If you turn back to the main avenue, and strike off in another direction, you enter a vast room, with several projecting galleries, called the Ball Room: here the proprietor intends to assemble a brilliant dancing party this season. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, big as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom, partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin in his illustrations of Milton. It
requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all round the throne, into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave, Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind, by the unearthly effects of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber, the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from imitation of Gothic architecture, to that of the Egyptian. The dark, massive walls resemble a series of Egyptian tombs, in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle, which forms the meeting point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal Lights, which travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and the light streaming into the thick darkness, through chinks in the rocks. When the Bengal Lights begin to burn, their intense radiance casts a strong glare on Satan's Throne; the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view, and you can peer into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments, gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then—all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering genii striding down the deep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep among the dense black shadows.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of gray rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward, through this narrow aperture, you see, high, high above you, a vaulted roof of black rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from the deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly waiting for Gessler, among the shadows of the Alps, and of Wordsworth's picture of

"Yorkshire dales
Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars."

In this neighbourhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall the first moment his.
It and ground. Impalpable you supposed remarkably "which illuminate high revealed a completely Mecca's slopes beautiful Mammoth recesses through this place of evil aspect. The deep suspicious-looking recesses and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light.

All at once, a Bengal Light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare! The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should, for the first time, be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun.

But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave, is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast, that three of the most powerful Bengal Lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible, is 300 feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground.

Another route from the Devil's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensacola Avenue. Here are numerous formations of crystallised gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found farther on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's-tooth spar. A person, who visited the place, a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it, while the guide's back was turned towards him. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was his fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant genii of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty, dreary place is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive
at another avenue, enclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, 120 feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over your head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this, you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split, or chasm, in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend twenty-five or thirty feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guide ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal Lights, by the which you see 200 feet above you, a Gothic dome of one help of solid rock, perfectly overawing in its vastness and height. Below, is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the Eternal can fathom.

If instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight along-side the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ever ventured to proceed till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account given by Lieber, in his Encyclopaedia Americana. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves."

For a long period, this pit was considered bottomless, because, when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated, and reverberated, along the sides, till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting-place. It has since been sounded, and found to be 140 feet deep, with a soft muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm, and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but as it is impossible to sustain it by piers, travellers must pass over in the centre, one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance, and over-turn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensico Avenue. Hitherto, the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks, and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you
come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zig-zag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places, the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then again you rise above, and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing, winding torrent. Toward the close, the water not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low and narrow, that the traveller is obliged to stoop and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and a relief it is to stretch one's cramped and weary limbs.

This leads into the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave, called the Smoke House, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain. The ceiling stretches away—away—before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one, who has ever seen this cave, can imagine the feelings of strong excitement and deep awe with which the traveller keeps his eye fixed on the rocky ceiling, which, gradually revealed in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity or beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world, is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and scraggy paths, moving slowly—slowly—that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling, and gigantic walls; disappearing behind the high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks; then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation, can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region.

At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it vividly brought before him by Alieri's description.
of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark, lurid, and terrific, as the throat of the infernal pool."

As you pass along, you hear the roar of invisible water-falls, and at the foot of the slope, the River Styx lies before you, deep and black, over-arched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell.

"Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters, the guide can convey but two passengers at once; and these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fastened to the prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and cross the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it, before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed

"Skim along the dusky glades,
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades."

If you turn your eye from the canoe, to the parties of men and women, whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level
hall, named the Great Walk, half a mile of which brings you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks, in one place, descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders, till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short duration, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year, this river often rises, almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low water mark; a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth. On this account, autumn is an unfavourable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout. If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan, when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them, on the swollen waters, to the level of an upper cave, so low that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them.

The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish, with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at least, they have been subjected to a careful scientific examination, and no organ similar to an eye can be discovered. It would indeed be a useless appendage to creatures that dwell forever in Cimmerian darkness. But, as usual, the acuteness of one sense is increased by the absence of another. These fish are undisturbed by the most powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed at the slightest agitation of the water; and it is therefore exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come, and whither they go. But though the courageous Stephen has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced his way through the narrowest apertures under the dark waves, so as to leave merely his head a breathing space, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever—without beginning or end, like eternity. They disappear under arches, which, even at the lowest stage of the water, are under the surface of it.

From some unknown cause, it sometimes happens in the neighbourhood of these streams, that the figure of a distant companion will apparently loom up, to the height of ten or
twelve feet, as he approaches you. This occasional phenomenon
is somewhat frightful, even to the most rational observer, occur-
ing as it does in a region so naturally associated with giants
and genii.

From the Jordan, through Sillima's Avenue, you enter a
high, narrow defile, or pass, in a portion of which, called the
Hanging Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended over your
head. At the side of this defile, is a recess, called the Devil's
Blacksmith's Shop. It contains a rock shaped like an anvil,
with a small inky current running near it, and quantities of
course stalagmite scattered about, precisely like blacksmith's
cinders, called slag. In another place, you pass a square rock,
covered with beautiful dog's-tooth spar, called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's Gallery, which tapers
off to a narrow point, apparently the end of the cave in this
direction. But a ladder is placed on one side by which you
ascend to a small cleft in the rock, through which you are at
once ushered into a vast apartment, discovered about two years
ago. This is the commencement of Cleveland's Avenue, the
crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world! At
the head of the ladder, you find yourself surrounded by over-
hanging stalactites, in the form of rich clusters of grapes, trans-
parent to the light, hard as marble, and round and polished,
as if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called Mary's Vine-
yard.

From the Vineyard, an entrance to the right brings you into
a perfectly naked cave, whence you suddenly pass into a large
hall, with magnificent columns, and rich festoons of stalactite,
in various forms of beautiful combination. In the centre of
this chamber, between columns of stalactite, stands a mass of
stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which is an opening
like a grave. A Roman Catholic priest first discovered this,
about a year ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed, "The
Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard, is an enclosure like an arbour,
the ceiling and sides of which are studded with white-snow
crystallised gypsum, in the form of all sorts of flowers. It is
impossible to convey an idea of the exquisite beauty and infinite
variety of these delicate formations. In some places, roses and
lilies seem cut on the rock, in bas-relief; in others, a graceful
bell rises on a long stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath.
One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn in tassel, the silky
fibres as fine and flexile as can be imagined; another is a group of ostrich plumes, so downy that a zephyr waves it. In some nooks were little parks of trees, in others, gracefully curled leaves like the Acanthus, rose from the very bosom of the rock. Near this room is the Snow Chamber, the roof and sides of which are covered with particles of brilliant white gypsum, as if snow-balls had been dashed all over the walls. In another apartment the crystals are all in form of rosettes. In another, called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each seems to have a style of formations peculiar to itself, though of infinite variety. Days might be spent in these superb grottoes, without becoming familiar with half their hidden glories. One could imagine that some antediluvian giant had here imprisoned some fair daughter of earth, and then in pity for her loneliness, had employed fairies to deck her bowers with all the splendour of earth and ocean, like poor Amy Robsart, in the solitary halls of Cumnor. Bengal Lights, kindled in these beautiful retreats, produce an effect more gorgeous than any theatrical representation of fairyland; but they smoke the pure white incrustations, and the guide is therefore very properly reluctant to have them used. The reflection from the shining walls is so strong, that lamp-light is quite sufficient. Moreover, these wonderful formations need to be examined slowly, and in detail. The universal glitter of Bengal Lights is worthless in comparison.

From Rebecca's Garland you come into a vast hall, of great height, covered with shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four feet high, and level at top, round which several hundred people can sit conveniently. This is called Cornelia's Table, and is frequently used for parties to dine upon. In this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow-white, dry, and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who sometimes take up their abode in the cave for weeks, and other travellers who choose to remain over night, find this a very pleasant and comfortable bed.

Cornelia's Table is a safe centre, from which individuals may diverge on little exploring expeditions; for the paths here are not labyrinthine, and the hall is conspicuous from various neighbouring points of view. In most regions of the cave, it is hazardous to lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then turn short round
and return to him, you will find it next to impossible to do so. So many paths come in at acute angles; they look so much alike; and the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly, that none but the practised eye of a guide can disentangle their windings. A gentleman who retraced a few steps, near the entrance of the cave, to find his hat, lost his way so completely, that he was not found for forty-eight hours, though twenty or thirty people were in search of him. Parties are occasionally mustered and counted, to see that none are missing. Should such an accident happen, there is no danger, if the wanderer will remain stationary; for he will soon be missed, and a guide sent after him.

From the hall of congealed drops, you may branch off into a succession of small caves, called Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beautiful formations of the surrounding caves, such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral, &c., may be found so low, that you can conveniently examine their minutest features.—One of these little recesses, covered with sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called Diamond Grotto. Alma's Bower closes this series of wonderful formations. As a whole, they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in honour of Professor Cleveland, of Bowdoin College.

Silliman, in his American Journal of Science and Art, calls this admirable series, the Alabaster Caves. He says: "I was at first at a loss to account for such beautiful formations, and especially for the elegance of the curves exhibited. It is, however, evident that the substances have grown from the rocks, by increments or additions to the base; the solid parts already formed being continually pushed forward. If the growth be a little more rapid on one side than on the other, a well-proportioned curve will be the result; should the increased action on one side diminish or increase, then all the beauties of the conic and mixed curves would be produced. The masses are often evenly and longitudinally striated by a kind of columnar structure, exhibiting a fascicle of small prisms; and some of these prisms ending sooner than others, give a broken termination of great beauty, similar to our form of the emblem of 'the order of the star.' The rosettes formed by a mammillary disk surrounded by a circle of leaves, rolled elegantly outward, are from four inches to a foot in diameter. Tortuous vines, throwing off curled leaves at every flexure, like the branches of a chandelier, running more than a foot in
length, and not thicker than the finger, are among the varied frost-work of these grottoes; common stalactites of carbonate of lime, although beautiful objects, lose by contrast with these ornaments, and dwindle into mere clumsy, awkward icicles. Besides these, there are tufts of 'hair salt,' native sulphate of magnesia, depending like adhering snowballs from the roof, and periodically detaching themselves by their own increasing weight. Indeed, the more solid alabaster ornaments become at last overgrown, and fall upon the floor of the grotto, which was found covered with numbers quite entire, besides fragments of others broken by the fall."

A distinguished geologist has said that he believed Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in length, contained a petrified form of every vegetable production on earth. If this be too large a statement, it is at least safe to say that its variety is almost infinite. Amongst its other productions, are large piles of Epsom salts, beautifully crystallised. Travellers have shown such wanton destructiveness in this great temple of Nature—mutilating beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and crushing delicate flowers—that the rules are now very strict. It is allowable to touch nothing except the ornaments which have loosened and dropped by their own weight. These are often hard enough to bear transportation.

After you leave Alma's Bower, the cave again becomes very rugged. Beautiful combinations of gypsum and spar may still be seen occasionally overhead; but all round you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest manner. Through such scraggy scenery, you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregular pile of massive rocks, from 100 to 150 feet high. From these you can look down into Dismal Hollow—deep below deep—the most frightful looking place in the whole cave. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda, called Croghan Hall, in honour of the proprietor. Stalactites surround this in the richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a museum. On one side is a stalagmite formation like a pine-tree, about five feet high, with regular leaves and branches; another is in a pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains on the side opposite from that which you ascended, you will come to Serena's Arbour, which is thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave, and the end of this avenue. A most beautiful termination it is! In a
A semicircle of stalactite columns is a fountain of pure water spouting up from a rock. This fluid is as transparent as air; all the earthly particles it ever held in suspension, having been long since precipitated.—The stalactite formations in this arbour are remarkably beautiful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk through which is estimated at about three hundred miles. In some places, you descend more than a mile into the bowels of the earth. The poetical-minded traveller, after he has traced all the labyrinths, departs with lingering reluctance. As he approaches the entrance, daylight greets him with new and startling beauty. If the sun shines on the verdant sloping hill, and the waving trees, seen through the arch, they seem like fluid gold; if mere daylight rests upon them, they resemble molten silver. This remarkable richness of appearance is doubtless owing to the contrast with the thick darkness, to which the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave the temperature of the air rises thirty degrees instantly (if the season is summer), and you feel as if plunged in a hot vapour bath; but the effects of this are salutary and not unpleasant.

Nature never seems so miraculous as it does when you emerge from this hidden realm of marvellous imitations. The "dear goddess" is so serene in her resplendent and harmonious beauty! The gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky, and the air, all seem to wear a veil of transfigured glory. The traveller feels that he was never before conscious how beautiful a phenomenon is the sunlight, how magnificent the blue arch of heaven!

There are three guides at the service of travellers, all well versed in the intricate paths of this nether world. Stephen, the presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a mulatto, and a slave. He has lived in this strange region from boyhood, and a large proportion of the discoveries are the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His vocation has brought him into contact with many intellectual and scientific men, and as he has great quickness of perception, and a prodigious memory, he has profited much by intercourse with superior minds. He can recollect everybody that ever visited the cave, and all the terms of geology and mineralogy are at his tongue's end. He is extremely attentive, and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent language,
and his rapturous expressions, as he lights up some fine point of view, are at times fine specimens of glorification. His knowledge of the place is ample and accurate, and he is altogether an extremely useful and agreeable guide. May his last breath be a free one!

LETTER IX.

March 15, 1844.

March is playing its usual tricks. For the first fortnight, we had such genial, brilliant weather, that June seemed to have come to us by mistake. This early spring influence always fills me with gladness. A buoyant principle of life leaps up in my soul, like sap in the trees. I feel the greatest desire of "dancing with the whole world," as Frederika Bremer says. To be sure, these bright, sunny days do make me feel a little impatient with bricks and paving stones. Now and then, there comes over me a yearning vision of Mary Howitt's woodmouse, eating his chestnut under the canopy of a mushroom; and I wish that the world would give me as fair a life-lease of food and shelter in the green fields. But—

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it isn't clover.

Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over."

Why need I sigh for green fields? Does not Broadway superabound with beauty? Forth went I into the sunshine. The doves were careering about the liberty-poles, showing the silver lining of their breasts and wings to the morning light. The little Canary birds sang so joyously, that one forgot, for the moment, that they were confined in cages. Young girls were out in the morning breeze, making the side-walk like a hedge of blush-roses. In the magnificent stores of Broadway, rich ribbons and silks shone like a parterre of tulips in the Netherlands. Through the large windows, beautiful candelabras gracefully held out their lily-cups of frosted silver, and prismatic showers of cut glass were upborne by Grecian sylphs, or knights of the
middle ages, in golden armour. I often gaze at the rich array, delighting in beauty for its own sake. I look at them, as I do at the stars and the forests, without the slightest wish to appropriate them, and with the feeling that every human being ought to enjoy the fairest creations of Art, as freely as the sunlight and the star-glory, which our Father gives to all.

Thinking thus, I came in sight of the Park Fountain, leaping up joyously into the morning air. The sun, climbing over the roofs, had just touched it, and completely covered it with a mantle of rainbows. It was so gloriously beautiful, that I involuntarily uttered a cry of joy. And this, thought I, is a universal gift. Prismatic chandeliers and flowers of frosted silver may be shut up in princely saloons, guarded by sheriff and police; but what jeweller can produce anything so superbly beautiful as this silvery spray, and these glancing rainbows? For the labourer returning from daily toil to his narrow and crowded home, here is a wayside vision of freedom, of beauty, and of joy. Who can calculate how much it cools and refreshes his fevered and fettered soul? There are those who inquire what was the use of expending so much money for something to look at? Alas for them! For they know not that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Some speak disparagingly of this superb jet d'eau because there are no water-nymphs, or marble urns. They mistake the usual accessories of a fountain for the thing itself, as they do not recognise a man, unless he stands in a stylish coat. But for myself, I like the simplicity of the greensward, and the water in its own unadorned gracefulness. If I must live in a city, the fountains alone would determine my choice in favour of New-York.

I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face, so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, "And he is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, childlike act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! On all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of universal
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harmony; this is the diapason, which would bring us all into
tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. How
clearly does the divine voice within us proclaim this, by the
hymn of joy it sings, wherever we witness an unselfish deed,
or hear an unselfish thought. Blessings on that loving little
one! She made the city seem a garden to me. I kissed my
hand to her, as I turned off in quest of the Brooklyn ferry.
The sparkling waters swarmed with boats, some of which had
taken a big ship by the hand, and were leading her out to sea,
as the prattle of childhood often guides wisdom into the deepest
and broadest thought.

A few moments of bounding, billowy motion, and the ferry-
boat touched the Brooklyn pier. This place is a pleasant con-
trast to the swarming hive of New-York; for though laid out
in streets, and calling itself a city, there are open spaces, and
breezy heights, and pasture land, and cows.

In a conservatory here, I found a teacher, who said more to
me than sermons often do. It was a luxuriant rhododendron,
covered with blossoms. When some one, in passing, shook it
roughly, it scattered a shower of honey-dew from its roseate
cups, and immediately began to fill its chalices anew with trans-
parent ambrosia. For a few days past, I had been a little vexed
with the world for its rude thoughtlessness; but I took a lesson
of the rhododendron, to shower sweetness on hands that dis-
turbed me, and to fill anew with pure honey-drops the chalices
of my inward thought.

Before I had returned to the city, capricious March had
taken the sulks, and whistled through me, as if it came from a
thousand icebergs. But though the troop of children had all
scampered from the Battery, and the waters looked turbid and
cold, the joyous little hoop-driver had left in my memory her
sunny face and loving tones.

LETTER X.

March 29, 1844.

My friend, why do you write so despondingly? Is it a wise,
a beautiful, or a useful mission, to throw a wet blanket on all
enthusiasm and hope? The influences of the age do this more
than enough to preserve the balance of things. Let us be of
the few, who diligently keep the sacred fire from going out on the altar.

There have always been a large class of thinkers who deny that the world makes any progress. They say we move in a circle; that evils are never conquered, but only change their forms. In proof of this doctrine, they remind us that the many are now as effectually kept in subjection to the few, by commercial fraud and diplomatic cunning, as they once were by sword and battle-axe. This class of reasoners are uncomfortable to the hopeful soul; the more so, because they can easily bring forward an array of facts, from which, in the very nature of the case, it is impossible to evolve the good and evil separately, to weigh them accurately, and justly determine the results of each on the whole destiny of man. These unbelievers point to the past, whose records are deeply graven, and seen of all men, though they relate only to the externals of human history; while those who believe in perpetual progress found their faith mainly on the inward growth and unwritten history of the soul. They see within all events a spiritual essence, subtle, expansive, and noiseless as light; and from the roseate gleam resting on the horizon's edge, they predict that the sun will rise to its zenith, and veil the whole earth in transfigured glory.

It is the mission of the prophet to announce, rather than to prove; yet facts are not wanting to prove that mankind have made progress. Experience is not always at discord with hope; perhaps it is never so, if we could read history as the Omniscient reads it. Doubtless the world does move in circles, and good and evil, reproduced in new forms, bear a continued check-and-balance relation to each other. But the circles in which we move rise in a perpetually ascending series, and evil will finally be overcome with good. The very fierceness of the conflict shows that this consummation is approaching. There never was a time when good and evil, truth and falsehood, were at work with such miraculous activity. To those who look on the surface, it may seem as if the evil and the false were gaining the victory, because the evil and the false are always more violent and tumultuous than the good and the true. The tornado blusters, and the atmosphere is still; but the atmosphere produces and sustains a thousand fold more than the tornado destroys. The good and the true work for eternity in a golden silence.

The very uproar of evil, at the present time, is full of
promise; for all evil must be made manifest, that it may be cured. To this end Divine Providence is continually exerted both in the material and the spiritual world. If the right proportions of the atmosphere are disturbed, the discords manifests itself in thunder and lightning, and thus is harmony restored. To the superstitious it sounds like the voice of wrath, but it is only Universal Love restoring order to the elements.

Behind the cause lies the end; and that is, evil in the soul of man. He it is who disturbs the balance of the elements, and his sins are uttered in thunder and storm. But the manifestation is ever healthy, and the precursor of restored harmony. Welcome then, to such books as Oliver Twist and the Mysteries of Paris; welcome to all the painful unfoldings of Anti-slavery, Temperance and Prison Associations; to all that, in a spirit friendly to man, lays open the crimes, the vices, and the harshness of society. I hail this universal tendency to manifestation as a joyful omen.

Dost thou ask, oh, unbelieving reader, for proof that the world has made progress; Consider well the great fact of British emancipation in the West Indies. Show me another instance in the world's history, where the heart of a whole nation waskindled, as it were, by a divine flame, to right the wrongs of a distant and helpless people. A people too poor to repay their benefactors; nay, for whose sake the benefactors taxed themselves heavily. A people too low and vulgar, in their utter degradation, to cast the faintest gleam of romance over the sympathy which came to their rescue. Could this deed have been done under the influence of any other religion than the Christian? Was anything done in the preceding ages to be compared to it for moral grandeur? Great and glorious actions were doubtless performed by those old Greeks and Romans, and knights of the Middle Ages; but show me one so transcendently unselfish—one in which a nation acted from so pure a sentiment of justice, untaarnished by the acquisition of wealth, or fame, or power. It has been well said, that "We seek history in vain for the results of honesty, justice and kindness, as exemplified in the dealings of nation toward nation; or in the conduct of the mighty and powerful toward the defenceless and the weak. It was reserved for England to furnish this missing chapter in the history of the world—this unlimned picture in the Gallery of Time."
It has been asserted that the British Government did this as a skilful move in the game of nations. I wish I could believe such speech had no worse origin than ignorance of facts. The British Government finds an increase of power in the grand moral position it has taken on the subject of slavery; but they had no faith that such would be the result. "Honesty is the best policy, but policy without honesty never finds that out." Therefore, the applications of great moral truths to the condition of man is never discovered by governments. Such perceptions come in the stillness to individual souls, and thence-glide through the social fabric. At last a nation hails them as holy, and the moral power of a people compels government to adopt them, though with a growling disbelief in their efficacy. The good done by diplomatists and politicians is effected by the constraining force of public opinion: the bad they do is their own. This is the history of all amelioration in law; and it is eminently true with regard to British emancipation. The ruling powers resisted it as long as they could; but the fire kindled in the heart and conscience of the nation grew hotter and hotter. Government had sufficient sagacity to foresee that the boilers would burst, unless a safety-valve were supplied. When petitions grew so bulky that it required six men to carry them into Parliament, legislators began to say, "It is not safe for us to procrastinate longer. When 800,000 even of the women of England are knocking at our door, there is no more time for delay." Thus it was that government yielded up its cold and selfish policy, a sacrifice on the altar of a nation's heart.

Do you remind me of slavery in other parts of the British empire? Of slavery in her own factories and mines? I tell you the divine fire, which burnt off the fetters of the negro slave, cast its light clearly and strongly on other wrongs. The deepest corner of those dark and dismal mines stands fully revealed to the public gaze in the gleam of that holy flame; and it has already consumed the cord which bound the East Indian in British slavery.

If you are ignorant of these facts, thank the jealousy and conscious guilt of the American press. Our editors have carefully concealed the progress of emancipation, and its blessed results, while they have diligently sought for stories of insurrection, to sustain the detestable theory that God made one-half of his children to be slaves to the other half. The much-
desired insurrections never occurred. The negroes were too grateful and too docile to realise our republican hopes; and in lieu of fire and blood, our editors are constrained to make the most they can of the diminished production of sugar. As if the eternal truths contained in our own Declaration of Independence could be changed, or modified, by the sweetening of our tea!

Few facts are more disgraceful to the American press than the manner in which West India emancipation has been treated. Deep indeed must this country have been sunk in prejudice and sin, to have received these glad tidings of regenerated humanity, with such obvious coldness and aversion. Had we been sincere in our professed love of freedom, instead of jealous innuendoes and evil anguries, we should have sung to England a chorus of joy and praise, such as angels utter over a sinner that repenteth.

But let us turn again to proofs of the world's progress. Look at the glorious position of Ireland! Where can you find moral grandeur to be compared to it, in the history of nations? A people trampled on for generations, and therefore ignorant and violent—a people proverbially impulsive, bold, and reckless, stand before the imposing array of British power, and say, as William Penn did, when threatened with imprisonment in the Tower, "Well, friend, thy strength shall never equal my patience." Their oppressors, learned in the operations of brute force, arrest the Irish Liberator on the day of a great Repeal gathering, when the populace are out in masses, and under the influence of strong excitement. Having cannon and troops in readiness, they seize O'Connell, nothing doubting that a storm of stones and shillelahs will give them a specious pretext for placing Ireland under military control. But lo! neither heads nor laws are broken! The British Government stands checkmated by the simple principle of peace. O'Connell has assured the Irish people that moral power is mightier than physical force; and they, with their strong hands, and hearts burning with a sense of accumulated wrongs, believe the words he has so wisely uttered. Here is a knot for diplomatists, a puzzle for politicians! Swords will not cut it, cannon cannot shatter it, fire will not burn it. It is a power that transcends governments, and governments must surrender before its unconquered Majesty.

Perhaps you will say that O'Connell acts only from policy, as statesmen and generals have done before him. But does it mark no progress, that a man, who sways millions to his will, perceives this to be the best policy? Is there no encouragement
in the fact that the most excitable and turbulent of people believe the word he has spoken? Could the Irish have attained to this wonderful self-command, if Father Mathew had not prepared them for the work? The Law of Temperance has made a pathway in the desert for the Law of Love, and the forces of the millennium are marching in, bearing on their banners, “Friends, thy strength shall never equal my patience.”

Duelling, strongly sustained as it has been, and still is, by the pride and passions of men, is gradually passing into disrepute. More and more, men dare to brand him as the real coward who yields the good instincts of his heart, and the honest convictions of his own soul, to an erroneous popular opinion. Even South Carolina, the land of pistol chivalry, is beginning to rebuke the bloody folly. In this, too, O'Connell's example is great, though not blameless. The force of public opinion, and the persevering insolence of political opponents once drove him into a duel. He had shot the man that had long boasted that he would rid the country of him. But his noble nature rose against the murderous deed, and he dared to obey its dictates. He settled a generous pension on the widow of his enemy, and took a solemn oath, which he caused to be recorded, that he would never again fight a duel, under any provocation. Repeated efforts have been made to provoke him into a violation of his promise; but in answer to all challenges, he calmly returns a record of his oath. Assuredly, the good seed scattered by the preaching of George Fox, and the courageous meekness of his disciples, have brought forth fruit an hundred fold.

Those must be blind indeed who see no signs of moral and intellectual growth in the extended sphere of woman's usefulness, and the high standard of female character. A woman as well educated as half the mechanics' daughters in our country, would have been pointed at as a prodigy a century ago. It is astonishing what a moderate knowledge of science or literature then passed for prodigious learning. A woman who had written a book was wondered at, and feared; and judicious mothers cautioned their daughters not to follow such an eccentric example, lest they should lose all chance of getting husbands. Now, books from the pens of women, and some of them excellent books too, are poured forth by hundreds, and no one considers the fact a remarkable one. Nor have women lost in refinement and usefulness what they have gained in
knowledge and power. In the transition state of society, it is true that learned women generally became awkward pedants; but at the present time, women of the deepest philosophical insight, and the most varied learning, are eminently characterised by practical usefulness, and the domestic virtues.

Observe the fast increasing odium attached to capital punishment. Even its defenders argue for it, as men do for slavery and war, with the plea of necessity, and with an ill-concealed consciousness that their utterance is at discord with the maxims of Christ. The governor of Vermont lately recommended the legislature of that state to repeal the law, which ordained that no man should be hung till a year after being sentenced; but instead of following his advice, they prolonged the term to fifteen months. Maine has passed a similar law.

Some years ago, in a small work on education, called "The Mother's Book," I recommended that a child should never be whipt in anger. A relative said to me, "I should be ashamed of myself if I could whip my child when I was not angry." At the time, I thought the remark a foolish one; for I had then some faith in physical coercion to effect moral good; but I now see that the mother's instincts were wiser than mine, though they did not lead her to wise conclusions. Few parents could whip a child a week after the offence was committed; and states will find it difficult to hang criminals, a year after the excitement of the trial has passed away. In process of time, the prisons themselves will furnish no one hardened enough to perform the office of a hangman; and no clergymen will be found so blinded to the true mission of Christianity, as to pray on a drum-head for success in blowing the souls of human brethren out of their bodies with bomb-shells; or to stand under the gallows and pray for beneficial effects from legalised murder.

"Thank God that I have lived to see the time,
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all revenge is crime!
That man is holier than a creed; that all
Restraint upon him must consult his good;
Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
And Love look in upon his solitude.
The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught,
Through long dark centuries its way hath wrought
Into the common mind and popular thought;
And words to which, by Galilee's lake shore,
The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
Have found an echo in the general heart,
"And of the public faith become a living part."

It is true that, in this age of intellectual analysis, cunning
has, in a great measure, taken the place of force, and with
disastrous results. Still, the society that is governed by intel-
lect, however much perverted from its true use, is in advance
of society governed by club and battle axe. But from the
present state of things men are obviously passing into better
order. The transition is certainly a restless and painful one;
but there is everything to hope from the fact that the secrets
of fraud and cunning are so universally laid open, and that
men are calling more and more loudly for something better to
supersede them. Not in vain did Fourier patiently investi-
gate, for thirty years, the causes of social evils and their
remedy. Not in vain are communities starting up all around
us, varied in plan, but all born of one idea. Do you say they
will never be able to realise their aspirations? Away with
your scepticism! I tell you that, if they all die, they will not
perish without leaving the seed of great social truths scattered
on the hill-sides and in the valleys; and the seed will spring
up and wave in a golden harvest. God does not thus mock
with false hopes the beings He has made in his own image.
He has taught us to pray that his kingdom may come on
earth, as it is in heaven; and He will answer the prayer in
glorious fulfilment.

LETTER XI.

April 7, 1844.

It is curious to observe the number of things continually
crowding on the over-taxed attention of a large city: the
efforts of the individual to be seen above the mass; to be
acknowledged as an entity in the human ocean. In Broadway,
there walks here and there an ultraist of fashion, of whom
one is tempted to ask, as did Jane Taylor's simple little girl:—

"What naughty tricks pray has she done,
That they have put a fool's cap on?"
Another segment of the social circle presents men preaching vociferously from cart-wheels, at the corners of the streets; men in dust-coloured garments, with beards descending to their girdles; here an individual with a large glittering breastplate, inscribed with texts of Scripture; and there another, with shirt worn outward, like a frock, and a large cross blazoned thereon.

These eccentric characters, which abound in our time, are among the many curious indications of rapid changes going over the old prejudices and opinions of society. When the pressure of the atmosphere, to which we have been accustomed, either materially or spiritually, is partially removed, none but the strongest can stand on their feet; the weaker and more susceptible totter and reel about, in the strangest style. But even this staggering and spasmodic life is far better than the inertia of the worldling and the epicure. As I walk the streets, I often meet men coming out of princely houses, and obscure grog-shops, whose souls are buried and sealed up in the sepulchre of their bodies, with no indication that a spirit once lived there, except the epitaph of a fretful and dissatisfied expression. They remind me of Driesbach's animals, leading a life of gluttony, sleep, and mechanical evolution. The Fourierites, with significant irony, would call them both the ultimate products of civilisation.

The menagerie attracts crowds daily. It is certainly exciting to see Driesbach dash across the area in his chariot drawn by lions; or sleep on a bed of living leopards, with a crouching tiger for his pillow; or offering his hand to the mouth of a panther, as he would to the caresses of a kitten. But I could not help questioning whether it were right for a man to risk so much, or for animals to suffer so much for the purposes of amusement and pecuniary profit. I pitied the poor beasts; for they seemed very sad, and their passive obedience was evidently the result of terror. Seeing plainly, as I do, that coercion, with all its discords, is a complete reversal of the divine law of attraction, and the harmonies it evolves, this caravan, with its wonderful exhibition of subdued ferocity and imitated intelligence, appeared to me like a small apartment of the infernal regions. Again and again, I returned to be soothed by the gentle Llama. I almost fancied that a human soul had passed into it, and was gazing sadly, through the large brilliant eyes, on this forced subjection of the free creatures of God.

The Llama has always interested me strongly, and this was
a beautiful specimen of its kind. It is, I believe, the only animal which man has never been able to subdue by blows. When beaten, it weeps and dies, but will not obey. Its extreme susceptibility to music, shows that it embodies some of the gentler affections. Its countenance and motions vary incessantly with the changing tune, and when the strain is plaintive, it stands motionless and listening, till the beautiful eyes are suffused with tears. I wish it could have known the love it excited in my heart. I felt melancholy to leave it thus alone, away from all its kind, compelled to watch the perpetual drill service of animals huge and small. But through this feeling arose the clear voice of Hope, proclaiming that the tigers and snakes within man would finally be subdued. When this process is completed, man, being at peace with himself, will be in harmony with Nature, and the obedience of inferior creatures will become freedom and joy, through the divine law of attraction.

Among the invasions on the rights of animals is the Eccaleobion, a machine for hatching eggs by artificial warmth. This idea of substituting machinery for mothers excites in me some resistance. I should suppose the intelligent hens would get up a protest against being thus thrust aside from the uses of creation. The Eccaleobion is an ultimate form of the mechanical spirit of the age, wherein men construct artificial memories, and teach grammar by a machine, in which the active verb is a little hammer pounding on the objective case.

An egg broken on the third day of this artificial hatching was shown me, and I was extremely interested in watching the first pulsations of the chicken’s heart. Though no bigger than a pin’s head, it worked with the regularity and precision of a steam-engine.

There have lately been several lectures on Anatomy, adapted to popular comprehension. I rejoice at this; for it has long been a cherished wish with me that a knowledge of the structure of our bodies, and the laws which govern it, should extend from the scientific few into the common education of the people. I know of nothing so well calculated to diminish vice and vulgarity, as universal and rational information. But the impure state of society has so perverted nature, and blinded common sense, that intelligent women, though eagerly studying the structure of the earth, the attraction of the planets, and the reproduction of plants, seem ashamed to know anything of the struc-
ture of the human body, and of those physiological facts most intimately connected with their own health, and that of their children. I often hear remarks, which tempt me to exclaim, as Sir Charles Grandison did, to a lady who held her fan before her face, in the presence of a marble statue: "Wottest thou not, my dear, how much inadelicacy there is in thy delicacy."

The Manikin, or artificial Anatomy, used in illustrating these popular lectures, is an extremely curious machine, invented by a French physician. It is made of papier mache, and represents the human body with admirable perfection, in the shape, colouring, and arrangement, even of the minutest fibres. By the removal of wires, it can be completely dissected, so as to show the locality and functions of the various organs, the interior of the heart, lungs, &c. I was struck with the perpetual presence of the red artery and the blue vein, side by side, in the minutest subdivisions of the frame; the arteries conveying healthy, vigorous blood from the heart, to pervade and nourish the whole system; the veins returning the exhausted and impure blood to the lungs, there to be purified by atmospheric action, and again return into the arteries. Is it not so with the progressive announcement of truth, by the circulation of which the social body has attained its present growth? Does not every truth come to us from the central heart of things, to be carried, with earnest, self-forgetting zeal, into the very fingers and toes of society? And when it becomes a dogma and a creed, learned only by tradition, must it not go back to God's free atmosphere, to be purified for newer and higher manifestations?

But as every drop of blood, while it nourishes the body, likewise changes it, so that no particle of bone, muscle, or flesh, is ever to-day precisely as it was yesterday—so the circulation of truth through the world gradually changes the whole social fabric, and the new truth comes into a social frame, different from the preceding, even in the minutest muscles of its extremities.

Christianity has degenerated into sectarianism, and is now returning, through innumerable veins, to be purified for healthy arterial action from the central heart. Yet had it not run an earnest life, and been returned through dogmas to be revivified, could there have been a social body fit to receive the high truths which will roll the world forward into its millennium? Of what use, for instance, would it be to preach pure, spiritual doctrines concerning marriage, to a social organisation based on
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Mahometanism? Disorderly as society now appears, it is nevertheless true that the smallest fibre of the toe in our social frame, is in more harmonious relation to the universe, than it would have been had we not descended from nations possessing a knowledge of Christianity.

The same thing is true of fragmentary portions of Christianity. Anti-slavery, temperance, and peace, may degenerate into sects, and thus cease to promote growth; but the fact, that they once circulated with a true life, has prepared every fibre of the social organisation for the appropriation of higher and more universal truths. Thus does the world grow from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood.

And after manhood—what then comes to society? Must it reproduce itself through another infancy, and youth? Or, being spiritual in its essence, will it, like the soul of man, finally wear a spiritual body, to live and move freely, in harmony with the universe?

Here I pause; and looking thoughtfully from my window, a peaceful cemetery lies before me, with its grassy mounds and evergreen shrubbery. Busy thought has projected its lines far into the infinite, and through that sleeping-place only, can it ever see the return of the curve. Ah, how much I shall then know! Magazines would pay a hundred guineas a page for my information, if they could only be sure that the author was where she dated from. I will come in the deep stillness of the starry midnight, and whisper it to gentle, child-like souls; and they will utter it, not knowing whence it came. But the periodicals will call it mysticism and trash, not worth half a dollar a page, and far less important than the price of cotton. Nevertheless, the mystical word will pass from God's free atmosphere into the lungs of society, and renovate the spiritual blood, which, having completed its course, will return again to the centre. And day by day the whole body will be changed, so that no little veinlet or bone will remain as it was before the despised mystical word was uttered. The angels will watch all this in its hourly progress, while they take no note of presidential elections, or the price of cotton.
LETTER XII.

April 15, 1844.

You remind me that I often allude to correspondences between things natural and spiritual, and ask how I can call it a science, since it is altogether arbitrary and imaginary. It is doubtless true that theories of correspondence may be invented, which are unlike, and even contradictory; but this does not alter the fact that there is a real harmonious relation between all things natural and all things spiritual, descending from generals into the minutest particulars, and governed by laws as unchangeable as any of the outward sciences. This was first revealed to me, in early life, in the writings of Swedenborg. The subject took strong hold of my mind, and has ever since deeply and vividly coloured the whole fabric of my thought.

Minds accustomed to observe the relation between the inward and the outward, are struck, first of all, with the duality that prevails everywhere; the universal presence of a masculine and a feminine principle. For instance, understanding and will, or thought and affection; light and heat; time and space; words and tones. That tones indicate the affections, or feelings, needs no proof; for every body knows that the meaning of a word may be entirely changed by the tone in which it is uttered. In proportion as the sentiments are refined and cultivated, musical inflexions run through the voice, and perchance are heard by the angels as a harp accompaniment to speech.

In written language, the duality is again observable; for vowels are feminine and consonants are masculine. Hence music flows more easily into languages abounding with vowels. These sounds glide and mingle, like all expressions of the affections; but consonants are hard and distinct, like things of truth.

Love, or Good, is the inmost universal essence of all things. Music, being disembodied tone, is the expression of love, or the affections, in a general sense. Hence, it glides, like a pervading soul, into all things of literature and art; giving painting its tone, architecture its harmony, and poetry its rhythm. It has been beautifully said, that "Music is the voice of God and poetry his language."

Words being of truth, are divided into many dialects, and nations cannot understand each other's speech; and so it is with the opinions and doctrines of mankind. But the affections are everywhere the same; and music, being their voice,
is a universal medium between human hearts, exciting the same emotions in the Italian and the Swede.

Everywhere, down to the minutest details, the duality recurs. In written music, there are signs for intonations, and signs for duration; intonation relating to space, or the affections, and duration to time, or truth. Soprano is feminine, and bass is masculine; but take woman's voice alone, and it divides into; soprano and contralto; a man's voice divides into tenor and bass. Soprano is the voice of woman's affections, and contralto of woman's intellect. Tenor is the voice of man's affections, and bass of his intellect. Soprano is an octave higher than tenor, and contralto an octave higher than bass; for the feminine principle, which represents the affections and moral sentiments, is always higher than the masculine or intellectual principle, which is characterised by breadth. Every class of instruments has representatives of the masculine and feminine principle; thus, the trumpet is the soprano of the horns, and the bassoon, or fagotto, is the bass of the oboes. The Air in music relates to the affections or sentiments, and the accompaniments to truth. Hence the air is the soul, or pervading essence of every musical composition. If you analyse the mind, genius represents the transcending, infusing power, and skill the ultimate form or foundation. Skill may produce agreeable accords, but it requires genius to compose an expressive air. The human voice, in relation to instrumental music, represents the affections, and the instruments the intellect, or thought. Hence the air is intrusted to the voice.

Among instruments, the violin represents the human voice, which, of all instruments, it most nearly resembles, in the infinite variety of its intonations. In purely instrumental music, therefore, the air is composed on the violin, and passes into the contralto and bass instruments, as the moral sentiments pass into all things of intellect and science, modulating their whole expression. The bass sometimes leads the air temporarily, as a man of intellect preaches for doctrine what somebody else has loved and lived; but in both these cases, the bass, or the scientific plane, originally received the air from something of higher tone than itself.

Eastern nations do not understand harmony, and they believe that women are without souls, made to be slaves of men. When women are their companions and friends, harmony will come into their music, and their grotesque and distorted forms
of art will acquire symmetry and grace. In the Persian music it is said that a European ear can distinguish nothing like an air; and that fact alone would of itself sufficiently indicate the absence of an elevated pervading moral sentiment, gradually bringing science and social life into harmony with itself, as we see in Christian countries.

All nations of Caucasian origin have an alphabet that represents _sounds_; but those descended from the Malay race have never attained to alphabetic writing. The Chinese, who are the most civilised of them, use an alphabet of _words_, or signs of _things_, not of separate _sounds_. There is the same complication in their musical signs. They express collections of sound by a single sign, instead of separating them into their simple elements. This indicates the absence of analysis, and of course no progress in art or science.

One cannot easily define the relation between political and social changes, and the character of music: yet whoever observes them well, will see that they always bear most expressive relation to each other. In Gothic times arose the Fague, a musical composition which has been thus described: "It goes circling upward, like a many-tongued flame, always aspiring, never finished, telling of more that it would be. There are innumerable voices and airs winding and blending into one another, and leading you into the depths and mysterious mazes of a vast animated whole." How strikingly is this in keeping with the architecture of those times, and how expressive are both of the dim, superstitious, mystical sentiment of the age.

Before the Protestant reformation, music, as well as literature, was mostly shut up in the church, and masses and anthems, like monkish books, were elaborately learned and artificial. But before the beginning of the seventeenth century, popular airs, which people sang at their work, and by the wayside, the melodies of a nation's heart, began to be arranged and harmonised. Music glided out of church and monastery into the free air of social life, and became the opera. Literature did the same, and took form in drama and novel; which, like the opera, are idealisations of the joys, sorrows, and passions of private life.

Who does not hear, in the Marseillaise Hymn, the voice of a whole nation on the eve of revolution?

"When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard—pleased to meet
That voice of freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet."

Formerly the air reigned absolute, and the accompaniments were trifling and altogether subordinate appendages; but in modern times, the orchestra has been constantly increasing in importance. Now, every instrument is an individual character, every one has its say, each one attracts attention in turn, and according as it is more or less prominent, the whole expression of the piece is changed. It could not be otherwise with music in this age, which has been most significantly called All Souls' Day; when men no longer receive from reverence or authority, but each one judges of truth for himself, and speaks of it for himself.

That which orchestral music is aiming at, and approaching nearer and nearer to, is to combine infinite variety into perfect unity; to have each class of instruments distinct, yet so to mingle and work together, by harmony or contrast, that one soul shall pervade the whole. Believers in human progress will need no interpretation of the prophecy contained in this. They will see that music, too, is praying for "the kingdom to come on earth, as it is in heaven."

It would be easy to follow out these resemblances to a great length. To some minds they would seem mere idle and absurd fancies; to others, they would be full of beauty and truth. Those who do not perceive the intimate relation between the sentiments of a nation, or a sect, and the expression of its music, would perhaps be convinced if they were to listen to Catholic chants and choruses, and then to the tunes in a Universalist place of worship.

Swedenborg says that the number seven contains the whole, in a universal sense; and musicians have agreed that beyond seven sounds, arranged in particular order, either ascending or descending, the rest are merely reproduced in the same order. The eighth, or octave, begins again, and repeats the same sounds, with merely the difference that there is between a high and low voice. If we could disentangle the infinite complexities of creation, I believe we should find that each subdivision of nature contains the whole, repeated by the others in higher or
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lower keys. Of course, all these ascending and descending circles would chord at intervals.

Between music and painting, the connection is so obvious, that the terms of the two arts are full of it. Men talk of the tone and harmony of a picture, and of light and shade in the sounds of an instrument. The chromatic scale derives its name from the Greek word *chroma*, which signifies colour; and the sounds of a good orchestra might easily suggest harmony of colours, even to a mind not very imaginative.

In printed music, observe the predominance of the waving line of sound; it is the undulating line of grace and beauty in architecture and sculpture. If we could trace the analogy distinctly and clearly, as superior intelligences can, we should perhaps perceive that Moorish architecture was composed in E major, as plainly as any of Haydn's music; and that the architecture of the 15th century was, like its prevailing music, in the key of F and D minor.

Not between the arts alone is there this repetition of the same sounds on higher and lower keys. It pervades all creation, from the highest to the lowest, and fills every detail of nature and science with living significance. Thus mathematical proportions express the intervals of music, and precisely the same figures mark the distances of the planets.

"The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist.
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist.
Thy pinions, universal air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round."

And all this complexity of creation, this infinite variety flowing from unity, is in the soul of man; and if it were not there, it could not be in creation. If there were not hope and memory in the human soul, there would be no major and minor mode in music; for the major and minor modes are the hope and memory of sound.

Pardon me that I draw my illustrations so largely from music. I am prone to write of whatever my mind is full; and for three or four years past, everything has spoken to me of
music, and music has spoken to me of everything. The phenomena of light and optics likewise abounded with significant illustrations of spiritual correspondence. That light represents the universal influx of truth, is so plain, that in all languages, and from time immemorial, it has been spoken in metaphor. "To see the truth," "to receive light on a subject," are common expressions. Light is dual; for it is always accompanied with warmth, which is of the affections; and therefore it vivifies and produces growth, as well as makes growth visible. In its origin, too, we find the feminine producing principle; for

"A voice to light gave being."

Whoever can wisely trace spiritual analogies through optics and colours, will find themselves in a mansion of glories, where all manner of beautiful forms are outlined with rainbows. I will allude but to one analogy, as I pass along. Light is one and unchangeable, but the objects on which it shines absorb and reflect its rays so variously, that modifications of colour therefrom are infinite. It is precisely so with truth, in its action on human souls. Truth is one and unchangeable, but no two minds receive it alike; hence the innumerable colourings and shadings of human opinion. They might all be as harmonious as the instruments of a good orchestra; but terrible discord arises from the supposition of each one that it engrosses truth to itself, and a consequent desire to drown or overtop other voices.

When metaphors in language are particularly impressive in their beauty, it is an indication that they are founded in the real relation between things natural and spiritual. When I read, in some of Margaret Fuller's writings, "Wine is earth's answer to the sun," I smiled with pleasure, as I would at the sight of a beautiful flower, or gem. I saw that the analogy lay deeper than fancy. To speak in musical phrase, I heard a harmonious chord in this comparison. Wine, as drink, represents truth, as the sun does by its light; but its liquid warmth is like the heat of the sun. Its colour and its glow indicate the predominance of the sentiments, affections, or passions. Hence, wine kindles the imagination excites and elevates the feelings, and throws off all caution and disguise. Hence, too, its excess is inflaming and unhealthy.

Water so obviously represents truth, that men have always talked of streams of knowledge, and fountains of wisdom; but
it is plainly a type of truth in a less universal sense than light. As light imparts colour according to the quality of the thing that receives it, so water takes its form from whatever contains it. Like the spiritual idea they signify, they cannot be monopolised by men, but must forever remain universal gifts. It is true that water is sometimes sold by the gallon, in cities, and theological sects and teachers sell doctrines to some minds. But these are local deviations from a universal law. Neither truth nor water are changed by the limited and temporary monopoly; though unless the vessels are kept very clean, the purchasers will buy disease with their draught.

Water rises and expands under the action of heat, as truth does under the influence of the moral sentiments. Perhaps steam could not have been used to diminish the obstructions of space and time, as it now does, had not an increasing feeling of the brotherhood of man entered into the philosophy, literature, and politics of the age, elevating and enlarging theories, opinions, and laws, and diminishing the spiritual distances between men.

As water cannot be forced above its level, so the opinions and laws of a people never rise above their idea of God; but whatever is the real internal idea of the Divine Being, to that level, literature, education, and law, will rise through all obstructions.

Swedenborg defines the correspondence of oil, as "the holy principle of the Good of Love." Such a type we should of course expect to be smooth and gliding, inflammable, and always rising above water. Its tendency to abate the raging of the waves is well known; and whoever tries the spiritual principle it represents, will find that it has the same power to calm the tempestuous soul of an angry man. That all truths, above the merely natural and scientific, are seen more and more clearly in proportion to the pure state of the affections, will be readily admitted by all observers of the inward growth of the soul. It is likewise a fact that oil poured upon water, makes it lucid to its remotest depths, so that all substances in it can be distinctly seen. A traveller in Turkey writes thus: "I was aware that oil would calm the surface of the sea; but I did not know, until recently, that it rendered objects more distinct beneath the surface. A trinket of some value had been dropped out of the upper windows of our palace into the Bosphorus: which at this place was ten or twelve feet deep.
It was so small, that dragging for it would have been perfectly fruitless; it was accordingly given up for lost, when one of the servants proposed to drop a little oil on the surface. This was acceded to, though with faint hopes of success. To our astonishment, the trinket immediately appeared in sight, and was eventually recovered."

Priceless, altogether infinite in value, are the spiritual jewels that might be restored to the world, by pouring oil upon the troubled waves.

Garments represent truth; and the "philosophy of clothes" is therefore not without meaning. In Eastern nations, where despotic government, and theological belief in fatalism, stop the progress of human thought, opinions change not, and the fashion of garments is unvarying. But in France, where churches and governments are demolished and rebuilt in three days, the modes of dress are always changing. In America, we borrow our fashions from older nations, and mostly do the same with our thoughts.

I have spoken of the constant recurrence of quality; but it is equally true, though not equally obvious in all particulars, that where there are two, there occurs a third, the ultimate plane of both. Thus in man, love, wisdom, and life; or will understanding, and action. There are three primal colours, red, blue, and yellow. In music the perfect chord is composed of three notes. Animals, vegetables, and minerals, are the primaries, mediates, and ultimates, of things on the earth. Fountain, river, and sea, bear the same relation to each other. The rivers are mediates to convey spiritual truth, from the divine fountain, into natural and scientific truth. The sea is, in this relation, what bass is in music; the ultimate form, or scientific basis. Among minerals, iron is the ultimate; and the amount used by a nation indicates very truly their cultivation in sciences and mechanical arts.

I have told you that I long ago found in the writings of Swedenborg the golden key that unlocks these mysteries, and that my mind has been more or less busy with it ever since. Very often, when I had no recollection what his definition was, I have, by reflecting on the uses and properties of some natural substance, conjectured what its spiritual signification must be; and upon examination, I have usually found that my conjecture was the same as his statement. I never but once successfully reversed the process. Once, I began with a remote spiritual
correspondence, and descended from it into an ultimate scientific law in music, the existence of which I had not previously known. By following space and time through several windings of spiritual analogy, I came to the conclusion that the tone of a note must depend on its place in the staff; that mere points would answer as well as anything else for this purpose, and therefore the different shape of the notes must be to mark duration, or time. I examined the rules of notation in music, and found that it was so; but I was peculiarly delighted with this small addition to knowledge, because I arrived at it from the upper road.

I need not inform you that glimpses of the relation between natural and spiritual things have been seen by reflecting and poetic souls, in all ages. It runs a bright thread of metaphor through the web of all languages, and sparkles like sun-points in the poetry of all times. The Pythagoreans said that “the One, from which all things flow, and to which all things ultimately tend, is Good.” Plato says, “What light and sight are in the visible world, truth and knowledge are in the world of intelligences.” Again he says, “God is truth, and light is his shadow.”

You will see that I have made no attempt to give a comprehensive view of correspondence. In stating my conviction that it is a genuine, though almost unknown science, I have written without effort, as I would have talked. From the fragments which thus glanced upon my mind, you may judge what shining gems, and rich veins of ore, might be found by souls that have capacity to see the whole in every part. That there must be immense complication in the science, you will perceive if you reflect that the good and the true mirror themselves in all the varieties of creation, and all have a reversed image in the evil and the false.

LETTER XIII.

April 24th, 1844.

You ask me what is transcendentalism, and what do transcendentalists believe? It is a question difficult, nay, impossible, to answer; for the minds so classified are incongruous.
individuals without any creed. The name is in fact applied to everything new, strange, and unaccountable. If a man is a non-conformist to established creeds and opinions, and expresses his dissent in a manner ever so slightly peculiar, he is called a transcendentalist. It is indeed amusing to see how easily one may acquire this title. A southern lady, lately said to a friend of mine, "I knew you were a transcendentalist the first half hour I heard you talk." "How so?" inquired my friend. "Oh, it is easy enough to be seen by your peculiar phrases." "Indeed! I had thought my language was very plain and natural. Pray what transcendental phrase have I used?" "The first time I ever saw you, you spake of a person at the North as unusually gifted; and I have often since heard you use other transcendental expressions."

If you wish to know the origin of the word transcendentalism, I will explain it, briefly and simply, as I understand it.

All who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that all knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses; and thence passes to be judged of and analysed by the understanding.

The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest, and therefore most universal truths, are revealed within the soul, to a faculty transcending the understanding. This faculty they call pure Reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure Reason, which some of the writers call "The God within," they believe that all perceptions of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the Understanding, with its five handmaids, the Senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws, &c.

This idea of an inwardly revealing faculty, transcending mere intellectual perception, will naturally remind many of the "inward voice," believed in by the Society of Friends. In fact, the two phrases are different aspects of the same idea. The Quakers saw it through a religious medium, Kant in a light purely philosophic.—Closely connected with this idea is the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures; a doctrine concerning which the most confused and unsettled notions prevail, even
among those who would be most shocked at being charged with any doubts upon the subject. It is this idea which leads some to inquire, "Did Paul mean the same thing as the Transcendentalists, or the Quakers, when he made a distinction between what he wrote of himself, and what was given him to write?"

Unitarianism does not involve transcendentalism; on the contrary, it often cherishes an extreme aversion to it. But, generally speaking, minds inclined to transcendentalism are of Unitarian habits of thought. The cause is obvious enough. Both judge the recorded facts of Revelation by the light of Reason; and in no case acknowledge the authority of Revelation over Reason; believing, only when Reason and Revelation seem to them coincident.

The more popular and common forms of theology have a natural affinity with the metaphysics of Locke. That is, certain things witnessed by the senses, and recorded as miraculous facts, are considered sufficient reasons for believing everything uttered by those who performed the miracles. Those who presume to judge of Revelation by Reason may, and generally do, believe the miracles of Christ, as recorded facts; but they could not believe in the doctrines of Christ because he worked miracles.

There is slight resemblance between Quakers and Transcendentalists. The former abjure imagination and the Arts, and love to enclose everything within prescribed rules and regulations. The latter luxuriate in the beautiful, and their theories are so expansive and indefinite, that they remind one of the old story of transmigration, in which a philosopher, being asked what form he would like to have his disembodied soul enter, answered, "Form in general; no form in particular."

But the doctrine of perpetual revelation, heard in the quietude of the soul, produces one similar result in both. Neither of them favour the activity of reforms. The Quaker wishes "Israel to remain in his tents;" his cure for evils is to "keep in the quiet." The transcendentalist phrases it otherwise; he advises "to lie still in the spiritual sunshine, and grow." Neither are fond of the maxim, that "action strikes fiery light from the rocks it has to hew through."

The style of writing characteristic of transcendentalists has excited much merriment, and more wonder. That which is really uttered has deeper significance than is usually apprehended by intelligent minds unaccustomed to similar habits of thought; but it has an oracular and mystical sound, because
they rather announce, than argue, what seems to them truth. This comes of their doctrine of intuitive perception. It is the business of the understanding, they say, to analyse, compare, and prove; but reason reveals. Therefore, there is about their writings "a tone and colour *sui generis*; something of the clear and the mysterious, like the sea in a beautiful day in summer. A light, cold and colourless, pierces the liquid mass, giving it a certain transparency that captivates the eye, but which imports that there is always, at the bottom, a mystery unexplained."

Imitations of transcendentalism are unquestionably the most contemptible form of affectation and sham. Parrots laying claim to Edward Irving's inspired gift of tongues, would be wisdom compared with it. This class of superficial and artificial writers are best described by Daniel O'Connell's witty remark concerning certain public speakers: "They are men who aim at nothing, and hit it."

It is true that some of the profoundest of the transcendentalists are a little too fond of the impersonal abstraction *it*. This *it* often seems to be something "without form and void, and darkness on the face of it." Not long ago, one of this fraternity said to me, "Why do we rummage about with memory in the past, to find out our whereabout and our whatabout? It is because we are not true to ourselves, is it not? If we were true to ourselves, we should have no need to rummage about with memory in the past, to find out our whereabout, and our whatabout; for it would be with us, we should be *it*."

However this obscurity with regard to the "whereabout and whatabout," is not an exclusive peculiarity of the modern school. Old Dr. Bentley, formerly of Salem, Mass., once took for his text, "It is his spirit;" and began his sermon thus: "The sympathy of our loves is the ideal presence; and this with full consent in its best effects."

New-York is in too much of a hurry-scurry all the time, to "lie still in the sunshine" and ripen such fruit as either transcendental philosophy, or its poverty-stricken imitations. It never enters into the head of a Wall-street merchant that he is, as a friend of ours asserts, "personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis."

"Transcendental muslins" I have often seen advertised in the Bowery; but I have rarely met with transcendentalism in any other form in this city. I did once out of pure mischief send a politician and an active man of business to a house,
where I knew they would encounter three or four of these disciples, who occasionally ride a pretty high horse. When they came back, I asked with a sober face, what they had talked about. They said they did not know; but being unmercifully urged to tell something that was said, the politician at last answered: "One of them divided man into three states: the disconscious, the conscious, and the unconscious. The disconscious is the state of a pig; the conscious is the baptism by water; and the unconscious is the baptism by fire." "How did the conversation impress your mind?" said I, restraining a smile. "Why, after I had heard them talk a few minutes," replied he, "I'll be hanged if I knew whether I had any mind."

I then asked the man of business how he had been edified. "My head aches," said he; they have put my mind and body both in a confounded muss."

You must know that "muss" is a favourite phrase with New-Yorkers to express everything that is in a state of confusion. Not only mountains, but mole-hills, here bring forth a "ridiculmus muss."

Being in a tormenting mood, I insisted that my friend should give some account of the conversation.

Thus urged, he at last replied, "Why, one of them seemed to think there was some connection between mind and body; but as for the rest, as far as I could understand them, they all seemed to think the body was nothing but a sham."

I am sometimes called a transcendentalist myself, perhaps because I use the phrase "highly gifted." But I acknowledged considerable sympathy with the perplexed politician and man of business. For there are people, very intellectual ones too, who mystify me in the strangest fashion. After talking with them, my spirit always has to bite its finger, to know whether it exists or not; and even then, the question arises whether a sensation is a sensation. As for the received axiom that "a thing cannot be and not be, at the same time," they always set it twirling.

If asked to explain themselves, they answer with Jean Paul, "Probably God knows what I meant, but I have forgotten."
LETTER XIV.

May 15, 1844.

Wandering over the fields between Hoboken and Weehawken, I came upon the loveliest little clump of violets, nestling in the hollow of an old moss-grown stump. The joy they gave me, you could not imagine unless you had long been shut up in a city. Their fragrance and beauty, the genial air, the open sunlight, the little zephyrs playing at shuttlecock with the dried leaves about my feet, all greeted me like the smile of a friend. And the little cluster of violets had many pleasant things to say to me, too. They spoke of an unknown friend, who sends from Cambridge, Massachusetts, the very earliest flowers of spring, and the very latest of autumn, directed "To the Author of Letters from N. York." It is the most tasteful compliment I ever received; except once, when I was visiting in a town where I was a stranger, some children brought a basket of flowers, "for the lady who writes stories for us." I hope I am a better woman, for the offering of these little ones, and for the flowers that come and speak to me so kindly of my own distant and beloved New-England. If you can find the giver of the graceful offering, tell him the bouquet of Gentians came to me as fresh as young affections; and for a fortnight they continued to open their beautiful blue eyes to the sunshine, and close their long graceful fringes in evening sleep.

The first flowers and the last indicate just the mission I should like to perform. I would offer Flowers for Children at the outset of life, and wreath a bright crown of Immortelles for the Cross at its close. To the young I would speak joyfully, to the old cheerfully, to all hopefully. Would that I could drop lilies and roses along the path of every human brother and sister.

Those violets by the mossy stump reminded me of one who was, as I should like to be, as truly a child when she returned to the bosom of her Father, as when he first sent her forth to make the pilgrimage of time. I allude to Hannah Adams, the simple-hearted old lady, so well remembered as the earliest writer among the women of New-England. The last time I called upon her, I carried her a bunch of fresh violets; and I well remember the eager pleasure with which she received them. I was a young girl, and she was aged; but her joy was as vivid
as mine, and her face mantled with smiles, as she greeted the beloved flowers. "Oh, this reminds me of my visit to the country, last spring," said she. "Everything looked so very beautiful! It seemed to me as if the world was just created."

I never saw an old person, the expression of whose face was so innocent and infantine as hers. Any cosmetic that could produce this effect would sell high in the market. But the spirit never yields its beautiful gifts to any such process of jugglery. They who would retain a fresh old age, must love nature with a genuine love, and be simple, cheerful, and kindly, even as little children.

Hannah Adams struggled with poverty in her youth, and being feeble in health, and of a sensitive temperament, she hid herself in life's shadiest coverts, and held communion only with nature and with books. This gave a timid constraint to her manner, which she could not overcome in later life, when she was accustomed to attention from the wealthy and distinguished; but in this there was a certain something not altogether ungraceful, like the awkwardness of a child.

Her uncommon learning, her diffidence, and occasional abstraction of mind, gave rise to innumerable anecdotes. These stories sometimes returned to her, and increased the constraint of her manner, by inducing a troublesome consciousness of being unlike other people. Once, when she was going on a short excursion, in her old age, she was repeatedly charged to count the articles of her baggage, and by no means to forget that she carried three. A gentleman in the stage, when he saw the learned Hannah Adams enter, expected a rich treat in her conversation; but to his great disappointment, the only words she uttered during the whole ride, were "Basket, bundle, and box, basket, bundle, and box," frequently repeated. She attended Dr. Channing's church, and had great personal respect for him. Sometimes, when his sermons peculiarly interested her, she would become so absorbed in listening, that she unconsciously rose by degrees, and leaning forward over the pew, would gaze at the preacher with an expression of delight so intense, that it excited a smile in those who observed her. One day, she was seen knocking at the meeting-house door, and being asked why she did it, she replied that she wanted to see Dr. Channing. When informed that the church was closed on week-days, and that she would be more likely to find him at
his house, she very quietly followed the direction, saying she wondered she had not thought of that before.

A friend was one day visiting at a house where some stranger guests expressed great curiosity to see Hannah Adams; and to gratify them she offered to go and invite her to tea. The old lady accepted the invitation with the simple gladness of a child, and was soon ready to accompany her kind guide. The wind was in rather an active mood, and nearly blew off her bonnet. When they entered the house, they passed into a room, on one side of which were mirror-windows. The lady, perceiving that Miss Adams's cap was awry, led her up to the mirror to adjust it. But she was so little accustomed to view her own face, that she supposed a stranger stood before her, and hobbing a little child-like courtesy, she said, in all simplicity, "How do you do, ma'am?" "I want you to look and see if your cap is right," said her friend, smiling. But Miss Adams, supposing herself introduced again, dropped another courtesy, and repeated, "How do you do, ma'am?" It was some minutes before she was enabled clearly to comprehend that she stood before a mirror, and was courtesying to her own image.

Such indications of an absent mind, though they were not of frequent occurrence, were of course busily repeated and often exaggerated. For in those days, intellectual accomplishments were so rare, that a woman who had fitted several boys for college, was considered as great a prodigy as the learned pig that could spell his own name. Even in our own day; a carpenter being informed that the model of the house he was building was planned by a woman, exclaimed in astonishment, "Why, I declare, she knows e'en-a'most as much as some men!" Those who knew him and the highly cultivated and intellectual woman, who planned the building, found his condescending acknowledgement of an "e'en-a'most" equality sufficiently comic.

The prejudice against literary women was then much stronger than now. Some one happened to remark that they wondered Hannah Adams had never been married, for she was really a very sensible and pleasant woman. "Marry Hannah Adams!" exclaimed a gentleman, who was present; "why I should as soon think of marrying my Greek grammar." Yet the good lady was not at all like a Greek grammar. She was full of kindly thoughts and gentle affections, innocent as a child, and truthful as the sun. That she felt constrained, and not at home
in the world, was more the fault of society in being too artificial.

than hers in being too natural and simple.

It is true, that circumstances in early life had too much fos-
tered her love of seclusion, and of intellectual culture. Habits
of practical skill, and convenient self-help, must be formed in
early life, or they will never be thoroughly acquired. Stewart
says truly that "the cultivation of any one part of our charac-
ter, such as exclusive attention to the culture of taste, the
argumentative powers, or even to the refinement of moral feel-
ing, is always more or less hazardous." Bacon has the following
fine passage on the same idea: "In forming the human charac-
ter, we must not proceed as a sculptor does in forming a statue,
who works sometimes on the face, sometimes on the limbs, and
sometimes on the folds of the garments. But we must proceed,
and it is in our power to proceed, as nature does in forming a
flower, or any other of her productions. She throws out alto-
gether, and at once, the whole system of being, and the rudiments
of all the parts."

The want of self-reliance, and what in New-England is called
"faculty" about common things, was partly to be attributed to
Miss Adams's delicate health, and timid temperament, and
partly to the ever-watchful care of an affectionate elder sister,
who ministered to her wants, and supplied her deficiencies.
Thus early accustomed to lean upon a stronger nature, she was
like a vine deprived of its support, when this beloved relative
passed into the world of spirits, and left her alone at the age of
thirty-five.

In the last interview I had with her, she spoke much of this
sister. "Never," said she, "was there a stronger friendship
than existed between us. Elizabeth was my guide, my friend,
my earthly all. We shared the same apartment for years. I
had no thought concealed from her. The bond of affection was
so strong, that to part with life seemed as nothing compared
to parting with her."

"I have been told," said I, "that you think you once saw
the spirit of this dear sister."

"I cannot say that I believe it," she replied. "I have no
superstition about me, and I am very unwilling to believe
marvellous things. But I have never felt quite clear about
the circumstances of the case to which you allude. During my
sister's illness, we talked much together of our approaching
separation, and of the probable state of the soul hereafter.
We inquired anxiously whether we should know each other in that spirit world? Would she be able to see what I was doing and thinking on earth? During these conversations, my sister said, with solemn earnestness, 'Dear Hannah, if spirits are permitted to visit those they have loved on earth, I will give you some visible token that I am near you. Would you be afraid of me?' I told her I could not be afraid of her, and that it would be most pleasant to me to have her come. I thought so then; but after my sister died, the recollection of what she had said produced an undefined feeling of fear, when I was in solitude and darkness. However, weeks and months passed, and my vague superstition grew weaker and weaker. At last, it occurred to my mind only in the form of wonder that I could ever have allowed myself to be thus excited.

"One night, I sat up, as I often did, reading until midnight. After I had extinguished my light and retired to rest, I remained wakeful for some time. My mind was serene and cheerful; and I do not recollect that my thoughts were in any way occupied with my sister. Presently, my attention was arrested by a dimly luminous cloud, not far from the bed. I looked out, to see whether a light from another chamber of the house was reflected on my window; but all was darkness. I again turned to my pillow, and saw that the luminous appearance was brighter, and visibly increased in size. The shutters of our old fashioned house had holes in the middle, in the shape of a heart. I thought it must be that the moonlight streamed through one of these, and perhaps shone on some white garment, hanging on the wall. I rose and felt of the wall, but there was nothing there. I looked out of the window, and saw only a cloudy midnight sky, with here and there a solitary star. When I returned to bed, and still saw the unaccountable column of light, then, for the first time, a feeling of awe came over me. I had hitherto thought only of natural causes; but now a vague idea of the supernatural began to oppress me. My sister's promise occurred to my mind, and made me afraid. A trembling came over me, as I watched the light, and saw it become more and more distinct. It was not like moonlight, or sunlight. I cannot describe it better than by comparing it to a brilliant lamp, shining through thin, clear, white muslin. It gradually assumed shape, and there slowly emerged from it the outlines of my sister's face and figure. The very strings of her cap, tied in a bow under her chin, were distinctly visible. A terrible
fear weighed upon my heart, like the night-mare; and I screamed aloud. This brought some of the family to me, in great alarm; but before they entered, the light had vanished. When I told the story, they said I had been asleep and dreaming. I felt perfectly sure that I had been wide awake; but they said I was mistaken. Friends, to whom I mentioned it afterward, said that if I were indeed awake, it must have been a nervous delusion; and though I never had a nerve in my life, I supposed it must be so."

I remarked that physicians called all such phenomena nervous delusions; and that many seemed to accept the phrase as a satisfactory explanation; but that to my mind it did not in the least diminish the mystery. *How* was it that disordered nerves produced visions? With what eyes did nervous persons see objects, that were invisible to the natural senses? Grant that it was an image from the mind, how did the nerves paint it on the air?

"I cannot tell," replied Miss Adams. "I do not think there is any use in puzzling ourselves with these questions. I was somewhat ashamed of my terror, and was willing enough to have the blame laid on my nerves. Still, I should have been glad to have found some white garment hanging on the wall, next morning, that my incredulity might have been satisfied with proof that the whole was an illusion of my natural senses, aided by imagination. They wished me to have some one sleep in my apartment: but I was indignant at being supposed the victim of childish fears. My courage returned. I said, 'If my good sister did come to me, her errand was surely a kind one, and why should I have been afraid?' After they left me for the night, I almost wished that the vision, if it were indeed my sister, would come again. I fell asleep, and dreamed of sweet intercourse with her; but the luminous shadow never came again. I cannot say whether it were dream or vision; the subject has always puzzled me."

I asked the old lady if she had never been sorry that fear prevented her from speaking to the appearance of her sister.

"Yes, I have been very sorry," she replied. "But had she appeared twenty times, perhaps I should never have mustered courage to speak first, which I understand is the established etiquette on such occasions."

I tell the story as she told it to me, without offering explanation. A singular mixture of belief and scepticism ran through
her whole account; as if the fear of being deemed superstitious were continually with her, and mocked at the distinctness of her own impressions. Those familiar with the phenomena of animal magnetism will not dismiss the multitude of stories of this kind as mere inventions of disordered brains. If they are wise, they will conclude that the relations between spirit and matter are governed by laws now mysterious, but which may hereafter be clear to the eye of reason. A few centuries ago, our most common experiments in science would have been deemed magical. And the present age, with all its self-conscious progress, is not half so wise as it deems itself.

Hannah Adams died at the age of seventy-six. She was the first person buried at Mount Auburn; where a very neat monument was erected to her memory, bearing the following inscription, as nearly as I recollect it: "Hannah Adams, the Historian of the Jews, the Biographer of the Christian Sects, and the First Tenant of Mount Auburn."

A Boston lawyer, noted for technical accuracy, remarked, as he read this epitaph, "She cannot properly be called a tenant."

LETTER XV.

May 22, 1844.

Weehawken is a fine place for early flowers. Brushing away last year's leaves, in search of these hidden treasures, I started a little mole, and was quick enough to catch him. I held him but a moment, to admire the rich glossy brown of his velvety fur; for the palpitating heart of the poor blind creature reproved my unkindness in keeping him prisoner. As soon as I let him go, he ploughed down into the earth with wonderful rapidity, and for some distance I could see a trembling furrow on the surface, as he hurried to his subterranean home. This incident led to many thoughts concerning the happy life of animals alone with nature, and their wretched existence in cities. A painful vision of lean and lacerated omnibus-horses passed before me; and this is a subject so oppressive to my feelings, that I never enter an omnibus, unless driven in by stress of weather. With these, came recollections of dogs fighting in the streets, set on by thoughtless boys and hardened men.
In beautiful contrast with such scenes, I thought of the example of the Quakers. Blessed is the lot of animals that come under the care of that friendly sect. A Quaker meeting-house may be known at a glance, by the ample and comfortable provision made for horses. Their domestic animals usually fall into their own sleek, quiet, and regular ways. No bell indicates the hour for Quaker worship; but I have known their horses walk off, of their own accord, when the family were detained at home by any unusual occurrence. They would go at exactly the right hour, stand at the meeting-house door a few minutes, and then leisurely walk into the adjoining shed. When the people came out, they would go up to the door, and stand awhile, with faces turned homeward; then, would they quietly trot back to their barn, apparently well satisfied with the silent meeting.

The assimilation of dumb creatures to their masters is by no means uncommon. I have seen a horse, all life and spirit, carrying his head erect, and stepping freely, while he belonged to a dashing blade: but when he passed into the hands of a country clergyman, he soon became one of the most demure, jog-trotting creatures imaginable. There is a continual transmission from the spirit of man to all things beneath him. Glimpses of its effects are so far visible in this world, that an observing eye may perceive the prevailing character of a person in his house and equipage, the arrangements of his room, and still more in the appearance and deportment of children and animals. In another world, correspondence between the outward and inward will doubtless be so perfect, that a man's character may be read at once, in the things around him. There, the pure only can wear pearls.

With regard to the treatment of animals, there is a most lamentable deficiency in education. It is not easy to estimate the effects, on church and state, of so simple a thing as allowing boys to encourage dog-fights. Here, again, the example of the Quakers is excellent. On all occasions, they inculcate the greatest possible tenderness toward the brute creation. No one can read the life of that gentle-hearted apostle, John Woodward, without being touched and softened by his contrition at having in childhood killed a robin that was tending her little ones.

I once asked John W. Edmonds, one of the inspectors at Sing Sing prison, how it was that a Wall-street lawyer, brought
into sharp collisions with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a Quaker," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me, when I was four or five years old, has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys, who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her, and threw stones, till we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap, and talked to me in such moving style about my cruelty to the poor helpless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterward, if I were tempted to do anything unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the poor little kitten. I never forgot that circumstance. For a long time after, I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, that when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings, without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now, the ghost of that kitten, and the recollection of my dear mother's gentle lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing Sing, and forever admonish me to be humane and forbearing."

One of the most amusing stories I ever heard of animals, was lately told by a sober Quaker from New-Jersey, who said it was related to him by the eye-witness, himself a member of the same serious sect. He was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manoeuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly
thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock. Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity, on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cufféd him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances.

This story is almost as droll as the imaginary anecdote invented by the Ettrick Shepherd. He says that his dog Hector, by constant fellowship with him, had come to resemble him so much, that he sent him to church as his representative. Next day, the minister commended him, in the presence of the dog, for his grave and Christian-like deportment during sermon time. "Whereupon," says the Shepherd, "Hector and I gave one another such a look!" He represents the dog as obliged to escape from the room, and scamper over a wall, where he could laugh without being disrespectful to the minister.

If human souls were in a pure and healthy state, I have no doubt the understanding between men and animals would improve to a degree that would now seem miraculous. Denham describes birds in the lonely interior of Africa, as flocking about him, and looking him in the face. The picture of this scene always seemed to me a true representation of man's natural relation to the animals. The disciples of Pythagoras have handed down to us anecdotes of him, which imply a prophetic consciousness of the power man might obtain over the brute creation, if his own soul were developed according to the laws of divine order. They tell us that one day, having occasion for a pen, he called
a white eagle from the clouds, who stooped to have a feather plucked from her wing, and then soared again. A wild boar that infested the neighbourhood, committed great ravages, and defied all the efforts of the hunters. Pythagoras went to the haunts frequented by the evil beast, reasoned with him upon the impropriety of such behaviour, and made him so thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he was guilty of no further depredations. These stories are beautiful, as types of the harmonious subordination of our animal passions to the pure dominion of reason; but they likewise indicate what changes might take place if man were at one with God and nature.

Birds and beasts have in fact our own nature, flattened a semi-tone. Indications of this appear not only in their instinct, so nearly approaching to reason, but also in the striking resemblance between animals and human beings. Audubon has very remarkably the eye of a bird. Everybody has observed children that look like kittens and lambs; and whole classes of faces, that resemble horses, foxes, and baboons. In the great tune of creation, the same notes are ever recurring in different keys.

Mineral, vegetable, and animal, are the three notes that form the perfect chord of nature. First the ultimate plane was formed of earth and stones, then the mediate of vegetables, then the dominant of the animal kingdom. But man includes within himself all that is in the lower series; and living in a higher world while he lives in this, he constantly receives a spiritual influx, which he unconsciously transmits through the consecutive links of the chain. Hence the whole of creation is affected by the soul of man; but animals more especially, because they are nearest to him, and more closely allied to that portion of his nature which changes with spiritual growth. In them, he may see himself, as in a mirror. It is therefore not merely a poetic dream that the lion and the lamb would actually lie down together, if man were holy. Order in the social state would soon be reflected in a perfectly beautiful and harmonious relation between ourselves and animals.
LETTER XVI. 

June 10, 1844.

On the Battery, the other day, I met an acquaintance from New-England. He was on his way from Virginia, where he had been making contracts for wood at a dollar an acre. In the true spirit of Yankee enterprise, he buys up the produce of waste lands, fells the trees, ships them to New York and Boston, and finds the trade profitable.

A large emigration of substantial farmers from Orange, Duchess, and Columbia counties, in this State, have, within a few years, emigrated to the counties of Loudon, Culpepper and Fairfax, in Virginia. They bought up the worn-out plantations for a mere song, and, by judicious application of free labour, they are "redeeming the waste places, and making the wilderness blossom as the rose." A traveller recently told me that the farms cultivated by Quakers, who employ no slaves, formed such a striking contrast to other portions of Virginia, that they seemed almost like oases in the desert.

What a lesson this teaches concerning the comparative effect of slave-labour and free-labour, on the prosperity of a State! It seems strange, indeed, that enlightened self-interest does not banish the accursed system from the world; for political economists ought to see that "it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," as Napoleon once said of some error in state policy. But the fact is, self-interest never can be very much enlightened. All true vision derives its clearness from the heart.

If ever this truth were legibly written on the face of the earth, it is inscribed on Virginia. No State in the Union has superior natural advantages. Look at its spacious bays, its broad and beautiful rivers, traversing the country in every direction; its majestic forests, its grand and picturesque mountains, its lovely and fertile valleys, and the abundance of its mineral wealth. Words can hardly be found enthusiastic enough to express the admiration of Europeans, who first visited this magnificent region. Some say her name was given, "because the country seemed to retain the virgin plenty and purity of the first creation, and the people their primitive innocency of life and manners." Waller describes it thus:

"So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time,
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first."
Alas, that the shores of that beautiful State should become the Guinea coast of the New World!—our central station of slavery and the slave trade! Of the effects produced, we need not question abolitionists, for we learn them from the lips of her own sons. John Randolph said, years ago, that he "expected soon to see the slaves of Virginia advertising for runaway masters." Washington, in a letter to Sir John Sinclair, describes the land in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon as exhausted and miserable. He alludes to the fact, that the price of land in Pennsylvania and the free States, then averaged more than twice as much as land in Virginia: "because," says he, "there are in Pennsylvania laws for the gradual abolition of slavery; and because foreign emigrants are more inclined to settle in free States."

Of the multitude of foreigners, who daily seek an asylum and home in the empire of liberty, how many turn their steps to the region of the slave? None. There is a malaria in the atmosphere of those regions, which the new comer shuns, as being deleterious to his views and habits. See the widespread ruin, which the avarice of our ancestral government has produced in the South, as witnessed in a sparse population of freemen, deserted habitations, and fields without culture. Strange to tell, even the wolf, which, driven back long since by the approach of man, now returns, after the lapse of a hundred years, to howl over the desolations of slavery."

The allusion to the wolf, is no figure of speech. Wild beasts have returned to extensive districts of Virginia, once inhabited and cultivated.

Some eighteen years ago, when I lived in the dream-land of romantic youth, and thought nothing of slavery, or any other evils that infest the social system, an intelligent young lady from the South told me an adventure, which made a strong impression on my imagination. She was travelling with her brother in the interior of eastern Virginia. Marks of diminishing prosperity everywhere met their view. One day, they entered upon a region which seemed entirely deserted. Here and there some elegant villa indicated the former presence of wealth; but piazzas had fallen, and front doors had either dropped, or hung suspended upon one hinge. Here and there a stray garden-flower peeped forth, amid the choking wilderness of weeds; and vines, once carefully trained on lattices, spread over the ground in tangled confusion. Nothing disturbed
the silence, save the twittering of some startled bird, or the hoot and scream of gloomy wood creatures, scared by the unusual noise of travellers.

At last, they came to a church, through the roof of which a tree rooted in the central aisle beneath, sent up its verdant branches into the sunlight above. Leaving their horse to browse on the grass-grown road, they passed into the building, to examine the interior. Their entrance startled innumerable birds and bats, which flew circling round their heads, and through the broken windows. The pews had coats-of-arm blazoned on the door-panels, but birds had built their nests in corners, and grass had grown up through the chinks of the floor. The handsome trimmings of the pulpit were so covered with dust, as to leave the original colour extremely doubtful. On the cushion lay a gilt-edged Bible, still open, probably at the place where religious lessons had last been read.

I have before my mind's eye a vivid picture of that lonely church, standing in the silence of the forest. In some moods of mind, how pleasant it would be to spend the Sabbath there alone, listening to the insects singing their prayers, or to the plaintive voice of the ring-dove, coming up from the inmost heart of the shaded forest,

"Whose deep, low note, is like a gentle wife,
A poor, a pensive, yet a happy one,
Stealing, when daylight's common tasks are done,
An hour for mother's work; and singing low,
While her tired husband and her children sleep."

In the stillness of Nature there is ever something sacred, for she pleadeth tenderly with man that he will live no more at discord with her; and, like the eloquent dumb boy, she ever carrieth "great names for God in her heart."

"'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer."

I can never forget that adventure in the wilderness. There is something sadly impressive in such complete desolation, where life has once been busy and gay—and where human pride has inscribed its transient history with the mouldering insignia of rank and wealth.

The ruin and the unbroken stillness seemed so much like a work of enchantment, that the travellers named the place The
Hamlet of the Seven Sleepers. At the next inhabited village, they obtained a brief outline of its history. It had been originally settled by wealthy families, with large plantations and numerous slaves. They were Virginian gentlemen of the olden school, and would have felt themselves disgraced by the modern business of breeding slaves for market. In fact, strong family pride made them extremely averse to sell any slave that had belonged to their ancestors. So the slaves multiplied on their hands, and it soon took "all their corn to feed their hogs, and all their hogs to feed their negroes." Matters grew worse and worse with these old families. The strong soil was at last exhausted by the miserable system of slavery, and would no longer yield its increase. What could these aristocratic gentlemen do for their sons, under such circumstances? Plantations must be bought for them in the far Southwest, and they must disperse, with their trains of human cattle, to blight other new and fertile regions. There is an old superstition, that no grass grows where the devil has danced; and the effects of slavery show that this tradition, like most others, is born of truth. It is not, as some suppose, a special vengeance on the wicked system; it is a simple result of the universal and intimate relation between spirit and matter. Freedom writes itself on the earth in growth and beauty; oppression, in dreariness and decay. If we attempt to trace this effect analytically, we shall find that it originates in landholders too proud to work, in labourers deprived of healthful motive, in the inevitable intermediate class of overseers, who have no interest in the soil or the labourers; but whose pay depends on the forced product they can extort from both. Mr. Faulkner has stated the case impressively: "Compare the condition of the slave-holding portion of this commonwealth, barren, desolate, and seared as it were by the avenging hand of Heaven, with the description which we have of this same country from those who first broke its soil. To what is this change ascribable? Alone to the blasting and withering effects of slavery: To that vice in the organisation of society, by which one half its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half; to that condition of things, in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with society, in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a Government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice."
Dr. Meade, in the records of an official tour through the State, speaks of great numbers of churches fallen absolutely into ruin, from the gradual impoverishment of surrounding estates, and the consequent dispersion of the population.

The church, where General Washington was baptized, fell into such complete decay, that it was a resort for beasts and birds. It was set on fire a few years ago, lest the falling in of the roof should kill the cattle, accustomed to seek shade and shelter there.

LETTER XVII.

June 24, 1844.

At a second-hand book-stall, I picked up a volume of Tieck, and saw in it the name of Leopold Sturmvoegel. It excited deep melancholy within me, as it does to see a portrait in an auction room. I knew the hand-writing well; and a host of recollections, pleasant and painful, were twined round that name, which lay there, like obsolete hieroglyphics, among the literary rubbish. Leopold was from the Black Forest of Germany, and had a thoroughly German face. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew; remarkable for opposite qualities of almost equal strength. Unfortunately for him, they did not harmonise, as in some characters, but fought incessantly, and the victory was always alternating. His wife used to say that there was enough in him to make ten angels and ten devils; and all who knew him felt the truth of the remark.

At one period of his life, he was a thorough infidel; but reverence and love of the marvellous afterward swayed him to the opposite extreme, so that he had an almost oriental belief in omens. At the time he was most in the habit of visiting me, I had a black cat of great vivacity, with eyes that glowed like burning charcoal. One night, when he was at table with us, this cat sprung directly through the blaze of the lamp, out of the open window. After that performance, he firmly believed her to be the embodiment of some evil spirit. If she were in the room when he entered, he left the house immediately; and if she crossed his path out of doors, he always turned back. In the midst of rational conversation, I have seen his large mouth begin to work in the strangest fashion, and after a few minutes, he would turn round with angry gestures, fiercely
exclaiming, "Get thee gone, thou cursed spirit! Wherefore art thou tempting me?" If I asked an explanation, he would briefly reply, "The spirit knows what I mean, and that is sufficient." He would then resume his discourse, in the coolest and most philosophic manner imaginable. He came one day, when I was writing Philothea, and asked me if I had walked out to enjoy the genial atmosphere. I answered, "No; I have been all day in Athens; and so intently has my mind been occupied, that I almost feel as if I had actually talked with Plato." "And why should you not," rejoined he: "I know not what should hinder Plato from coming to you, or you from going to Plato."

Many were the stories he told of witchcraft and second sight. One concerning an old burgomaster of Stuttgard, with whose family he was well acquainted, I distinctly remember. The burgomaster was an honest, good man, who voluntarily resigned his office, because he thought a younger man could better fulfil its duties. In his retirement, he devoted himself to the cultivation of his garden. On one side, it was enclosed by the lofty city wall; on the other, by fences, which separated it from neighbouring gardens, and a spacious shooting ground. The old man was one day busily grafting a tree, when, raising his eyes suddenly, he saw an infant grandchild, of whom he was very fond, standing on the most dangerous part of the wall, smiling and beckoning with his finger. The city wall was forty or fifty feet high; and as it was impossible to reach the child, he hastened through the garden gate to call some one to his assistance. Pale and agitated, he entered the house, and exclaimed reproachfully to the mother, "How could you let that little one go forth alone?" His daughter pointed to the child asleep in his cradle, and replied, "He has not been out of my sight, father." Much surprised, he returned to the garden. During his absence, a bullet from the neighbouring shooting ground had gone directly through the body of the tree he had been ingrafting. This circumstance made a strong impression on the family, and they often mentioned it before Leopold, who believed it to be an especial interposition of Providence. I said the child was his grandfather's schutzengel. Leopold smiled, and said, "I never knew you guilty of anything so wretchedly elaborate; you have made a pun composed of three languages. Schutzengel is the German for Guardian-angel. The first syllable sounds like the English word shoots, and in
Swiss it means shot." His own wit was quick and glancing. One day, I showed him some flowers from a friend, saying they were gathered behind Trenton Falls. "Indeed," said he, "they are so beautiful, I should have supposed they were gathered before the fall."

A tendency to fill everything with spiritual life, showed itself continually in his most casual remarks. When I walked with him, I was much amused by this all-pervading vitality of his imagination. He talked of the stars winking at each other, of the waterfall roaring because it had a tumble, of the bees carrying messages between the flowers, and of rivulets hurrying home to their mothers. Never did any old Greek, with a dryad for every tree, and a nymph for every fountain, fill nature so full of life.

His genius would have produced great things in many departments, if he could but have concentrated its powers, and controlled the raging strife of his passions. He wrote in a strong German style, and with great poetic beauty. He would thunder forth Körner's war-songs, and Swabian drinking-songs, with a voice sufficiently deep and powerful to outroar the bass of the German Ocean in a storm. Yet his drawings were characterised by exquisite delicacy and grace, with here and there a fairy-like touch of the supernatural. At oil-painting, too, he tried his hand. His first picture of this kind was very beautiful in conception, though imperfectly executed. Under a venerable old oak, sat an aged man, leaning his hands upon a staff. His ear was raised, as if listening, and a smile gleamed all over his furrowed face; for between the parting clouds, over his head, appeared the angel figure of Hope, touching the strings of her golden harp.

Yet this poetic spiritualism was united with the strongest animal propensities. As he sang, so did he eat and drink; enough for six common men. Among the other contradictions of his nature was a blind superstitious submission, in some frames of mind, and, at others, a perfectly fierce and lawless will, that knocked down all regulations of order or custom. No mood was so permanent with him as an extreme impatience and dislike of those forms of theology called rationalism. He said this class of thinkers reminded him of the immense round bonnets, worn by the women of Swabia. The wife of the burgomaster of his native city had one of such prodigious circumference, that she could not enter the doors of
the Gothic church. A meeting was accordingly held, to decide whether Mrs. Burgomaster should abate her head-gear, or whether the doors of the church should be widened for her accommodation. "And so," said he, "these believers in the dignity of human nature must either doff their glory, or find the doors of religion too narrow for their entrance."

Sometimes he devoutly wished for a priest to whom he could confess all his sins; such need had he of some outward representation of the divine, at whose feet he could humble himself in humility and faith. Yet nothing could exceed his strenuous resistance to all bounds and limits, and to all restraining influence. One day, I asked him to go with me to hear a very eloquent speaker. "I will not go," he bluntly replied: "I don't like eloquence. It interferes with my free-will." Once he happened to board with several gentlemen, who abjured animal food. They said nothing to him about his ravenous appetite; but their silent example made him uneasy. He fretted and fumed, as if they intended a personal insult by their abstinence. "They would have me live on Canary-seed," said he; "but I will let them see I am no bird. I can eat a vast deal from opposition."

Alas, he could drink a vast deal, too; and the admirable powers of his noble mind were wasted and ruined by the vicious practice. During the first years of our acquaintance, he was seldom intoxicated. When he was so, his drunkenness, like everything else he did, had a touch of genius in it. He would say the wildest, the richest, the funniest, the most grotesque things. But his prevailing mood of mind at such times was religious. He would chant psalms and glorifications, by the hour together; and the tears would flow down his cheeks, as he repeated his mother's dying prayers, and her last words to him: "Leopold, my child, try to be good." With strange perversity, as if mocking the angel that never left his wayward heart, he would maintain that a man was never so spiritual-minded, as when he was drunk. He often gravely asserted, that his motive for drinking to excess, was to rise out of all duplicity and hypocrisy, and thus bring himself into closer relations with divine beings.

In personal appearance, he was unusually plain. His face was broad, his mouth immensely wide, his figure inelegant, and his motions awkward. He had no skill in flattery, and was proverbially forgetful of the conventional courtesies of life; yet
he had singular power over the hearts of women. I ascribed it to a magnetic influence from his electric genius and power of character. Whatever might be the cause, it was more easy for him to excite a strong interest, than it was for many handsomer and more graceful men.

The manner of his marriage was as eccentric as his other proceedings. A dark-eyed young lady called upon me one day, and introduced herself by saying she was the daughter of a widow, an intellectual and cultivated woman, once prosperous, but now in reduced circumstances. She said she thought I might induce the booksellers to employ her mother in translating foreign languages. As we talked together, my visitor took up a Catholic book, that lay on the table, and expressed a strong wish that she could believe in that religion. "I am so weary of controversy," said she; "I do so long for the quiet luxury of undoubting faith." My friend Leopold came in soon after she left, and I quite accidentally mentioned her remarks to him. His uncouth countenance absolutely shone, as he jumped up, and exclaimed eagerly, "Who is this? This is my wife. Now I know why doves flew before me, this morning, till I came to your door." I told him the name and residence, in a neighbouring town. "I will go this afternoon," said he: "I will carry a piece of linen, and ask them to make it up for me." "Perhaps they might be offended by such a request," replied I: "Having once been in prosperous circumstances, they may possibly be sensitive and proud; and then the young lady's state of feeling may arise from being in love with a Catholic." To all my suggestions, he answered, "No matter; I will try. It was not without significance that the doves flew before me this morning." Away he went; and when evening was closing in, he came back covered with dust, but full of animation. Before he took off his hat, he exclaimed, joyfully, "I have seen my wife. I walked out there, and knocked at the house you described. A dark-eyed girl opened the door. I told her I came from you, and that I wanted a piece of linen made up. She answered coldly that they did not take in sewing, and shut the door. I turned away much disappointed; but presently I heard a soft footfall on the grass, and a sweet voice saying, 'Sir! Sir!' I looked behind me, and saw a maiden with large, blue, tender eyes, who said, 'Sir, my sister was not in the right to turn you away so abruptly. Mother says she would be very glad to make the linen.' This was my wife."
A fortnight from that time they were engaged, and in a few months they were married. The widowed mother, being informed of Leopold's intemperate habits, entreated them to wait, at least a year. But remonstrances were useless. He made the most earnest promises of complete reformation, and the infatuated girl believed him. The mother urged another strong objection. "My daughter had a very severe fever a few years ago," said she; "and it has left her in a very singular state of nervous disease. She is subject to occasional fits of total oblivion." "That is another proof that we were made for each other," replied the impatient lover; "for I, too, have no memory."

It was a sad wedding to all but the parties themselves. They were in a state of ecstatic happiness, to which wealth could have added nothing. For a few months, the influence of domestic life seemed to quiet the turbid restlessness of Leopold's character, and his animal nature was brought into more harmonious subordination to his high and noble qualities. But the love of stimulating liquors soon returned upon him. One day, at twilight, I went to their humble apartments. The tea-kettle was singing before the fire, the table was spread for supper, and books and drawings were carelessly scattered over the sofa. The young wife sat alone at the window, and there was an expression in her eye, which made me feel sad and fearful. It was as if she slept with her eyes open. When I spoke, she answered me coherently, but the next moment, she evidently forgot what she had said. "Did Leopold go to church yesterday?" said I: "It stormed so, that I suppose you did not go." "I don't know," replied she; and looking out vaguely in the dim twilight, she added, in a low thrilling voice, "It seems to me that I remember being alone in a storm."

She was a pretty young creature, with a complexion like the Sweet Pea blossom, beautiful eyes, and a poetic expression. To see her in this strange trance, was exceedingly mournful. I waited, and waited, in hopes her husband would return; but he came not. At last, I was obliged to leave her. As I went out, I met Leopold, reeling as if he had laid a wager to walk on both sides of the way at once; a process which was in fact emblematical of his walk through life. In the evening, I sent a friend to ascertain whether they were safe. They were both asleep, and people in the house had taken care of light and fire.

Soon after the birth of their first child, I left that vicinity,
and heard little of them for a year and a half. When I returned, my first inquiries was concerning their welfare. I heard dismal stories of extreme poverty, of desolate removes from one place to another, of increasing tendency to oblivion in the wife, and drunkenness in the husband. Under the pressure of want and wretchedness, her mind wandered more wildly than ever. In states of mental aberration, she had attempted to cut her own throat, and to throw her child from the roof of the house. The good mother had exerted herself for them, with most disinterested patience, but he forbade her the house, and she was at last reluctantly driven away by his drunken fury. Benevolent friends were not wanting; but their efforts were useless, because everything they gave was sold for drink.

Having discovered their residence, I went to see them; and never shall I forget that visit. The pretty young wife opened the door. Her long fair hair was matted, like tangled tow. Her gown was covered with grease and dirt, and hung about her in flying tatters. In the middle of the room was a cooking stove surrounded with spiders, skillets, and kettles, just as the process of cooking had left them. On the table, lay a hat, full of tipsy indentations, and crusted with mud. A pitcher without a nose, and a jug without a handle, stood near by on a beautiful crayon drawing of the head of Plato. In one corner of the room, was a heap of chips and saw-dust, from which protruded an exquisitely graceful arm, the fragment of a small statue. Behind the chips, rose a battered plaster-cast of the God of Silence, with finger on his lip, and a dusty cobweb woven from hand to shoulder. On a broken stool, lay a handsome copy of Richter's Titan, a pair of compasses, and a sheet of soiled paper, which seemed to contain diagrams to illustrate the relation between music and colours.

I covered my eyes and wept. Never before had I seen genius in such ruin. Never had I witnessed the godlike and the bestial of our nature brought into such painful contrast. The poor young mother seemed to guess my feelings, for she wept, too; and taking my hand, she led me to a small adjoining room, where the babe slept, like a little angel in a den of animals.

Leopold was not at home; but he returned my visit that same day. The intellectual expression of his countenance was fast changing into the grossness of sensualism; but his conversation indicated the same strange mixture of high and low
qualities. He spoke of his wife's oblivious state of mind as a great mercy. "She would be much more unhappy, if it were not for this kind provision of our Heavenly Father," said he; "and this the Lord knew, when he led her to me." When I spoke of their little boy, his eyes filled with tears. "Ah!" said he, "if you only knew that sweet little creature." "It is very beautiful to see how Divine Providence watches over that child. Small as he is, he has learned to take care of himself; and however cold or hungry he may be, he never cries. He undresses himself at night, and creeps into his little bed alone. In the morning, if he finds that his mother is oblivious, and I am stupid, he speaks no more to us; but with his little fingers he contrives to pin his clothes, and get a porringer of water, to dip his crust in. It is very beautiful to see how Providence takes care of him."

I never heard a description of forlorn childhood, that so affected my imagination and my heart. I cannot even now recall it without tears. But the desolate little one, with his patient eyes and sad voice, made friends all round the neighbourhood. The roughest boys shared their bread and cake with him, and the Sunday School children joined together to knit stockings and make comfortable garments for him.

After a long separation from this unfortunate family, I heard that they had removed to New York. Leopold's uncommon intellectual powers attracted the attention of a wealthy gentleman, much interested in the temperance cause. Over and over again, he paid his debts, and supplied his family with the necessaries of life, in hopes to obtain a salutary influence over him. At first, Leopold resisted this influence, as an interference with his free-will; but at last, kindness overcame him. He warmly pressed his benefactor's hand, and with a choked voice said, "Because you have not reproached me with my many faults, because you have not required me to sign the pledge, in return for your generosity and forbearance, therefore I will sign it." He did so, and remained perfectly temperate for about a year.

Rejoiced at these tidings, I sent for him soon after I arrived in New York. But, alas! the change in him was not such as I hoped. His old habits had returned upon him with redoubled power. He had become bloated and pimpled, and his breath redolent of gin. The story he told was a melancholy one. He had left his family, in order to provide a place for them in this
city. At parting, he gave his wife three golden eagles, which he had earned by teaching German. He afterwards had reason to conclude that in her oblivious states, she had spent them for quarters of dollars. When he had made the necessary arrangements, and wrote for her to come to him, he received no reply. He sent to a friend beseeching him to ascertain why she did not write. Upon inquiry, he found that she was gone, no one knew whither. The house was occupied, and the furniture gone. The delicate young creature was at last found with her three little ones, in an asylum for the poor. From her account, it seemed that they had been reduced to absolute starvation; that she had sold every thing for food, and then wandered away. Where she had been for three weeks, she never could tell. The veil of oblivion had fallen too heavily over her diseased memory.

There were kind hearted people, who would not have permitted all this, if they had known of it. But Leopold's inveterate habits of intoxication had exhausted the patience even of his best friends. His wife would not consent to leave him, and his waywardness and pride defeated all efforts to assist his family separate from himself. He repelled those who would have served him wisely, and persisted in considering himself the injured victim of an unjust world.

When he told me the story of his wife's destitution and wandering, two years after it occurred, he was in a state of such intoxicated excitement, that he made the most wrathful gestures, and frequently thrust his clenched fist into my face. I had sometimes been afraid of him, in former years, when he was very much under the influence of strong drink; but by preserving a calm exterior, and speaking to him gently, I had been able gradually to soothe him into a compliance with my advice. But I had no such influence now. I had always indulged the hope that patient friendship might help him to gain the victory over himself; but I reluctantly yielded to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. So many broken resolutions had seriously impaired his moral strength. His constitution was shattered, and his spirits intensely depressed. He thought nothing could cure him but the mineral springs of Germany. The cold water springs of any country would have renovated him, if he would but have tried them perseveringly. But he pined for his native land, and his countrymen assisted him to return thither. The last I heard of him, he was ill in an
hospital there, and his children were near by, provided for by benevolent institutions. I never think of his gentle little boy, without an earnest wish that it was in my power to make his prospects in life more cheerful than their early promise.

LETTER XVIII.

July 5, 1844.

Were you ever in Babylon on the Fourth of July? If you were not, and have ears as sensitive as mine are to sharp sounds, you may thank your stars. To all such it is a day to be endured. The big guns from the ships come booming through the air with a majestic sound; but the crashing musketry, the snapping pistols, and the spitfire crackers, are intolerable. From peep of dawn till midnight, this is like a city besieged. Muskets are fired from the front doors, and pistols from the windows. Rockets whiz into your bedchamber, blazing grasshoppers jump at you on the sidewalk, fiery serpents chase you across the streets. From the alderman to the chimney-sweeper, every one lets off his patriotism in gunpowder. It is as if the infernal regions had been opened, and lit up for a holiday; and more reasons than one would they have for making a jubilee of our glorious Fourth. The father of falsehood knows full well that "all lies come home to roost;" and thus he foresees rare sport in this republic. Well may he place finger on nose, and make significant gyrations, when he hears it pompously proclaimed to the world, that here all men are free.

But with all the hurly-burly and the sham of our national festival, there is doubtless mixed a genuine reverence for man, and noble aspirations for a world-wide freedom. If the bells and the rockets, the guns and the orations, add one particle to the love of liberty, or a sincere appreciation of its blessings, they are not expended in vain.

It was an exciting page in the strange volume of human-nature, to see the city pouring itself into the country, and the country, led by the same restless love of change and excitement, pouring itself into the city. The boats, constantly going and returning, were freighted so deep with human beings, that they sunk to the water's edge. The farmers rushed in for noise and fun,
and the citizens rushed out for quiet and fresh air. All were running for feasting and glorification somewhere.

Though my ears were pained, my eyes received splendid compensation. It is difficult to conceive of any thing more gorgeously beautiful than the fireworks in the evening. They went up from every section of the city, and curtained it over with a tent of flame. The great number and variety made the spectacle absolutely sublime. Seen from a commanding height on the other side of the ferry, it was more beautiful than any thing I ever imagined of fairy-land. Rockets with twining serpents, rockets with glittering meteors, rockets with metallic, many-coloured stars, rockets with silver rain, rockets with golden rain, went up into the air incessantly, and played and mingled there, and sprinkled themselves out in a whirl of gems.

To increase the beauty of the scene, this dance of diamond sparkles was reflected from the bosom of the waters. The radiant stars shone calmly amid the fiery frolic, like poetic souls, high above the rush of things local and ephemeral, on the serene height of solitary wisdom, brooding over primeval beauty and eternal truth. Their faces were sometimes hidden by the blaze and glitter of the fireworks; but the whizzing coruscations were soon scattered into darkness, while the silent stars shone forever.

The earth, too, had its fire-crown, as well as the regions of upper air. Roman candles lighted the shrubbery of our parks, like one of Martin's pictures. As they went out, trees came up, blossoming with roses of many-coloured flame. By their side, rose the Cross of Malta in silver fire, with a central cross of crimson and purple. Green Palm Trees rushed up, and anon changed into gay streamers. The Saxon Glory revolved its gorgeous wheel of ever-changing crimson, green, and purple. There was the Lone Star of Texas, and the Mexican Sun radiating golden fire. The Temple of the Union, with the figures 1776 in silver lance-work, with a crown of twenty-six stars of silver fire, the whole seen on a back-ground of revolving flames, like a curtain of resplendent gems.

The fireworks in the Park, and Washington Parade Ground, were at the expense of the city, which appropriated two thousand dollars for that purpose. From Niblo's and Castle Garden, the display was, as usual, extremely grand. Vauxhall, and other smaller parks and gardens, gave their share of
dazzling beauty. From private dwellings, in every street, wheels, serpents and fountains went up from roofs and piazzas, so that the entire city seemed on fire. It was, in fact, on fire at twelve different places during the day. But what is independence good for, if we are not allowed to burn our neighbours' roofs over their heads? The entire expense of the day's fireworks, throughout the city, is estimated by those who know at from thirty to fifty thousand dollars?

I was much amused by one use to which they were applied. A gentleman in the vicinity was invited to deliver a Fourth of July Address, on a bench in the open air. Probably his mother had never taught him the proverb, "It is a good thing to say nothing, when you have nothing to say." The sovereign people were impatient for fire; and not finding enough of it in his discourse, they began to let off squibs and crackers. This hint not being taken, flaming grasshoppers began to jump up his coat; rockets rushed over his head; wheels whirled round him; and fiery serpents twined about his feet; till he stood, like theatrical representations of Satan, in a sheet of fire. These finally overpowered his patriotic exertions, he leaped from his pedestal, and went off in a flame more brilliant than his eloquence.

Independent Day inspires a general magnificence of sentiment and expansion of soul. At night, I heard a merry son of Erin under my window, proclaiming aloud, "Damn the Native American Party! I could whip 'em all; every mother's son of 'em." Unluckily, the watch-house was near. A Native American watchman overheard poor Patrick's glorification, and seized him. He, in the fulness of his overflowing good nature, began to apologise. "And indade," says he, "it was only a bugbear I wanted to whip. It was no mankind, at all, at all."

I was sorry to see that his explanation was not accepted. He did not seem really intoxicated, but only running over with victorious feeling. This may surely be forgiven, on a day whose moral teaching is, that it is glorious to whip the world, and crow over it forever afterward.

The ungenerous strife, which has of late been going on between natives and foreigners, has been painful to me. A spirit of clanship is opposed to the world-embracing love of the Christian religion, and is at variance with those free principles on which our government must stand, or fall to the ground.
It is not American freedom for which our fathers struggled; but the principle of freedom.

The naturalisation laws doubtless need amendment. Political demagogues have availed themselves of the influx of ignorant foreigners, to effect their own selfish purposes. As soon as an Irishman lands, they pounce upon him, and urge him into citizenship and political action, whether he wishes it or not. The Irish hold the balance of power in this city, and their favour being much courted, corruption is the inevitable result. I will not endeavour to distribute the blame, or to measure the extent of the evil; but some of the means used to remove it are obviously neither liberal nor wise. Banners with provoking and contemptuous mottoes, have already given rise to a great deal of fighting and quarrelling. It is not easy to calculate the evil effect of these bitterly expressed prejudices on the education of the young.

"For character growtheth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding; And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy. Scratch the green rind of the sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come."

If ever the evil days of civil strife come upon us, we shall find that these party processions and scornful banners have sown seed for a dangerous harvest.

Prejudice and passion on one side always excite it on the other. The assumption of superior purity or merit, on the part of native Americans, at once roesas a similar spirit in the foreign population, till they are all ready to drink the famous Hibernian toast, "One man is as good as another, and a —— sight better."

The drollest manifestation I have heard, was an anecdote of a young loafer, a native born, but of Irish parentage. Being out late in the evening, his father inquired where he had been. He replied, "To a Native American meeting;" and received a whipping for his impertinence. "I don't care a copper for the flogging," said the juvenile patriot; "but to be struck by a cursed foreigner is too bad."

A very large proportion of our population is nearly in the same condition as the boy; for if our fathers were natives, very few of our grandfathers were. Indians were the only real "native Americans;" and how have they been treated by foreigners, who overflowed the fair heritage of their fathers?

In one place, I heard a Protestant lady sternly reproving an
Irish woman, for selling apples on Sunday. "This will soon be put down," said she. "You Catholics won't be allowed to desecrate the Sabbath much longer." An observation which doubtless made the old woman resolve that she would sell apples on Sunday, whether it suited her own convenience or not.

A man attempting to pass an old woman in a crowd, cried, "Get out of the way there, you old Paddy."

"And indade I won't get out of your way; I'll get right in your way," said she; and suitting the action to the word, she placed her feet apart, set her elbows akimbo, and stood as firmly as a provoked donkey. "She continued to stand and speak thus, for some time after the offending native American had passed. A polite word from a friend of mine soon lowered her elbows. "Move?" said she; "To be sure I will, for a gentleman that speaks as pleasant as you do." This simple incident contains volumes of instruction, which might be very useful both in the home department and the foreign.

LETTER XVIII.

July 12, 1844.

I am often asked, "How can you live contentedly in New York? You who are so deeply enamoured of nature, and who love all forms of beauty, with such 'passionate intuition'?" The answer is in the question; for an earnest love of beauty always feeds itself. You know it is told of a rustic poet, in the ancient time, that his envious master shut him up in a chest; but the bees came to him, and fed him with the meal and dew of flowers, so that within the walls of his narrow prison he passed a pleasant time. Nature never forgets the soul that loves her, but ever sends winged missionaries, to feed it with the dew of flowers.

Instead of quarrelling with New York for what it is not, I thankfully accept it for what it is; a beautiful city, every year increasing in beauty. Between the North and the East rivers, twelve noble avenues already stretch out their long arms into the woods of Harlem and Bloomingdale. These avenues are spacious and airy, and large handsome houses shoot up on them, as if by the magic of Aladdin's lamp. It refreshes the eye to see an increasing taste for stone or lead colour, rather than the
hateful red of bricks. Verandahs are likewise more in fashion, and have an exceedingly pleasant effect, with their light oriental open-work, like Valenciennes lace in cast iron. If you pass along one of these avenues, in the cool hours of the afternoon, you may see troops of children, jumping rope and chasing hoop round the fountain of Union Park; and if the sun is setting brilliantly, rainbows dodge about on the spray, as if playing bo-peep with the happy little ones.

On another of the avenues, dwells a lady, whom my heart blesses every time I pass her house. She has embovered it with vines, almost to the chimney-top; flowers peep through the open fence; and from the arches of the piazza she has suspended vases of Otaheitan geraniums, and other pendant vines. A person whose dwelling thus smiles upon the world, is a benefactor to the human race, and I feel grateful, as I do to one who wears a sunny face, and speaks in cheerful tones.

Among the many attractions of this handsome city, there are none so universally enjoyed as those furnished by Croton water. We not only have the three large fountains, to refresh us with their graceful motions and cooling sound, but in various gardens and inclosures, public and private, little marble nymphs, tritons, and dolphins, are playing prettily with finely spun showers. I have often thought whether or not the clepsydra of the ancient Greeks could be introduced, in which minutes were marked by falling water drops, as by sand in the modern hour-glass. If the public could count time by these liquid diamonds, it would be a graceful invention. One thing, the people really need; and munificent Croton could give it as well as not. We have no free public baths. The wealthy can introduce water into their chambers, or float on the bosom of the tide, in the pleasant baths at the Battery; but for the poor, this is a luxury that can seldom, if ever, be enjoyed. Open bathing around the wharves is of course prohibited; and the labouring man has to walk three or four miles to obtain a privilege so necessary to health. If the city would provide a huge covered basin, with a sprinkling fountain in the centre, for a shower-bath, it would be a noble donation to the poor. True, the water-tax already falls heavily on the rich; but this would not greatly increase it. Luckily, our wealthy citizens did not foresee the expense of introducing Croton, or they would probably have been frightened from the undertaking. The highest estimate was four millions, and it has cost over fourteen millions. Voted
for by thousands who have no property, and paid for by a tax on property, it is a pretty powerful application of practical democracy; but the blessings are so great to all classes, that there is very little murmuring among the capitalists.

To me, there is something extremely beautiful in the idea of that little river, lying so many years unnoticed among the hills; her great powers as little appreciated as Shakspeare's were by his contemporaries, and, like him, all unconscious of her future fame; and now, like his genius, brought to all the people, a perpetual fountain of refreshment. If ever man deserved a monument, it is he who first devised the plan of bringing Croton river into the city. His statue ought to be crowned with water-lilies by Hygeia, and its feet be washed by the Naiades from their flowing urns. But it so happens that his name is as uncertain as the birth-place of Homer. No matter. If his soul is as large as his deed, he will care little for the credit of it.

The prettiest of the small fountains about the city is at the Alhambra. This is a place for refreshment, in Broadway, gaily fitted up in the Moorish style, with lace-work lattices, gilded crescents, alcoves painted with hills and streams, and a tasteful collection of small statuary among shrubs and vines. Under a canopy in the centre, Hebe pours water from her vase into an open-work basket of gilded wire. A hollow gilded ball in the basket is kept in perpetual motion by the column of water, as if tossed by a Chinese juggler. The effect is very pleasing. A band of musicians play at the Alhambra, every summer evening. They must be difficult to please who are not satisfied to eat delicious ice-cream, with so many agreeable accompaniments of sight and sound.

Facilities for hearing music constitute the greatest attraction of the city to me. The Philharmonic Society give four concerts a year; and even your Boston critics admit that some of the best productions of the art are brought forward with superior talent and skill. It is no business of mine to settle the claims of rival cities. I am satisfied to enjoy, without comparing. I have sometimes thought too restlessly of woods and fields, in the presence of bricks and pavement; but the brilliant warblings of Kyle's flute, has done much to reconcile me to the absence of the birds.

The Italian Opera is the most patrician of our places of amusement. It is an extremely pretty little building, elegantly
fitted up with gilded ornaments, and gaily-coloured medallions. No degraded corner is reserved for unveiled vice, and the musical dramas are never adapted to a polluted imagination, or a vulgar taste. Of all desecration of outward symbols, nothing pains me more than winged melodies gliding through impure words, like angels among unclean beasts. Some of the best productions of modern genius, are brought out at the Opera, and the influence cannot be otherwise than favourable to the improvement of musical taste.

During all the summer evenings, the admirable brass band plays at Castle Gardens. Its beautiful situation on the Battery, overhanging the bay, and commanding a view of the neighbouring islands, renders it peculiarly pleasant to sit there and listen to music;

"While the fair waters look as if they lay
Their cheek against the sound, and so went kissed away."

However sultry the day may be, there is always a refreshing breeze on the Battery in the evening. Indeed, this remark is true of the city in general, and is doubtless one great reason why there is so little sickness among such a dense population. The natural healthiness of New York cannot be destroyed by the most negligent police. Thus the vigorous constitution of youth will throw off a great deal of disease; and the United States, strong in her extent of soil and unbounded resources, has remained prosperous under an amount of corrupt government, which, in half the time, would have ruined the richest nation of Europe.

At Niblo's, too, there is always an excellent orchestra; and it is extremely agreeable to step out of the dusty streets, into its fairy-land garden, with brilliant lights, shell fountains, and oriental shrubbery.

Vauxhall is less artificial and showy, and being in the Bowery, it is out of the walk of fashionables, who probably ignore its existence, as they do most places for the entertainment of the people at large. They who think exclusive gentility worth the fetters it imposes, are welcome to wear them. I find quite enough of conventional shackles, that cannot be slipped off, without assuming any unnecessary ones. The child cares little where she gathers her flowers, or blows her rainbow bubbles. Every where, the smile of the sunshine makes them beautiful.
There are some noble old trees at Vauxhall, which rustle right pleasantly in the evening breeze. Coloured lamps, arranged in stars and circles, light up the shrubbery with a fairy glimmer, and harmonies come down from a band of musicians among the boughs. I love to sit on one of the rustic benches, and gaze up into the foliage of the tall trees, like the dome of a dimly lighted cathedral.

"It is a lofty feeling, yet a kind,
Thus to be topped with leaves. And kind and great
Are all the conquering wishes it inspires—
Love of things lasting, love of the tall woods,
Love of love's self, and ardour for a state
Of natural good, befitting such desires;
Town without gain, and haunted solitude."

Zeal for horticulture is reviving. There are many pretty gardens in and about the city. I went to one of these last week, to see, for the first time, the Night-blooming Cereus, or Cactus Grandiflora. It was the most alive thing I ever saw. The vine from which it sprung seemed dry as an old rope, and the bud was like a little tuft of tow; but the flower looked in my face, with such vigour and earnestness of expression, that I could hardly believe it to be a vegetable. It was as large as a pint bowl; its calyx, or outer circle of leaves, of an orange brown tinge; the petals double as a pond-lily, white as the drifted snow, and transparent as rice paper. The feathery tufted stamens were likewise of the purest white; but deep down in its bosom was a delicate tinge of lively green, faint as the reflection of an emerald on a snow wreath. It is marvelous indeed, that such prodigality of beauty and vigour should be sent forth in the night time, and for a few hours only. Nature and genius are ever heedless of their jewels, and throw them forth in the very playfulness of profusion. This superb blossom happened to open on Sunday evening, and therefore some people lost the sight of it, from conscientious scruples; but I thought if there was anything wrong in coming out on Sunday, the flower would have known about it.

Scruples of this kind by no means characterise the population of New York. It differs very observably from New England cities, in the universal loco-motion on Sundays. Being the only leisure day with labourers, the temptation is strong to take their families into the country for fresh air and a sight of green fields. The huge Harlem omnibusses, with upper and lower decks, like a steamboat, are loaded to overflowing. It is
a cheerful sight to see them returning at sunset, with green boughs and bouquets of flowers. To Hoboken, the boats are crowded all day. The average number that go over every pleasant Sunday, in summer, is over ten thousand; though this is only one of the numerous outlets from the great city. If the influence of groves and streams were all they sought, it would be well: but unfortunately, drink and cigars abound at Hoboken, and sounds are heard there, not at all resembling the worship of the heart in the stillness of nature. Indians have encamped there of late, and out of respect to the day, it was proposed that they should substitute some of their religious ceremonies for the war-dancing, boat-racing, and arrow-shooting of week days. Whether this was productive of greater benefit to the populace, than would have been derived from some more civilised performances, I am unable to say. These Indians are on their way to Europe for exhibition. The Ojibbeways, who lately went there to lay some grievances before the British government, prove a profitable speculation; and Barnam, of our American Museum, who is now in England, immediately sent over orders to catch the wildest specimens that could be found, and forward them by steam. So White Cloud, and Walk-in-the-Rain, and other chiefs from Iowa, are going to shoot pennies for Victoria's amusement. This Barnam is a genuine Yankee, for contrivance and perseverance. He will circumnavigate the globe, to catch a monstrosity of any kind for his museum. Giants, dwarfs, double-headed calves, no matter what, so that it be something out of nature. He would mount Phaeton's car to catch the comet with seven tails, plunge into Symme's Hole for a dog with two heads, and go down the Maelstrom for a sea-serpent. Where he picks up the "accomplished contortionist, with his learned dog Billy," and the "most astonishing dwarf in creation," and all the odd characters that walk like steam engines, and buzz like mosquitoes, and have mouths like a ribbon-loom, it is difficult to imagine. When one stops to reflect what an important part popular amusements perform in the education of the people, this ingenious prodigality of grotesqueness becomes somewhat serious.

The theatres, are obliged to resort to similar contrivances to keep from bankruptcy. None of them are fashionable, though Park theatre retains a sort of vanishing likeness of gentility. The Bowery lays itself out to gain the hearts of the
million, by gorgeous decorations, fantastic tricks, terrific ascen-
sions, and performances full of fire, blood, and thunder. The
national feeling at the Bowery is prodigiously expansive.
Some patriots presented a great, fierce, gilded eagle, that used
to look as if he could clutch almost anything in his talons, from
Indian babies to Mexican candlesticks. He was burnt, when
the building took fire; but his spirit still speaks in vaunting
drama, and boastful song, and works up a patriotism of the
audience, till they feel a comfortable assurance that every
American can "whip his weight in wild cats." If a philosopher
wishes to observe the ultimate product of civilisation, and has
strong nerves, and senses not over-delicate, he may do well to
take a seat in the pit of the Bowery, for once. It would be an
excellent place for the Texans to send to for recruits; though
their emissaries might suffer some inconvenience from the fact
that the police have two peeping-holes, from which they can
reconnoitre the assemblage, revealed in the full blaze of the
lamps. There are always plenty of idlers and loafing lads, who
are ready for any sport. "Let us have fun to-night, come what
may to-morrow," is their reckless maxim. These characters
assist the play with a great deal of improvised merriment, and
now and then get up a gratuitous battle, more lively than those
on the stage. One of the stockholders of this theatre has made
a fortune by furnishing excellent provisions at his victualling
shop. Being present on one of these disturbed occasions, after
trying every means he could think of to pacify the rioters, he
called out, in despair, "Gentlemen, what will you have?"
"Roast beef," cried one; "stewed oysters," shouted another.
This facetiousness proved a safety-valve to their turbulent
spirits. Their steam all went off in roars of laughter, and they
broke no lamps or scenery that night. Plutarch gives similar
specimens of Attic merriment. Demos is the same good-
natured, harem-scarum creature, whether in the theatres of
New York or Athens.

I speak playfully, yet the low, unsatisfactory, and demoralis-
ing character of popular amusements is painful to me. Only
by cultivation of the higher qualities of our nature, can sensual
stimulus and fierce excitement be rendered unattractive. What
is society doing to kindle the divine spark, which lies smoulder-
ing in the breast of every little vagabond of this city? We
have watch-houses and prisons, but where is our Redemption
Institute, like that blessed asylum at Hamburg, of which
Horace Mann tells us, in his admirable Report on Education?

In those places so appropriately called pits, there are terrible unwritten epics of sin and sorrow,—of sin and sorrow growing out of the very passions and energies, which, in a right order of things, might have made those men kings and priests of humanity, by the only divine right, that of wisdom and holiness. The admitted truthfulness of Byron's jest, "What a pity is it, that sin is pleasure, and pleasure is a sin," betrays a state of society painfully unnatural and inharmonious. Will there ever come a time when all men shall be wisely cheerful and innocently gay? A time when all the instincts, passions, and sentiments of our nature, shall find free, innocent, and healthy exercise?

If I were superstitious, I might think an answer was vouchsafed to me from the sky. As I write, the sun is setting. High houses between me and the west intercept his rays, so that only one bright gleam falls on the gilded cross of a neighbouring Catholic church, while the building is in the shadow of twilight. It stands there in beautiful distinctness, a radiant cross of fire, on a back-ground of dark and heavy cloud-masses. I gratefully accept the omen.

LETTER XX.

July 25th, 1844.

Many are the playful disputes we have had together about genius and talent, inspiration and skill; and always you were on the extreme left. I have lately written a short romance, or fairy legend, in which you will see plainly enough that I intend to represent mere skill trying to do what cannot be done without genius.

The story originated thus: the German friend, who visited Mammoth Cave, and gave me so vivid a description of its wonders, was not satisfied with the account I wrote of it. "The fact is," said he, "such stupendous scenery as that needs the agency of the supernatural. Genii and spirits should be summoned to your aid." "Very well," I replied, "to please you, I will try to write a spirit-legend. I think it will not be difficult to fill the cave with supernatural presence; for such creations as abound there, seem like the appropriate work of
powerful genii." "Yes," rejoined he, laughing; "and one thing I am certain of, you cannot connect those lifeless forms, with Ole Bul's music, as you do everything else in creation." He was himself an enthusiastic admirer of the Norwegian minstrel, and made the remark only in playful defiance. That which he sportively declared I could not do, straightway danced into my imagination as a thing to be done. When I read the romance to him, some time after, I saw by the smile in his eyes, that I had no occasion to inform him what child of music it was, whose birth was to bring genius and skill into harmony with each other.

I preferred the Northern mythology, as better suited to the wild and sublime scenery of the place. In that mythology, Thot is synonymous with Art, Science, or Skill. Freia is the goddess of Love, or Feeling; likewise of the Moon and of Spring; of course, she was enamoured of music. I chose her to represent inspiration, because genius resigns itself wholly to a feeling of the beautiful, while talent tries to understand the beautiful by rules, and thus to imitate it. Genius gives itself up to its demon, as the ancients phrased it. It trusts to its spirit, and follows wheresoever it leads, nothing fearing. But talent, or skill, wants to make the spirit its servant, and bind it within prescribed rules and regulations.

Socrates speaks thus, using the word mania as we do inspiration: "A mania, descending from the Muses, into a soul tender and solitary, rouses and agitates it with Bacchic fury. He who approaches the poetic gates without the mania of the Muses, persuading himself that he can become a poet by art alone, will be imperfect, both as regards his poetry and himself. All that can be produced by art vanishes before the offspring of mania."

Music and poetry, thus divinely uttered, flow into forms; the relations of which are studied, and become rules of art. Th u language is formed, and then grammar, which is a mere exposition of the relations of language. The most accurate knowledge of rules cannot make an eloquent writer, or even a good reader. It is a mere lifeless body, without a soul, if feeling, or expression, be wanting. And if it be true that the poet can produce no living beauty, without this subtle, indescribable essence which we call inspiration, it is still more true of the musical composer, because his art soars higher into the region of pure and infinite expression.
But I will trouble you with no more explanations. Read and understand for yourself

THE ROMANCE OF THOT AND FREIA.

The earnest longing of man to understand the origin of nature and himself, his anxious questioning of the infinite, and fearful listening to echoes from the invisible, has, in all ages and portions of the world, "peopled space with life and mystical predominance."

In the cold regions of the north, instead of Grecian Nymphs and Naiades, this instinct has given birth to misty spectres and wandering giant ghosts. Instead of Arabian Fairies, they have filled the earth with subterranean dwarfs and goblins of uncouth shape. With them, the Peris of Persia have taken a wilder form in the Aasgaardsreja—spirits not good enough for heaven, or bad enough for hell, and so condemned to ride about, while the world lasts, on furious black horses with red hot bridles.

Of these, the proudest and sternest was Thot. In height and size, he towered a giant among the spirits around him. Strong and sinewy, like a man of iron, with an eye that looked as if he thought creation was his anvil, on which he could fashion all things. From the troop of the Aasgaardsreja he stood aloof, except when he needed them as slaves to do his bidding. In their restless wanderings and busy malice, he took no share, but ever dwelt apart, amid the cloud shadows of Niflheim, the world of mist. If he had ever inhabited a body on the earth, no tradition was left concerning it. The spirits from the most ancient world had been questioned, but none knew whence he came. A tradition had been handed down among them, that he had never been a mortal, but was one of the council of the eternal gods, cast out from the glorious valley of Ida, because he had sought to use heavenly arcana to advance his own powers, in opposition to the Supreme. The boldest durst ask him no questions of his origin; but the dark spirit knew well their tradition concerning him.

Gloomily and moodily, dwelt he amid the fogs of Niflheim, and the burden of his thought was ever, "Why cannot I make a world for myself? When I listened to Freia's song, in the Vale of Ida, it revealed to me the distances of the planets. From her harp, I heard the tones to which the trees grow and the blossoms unfold; and with the tones came to me the prim-eval words, whispered into the heart of each tree, and blossom,
and gem, at the moment of its creation; the word which gave
them being, and which they must forever obey. I burned with
intense desire to press farther into the inmost heart of all being,
and learn the one primeval tone, in the one primeval word, from
which flowed the universe. Then was I exiled from the glori-
ous valley, and giants now guard its rainbow bridge, that I
cannot again pass over."

The strong spirit bowed his head upon his hand, and a feel-
ing of sorrow came over him, as he murmured, "Oh, Freia,
would I could hear thee again! Many of the words remain,
but the tones are lost. Alas, that I ever wished to use them to
compel creation."

As he spoke, he cast his eyes toward the south, where lay
Mispelheim, the region of warmth and light. A broad arch,
as of burnished gold, came up from the horizon, and cast its
splendour on the wilderness below. From the arch shot up
vast columns of amber light, and met at the zenith of the
heavens, in a radiant crown of revolving stars. From this de-
cended a long waving festoon of luminous thread; and in it
swung, lightly as a bird in a wind-tossed vine, a woman of
dazzling beauty. It was Freia, goddess of love and music; she
who carries in her heart a spark of fire from the central altar of
the universe, and gives it forth in scintillations, which men call
genius and inspiration.

That gazed upon her with kindling eyes, and stretched his
arms eagerly toward her. She smiled upon him, and the re-
fection lighted up the fogs of Niflheim with a thousand rain-
bows. "The tones! the tones, my beloved! Play them again,"
exclaimed he, imploringly. She touched her harp, and the air
was filled with its vibrations, as if the stars sang together, and
the gentle winds breathed a soft melodious accompaniment.
The exiled spirit listened as one entranced. The music swayed
his soul, as the southern breeze stirs the young foliage of
spring. "That restores to me the life and the power," said he,
joyfully. Then came over him again the wish to compel all
things; to create a world by his own almighty skill. "If I
only knew the primeval word of her life," thought he, "if I
could make her my slave, then could I easily create a fitting
dwelling for myself, and chase those proud deities from their
valley of golden forests, to the cold dark fogs of Niflheim."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, the music died
away in a wailing cadence; light fleecy clouds fell like a cur-
tain before the goddess; the golden arch sunk behind the horizon; one little floating cloud caught the departing gleam, and lingered for a moment, then melted in the air.

After this glorious vision, the treeless wilderness, the spectral rocks, the cold dark fogs, seemed more dismal than ever. Thot threw himself on his face, and bit the ground in gloomy stern defiance. Thus remained he for a long time, and the Aasgaardsreja, as they passed the borders of Niflheim, said in whispered murmurs, "The proud one has yielded."

But when he heard the tramp of their horses, he started on his feet, and stood with folded arms, looking out sullenly through the murky vapours, on the dreary waste around him. "She came when I called her; again shall she come at my bidding," said he, haughtily. He fixed his gaze where the light had vanished, and with a slow, firm voice, uttered, "Freia! Life of my power, appear again!"

When he had repeated it thrice, with strong concentration of soul, the edge of the horizon gleamed tremulously, and Freia slowly arose; not as before, in a luminous temple, and resplendent with heavenly beauty, but faint, shadowy, and vanishing, like the moon-sickle veiled in clouds, as she passes over the western hills. "The harp! the harp!" said he: "I beseech thee, let me hear those tones again." The arms of the figure waved feebly, like the shadow of a vine in the moonlight, but there came no sound.

The dark brow of the spirit grew darker. "Forever mocked with shadows!" exclaimed he angrily: "But I have learned somewhat of the secret I would penetrate. She came, though reluctantly, at the command of my will. Is Will then the central life?—the primeval word, from which electricity had being?"

As he mused, a self-conscious smile passed over his face. From that day he pondered more deeply than ever the half-forgotten secrets of the immortal valley, and sought to complete his power by spells and incantations, learned from spectral spirits of the mist. On the sand around him were scrawled squares, angles, and circles; the intervals of sound marked in figures; and everywhere the algebraic X standing for the unknown quantity.

At last, when he deemed the charm complete, he called the Aasgaardsreja, and demanded of them their strongest and fleetest steed. They brought him a black horse of giant size, but nimble as the lightning. When the spirit laid his hand
upon the mane, the powerful animal trembled in every joint, and from his eyes went forth a lurid flame. The Aasgaardreja looked at each other significantly. "Depart!" exclaimed Thot, in a thundering voice, and they scattered like the wind of a tempest. Then, with a deep, slow voice, he muttered the spell, which was to bring Freia into his power, and extort from her the primeval word of her being. No light came up from Mispelheim, no rainbows touched the fogs of Niflheim; but close by his side stood Freia, glittering with a cold, metallic splendour. He seized her, and mounting the fiery steed, went off like a storm-bird across the mountains and over the billows. A wild chorus of laughter, from subterranean spirits, rose from the earth, and the distant mountains broke it into mocking echoes.

The horse and his rider stopped, in the midst of dense forests, on a far distant shore. The instant they dismounted, the elfish horse, with a loud impatient snort, sprung from the ground, and disappeared behind the horizon like a flash of lightning. Thot looked around him and sighed deeply. "We are alone in the New World across the ocean," said he, "of which I have overheard such romantic tales from the Iceland and Norwegian boatmen, who have been drifted to its shores. Perhaps I should have done well to bind the steed by a magic spell; for who knows whether I may not wish myself back, even to the fogs of Niflheim?" He gazed on the beautiful solitude with an oppressed feeling. "Freia," said he, soothingly, "forgive me that I have compelled thy service. Here will I make a world more beautiful than any thou hast seen. I can create all forms, for I have studied well the laws of their being." A peal of laughter came from under the ground, and died away in the distance. "Ha! subterranean spirits here, too!" he exclaimed. "Let them beware how they cross my path."

He smiled scornfully, and stooping down marked figures on the ground. Then muttering an incantation with measured rhythm, he stamped thrice, and the earth opened, and received him and his companion. "Now, Freia, tune thy harp," said he; "for here will I fashion a world of my own; and thy tones must restore to me the forgotten primeval words."

"I have no harp," replied Freia.

"Why hast thou not brought it?" said he, angrily.

Trembling under the glance of his fierce eyes, she answered, "It was not permitted."
He clenched his fists, and drew his breath hard.

"Not thus shall the gods defeat me," said he, with haughty defiance: "I will make for thee a harp, and on it thou shalt repeat the tones."

He fashioned an instrument, and commanded her to play. But when she touched the strings, he knocked it rudely from her hand and said, "Thou art like a peasant girl with her langoleik.* Give me the tones I heard in Ida, or when thou camest to me a vision of beauty, from the golden shores of Mispelheim." But ever as she tried, he grew more angry. She wept and said, "Alas, I do not know the tones whereof you speak."

He took the harp and swept the strings with a strong impatient hand, but the harsh sounds grated painfully on his ear. Leaning against a rock, he gazed upward in silent thought. The moon looked down upon him mournfully, through the cleft by which he had descended. It spoke to him of the vale of Ida, and showed dim forms of glory in the air. Oppressed with the half-revealed vision, he drew a long sigh. His breath passed over the strings of the harp and they gave Æolian warblings of the half-remembered tones. With sudden joy, he said, "Freia, if thou hast forgiven, I can teach thee the tones of Ida." He touched the strings, but quite other tones came forth—tones that dwell only in the extremities of form, far from the central heart. He threw down the instrument, and buried his face in his hands. After a long time, he said, sadly, "Freia, if thou hast forgotten the music of our divine home, canst thou not at least play me the melody, which just now went over the harp, when I wist not of its coming?"

"Ah, that is well," he said, as she touched the strings. "That is the voice of moonlight. Practise it well, Freia. I will learn it and repeat it to thee; and then thou wilt not forget it." He took the harp and played, but Freia shook her head and murmured, "It speaks no longer what the moonlight sung."

"Take the accursed langoleik," he answered: "I will not trouble myself with its uncertain voices. I will create forms, and then compel the tones that give them life. But, Freia, thou who wert once so radiant, how dim thou art. Merely the gleam of thy golden hair would once have lightened all this

* An instrument with four strings, used by the Norwegian peasantry.
region, like the moon at its fall, and now all around thee is twilight shadow.” Fixing his eyes upon hers, he repeated a spell he had learned of the Aasgaardsreja, and her form began to radiate a blue metallic light.

“Now I will give thee a token of my power,” he said. He remained silent for a long time, tracing figures on the ground; then to each figure he whispered a word. There was a low grumbling underground, which gradually increased to wild uproar. Freia stopped her ears, and shuddering, exclaimed “Surely there is a tempest near, hurling down masses of stone from the mountains.”

Slowly the sounds died away, rumbling in the distance.

“Now look up,” said Thot; and a proud smile rested on his features. She raised her eyes. Lo! the cave in which they stood had stretched out interminably. High above their heads was a broad sky of stone, and giant piles of rock towered upward in wild confusion. “What think you?” he asked. “Are Hurrungern, Fannarauk, or tall Skogshorn, better workmanship than these mountains of mine?”

“It seems like the dark dwellings of the elf men,” replied Freia; “only they have pillars and thrones, and churches, in their strange subterranean homes.”

“Thou shalt have pillars and churches, if thou wilt,” said the giant spirit. He retired apart, and presently there was heard a crackling, clinking sound. All around Freia, there rose suddenly shining columns, forming arches like intertwined trees, with rich foliage hanging from them in fantastic festoons. Beneath this tracery of vines, in the centre of four massive columns, a grotesque chair was gradually formed, as if by invisible fingers. “Do the elfwomen have grander thrones than that?” he asked, exultingly. “Why dost thou not praise my workmanship? Is it not grand?”

“It is grand,” replied Freia; “But all is so still and deathly here. If one could but see rivers glancing brightly between the rocks, or hear the noise of waterfalls, or the whispering of the dark pines.”

“Thy wish is not beyond my power,” said Thot; “but I must speak primeval words to the springs of the upper world.”

He was absent long, and his return was preceded by a deafening rush and roar of waters. Pale and terrified, Freia said, “This sound is more awful here in the silence, than the thunder-voice of the Storlie-forse alone with the midnight.”
“Thou wouldst have rivers and cascades, and I have done thy bidding,” said Thot. He took her by the hand, and led her down a mountain slope. All round them was a roar of unseen waterfalls, and at their feet flowed a broad black river, over-arched with rock. Thot felt his companion tremble on his arm. “Thou foolish one,” said he, “didst thou not ask for cataracts and rivers?”

“Yes, but there is no life here,” she answered, shuddering. “These waters do not glance and glitter in the sunbeams. No white foam-mantle gleams in the moonlight. This is like Koldesjo, the lake with dead grey shores, where the huge shadows of the mountains fall forever black and cold on the valleys. Surely this is the dwelling of Hela, where the rivers are black, where clammy drops ooze from the rocks, and a stony wilderness, without tree or shrub, stretches itself out like the ocean. If there were but the least thing alive here! Everything seems imprisoned.”

As she spoke, there was a thundering noise, as of immense rocks piled one above another. Frightened by the reverberating sounds, she sprang on the cliff above, and in wild alarm, leaped from precipice to precipice. Now she cast a cold light through chinks of rock, and now stood for a moment on some rugged peak, like the moon seen through clouds resting on the mountain top. The pale gleam that came down made a ghastly contrast with the dense black shadows.

“It is indeed fearful here,” said Thot; “It is true nothing has life in it.” With clenched hands and a frowning brow, he moved toward the quarter whence the noise had proceeded. With a deeper frown, he returned and sought Freia among the cliffs. “Come down again, and fear nothing,” he said. “There are giants and subterranean genii here also; and they will not answer to our Northern spells. But fear them not. They dare not contend with me. They have piled huge rocks at the entrance to the upper world. They were doubtless sent by the tyrannous deities to imprison me, lest I bring the stars from their places, as I have turned the rivers by my power. Be it so. With the materials around me here, I can create what I will. And thou, dear Freia, wilt by and by remember the tones of Ida, and they will glide into the forms I have made, and make them live. I brought with me sparks of fire scattered from Mispelheim. Of these will I make stars, and fasten them in the firmament.”
Well pleased, he turned to his work, and soon called her to look at his constellations. He lighted a torch and held it aloft, that she might see the shining points on a sky of rock.

Freia smiled. "They do indeed look somewhat as I have seen the stars from deep gorges among the heights around Usterfjell," she said. "But seest thou not that the light is on thy stars, not in them? There is no need of torch-light for the bright polar constellations, seen through their waving auroral veils. All thy creations are petrified. If one could but see anything alive! If thy waterfalls could only scatter icy spray into trees, and flowers, and grapes, such as the furious Rjukan wears for his winter mantle. If one could see the snow-lichen peep from the crevices of thy mountains, or catch even a glimpse of the bog-lichen, with its sickly sulphur face. For the sake of seeing something alive, one might even welcome the giant Stallo,* and struggle with him joyfully for life or death."

"Be it as thou wilt," replied Thot, impatiently. But she seized his arm and said, "Not the spectral giant with the black staff. Oh, summon not him."

"Thou shalt have thy lichen and flowers, then," said he; "But come play to me the melody that the moonlight breathed through my soul. By those silvery tones must I fashion thy gardens."

She took the harp and played; but the tune came as she had learned it of Thot, after some of the tones had fallen out and been replaced by others; and neither of them now perceived that it was not quite the same the moonlight sung.

As she played, he murmured charmed words, and all around on the naked rocks there came forth forms of exquisite beauty. Snow-lichen and mosses peeped out from clefts; white roses unfolded their pearly petals; delicate bell-shaped blossoms nodded on their slender stems; fir trees rose in regular crystals; with a rustling sound, the Indian corn sent up its magnificent leaves and flowing silken tassels; grapes hung in rich clusters; and the walls were decorated with garlands, twined with a sparkling diamond thread.

"Now put forth all thy radiance!" said Thot; and under the influence of his potent spell, the figure of Freia shone like a

* A huge ghost, which, according to popular tradition, wanders among Norwegian mountains.
meteors. He smiled exultingly, while she clapped her hands, and shouted, "This is beautiful! Truly, this was born of the voice of moonlight! It is splendid as Krystalberg glittering in the setting sun. Surely the mountain dwarfs who dwell there, helped thee to make these jewelled forms of grace."

"Say rather," replied he, "that it resembles Gladheim, in the vale of Ida."

But she answered, "I do not remember."

"Dost thou not," asked he, mournfully, "Hast thou forgotten the Palace of Joy? It had well nigh gone from my own memory, when that song of the moonlight brought it back in glimpses. And see, I have created for thee another Gladheim!"

For awhile, they lived there in joy, ever adding some new form of beauty to their brilliant grotto. Then Thot felt as if he were a god. But weary at last of this fanciful play, Freia said, "Thy sparkling jewels are petrified light. Thy lovely flowers have no fragrance, and no colour."

"It is even so," he replied, in a dissatisfied tone; "and they neither grow nor reproduce themselves. Living trees and flowers make music as they grow. In the immortal valley, thy harp repeated all their tunes. If thou couldst but play them now, the tones would glide into those graceful forms, and make the beautiful petrifactions live. And oh, if I had but the tone that to Light gave being!"

With deep dejection, she replied, "I, too, would give worlds to know those primeval words and tones. Often have I felt that I would willingly die to learn the mysteries they reveal."

"Die!" he exclaimed. "Thou canst never die. The immortals know not death." He eyed her keenly, and after a long pause, he said, "Freia, thou hast altered strangely. The light of thy garments is like steel, rather than gold. Thy voice has changed. Thou hast forgotten the tones that filled me with creative life. Thy eye-glance once looked far into infinity; it now rests on the surface." She was silent, and he continued, sternly, "Art thou a tool of the despotic gods, to mock me with shadows and echoes?" She trembled, and made no answer. "Thou shalt resume thy proper shape," said he, fiercely. "I believe that light flowed from the primeval tone of thy own being; and by all the powers, I will extort it from thee, or chain thee forever below the bed of yon dark river."
He fixed his eye on her intently, and said, with a powerful voice, "I will thee to resume thy former shape!"

Convulsive spasms came over her, her limbs straightened rigidly, and her light went out in total darkness. At the same instant, a vivid flash illuminated the whole grotto, and Thot felt himself stricken down, as by a powerful arm. He remained oblivious for a long time. When consciousness returned, he was lying on a bed of sulphurous earth, and all around him was dense darkness and cave-stillness, broken only by the distant rumbling of the water-falls, and the sluggish murmuring of the river. Fear came over him, till the perspiration stood in large drops on his forehead. "This is awful!" thought he. "What is my boasted creation but a tomb?" He called aloud on Freia, but the distant plashing of the waters was his only answer.

Gradually, the pride and strong will of his unconquerable spirit returned. He recalled the primeval word for fire, and rekindled his torch. The walls of his grotto sparkled in the flaring light, and there at his feet lay the corpse of a mortal woman. Whence came it? It was fearful thus to be alone with silence and the dead. He pondered whether this could be a form he had mistaken for Freia.

"The universe is full of phantoms," he said, doubtfully. "All things mock me, and flit by. Yet this lifeless body must have been the form of her to whose voice of moonlight this fair grotto rose; and I will give it fitting burial."

He went out into a spacious hall, and by the power of his spell, magnificent columns rose, in the centre of which, under an arch richly festooned, stood a sarcophagus. Tenderly, and with a feeling of awe, he placed the body within it, and covered it with sand, that he might see its face no more.

Then he wandered away to the innermost extremity of those charming grottoes, where he for a short time had enjoyed beauty and a sense of power. Now all was changed. He was alone, dissatisfied, and sad. "She told me truly," he said; "the loveliest of my creations are all petrifications. There is nothing alive." For the first time, tears flowed from his eyes; and as he sighed for the vale of Ida, he murmured, "I have deserved my exile thence."

A soothing influence was wafted through his soul, and he fell asleep. In his dreams Freia again appeared to him, glowing with celestial beauty. Smiling, she said to him, "Thou hast
never enslaved me. The Aasgaardsreja played with thy presumptuous pride. They gave to one of their own number the appearance of my form. It was the spirit of a Northern poetess, who traded with the divine gift of song, to flatter the vanity of wealthy jarls. Therefore was she condemned, as a punishment, to wander with the Aasgaardsreja, who placed her in thy power, to do thy bidding as she best could. Me thou couldst not bind for a moment. If thou couldst fetter me with thy triangles and squares, the universe would stop its motions. Thou and I, dear Thot, are one from all eternity. Thou hast made this mournful separation, by reversing the divine laws of our being. Thou hast thought to create the outward, and then compel the inward to give it life. But the inward forms the outward, and thus only can the outward live. Seest thou not that all thy works are mere fragmentary accretions from things already created? All thy circles and measured intervals, took form from the tones of my harp; but not by the triangles and the figures can the forgotten melodies be restored. I also know not whence they are. They came to me from the inmost shrine, and I transmit them, asking no questions. Thus let them flow into thee; then spontaneously and silently, without effort or noise, all thy forms shall live. When thou sincerely longed for the inward life, I came to thee from Mispelheim, and played rich harmonies; which also were given to me, as I gave them to thee. Again, when thou wert gazing humbly upward, I played on the moonlight rays, warblings that revealed to thee far more than all thy circles and squares. All thy labour gives thee but broken and insignificant fragments of that wisdom which came to thee in perpetual revelation in thy glorious home."

"But I am exiled thence," sighed Thot, "and how can I return?"

"Renounce thy pride. Cease thy vain efforts to compel the inward by outward laws. Be simply willing to receive through me, as I receive through the All-pervading."

"But I am imprisoned here. When shall the penance cease?" he asked.

"If thou art humble, and willing to strive no more with thy outward laws, a long sleep will come over thee, and I shall be permitted to reveal many things to thee in dreams. At last, there will be born on earth a child strong enough to receive thy spirit, and delicate enough to be pervaded by mine. The echoes
of my harp shall glide into his soul from all created forms. The grass shall whisper to him the primeval tone from which its being came; the birds shall warble it; the vines shall dance it to him; the flowers sigh it forth in fragrance; the cataract and the sea tell it to his secret ear, with their stormy voices; the moonlight shall sing it with a mournful mystery; and the stars breathe it with a solemn sound. He will suffer more than others; for all discords will jar upon him, and the hard world will crush his sensitive heart, as keen winds cut the delicate blossom. But if he is true to his mission, there remains for him a glorious recompense."

"And what shall this mission be?"

"To be strong in manhood, and yet remain a child in spirit. To let Nature breathe through his soul, as the wind through a tree. To believe all she tells him, and reveal it in immortal music."

"And why must my return to Ida depend on his faithful performance of this mission?"

Because through him we may become again united. Both thou and I must pervade his being. I will give him tone, and thou shalt give him power. But if thou shouldst tempt him with thy outward laws constraining the inward life, thou wilt give him petrified forms for creations, and thus destroy his mission."

"When shall this child be born?"

"When he comes into a mortal body, thou shalt be wakened with a gushing, gladsome sound, and see before thee a semi-circle of columns, with a pure transparent fountain in their centre. This shall be to thee a token of his birth."

Not easily did the rebellious spirit learn humility and faith. Again, and again, the old temptation came over him, and he asked scornfully, "Why should I receive from her? She understands not the laws of her own being."

"No," replied a gentle, tuneful voice; "but she obeys them."

At last, the fierce discord became harmonised, and peaceful slumber stole over Thot. When he awoke the cavern was bright as day. A semi-circle of beautiful columns stood before him, and in the centre leaped up a pure transparent fountain. A voice from within the sparkling waters said, "Today, a babe is born, where rock-sheltered Bergen looks out on the surging billows of the German Ocean. His soul must be
fjilled with thy struggling aspirations to reproduce all Nature. But he must receive all from Freia's harp, and not begin outward, as thou hast done. He must bring to the New World all those primeval tones, the utterance of which thou hast here so profoundly laboured to compel. But he must not himself seek to know the secrets he reveals. Nature will smile graciously on her trusting child, and fold him warmly to her heart. Then shalt thou and Freia be united in the halls of Gladheim."

Cheerfully did the spirit arise in his renewed strength, of which humility was the inward name. A light went before him, and showed where subterranean genii had rolled away the rocks, and formed a new opening into the upper world.

As the sunbeams greeted his dazzled eyes, the earth seemed covered with a veil of flowing gold, and for a moment he thought he had returned to the region of the immortals. But to the mountains of Norway he first must wend his way, no longer to dwell among the fogs of Niflheim.

His subterranean workshop still remains, with its mountains and its rivers, its waterfalls and stars, its church and tomb, its gushing fountain, and its marvellous grottoes of fairy frost-work.

Strong and free grew the mountain child. Even in his cradle he felt the gliding presence of the tuneful one; but when he smiled in his infant sleep, they knew not that he heard sweet tones from an invisible harp. As he grew older, the insects drummed and fifed to him; the star-points played to him with a twinkling sound; the golden grain waved to him in music; and from the dance of the vines he learned the melodious tune of their life. He believed all the moon and the stars told him; and therefore they revealed much. In manhood he remained a child, and still laughed and wept when the birds mocked his warblings, because they heard in them the tuneful mystery of their being. Men fain would have fettered his free spirit, and given him creeds instead of tones. But above all their din sounded more and more clearly Freia's harp; and Thot urged him ever to beware of petrifactions to receive the inward life unquestioning, and let it flow out into its own harmonious forms.

The minstrel of the North performed his mission with ardent freedom and a brave simplicity; and Thot and Freia are united forever in the golden groves of Ida.
LETTER XXI.

August 2, 1844.

Various are the modes resorted to, to relieve the oppressiveness of summer in the city; but the pleasantest are steamboat excursions on the river, with glee clubs and bands of music. There have been a variety of these this season; but I think none of them have offered quite as many attractions as the trip in the South America, on the 30th of July. This vessel ranked as a queen among our steamboats, until the Knickerbocker and the Empire were built; and though outdone in some respects by these magnificent rivals, she is a vessel of which any city might be proud, and well worthy of the noble river on which she moves. She goes through the water with prodigious power, and is fitted up with great elegance. The upper and lower cabins are spacious and airy; gay with a profusion of paintings and gilded ornaments.

We had a band of instruments on board, and the New York Sacred Choir, of one hundred and fifty singers. This attraction decoyed me. It imparted something of sacredness, even to a crowded steamboat. I never come into the presence of music, without feeling inclined to uncover my head, and put on a garland, as the ancients did, when they entered the temples of their gods. This feeling does not arise merely from the delight of hearing sweet sounds. It is founded on the conviction that music represents the motions of the universe, and expresses the infinite mysteries of creation. The mind of man cannot perceive this; but his heart hears some of the mystic whisperings, and these, for the time, place him in harmonious relation with the All-Pervading One.

We left the city at five in the afternoon. The breeze was fresh, the sky bright, and recent rains had rendered every thing clean and verdant. As we passed the beautiful shores of the North River, people waved their handkerchiefs from verandahs and summer-houses, and boys threw up their caps with loud hurras. One little fellow, who was bathing near the shore, began to dance in the water, to the music of our band. Seen among the distant shrubbery, he looked like Cupid frolicking with the water-nymphs.

We went eighteen miles up the river, and then returned, and wheeled round and round the city, in the evening twilight.
The circular battlements of Castle Garden, brilliantly lighted, projected into the water like a crown of stars. Hundreds of boats, with lamps at the prow, were scattered about like fireflies. A swarm of club-boats lay side by side, ready for a race the next day, bearing the graceful names of Ianthe, Cygnet, Mist, Spray, Dream, &c.

All at once the moon came above the horizon, larger and more golden than I ever saw it. It really seemed like the satellite of a nobler earth than ours. It was received with a full salute from our band; Apollo greeting his regal sister of the silver bow. Two or three minutes after the moon rose, a luminous circular cloud encompassed her, and gave her a striking resemblance to Saturn with his ring. It brought vividly to my mind the beautiful transparencies used by Dr. Lardner, in his interesting lectures. I was much impressed by the appearance of Saturn wheeling across the glorious firmament of constellations. The lecturer had named all the other planets and comets, as they passed; but Saturn sailed by unannounced. This wakened in me a proud and majestic feeling. To be the greatest of a clique, a clan, a sect, a party, or a nation, has ever seemed to me a pitiful ambition. The world itself is a small audience for the inspired soul. But to be so unique in the universe, as to need no announcement—I found something grand in this! For a moment, I would have liked to be Saturn, thus to walk as a god among the planets. But the next moment our little Earth crossed the starry firmament, with its one own moon revolving round it so lovingly forever. My heart shouted, "There is our home! our own home!" and I would be Saturn no longer.

With the moon, too, it was a brief fancy. She soon cast aside her luminous belt, and went up serenely resplendent over the waters. By Apollo's golden harp! it was magnificent to be rushing across the glittering mirror of the bay by moonlight, with music to give utterance to the yearnings of the heart! Then came haze and flitting clouds, under which our foam-wake, the ships and the shore wore the moon-veil so sleepily and dream-like! I could have lain thus for hours on the bosom of drowsy Nature, while every pulse kept time to her lullaby.

But Staten Island was our final destination, where a pie-nic for our party of seven hundred awaited us in a lamp-lighted grove. Thither we marched in procession, preceded by the music of the band. A concourse of people belonging to the
island assembled round our tables, and we ate like kings and queens, for the entertainment of the public. When the hour arrived for returning to the boat, the choir of singers gave us "Auld lang syne" in full chorus; and strangers as we were to each other, every one found a response in the memory of his heart.

During the whole of the excursion, I was particularly pleased with the good nature that prevailed. Everybody seemed happy, and desirous to help his neighbour to be so. But there was no vulgarity, no rude noises, no deficiency of politeness. Perhaps something might be attributed to the genial influence of the scene; but in the crowds of New York I have always been struck with the general disposition to be good-natured and obliging. Such a rush of strangers have no opportunity to settle conventional claims, and they are compelled to fall back on the common brotherhood of the race. For his own sake, no man refuses the courtesy of which he every hour feels the need.

Choruses, glees, and songs, with occasional interludes of the band, cheered our return, and we came up to the city to the tune of "Home, sweet home." The air, so like a mother's voice, was, as usual, an especial favourite. It shared the general favour with the "Old Granite State," and two or three others, endeared to the heart by those delightful mountain minstrels, the Hutchinsons. Midnight saw us safely returned to our hundred homes, the better, I trust, for having been bound together for a few hours in the golden circle of music and moonlight.

In the afternoon, we passed a steamboat full of Sunday-school children, with flags flying and the pleasant sound of youthful voices. We gave them three cheers as they passed, and they waved their handkerchiefs. The public schools and benevolent institutions of the city are often treated to excursions of this kind. I rejoice at this, and all other indications that society begins to perceive her children need something more than food and raiment.

This reminds me of a visit I made the other day to The Sailor's Home, in Cherry Street. It is the largest and best arranged institution of the kind in the country. Indeed, it was the only one in the world built expressly for the purpose, except the Sailor's Home in London. The benevolent have made limited arrangements for the comfort and improvement of
seamen in several of our cities; but New York has a large and commodious edifice erected especially for their accommodation. It is six stories high, not including the basement, and has ample arrangements for three hundred boarders. The rooms are pleasant, and well ventilated, and Croton Water is introduced on every floor, with all conveniences for bathing. There is a museum, a reading-room well supplied with books and papers, and a bowling alley. Some of the stricter sort objected to this last, as likely to prove injurious, though no gambling is allowed. They were mistaken. Recreation is necessary to all men; and peculiarly so in the leisure hours of those accustomed to an active life. If they could have a picture gallery, and a band of music every evening, it would be so much the better. Every instinct of man is good in its place. Not one was given to be repressed or annihilated. Healthy and appropriate channels for free development is all that is required to bring every thing into harmony.

Captain Richardson, the Superintendent, is a conscientious, kind-hearted man. He was a sea-captain many years, and knows the way to sailors' hearts. His ships were formerly as remarkable for temperance and good order, as his sailor's home now is. In fact, he acts the part of a father to the seamen who come under his care. He assists them in procuring voyages, investing money, &c.; and, avoiding rules and restraints as much as possible, he endeavours to make virtue and sobriety cheerful and attractive. The door is left unfastened during the night, guarded by sentinels, who watch alternately. "The sailors know we like to have them in by ten o'clock," said he; "but they may have occasion to stay out later, and yet be sober and worthy men. If they are not sober and worthy, so much the more need that we should not bolt them out." There is a whole volume of Christian wisdom in that remark. Yet how slowly does society learn that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Shipwrecked sailors have a right to a home gratis at this institution; and they make pretty free use of the claim. But true to their generous natures, those who return to this port are usually very honourable about settling arrears. A short time ago, a sailor presented himself, and said, "Captain, do you remember me?" "No, my friend, I do not." "Well, I don't wonder you have forgotten me. I came here a long time ago. I had been wrecked. You gave me my board, and got
a voyage for me. You told me to take my advance wages for the clothes I needed. I owe you seventeen dollars, and I have got just the money. Here it is, and thank you, too. And now I want to get a short voyage, to earn a little money to go and see my old mother at Baltimore." After some inquiry into the merits of the case, Captain Richardson enabled the honest fellow to go home to his mother.

Considering the great value of this institution, the merchants of New York have been less liberal towards it than I should have supposed they would have been. They subscribed but $13,000. The establishment is now in debt $17,000, beside $10,000 to the State, for land. The State will probably give them this debt, though there is opposition from those whose interests are injured by temperance houses. The State would doubtless more than save it, in the prevention of crime. It is impossible to calculate the benefits, direct and indirect, of having six thousand sailors a year brought under the healthy influence of such an institution. Among the five hundred who meet there every month, there are many attracted by the character of the house, who decidedly prefer sobriety and modesty, and who take delight in reading, praying, and singing hymns. These place no restraint on the movements of others less seriously inclined; but, a healthy influence goes forth invisibly from their example. New York is not a Sodom, after all.

"O, thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despise,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous."

All over the world the same spirit is wakening. A friend who resides at Rennes, in France, writes to me, "We have lately established an institution here to supply the law and medical students with amusement, without injury to morals. It is a spacious edifice, well warmed and lighted, with libraries adapted to various departments of study and literature; a large shady garden, with alcoves for solitude; a billiard and play-room, where betting and cards are prohibited; and a music-
room, where there is a concert once a week. Two dollars annually secures to a young man all the privileges of the place. It is encouraging to see how many we win from the coffee-houses and lounging shops. Many do all their studying there, and find in it a great economy of fire and light."

What a blessing would such an institute be to the clerks, journeymen mechanics, and the thousand other young men in our cities, who have no pleasant homes to go to! A prison costs more to the State. Enlightened self-interest might teach us, if it were not for the fact that self-interest never can be enlightened. The highest and most cultivated individual in the community would derive direct advantage from a general elevation of character and pursuits among all the people. The largest lesson of wisdom I ever heard on this subject, was briefly uttered by a hard-working mechanic of Massachusetts. He subscribed one thousand dollars toward the establishment of a Normal School, to educate teachers for common public schools throughout the State. A friend, who knew he had but a small portion of this world's wealth, returned the paper to him, saying, "I suppose you mean one hundred dollars, and have written a cipher too much."

"Why should you suppose that?" replied he. "I am a father; and in what way can I so effectually advance the interests of my children, as by educating the community in which they are to live?"

Society is like a child that first creeps, and then walks by chairs, and at last tries its own legs, astonished to find that they will do to stand on. Our sailors' home, our normal schools, our benevolent institutions with pleasant gardens, our pictured steamboats, our bands of music for all the people—all these things are feelers put out, slowly teaching the world that every son of Adam has a right to the free development of all his faculties, and the healthy enjoyment of all his tastes.

LETTER XXII.

August 17, 1844.

You say you have the most intense longing to form some distinct idea of the present existence of the dear babe you have
lost; and therefore urge me to explain what are Swedenborg's teachings concerning the future life; particularly the state of those who die in infancy. The information, even if it has any weight with you, will not soothe the grief of mere natural affection, or satisfy any selfish craving of the heart. But if all thoughts of self are merged in the wish for your child's spiritual welfare, a belief in Swedenborg's testimony would make you happy. He does not say that we shall be united in the other world, on account either of natural relationship, or natural affection, however strong these may have been on earth. *Spiritual* consanguinity, or similar states of the Soul, alone can produce companionship there. Strangers, who never saw each other in the body, may be very near together as spirits; while natural brothers and sisters, or legal husbands and wives, may be very far apart.

Time and space are spiritually mere states of mind. We may partly understand this from facts in the present life, if we reflect that an hour seems a minute to a man about to be executed, while a minute seems an hour to the friend who is hurrying to him with the pardon, that he fears may come too late. With regard to space, likewise, we all know what it is to feel very distant from a person that sits next to us, and very near to a person a thousand miles off. In the spiritual world, there are no obstacles of material space and time to overcome; and therefore, according to Swedenborg, two persons whose affections are in a similar state, are near together the moment they think of each other. Thus it comes that our spiritual similarity, not our earthly love, produces vicinity. But if our friendship in this world has not been merely for the selfish and temporary purpose of convenience, vanity, or passion; if we have loved in each other what was good and true, and tried to help each other to be unselfish and pure, then are we spiritually related, and the relation will pass into eternity.

We are told that infants who die, enter the other world as infants. As they had here only the rudiments of capacity to become men, so they have there the rudiments of capacity to become angels. But their state is much better than that of little children in this life; for not being encumbered with a material body, which must receive impressions from the external world, and slowly learn to use its senses by experience, they can act at once from their souls, and thus walk and speak without practice. They do not suffer from hereditary evils, because
these are not their own. Had they lived on earth to a mature age, these inherited evils would have tempted them severely, and they might have made them their own, by bringing them into the deeds of their actual life. But having departed in infancy, they are in a state of innocence, into which heavenly good and truth flows freely, without resistance. They are troubled with no mournful recollections; for they suppose they were born in heaven. As soon as their souls leave the body, they are folded in the arms of angels, who while they lived in this world were women full of maternal tenderness. Each angel has charge of as many children as she desires from spiritual parental love. The speech of the little ones at first consists of mere flowing tones of affection; but these gradually become more articulate and distinct, as ideas of thought enter. All things are taught them by delightful images, suited to their tender state. They learn fast, because no false principles, acquired during their earthly existence, obstruct their understanding of truth, and no evils of life resist the reception of good. Swedenborg assures us that he has frequently seen them in beautiful gardens with their angelic teachers. Oftentimes, they had garlands on their arms and breasts, resplendent with the most heavenly colours. Porticoes conducted to interior paths of these gardens, and when the children passed through, the flowers above the entrance, shone with a celestial glow. From the merely external innocence of ignorance, they are gradually led by the angels to internal innocence, which is the highest wisdom.

The other life is not represented as one of rest, but of progressive development by active usefulness. Some are engaged in educating those who pass from this world in childhood. Others are ministering spirits to us mortals; forever trying to guard us against evil, to strengthen our good resolutions, to suggest images of beauty, and the truths of science. Authors and artists of genius, I believe, universally share the experience of Bettina, who says, "There were thoughts shaped within me. I did not perpend them, I believed in them. They had this peculiarity, as they have still, that I felt them not as self-thought, but as imparted." Still more distinct is the occasional consciousness of invisible help to souls struggling with many temptations, through the rugged paths of regeneration.

Evil spirits perform the same office that they did while they were wicked men on earth—only, with augmented power.
They try to pollute the imagination of others with impure thoughts, to excite vindictive passions, to make truth appear falsehood, and selfishness the only good. If a man yields to their influence, and brings into deeds the thoughts and feelings they tempt him with, their power in the next temptation is redoubled; and if he goes on thus, they gain at last an almost irresistible mastery over him. Nothing is more common in the confession of criminals, than the remark, "It seemed as if the devil pushed me on to do it. I did not seem to be myself."

But if, on the contrary, we resist the temptation, and do not bring the evil feeling, or the false thought, into life, we grow stronger with every effort; as the Sandwich-islanders believe that the strength of every conquered enemy passes into the conqueror. The simple act of resisting temptation turns our souls away from those spirits whose bad feelings are similar to something in ourselves; and in the same degree we are brought nearer to the influence of those angels whose affections are opposite to the evil with which we were tempted. Thus the free agency of man is preserved; for spirits have over us just the degree of power which we give them, and no more. Angels are always desirous to restrain man from evil, to guard and bless him; but their ability to approach him depends on spiritual laws, as unchangeable as the laws of natural science.

The angels in their relation to each other, to spirits, and to mortals, are but mediums of the divine love and wisdom of God, flowing through them into the hearts and minds of men, and transmitted and received according to established laws. This intervention of mediums, this gradation of causes and effects, pervades all creation.

Swedenborg asserts that no man at his death enters at once into heaven or hell, but remains for a time in the intermediate world of spirits. There, it is the continual effort of angels to draw them out of the evils and falsities they have acquired on earth. These errors and evils, which are merely the results of education, are easily separated from the soul; but those which men have deliberately adopted into their own lives, in the free consciousness of their wills, are parted with by great struggles. If interior goodness and truth predominate over the evil and the false, the spirit is gradually regenerated by the influence of those angels who can approach it, because they are in affinity with its characteristic goods or truths. But if interior evil and falsehood predominate, the soul comes under the influence of
spirits grounded in the same evils and falsities, and becomes worse and worse, with a constantly accelerating speed. The same law is manifested in the effect produced by wicked associates in this world. But the tender care of Divine Providence still strives to protect the sinner; for in this process of degeneration, he gradually loses the perception of the good and the true, and thus cannot sin so deeply as he would, if he clearly saw what he resisted.

Swedenborg represents the joys of heaven as consisting in the subordination of self-love to the love of others. This, by progressive degrees, becomes so perfect, that the highest angels love their neighbours better than themselves, and each is active in ministering delights to all. Of course, where every one brings his services as a free and beautiful gift, no one can have any deficiency of service from others, so perfect is the mutuality of love, and the orderly gradation of various gifts.

The torments of hell are said to consist in precisely the opposite state of things. There, the prevailing disposition is to compel others to serve ourselves. The effects are, of course, a mutual desire to deceive, provoke, annoy, and injure each other. This infernal reign of the evil passions, with the attendant results, are represented as constituting the whole misery of the wicked. The sun of God's love shines as freely on them as on the angels in heaven; but by spiritual laws, as unalterable as the laws of chemistry, they cannot receive the pure influence; the state of their own will perverts it as it enters.

Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondence explains many other things in relation to the condition of souls hereafter. This doctrine is not, as many suppose, founded on mere fancied resemblances. He lays it down as a science; the innermost pervading soul of all sciences. He declares that everything in the universe is but the form of some variation of thought or affection; and if the thought or affection ceased, the form could not possibly exist. In other words, ideas and feelings are the souls, of which animals, vegetables and minerals, are the bodies. These feelings and ideas are in their elements, few and simple; but as musical sounds produce infinitely varying harmonies by their ever-changing relations and combinations, so from these sentiments and ideas are evolved all the manifold forms of beauty and order in creation. But this doctrine of correspondence is not based on any imaginary resemblance, or natural analogy. It is founded on the fact that the spiritual idea is
the producing cause, or soul, of the natural form. Thus the progressions of time are produced by the imperfections of human intellect, all the thoughts of which are successive, and all its knowledge acquired by degrees. Because, at this period of the world, elevated sentiments more than ever give tone to man's intellectual perceptions, therefore music advances more and more toward perfection, though the other arts remain stationary. For good and pure affections are the producing cause of melodious sounds, and the embodiment of these affections in truths, bearing a right relation to each other, is the spiritual cause of harmony.

Thus the large sentiment of human brotherhood takes manifested form in various truths. In one form, it seeks to break the fetters of the slave; in another, to throw down the walls of sect; in another, to abolish national antipathies. The holy sentiment of forgiveness of enemies takes to itself form in doctrines opposed to capital punishment, and in favour of increased kindness toward prisoners. The pure sentiment of real marriage manifests itself in theories, which acknowledge woman as the equal, the friend, the partner of man in all his pursuits. Each of these is a melody from the central heart of love; and because the various modifications of utterance are coming more and more into accord with each other, therefore the science of harmony improves. Chivalry was the first vague manifestation of the feeling that woman ought to be raised from the low level where sensuality had placed her. It is an observable fact, that in about the same age of the world, appeared the first crude indications of harmony in music; and when chivalry was at its height, harmony had taken a distinct though very imperfect form, as a science. But it was hidden from the perceptions of man that one caused the other.

In this world men may surround themselves with material objects very opposite to their inward state. A bad man may make very delightful music, and a harlot may deck herself with lilies of the valley. But it is otherwise in the spiritual world. There a man is in the midst of those forms of which his own thoughts and feelings are the producing cause. Hence, angels are surrounded by forms and colours beautiful according to their state; and their speech, being in correspondence with their affections, is not only like music to the ear, but is very delightful to the interiors of the heart. Swedenborg says he once heard an angel speaking to a hard-hearted spirit; and he
of the hard heart was so affected by the tones, that he wept. He said he had never wept before, but he could not help it now, because it was pure love speaking.

Evil spirits, on the contrary, are surrounded by deformed shapes, seen in a lurid light, and their voices are harsh and discordant, in proportion to their degrees of evil.

I have thus endeavoured to give you, as clearly and concisely as possible, an outline of what I understand to be Swedenborg's statements with regard to the condition of the soul hereafter. In answer to your question how he knew the things which he declares, I leave him to answer in his own words. He says, "The things which are in the heavens cannot be seen by the eyes of man's body, but only by the eyes of his spirit. When it pleases the Lord, these interior eyes are opened, while man is withdrawn from the natural light, in which he is from the senses of the body, and is elevated into spiritual light, in which he is from his spirit. In that light, the things which are in the heavens have been seen by me. It has been given me thus to pass through the dwellings of the angels in full wakefulness, when my interior sight was opened."

I will here mention, merely as a curious psychological fact, that several people in magnetic sleep, though entirely unacquainted with the writings of Swedenborg, have described the spiritual world in a manner strikingly similar to his. A friend told me of a person in a clairvoyant state, who was asked where she was; she answered, "I am in the world of spirits." When asked how it looked there, she replied, "It is very beautiful. The light is brighter than our sunshine, and makes objects more distinct; but it is so soft and golden, that it does not dazzle the eyes." My friend asked her to inquire for Elizabeth ———, a very lovely girl, who had died some months before. During her pilgrimage on earth she had been extremely attached to children, and had been devoted to their education from a sincere love of the occupation. The countenance of the clairvoyant mantled with an expression of delight, as she answered, "Oh! Elizabeth is more beautiful than ever. She is surrounded by happy little children, who run to her with flowers they gather, and she is weaving them into garlands."

When asked to find Mr. ———, who had been sometime deceased, she said she could not. Being urged to seek him, a cloud went over her face, and she answered, with a slight shudder, "I don't want to go there. It is dark and cold."
With regard to Swedenborg's claim to the respect and confidence of his readers, I will briefly state a few facts, and leave you to form your own conclusions in freedom. The unanimous testimony is, that he was a man of very virtuous life, and simple manners. His knowledge of the sciences was remarkably extensive, profound, and accurate. He published treatises on the Animal Kingdom, the Vegetable Kingdom and the Mineral Kingdom; on the Tides, Coins, the construction of Vessels, on Chemistry, Geometry, &c., &c. The most elaborate of these scientific works is entitled Opera Philosophica et Mineralia. It ranks very high, for the variety and depth of learning it displays. The theory of the circulation of the blood was first indicated by him; and he stated that seven planets were created from the sun of our solar system, in a work long before Herschel discovered the seventh planet. His mechanical skill was manifested in various ways; among others, by the invention of an easy and simple method of transporting the largest galleys over the mountains and rocks of Norway, to a gulf where the Danish fleet was stationed. The best memorial on Finance was presented by him to the Swedish Diet of 1751. His scientific knowledge and mechanical skill were rewarded with many honours, at home and abroad. He was offered the professorship of Mathematics in the University of Upsala, which he declined. The king appointed him Assessor of the Mines, and conferred on him the title of Baron, by virtue of which he took his seat with nobles, in the Triennial Assemblies of the realm.

I mention these facts, merely to show that Swedenborg was a man of learning, and of practical good sense. His remarks on the animal kingdom, and the structure of the human frame, show that he thought deeply and earnestly concerning the mysterious connection between body and soul. In 1743, at the age of fifty-four, he relinquished scientific pursuits, and devoted himself entirely to writing those numerous theological works, which contain the doctrines of the present New Jerusalem Church. He repeatedly disclaims the intention, or wish, to be considered the founder of a sect. He constantly declares that the doctrines are not a product of his own intellect, but imparted to him by express revelation, in a state of divine illumination. So strong and sincere is this belief, that he habitually proves one part of his writings by another; repeatedly saying, with the most child-like naïveté, "That this is true, is proved by what I have written in another volume."
In these remarkable works, he speaks continually of visits to the spiritual world, and of familiar conversations with men long since dead. That he had likewise the clairvoyant faculty of seeing objects in distant places on this earth, is well attested by abundant and unimpeachable evidence. Thus he told distinctly the beginning and progress of a fire in Stockholm, and described all the details with the accuracy of an eye-witness, at the precise time the fire occurred; though he was in Gottenburg, which is three hundred English miles from Stockholm. Instances similar to this became perfectly familiar to his friends and acquaintance, and were spoken of by himself with the utmost simplicity, as matters of every-day occurrence.

Under these circumstances, it is no marvel that he came to be generally regarded as insane; though his manners always remained simple and serene, and his scientific conversations profound and rational. For a time his theological writings were universally considered as the mere absurd ravings and grotesque visions of a crazy man. Being very voluminous, and written in Latin, they were sealed from the public. The few who looked into them were usually wearied by the hard dry style, or disgusted with what seemed to them improbable or ridiculous fictions. But by degrees, a discerning few began to say, "There is method in this madness. These theories are not the product of an insane brain; for the parts have harmonious relation to each other, and form a perfect whole." This class of readers increased, until these very peculiar writings spread into various languages, found a place in the libraries of scholars, mixed with theological studies in colleges, modified the preaching of various sects, and became more or less infused into literature. He who had been contemptuously styled the crazy prophet, at last came to be most respectfully mentioned in public lectures, as a man remarkable for scientific learning and depth of spiritual insight. He was ranked with Kant and Goethe, as one of the three minds that would permanently affect the coming ages.

Philosophers affirm that man's eternal progression made it impossible that any dispensation of truth could preclude the necessity of further developments. They averred that Swedenborg did not utter himself like a prophet; that the stamp of his own scientific knowledge was on all his revelations; that his views on some subjects were modified by preconceived opinions, and the prejudices of education. What he saw and heard
in the spiritual world, they declared to be a reflex of his own state of mind; hence most of the spirits he met, were talking about the trinity, justification by faith alone, and similar subjects intensely interesting to his own mind. No one expressed a doubt that he himself verily believed that he saw and heard all he describes. The simplicity and innocence of the man seem to be so far respected by all who approach his writings.

There is a class of thinkers who are not his disciples, but who believe that his childlike reverential spirit, combined with such remarkably various learning, and the singular power of abstracting his soul from the senses, fitted him in a very peculiar manner, to be the transparent medium of profound spiritual truths. They do not accept all he says as true; nor do they accept any of it as truth simply because he says it. They think all finite mediums of infinite wisdom must necessarily be imperfect. Dr. Johnson says, "Milton himself could not teach a boy more than he could learn;" and they argue that the angels must have been governed by the same law of limitation in their revelations to Swedenborg. To prove that his perceptions of truth were modified and sometimes obscured by his own states of mind, they quote one of his own memorable relations. He says that once, when he was walking in the world of spirits, he saw some angels under a tree, eating figs. He said to them, "Give me of your figs." They did so; but in his hand they became grapes. "How is this?" inquired he: "Did I not ask you for figs?" They replied, "We gave you figs, but you took grapes."

We have all of us experienced something similar to this, when we have tried to talk on spiritual subjects, with minds differently constituted from our own. We often give figs to others, and see plainly enough that they can take only grapes.

How Swedenborg saw what candid readers believe he was perfectly honest in relating, is a question that puzzles many. Some suppose that by intense abstraction of spirit, while examining into the causes of things, he unconsciously acquired a self-magnetising power, by which he was placed in a state of clairvoyant perception, similar to that sometimes produced by magnetic sleep. In corroboration of this, they quote the rumour that when his domestics entered his library, they sometimes found him in deep reverie, with a strange expression in his eyes, as if the soul were absent from the body.
Whatever may be the solution of the mystery, Swedenborg is unquestionably the most remarkable phenomenon of the age.

LETTER XXIII.

September 26, 1844.

The year, now entered on its middle age, wears a robe as gorgeous here in the city, as do the autumn woods of Maine, when the frost touches them in all their vigour, and suddenly clothes them with its glowing mantle of purple, yellow, and crimson. In simpler words, the ribbons, silks and cashmeres, are unusually brilliant and varied in their colours, this season. The ladies look like walking rainbows, and the shop-windows of Broadway are as gay and warmly tinted as the wardrobe of an Eastern princess. Wealth was never more lavish in expenditure, and poverty never more tattered and shrinking. Acres of flags are waving across the streets, with inscriptions for Clay or Polk. Processions perambulate the city, from one extremity to the other. Orations are vociferated, by the light of bonfires, from temporary rostrums in the squares, and Whigs and Democrats both disperse to the tune of "Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances."

Under this glittering and tumultuous tide, there runs ever a stiller and a deeper current. The artist, with quiet earnestness, is writing inward beauty on the outward, and thus unconsciously doing his part toward bringing the poles of the earth into harmony with the poles of heaven. The philanthropist, with patient love, is labouring in obscure places, to restore defaced humanity. The reformer, with strong hope, is striving to clothe the social state with stainless wedding garments, for its marriage with a purer church. Blessings on them all! All, in their appointed way, are mediators between the divine and human, and all are helping to fulfil the glorious prophecy of final at-one-ment between God and man.

From the din of partisan strife, and the never-resting scramble of Mammon, I seek repose and refreshment in the lap of nature; or if this be not convenient, I walk to 322 Broadway, and lounge an hour or two in the rooms of The Arts Union. Seated before Durand's exceedingly beautiful picture of the Passing Summer Shower, the landscape of life soon becomes
touched with golden rays of hope, amid the sombre masses, and I cannot long remain without rainbow gleams within my soul.

Many of these drawings and pictures are the workmanship of men engaged in banks, stores, and other departments of active life. These can easily become artists by profession, if they find in themselves enough of acknowledged talent to warrant the hazardous experiment; if not, this tasteful employment of their leisure hours is an innocent and healthful recreation, well adapted to keep them from the maddening whirlpool of politics and dissipation.

A good deal of mediocrity exhibits itself in these rooms; but it is always relieved by many agreeable objects, and some really beautiful, wherewith to refresh the eye and the heart. Perhaps a marine sketch by Bonfield, with seas so translucent, that the colour of the sailors' jackets is seen through them, in waving reflections; and so full of billowy life, that the gazer almost feels the waves bound beneath him, "like a steed that knows his rider." Or some landscapes, with foliage so light, that the breezes seem to play with it; and an atmosphere so clear, that the far-off distance is transparent. The artist is a young beginner, the son of a farmer on Staten Island; but a glance at one of his pictures is sufficient to show that Nature sung over his cradle. He paints genuine American landscapes; scenes that have mirrored themselves in his own eye and heart. May he trust to his own genius, and not lose himself, by trying to imitate the characteristic excellence of others.

At these rooms, I saw the most beautiful picture I have seen for a long time. It is Columbus pleading his own cause before Ferdinand and Isabella. The scene is one of the fairy hall of the Alhambra. Its walls highly decorated with brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil, and its airy, fanciful, jewelled architecture, so expressive of a chivalrous, poetic and voluptuous people, are in admirable keeping with the glowing colours of the drapery; and all is tempered by a soft pervading light. The whole atmosphere of the place speaks of love, and song, and balmy zephyrs, of orange groves and alabaster fountains. The rich colours are mingled like cloud-tints of an autumn sunset, and so harmonised, that the effect is pleasing as a strain of music.

The expression of character is as admirable as the colouring. There is great variety in the faces, and a marked individuality in each; but all are true to nature and alive with soul.
In the noble figure of Columbus, one sees his natural enthusiasm tempered by age and sorrow, but still intense and eloquent. The head of Cardinal Ximenes is admirably expressive of the powerful intellect and strong will, for which he was remarkable.

The attitudes, the grouping, and the drapery, are exquisitely free and graceful. This fine picture was painted by a young artist of German parentage, a native of Philadelphia, now studying his art in Dresden. He had previously painted the Landing of Columbus in chains at Cadiz, which attracted a good deal of attention in Europe. He might have sold it well there, but he preferred that a picture, the subject of which was so interesting to Americans, should be owned by one of his countrymen. He accordingly sent it home, expressly for the Art Union, with the expectation that they would make it the subject of one of their annual engravings for distribution. It is now being engraved by an artist of great merit. The Art Union have agreed to pay him $3000 for the plate.

The genius of our government is adverse to such munificent encouragement of art, as was bestowed in the olden time. We shall never have, I trust, such patrons as Charles V., or the House of Medici; but we can foster art in a style better suited to the freedom and equality of republican institutions.

One of the leading objects of the Art Union is to scatter abroad works of native art among the masses of people, who are not able to pay such high prices as the rich can afford. To say nothing of the pleasure thus given, it is not easy to calculate the refining influence, that may thus be brought to bear on a nation too exclusively devoted to the practical, and far too eager in pursuit of gain. It is wise to guard against the grovelling tendencies of such pursuits, by the earnest cultivation of music, painting and sculpture. While we welcome all foreign excellence, let us give these plants, of divine origin, a genial soil and a balmy atmosphere in our own favoured land.

The practical operation of this institution is to encourage the first aspirations of genius, to enable talent to find its own level, without the certainty of starvation in the process. Some object to subscribe to it, on the ground that the annual distribution of prizes is too much like a lottery. But I think this is founded on misapprehension. It does not resemble a lottery, because it is not a plan to enrich a few at the expense of many. It is a combination of small means to encourage art. It is by the
people, and for the people; strictly democratic in its plan, and in its modes of operation. It is not like a lottery; for though the prizes are few, there are no blanks. Every subscriber is sure to receive an engraving, if he is not lucky enough to draw a picture or a statue. By this process, a public taste is being gradually formed, which will increase the demand for works of art, and stimulate genius to higher efforts; for even the true artist is excited and helped by the sympathy and appreciation of his fellow-beings.

The Art Union of New York is the first of the kind in the United States. They were first established in Dresden and Dusseldorf. The London Society has been most successful. It does not distribute pictures, but money, which must be expended in the purchase of original British paintings. In this way, it distributed last year more than $60,000 among their native artists.

In a country, where so many causes combine to infect everything with the spirit of trade, we peculiarly need the quieting and refining influence of the arts. If we would avoid becoming a nation of office-hunters, stock-jobbers, and pedlars, we ought to encourage all efforts to excite genius, and improve the popular taste.

Sculpture especially seems to favour republics. The earnest expression and classic grace of Crawford's Orpheus, would have done credit to the best days of Greece. No artist in the old world competes with Powers, I believe. But there is one in New York, as yet comparatively unknown, and contending with adverse circumstances, who I think will as fairly claim the laurel crown. In Horace Kneeland's bust of Ericsson, the character and expression of the celebrated mechanician are remarkably well-preserved; the lips are singularly flexible, and the minute delineation of swelling veins and muscular indentations, give it that look of genuine flesh, for which the busts of Powers are so remarkable.

LETTER XXIV.

September 17, 1844.

I revisited Greenwood Cemetery, a few days ago, and found many new monuments; one of which particularly interested
me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a
mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was
inscribed the words: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with
the child? And she answered, It is well." 2 Kings iv. 26.
This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like
the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day
when a man was born and when he died, but simply "the day
he came hither, and the day he went home." Why Christians
should have chosen a skull and cross-bones for their emblem of
death seems incomprehensible. The Greeks, notwithstanding
their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as
a gentle and beautiful youth; sometimes as a sleeping winged
child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers.
Even Samael, the awful death angel of the Hebrews, resem-
bling our popular ideas of the devil, was always said to take
away the souls of the young by a kiss.

If we really believed that those who are gone from us were
as truly alive as ourselves, we could not invest the subject
with such awful gloom as we do. If we would imbue our
children with distinct faith in immortality, we should never
speak of people as dead, but as passed into another world.
We should speak of the body as a cast-off garment, which the
wearer had outgrown; consecrated indeed by the beloved being
that used it for a season, but of no value within itself.

A pretty, foreign-looking little chapel, now stands at the
entrance of Greenwood, containing a bell, to be tolled when
the funeral trains pass in. I felt compassion for it, because
all its life long it was obliged to utter sad tones. With the
melancholy mood it inspired, came recollections of a singular
incident connected with the history of my own family. The
yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the
eighteenth century. The panic was so universal that wives
forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their
children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city.
Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death-carts," sent
into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through
each street every half hour. At each house known to contain
a victim of the fever, they rung a bell, and called "Bring out
your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they
were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to
to the burial-place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most
instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of
the fatal disease. One of my father's brothers became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "If you bury him, you
shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

Instances of this kind, though very rare, are well known to physicians under the name of asphyxia. The mere possibility of their occurrence is sufficient reason why the body should remain two or three days, before it is committed to the earth. I believe no nation buries with such haste as Americans. The ancients took various precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile.

The picturesque little chapel, with its bell that never speaks but in sorrow, led my thoughts into dismal paths. But my imagination always turns away quickly from gloomy associations. I soon began to think how beautifully appropriate it was that a bell should call to worship. Its sonorous voice, filling the whole air with royal sound, heard so sublimely clear above all the rattle and din of our poor everyday life, renders it worthy of the sacred office. Perhaps it was a vague feeling of this, which made the devout of former centuries believe that bells had peculiar power to drive away evil spirits; a superstition which was in fact the origin of bell-tolling at funerals. The Turks, though a much better people than we give them credit for, resemble evil spirits in their abhorrence of bells.
Nothing delighted them more in taking Constantinople, than the power it gave them to silence the "detestable bells."

One would think that a chime of bells must be delightful to any human ear. I remember with pleasure the chimes from Christ Church, in Philadelphia. On Friday, the great market day there, it is customary to welcome the farmers into the city, by ringing a cheerful peal. Coming in with their loads of fruit and poultry, they very naturally understand the bells to say,

"Now all ye married men,  
Get your money ready."

This chime even bewitched one of the Society of Friends, though they rigidly abjure music. When the Quakers first rose up, a form of real spiritual life in the midst of sensuality and sham, music was most shamefully desecrated to low and profligate purposes. But so was language, and so was religion. If tones were excommunicated for being made mediums of sin, words should have been banished too. How the kingdom of heaven can come on earth without music in it, is more than I can imagine. It would make the company of the saints like a spring-time without birds, or a year without blossoms.

So it seems, thought Caleb Offley, member of the aforesaid religious society. He was half an idiot, and creation spoke to him in stammering and imperfect language; but music glided into his soul, like the tones of a mother's voice. He was forever lingering around Christ Church, listening to the beloved chimes. At last, he came to ring the bells better than any other person could. The Quakers reproved him for such light and frivolous employment of his time. The poor simple soul tried to stay away; but the sonorous chimes beckoned and called to him ever, and the passion became too strong for him. Those who liked to make use of his skill, injudiciously tempted him with wine and strong drinks. His religious friends again interfered and the culprit promised to take their advice. But after a while, he appeared before the elders, and said, "I have done very wrong, and I will try to do better. I will give up drink; I will give up anything you tell me; but, friends, I can't give up the bells." He was henceforth one of the bell-ringers on all public occasions, till the day of his death.

Trinity Church, in Broadway, when completed, will have its chime of eight bells, which now lie silent, for want of a tower to swing in. There probably will then be some contention
between New York and Philadelphia, which has the best chime; as there now is, which has the grandest water-works and the most beautiful cemetery. Like the two chimes in Richmond, England, the burden of the song will be,

"Who rings the best?  Who rings the best?"
"I do.  I do."

A traveller who found it difficult to decide which was superior in sweetness and distinctness of tone, gave the last the palm, on the strength of her own assertion. I should reverse the decision; for I never yet knew transcendent genius prone to sing its own praises.

I had no idea how pleasant an effect could be produced by hand-bells, until I heard the Swiss Bell Ringers. It is a remarkable exhibition of mechanical skill and accuracy of ear. The company consists of seven men, who ought to bear the bell-toned Swedish name of Silfverling. They use forty-two bells, varying in size, from a large cow-bell, to the smallest dinner-bell. They had these manufactured for them, and carefully attuned by scraping the metal. It took nine months of patient practice to attune them to a perfect concert pitch. The clappers are upon a spring. A piece of leather goes through the ball of the tongue; the leather strikes the bell, and renders the tones more soft and sweet. They place the fore-finger and thumb upon the sides of the bell, and thus obtain a steady hold, while they prevent disturbing vibrations.

The lowest bell is the lowest C of the treble clef, and they run up three octaves and one fourth, with all the semi-tones. Four of them play the Air; the other three play a harmony in the lowest octave of the bells, similar to a guitar accompaniment to a song. They play not merely simple carrillons, but elaborate and difficult music; the overture to Fra Diavolo, for instance. They trill notes beautifully. The effect of the combined sounds is extremely sweet, liquid, and melodious, like a powerful music box. As they often change places and bells, during the performance of a single piece, it is inconvenient to use notes, and they trust entirely to memory, which practice has made wonderfully perfect. They change their bells as rapidly as printers take up their types. If one of them rings a false note, it is instantly felt by all the others, and any one of them can tell instantaneously all the notes that are to be played for ten bars ahead.
Their skill and exactness seem almost equal to the chimers of Cambridge, in England, who "rang a peal of 6600 changes, with such regularity and harmony, that in each thousand changes the time did not vary one sixteenth of a minute, and the compass of the last thousand was exactly equal to the first."

If I were gifted with power to utter the music that struggles forever within me, I could not submit to such restraint in the mode of utterance. I should break all the bells in desperation.

LETTER XXV.

October 14th, 1844.

After an interval of several months, I have again heard Ole Bul, with quite as much pleasure as when his first performance took me by surprise. My soul loves to follow his music, as it glides from passionate energy into fairy grace; now wandering away in dreamy poetic reverie, and now leaping up with sudden joy, like a bright fountain in the sunshine. It has for me a charm like the Tempest and the Midsummer's Night Dream. The instrument, itself, increases the resemblance, with "its appetising harshness, its racy sharp violinity." "As Shakespeare among poets, is the Cremona among instruments," says Bulwer; and certainly nothing equals it for beauty and delicacy of tone, variety of expression, and fitting utterance of the deepest and tenderest emotions. Most instruments are limited by their construction. Thus high, and no higher, can the notes go, whoever plays upon them. But the violin becomes whatsoever it is willed to be by the soul that wakes its melody. Its capacities are infinite. It is like the human heart, with its laughter and its wailing, its sighs and shrieks, its love, and fear, and sorrow, and its aspirations that go beyond the stars. While all other musical instruments have been gradually changed in structure, this alone, through the lapse of three centuries, as Sphor informs us, has remained in its original simplicity. The royal voice with which it utters the inspirations of genius has consecrated it to my imagination, and it brings a flush to my cheek to hear it called a fiddle. But this is foolish. The most common and universal ever lies nearest to the infinite.

It would be curious to know how much climate has had to do
with the flashing energy and impassioned earnestness of this Norwegian minstrel. The scenery and sounds, to which we are accustomed from infancy, are a spiritual atmosphere, imperceptibly fashioning the growth of our souls; and a nervous organisation so acute and delicate as his, must have been peculiarly susceptible to all sensuous influences.

Where on this planet is a place so sublimely appropriate as the rocky coast of Norway, to the newly invented Æolian sea signals? Metal pipes, attached to floating buoys, are placed among the breakers, and through these do the winds lift their warning voices, louder and louder, as the sea rages more and more fiercely. Here is a magnificent storm-organ, on which to play "Wind of the winter night, whence comest thou?"

On this coast has Ole Bul, from childhood, heard the waves roar their mighty bass to the shrill soprano of the winds, and has seen it all subside into sunflecked, rippling silence. There, in view of mighty mountains, sea-circled shores, and calm, deep, blue fiords, shut in by black precipices and tall green forests, has he listened to "the fresh mighty throbbings of the heart of Nature." Had he lived in the sunny regions of Greece or Italy, instead of sea-girt Norway, with its piled-up mountains, and thundering avalanches, and roaring water-falls, and glancing auroras, and the shrill whispering of the northern wind through broad forests of pines, I doubt whether his violin could ever have discoursed such tumultuous life, or lulled itself to rest with such deep-breathing tenderness.

I know not what significance the Nord-men have in the world's spiritual history; but it must be deep. Our much boasted Anglo-Saxon blood is but a rivulet from the great Scandinavian sea. The Teutonic language, "with its powerful primeval words—keys to the being of things"—is said by the learned to have come from the East, the source from which both light and truth dawned upon the world. This language has everywhere mixed itself with modern tongues, and forms the bone and nerve of our own. To these Nord-men, with their deep reverence, their strong simplicity, their wild, struggle-loving will, we owe the invention of the organ, and of Gothic architecture. In these modern times, they have sent us Swedenborg, that deep in-seeing prophet, as yet imperfectly understood, either by disciples or opponents; and Frederika Bremer, gliding like sun-warmth into the hearts of many nations; and Thorwaldsen, with his serene power and majestic grace; and
Beethoven, with aspirations that leap forth beyond the "flaming bounds of time and space;" and Ole Bul, with the primeval harmonies of creations vibrating through his soul in infinite variations. Reverence to the Nord-men; for assuredly their strong free utterance comes to us from the very heart of things.

Influences that pass into the soul from the outer world, inevitably transmit themselves through music, even more than through the other arts; and thus transmitted, they reproduce their images in the soul that hears. If I stood suddenly in the midst of that sublime and romantic Northern scenery; if my ear caught, for the first time, the voice of some peasant maiden, warbling the wild, simple, plaintive airs of Norway, memory might puzzle me with the question, "Has my soul been here before me?" For the subllest of all essences is this spiritual magnetism, which, by continual transmission and re-transmission pervades our life. Even on our physical being do the sensuous influences leave their mark. They classify the nations, and are sometimes strongly impressed on individuals. They would always be so, if we were free and true; for our bodies would then become transparent mediums of the spirit. Wordsworth thus describes the young maiden, to whom nature was "both law and impulse":

"She shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And Beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

The engraved likeness of Ole Bul often reminds me of these lines. It seems listening to one of his own sweet strains of melody, passing away, away—and vanishing into the common air, fine as the mist scattered afar by the fountains. The effect, thus transmitted in form by the artist, reproduces its cause again; for as I look upon it, a whirling spray of sound goes dancing through my memory, to the clink of fairy castanets. When I look at Domenichino's Cumæan sibyl, and Alston's wonderful picture of the Lady Hearing Music, my soul involuntarily listens, and sometimes hears faint wandering strains of melody.

The expression of scenery and character were very clearly conveyed to me in Ole Bul's Fantasia of Scottish melodies. Most of the tunes I could distinguish only through a mist, they whirled after each other so rapidly, and were twined together
with such a graceful arabesque of variations. But the whole of Scotland's heart seemed to be poured forth in it. The plaintive voice of domestic love, among a serious and earnest people; the reverential feeling of a mountain race; the pride of ancestral clans; the romantic loyalty that would defend a Stuart unto death; the stern strength of Presbyterianism; the marching of regiments through the Highlands, to the shrill sound of the bagpipe; and the free voice of the hunter, o'er the hills an' far awa'. I could imagine how spiritual beings could thus utter all things in tones, and tell a nation's history in music.

His Fantasia of Irish airs is as plainly the voice of a people who have suffered much and long. A sort of suppressed sigh runs through all their warm breathings of love for Ireland. Their patriotism utter themselves in the voice of a widow's child, singing to his lonely and desolate mother. Even the merry tunes of Ireland tell the same sad story. It is not the jovial carouse of England, or the light-hearted carol of France. It is the convulsive reaction, the sudden leaping up, of a depressed spirit.

The fate of the poor African, too, is told in his simple melodies, so full of wild animal gaiety, so easily subsiding into mournful modulations.

This spiritual expression of music is heard in very different degrees by different people, and by some not at all. One man remarked, as he left Ole Bul's concert, "Well, there is no such thing as getting a dollar's worth of music out of a fiddle, in three hours." Of the same concert, a man of thorough musical science, and deep feeling for his beautiful art, writes to me thus: "Ole Bul has certainly impressed me, as no man ever impressed me before. The most glorious sensation I ever had, was to sit in one of his audiences, and feel that all were elevated to the same pitch with myself. My impulse was to speak to every one as to an intimate friend. The most indifferent person was a living soul to me. The most remote and proud, I did not fear or despise. In that element, they were all accessible, nay, all worth reaching. This surely was the highest testimony to his great art, and his great soul."

An eloquent writer, who publishes under the fictitious signature of John Waters, describes his first impressions of Liszt's piano-playing, with an enthusiasm that would doubtless seem very ridiculous to many who listened to the same sounds. He says, that "with blow after blow upon the instrument, with his whole force, he planted large columnar masses of sound, like
the Giant's Causeway. The instrument rained, hailed, thundered, moaned, whistled, shrieked, round those basaltic columns, in every cry that the tempest can utter in its wildest paroxysms of wrath.

"Then we were borne along, through countless beauties of rock, and sky, and foliage, to a grotto, by the side of which was a fountain that seemed one of the Eyes of the Earth, so large and darkly brilliant was it, so deep and so serene. Here we listened to the voices rather than the songs of birds, when the music by degrees diminished, then fluttered and ceased."

A lady, to whom he spoke of the concert, acknowledged that the sounds had brought up very similar pictures in her soul; but probably not ten of the large audience listened in such a spirit. That it was thus received by any, shows that it was in the music, whether the composer was aware of it or not; and genius only can produce these magical effects.

To Him who made the ear a medium of pleasure to the soul, I am humbly grateful for delight in sweet sounds; and still more deeply am I grateful that the spiritual sense of music is more and more opened to me. I have joy in the consciousness of growth, as I can imagine a flower might be pleased to feel itself, unfolding and expanding to the sun-light. This expressiveness of music, no man ever revealed to me like Ole Bul; and therefore, in my joy and gratitude, I strive, like a delighted child, to bring all manner of garlands and jewels, wherewith to crown his genius.

Here is a wreath of wild-flowers to welcome his return:

Welcome to thee, Ole Bul!
A welcome, warm and free!
For heart and memory are full
Of thy rich minstrelsy.

'Tis music for the tuneful rills
To flow to from the verdant hills;
Music such as first on earth
Gave to the Aurora birth.

Music for the leaves to dance to;
Music such as sunbeams glance to;
Treble to the ocean's roar,
On some old resounding shore.

Silvery showers from the fountains;
Mists unrolling from the mountains;
Lightning flashing through a cloud,
When the winds are piping loud.
Music full of warbling graces,
Like to birds in forest places,
Gushing, trilling, whirring round,
'Mid the pine trees' murm'ring sound.

The martin scolding at the wren,
Which sharply answers back again,
Till across the angry song
Strains of laughter run along.

Now leaps the bow, with airy bound,
Like dancer springing from the ground,
And now like autumn wind comes sighing
Over leaves and blossoms dying.

The lark now singeth from afar
Her carol to the morning star,
A clear soprano rising high,
Ascending to the inmost sky.

And now the scattered tones are flying,
Like sparks in midnight darkness dying,
Gems from rockets in the sky,
Falling—falling—gracefully.

As on a harp with golden strings,
  All nature breathes through thee,
And with her thousand voices sings
  The infinite and free.

Of beauty she is lavish ever;
  Her urn is always full;
But to our earth she giveth never
  Another Ole Bul.

LETTER XXVI.

Many of the Millerites believed that last week was appointed
for the burning of the world; not "positively for the last time
this season," however, for a majority suppose it will occur
to-morrow. Their system of theological navigation is supplied
with elaborately prepared charts, from which they learn that
"the Lord will certainly leave the mercy-seat on the 13th of
this present October, and appear visibly in the clouds of heaven
on the 22nd." Alas for every one of us, sinners or saints, if our
Father should leave the mercy-seat, even for so brief an
interval!
It was stated some time ago, in the papers, that Mr. Miller had given it as his opinion, that if the prophecy was not fulfilled, as expected, last spring, it would occur soon after the autumnal equinox. Meanwhile, even the memory of this excitement seemed to have passed away from the ever busy crowd. But with the autumnal equinox, it returned with renewed fervour. Mrs. Higgins, a young woman from Boston, is here preaching with that enthusiasm and earnestness of conviction, which always imparts a degree of eloquence. She and her zealous coadjutors are creating a prodigious ferment, and making many proselytes; all of whom are welcomed to their ranks as brands plucked from immediate burning.

A man, who has tended an apple-stall near the Park, went to hear her, and straightway gave away all his fruit and cakes, to the great delight of the children, who became warmly interested to have this faith spread through all the cake-shops and apple-stalls. A vender of stoves, near by, has shut up his shop, with the announcement that no more stoves will be needed on this earth. A shoe-maker began to give away all his stock; but his son came in during the process, and casued him to be sent to an insane asylum, till the excitement of his mind abated. A shop in the Bowery mounted a placard, on which was inscribed, in large letters, MUSLIN FOR ASCENSION ROBES! I know not whether this was done for waggery, or from that spirit of trade, which is ever willing to turn a penny on war, pestilence, or conflagration.

Thousands of minds are in a state of intense alarm, but I have heard of very few instances of stolen money restored, or falsehoods acknowledged, as a preparation for the dreaded event. One man, of whom I bought some calico, took two cents a yard less than he asked. When I thanked him, he said, "I suppose you are surprised that I should diminish the price, after you have bought the article; but the fact is, I have been hearing Mr. Miller, and I thought he proved his doctrine clear enough to satisfy anybody. If we are all to come to an end so soon, it is best to be pretty moderate and fair in our dealings."

"But we cannot come to an end," said I. "Oh, I meant the world, and our bodies," he replied. "And if they come to an end in '98 instead of '44, is it not still best to be always moderate and fair in our dealings?" said I. He admitted the premises; but as one admits an abstraction.

A prophet who appeared in London, many years ago, and
predicted the destruction of the world, from Scripture authority, produced a much more decided effect in driving people into good works. Under his preaching, very large sums of money were restored, and seventy thousand persons were married, who had formed illicit connections.

This reminds me of a fine old building, demolished a few years ago, in the north part of Boston. It was built by Sir Harry Falkland, who held a high office under the Crown, in old colonial days. I think Cooper has described it in some of his early works. When I saw it, it was inhabited by several labouring families, and was in a poor state of preservation. But through all the dust and scratches, I could perceive that the tesselated floor of various coloured woods, with the baronet's coat of arms in the centre, had once been very beautiful. The panels were a series of landscapes in gilded borders; and every now and then, in some closet or recess, one was startled by an owl, a falcon, or an eagle, done in fresco. Tradition said that Lady Falkland required her daughters to dance on the variegated oaken floor, with waxed shoes, till it shone like a mirror. When one of the daughters was married, the little slave, who brought wine and cake on a silver salver, tripped on the smooth surface; whereupon she received a whipping; as have many other persons in this world, for tripping in paths made needlessly slippery.

Tradition further says, that Lady Falkland was not always the wife of Sir Harry. She accompanied him when he was ambassador to Portugal, and lived with him without the sanction of the law, for several years. The great earthquake of 1755 came; and Lisbon reeled and tottered from its foundations. They saw houses crack asunder, and the earth yawn in the streets. They thought the end of the world had come; and the first thing they did was to run to a church, and beseech a priest to marry them, amid the heaving and trembling of the elements.

Some of the Millerites have written glowing letters, intreating me to make haste to escape from the wrath that is impending over all unbelievers. One of them has seen me in a vision, radiating light, and considered this a special indication that I was to be summoned to ascend with the saints. I feel sincerely grateful to these kind, well-meaning persons, for their anxiety to save me. But if there has been no preparation in my previous life, the effort to make ready in a few days could avail but
little. Even if I thought the end of all things was so very near, I could see no better way of preparing for it, than by purity of life and conversation, a heart at peace with all men, and diligent efforts to do all in my power to save and bless. And if the earth is to revolve on its axis for millions of years, still in that direction only, lies the spirit's ascending path.

What matters it to me whether the world is destroyed in 1844, or in 18,044? For me it must soon cease to exist, even if nature pursues its usual course. And what will it concern my spirit, in the realms beyond, whether this ball of earth and stones still continues its circling march through space, or falls into the bosom of the sun? Let spirit change forms as it will, I know that nothing is really lost. The human soul contains within itself the universe. If the stars are blotted out, and the heavens rolled up as a scroll, they are not lost. They have merely dropped the vesture that we saw them by. "Life never dies; matter dies off it, and it lives elsewhere."

My belief in spirit is so strong, that to me matter appears the illusion. My body never seems to me to be myself. Death never seems to me an end of life, but a beginning. I suppose it is owing to this vivid and realising sense of spiritual existence, that the destruction of the visible world would have so little power to affect me, even if I foresaw its approach. It would be but a new mode of passing into life. For the earth I have the same sort of affection that I have for a house in which I have dwelt; but it matters not to me whether I pass away from it, or we pass away together. If I live a true and humble life, I shall carry with me all its forms of love and beauty, safe from the touch of material fire.

I am sorry that the Millerites have attracted the attention of a portion of our population, who delight to molest them, though it is more from mirth than malice. All sincere convictions should be treated respectfully. Neither ridicule nor violence can overcome delusions of this sort, or diminish their power to injure. Such crowds are continually about the doors of the Millerite meetings, that it is dangerous to life and limb to effect an entrance. Stones and brickbats are thrown in, and crackers and torpedoes explode under their feet. The other night, while Mrs. Higgins was exhorting and prophesying, with tempestuous zeal, some boys fired a pile of shavings outside the window near which she was standing, and at the same time kindled several Roman candles. The blue, unearthly light of these
fire-works illuminated the whole interior of the building with intense brilliancy, for a moment.

The effect on the highly excited congregation was terrible. Some fainted, and some screamed. Several serious accidents happened amid the general rush; and one man, it is said, was so deranged with nervous terror, that he went home and attempted to cut his throat. The mayor, and a strong array of constables, now attend the meetings, to prevent a repetition of these dangerous tricks. But the preachers say that no protection is needed; for four angels are stationed at the four corners of the earth, and they have sealed the foreheads of all the saints, so that no harm can come to them.

I often hear this called a singular delusion; but to me it seems by no means singular. The old Jewish idea of an external kingdom with the Messiah passed into Christian belief, with many other traditions. In the first centuries of the church, there was a sect which believed that the Roman empire would be overthrown, that all the wicked would be destroyed, and the faithful would arise from the dead, to enjoy a paradise on earth with the faithful living. Every ear of wheat would then produce ten thousand grains, and every grain ten pounds of wheat flour; and every vine would yield millions on millions of measures of wine. The New Jerusalem would descend from heaven, and furnish them with splendid houses.

The end of the world was very strongly expected by some in the year 1000. A sect of this kind rose among the Lutherans, soon after the Thirty Years' war. Bengel, a famous mystical writer, calculated that the millennium would begin in 1836, and last two thousand years. Up to the present period, the literal theological teaching of our churches has tended to cherish similar ideas. The people have been told for a series of years, that the world would be destroyed by material fire, and that the Messiah would come visibly in the heavens, to reign as a king on the earth. It is but one step more, to decide when these events will occur. The Jews, who, in the first advent of a Messiah, expected a powerful prince, to conquer the Romans, and restore the national glory of Judea, were not more grossly external in their application of the prophecies, than are most of the theological commentators on the second advent. Yet, unconscious of the limitation of their own vision, they speak with patronising compassion of the blindness of the Jews. If men applied half as much common sense to their theological
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investigations, as they do to every other subject, they could not worship a God, who, having filled this world with millions of his children, would finally consign them all to eternal destruction, except a few who could be induced to believe in very difficult and doubtful explanations of prophecies, handed down to us through the long lapse of ages.

Beneath the veil of this external belief, there is, however, spiritual significance and prophecy. The old heavens and the old earth must pass away, and they are passing away. In other words, the religious sentiment of Christendom is changing; and of course old theological opinions, which are merely the garb of sentiments, are everywhere falling off, like tattered, scanty, and ill-fitting garments. As the Church changes, the State inevitably changes, too; and the civil and social condition of man is slowly ascending to a higher plane.

This is felt, even by those who deprecate it, and would avert it, if they could; and pressing thus on the universal consciousness, its ultimate and most external form is Millerism. The coming of a new heaven and a new earth cannot reveal itself to their apprehension through any other medium, than the one in which they announce it. Walking in the misty twilight of outward interpretations, they easily mistake the angel approaching with a halo round his head, for a demon of vengeance, torch in hand, to set the world on fire.

LETTER XXVII.

November 7, 1844.

A French writer describes November as "the month in which Englishmen hang and drown themselves." No wonder they are desperate, when they have fog superadded to the usual gloomy accompaniments of retreating summer. In early life, I loved scenes that were tinged with sadness; because they invited to repose the exuberant gaiety of my own spirit:

"In youth, we love the darksome lawn
   Brushed by the owlet's wing;
   Then twilight is preferred to dawn,
   And Autumn to the Spring.

Sad fancies do we then affect,
   In luxury of disrespect
   To our own prodigal excess
   Of too familiar happiness."
But now, alas, I have no joyousness to spare; and I would fain borrow from the outward that radiance which no longer superabounds within.

I felt this oppressively the other day, when I went over to Staten Island. Here and there, in the desolate fields, a long withered leaf fluttered on some dried corn-stalk, standing up like Memory in the lone stubble-field of the Past, where once had been the green budding of hopes, and the golden harvest of fruition. The woods, which I had seen in the young leafiness of June, in the verdant strength of summer, and in their rich autumnal robe, were now scantily dressed in dismal brown. Some of the trees had dropped the decaying vesture, and stood in distinct relief against the cold, grey sky. But I found pleasure in their unclothed beauty, its character was so various. The boughs of no two trees ever have the same arrangement. Nature always produces individuals; She never produces classes. Man is at war with her laws, when he seeks to arrange opinions into classes, under the name of sects; or employments into classes, on account of sex, colour, or condition.

The woods of Staten Island are very beautiful in their infinitely various shading, from the deepest to the liveliest green. But neither here, nor anywhere else in the State of New York, have I seen such a noble growth of trees, as in New England. When I think of the magnificent elms of Northampton and Springfield, the kings of the forest here dwindle into mere dwarfs in comparison. This slight association of thought brought vividly before my inward eye the picturesque valley of the Connecticut. I saw Mount Tom looking at me grey and cold in the distance. I saw old Holyoke in various garbs; fantastic, grand, or lovely, as mists, cloud-shadows, storm, or sunlight, cradled themselves on his rugged breast. There always seemed to me something peculiarly Christian in the character of mountain scenery; forever pointing upward, rising with such serene elevation above the earth, and overlooking the whole, with such all-embracing vision. In the groves, I think of dryads; by the ocean, I have many fancies of Nereides and Tritons; but never do I think of

"Those lightsome footed maids,
The Oreads, that frequent the lifted mountains."

There is something in the quiet grandeur of the everlasting hills, that rises above the classic into the holy.
Their presence could never quite reconcile me to the absence of the sea. My soul always yearns for that great type of power and freedom; its ever-recurring tides chained by the law of Necessity, its mighty and restless waves fighting with the strength and energy of Free Will. The fierce old conflict that keeps our nature forever striving and forever bound; forever one hand winged and the other chained.

But the mountains remind us of no such battles. They raise us to the region where necessity and will are one. Calmly they breathe into us the religious sentiment, and we receive it in unconscious quietude. Like Wordsworth's shepherd, who

"Had early learned
To reverence the volume which displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
There did he see the writing. All things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
There littleness was not: the least things
Seemed infinite."

Filled with such emotions, I greet the mountains with reverent love, when I enter Massachusetts from the west, and see them rising up all around the horizon, in undulating lines, as if left there by retreating waves. At every turn, they tower before you veiled in the blue mist of distance. Look which way you will, you "cannot get shut of them," as New Yorkers say. In this respect they have often reminded me of remarkably clear visions of inward light, guiding me in my spiritual pilgrimage, through perilous seasons of doubt and conflict; so high above my own unaided intellectual perceptions, that they served not merely as a candle for the present moment, but remain like brilliant beacon-lights over the wide waters of the future.

How the blue hill-tops kiss the skies!
Far as the eye can see,
Rich wooded undulations rise,
And mountains look on me.

Under the broad sun's mellow light,
Gilding each shrub and tree,
How calmly, beautifully bright,
The mountains look on me.

Rising above the vapoury cloud,
In outline boldly free,
Serene when storms are shrieking loud,
The mountains look on me.
Their sinuous wave-like form seems cast
    From a subsiding sea;
Of quiet, after tempests past,
    The mountains speak to me.
Thus they of states sublimely high
    A type must surely be;—
Of close communion with the sky
    The mountains speak to me.
And in the scenery of my mind,
    Rising from memory’s sea,
Such holy states stand well-defined
    And ever look on me.
Upon such heights, in deep repose
    I've watched with bended knee;
Transfigured forms around me rose,
    And still they look on me.
Those memories serenely high,
    My soul can never flee;
Therefore of converse with the sky
    The mountains speak to me.

With the remembrance of Mount Holyoke, came the twenty-two spires seen from its summit; and they reminded me of the following paragraph from a newspaper, which did not seem to me very much like mountain preaching: "There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's character and standing in society, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Go to church! If you are a young man, just entering upon business, it will establish your credit. What capitalist would not sooner trust a beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money, in dissolute company, attended to his business on week-days, and on the Sabbath appeared in the house of God?" This recommendation of religion for the sake of credit, made me think of the interesting newspaper, published by inmates of the Insane Asylum, in Vermont. One of the writers tells the story of an old aunt of his, who loudly praised a rich man for building a great brick meeting-house. 'Heaven prospered him in the undertaking,' said she; 'he has sold out; the underground part for victualing cellars, the basement story for grocery shops; and after selling the pews, he had nearly fifteen hundred dollars more than the whole cost him; and next week, it is to be dedicated to the Lord.'

"Now, we crazy ones think that churches should be built by benevolent and pious individuals, and then unreservedly
dedicated to God, and opened to all who have a desire to worship in them. This building churches like splendid palaces, making the pews the individual property of those who are able to buy them, and turning the button against all who are not owners, drives from those houses the poor, to whom the gospel was first preached freely, and for whose comfort and consolation it was emphatically sent."

This is not crazy reasoning, though pointed against a very common manifestation of the spirit of trade among us. No branch of business is more respectable than these profitable investments in the name of the Lord. But those who engage in them are not aware how rapidly they tend to decrease popular reverence for the public institutions of religion.

The exhortation to go to church for the sake of character, is a growth from the same stock. It reveals a wide contrast between the present times and the old Puritan days of spontaneous zeal, when people frequently walked ten or fifteen miles to attend a place of worship. Good old President Edwards and his contemporaries would hardly know where they were in an age like this. He was a fine sample, in manners and character, of a class that exists no longer among us; a clergyman of the olden time, when they walked on earth as the vicegerents of God. His father was such a stickler for clerical dignity, that he was in the habit of making his common parochial visits in black gown and bands, which are now so generally disused, even on state occasions. The son retained the effect of these early lessons through life. He conceived his station worthy of so much respect, that his own children were in the habit of rising, in token of reverence, whenever he entered the family sitting-room.

The experience of a clergyman of my acquaintance indicates what changes have since passed over society. He called on one of his parishioners, whose little urchin of a son amused himself, unreproved, during the whole visit, with trying to throw marbles at the minister's spectacles, so as to hit the glasses. Alas for President Edwards, and other sincere exclusives of that day, if they should re-appear in the midst of times like these. Miss Sedgwick says very truly, "The old divines preached equality in heaven, but little thought it was the kingdom to come on earth. They were the electric chain, unconscious of the celestial fire they transmitted. Little would they have brooked these days of unquestioned equality
of rights, of anti-monopolies, of free publishing, and freer thinking."

From their conservatism, we now rush so wildly to the other extreme, that reverential souls are frightened, and take shelter in the Catholic cathedral, or behind the altars of Puseyism. But other worshipping souls, who have no sympathy with the mad offwhirl of ultra reform, remain quietly trustful; for through all the dust, they see plainly that God still governs the world. They are calm in the conviction that changes cannot come sooner than they are needed. As Carlyle wisely says, "The old skin never drops off till a new one is formed under it."

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LETTER XXVIII.

November 20, 1844.

If you wish to see a commercial age in its ultimate results, come and observe life in New York. In one place, you will meet walking advertisements, in the form of men and boys, perambulating the thoroughfares, hour after hour, with placards printed in large letters, mounted on poles. Turn down another street, and you will encounter a huge waggon, its white cloth cover stamped with advertisements in mammoth type. In another place, a black man, with red coat, cocked hat, breeches, and buckled shoes, stands at the door of a bazaar, like a sign post, to attract attention. In the newspapers, ingenuity exhausts its resources in every variety of advertisements. These articles are in such demand, that the writing of them is a profession by itself, sufficiently profitable to induce men to devote their time to it, for a living. The pen employed by Dr. Gouraud, the vendor of cosmetics, is peculiarly distinguished in this branch of literature; as you may judge from the following quotations:

A DIALOGUE.

"Why, bless my soul! Mrs. C——, you are looking more charming than ever, this morning. Surely, the Graces must have taken you under their special protection! But tell me, dear Anne, the secret (for secret I know there must be), by which you manage to keep your skin so white, your cheeks and lips so rosy, and your hair so black and glossy."
Such was the string of queries put to the beautiful Mrs. C— by the fashionable Mrs. F— (whose charms, by the way, were rapidly on the wane), as they casually met at the entrance to Stewart's.

"Well, my dear Mrs. F——," was the naive reply, "my secret, as you term it, was first imparted to me through the newspapers: I have no hesitation, therefore, in giving it to you, in confidence. To Dr. Gouraud alone am I indebted for the secret which permits me to bid defiance to the ravages of time. The constant use of his Italian Medicated Soap, and Spanish Lily White, has given to my skin its alabaster purity and clearness; his Liquid Rouge alone it is that has imparted to my cheek its roseate flush, and to my lips its ruby red; his Poudre Subtile speedily removed the unsightly moustache from my upper lip; while one application of his Grecian Hair Dye to my grey hair and eye-brows, changed them to their present glossy jet! And now you know my secret, go and do likewise."

"SINGULAR SCRAP FROM SACRED HISTORY."

"Solomon, it is well known, was celebrated for his wisdom. But it is not so generally known that he invented a powder, highly beautifying to the Queen of Sheba. Such, however, is the fact, according to Mahometan commentaries. With Solomon the secret of the preparation died; but now, singular as it may appear, after the lapse of so many centuries, it has been discovered by Dr. Gouraud, whose Poudre Subtile will effectually remove every appearance of beard from the lips."

If the following are not from the same gifted pen, there must be rival talent abroad in the same line:

"A SORROWFUL STORY OF REAL LIFE."

"Haven't you seen him in Broadway, with the long, delicious, silky hair, that waved as the wind blew, and the Bond and Bleecker-street ladies longed to revel in the jetty clusters with their snowy forked fingers? Did you ever hear that young man's story? Well, it is a love tale. Poor fellow! the blasted hope of a rich Boston family! I will not give you the particulars, 'tis too sorrowful. Suffice it to say, that at times his mind wanders. Do you know what gives such a particular charm to him that was once the 'glass of fashion and the mould of form?'—Rones' Coral Hair Restorative, and Jones' Italian Chemical Soap."
“SINGULAR AFFAIR AT THE PARK THEATRE.

“In one of the boxes was last night seated a female, with a face in which generous nature seemed to have concentrated all that can be conceived of female grace, loveliness and beauty; the delicate tinted cheek—white, yet rosy red—the white, long, chiselled neck; the high, clear, spotless alabaster forehead; the dark, auburn, golden tresses, and the silken eye-lash, formed a singular and glorious halo of beauty. In an opposite box sat a fashionable family, father, mother, daughter, and two sons; the two latter were looking at the lovely creature opposite. —It is not her, said one to the other; I know she was dreadfully burned. Some 14 months ago, Miss B. was frightfully burned by a steamboat accident on the Mississippi. She did certainly recover, but alas, disfigured for life—her face in seams of fiery red shrivels of flesh; her neck in patches of contracted skin; her eye-brows, lashes and hair all burned off. That lovely creature in that box is the same Miss B. She has for the last few months used Jones' beautifying Italian Chemical Soap on her face and skin, Jones' Coral Hair restorative on her head and eye-brows, and she is thus restored to blooming grace and beauty.”

“OH, MY BACK, I CAN SCARCELY WALK, IT PUTS ME IN SUCH PAIN.”

“Such was the expression of a gentleman in Dr. Sherman’s store, a day or two since. He had taken a severe cold, and could not stand erect. He purchased one of the Doctor’s celebrated Poor Man’s Plasters, applied it to the back, and in twenty-four hours’ time was perfectly relieved from his suffering.”

“A POEM: ADDRESSED TO MESSRS. PEASE AND SON,
And dedicated to the thousands that have been relieved by their invaluable Compound Hoarhound Candy.

“See where the victim of Consumption sighs—
With hectic cheeks and spirit blazing eyes—
Her frame all wasted by disease and pills
From quacks received, in vain to cure her ills.
Now look again! as buoyant as the breeze,
Behold her bounding under yonder trees!
What miracle is this? What! she who wore away
Like a lone sunbeam at the close of day,
Thus dance along! Yes; Pease has kindly brought
The CANDY here, and thus the magic wrought.”

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"END OF THE WORLD!—OCTOBER 22, 1844.

"An extra sheet, just published, and for sale at the Office of the New York Sun, containing a large and splendid Engraving, one foot square, graphically representing the final end and destruction of the world, the appearance of the Bridegroom, and the ascension of the Holy. It also contains Brother Miller’s last letter; written Oct. 6th, giving at length his reasons for fixing the 10th day of the 7th month (meaning 22nd of October, 1844) for the Final Destruction of the World. It also contains a long article from the last number of the Millerite Paper, published at Boston, and the final farewell of the Editor."

"CHRISTIANS AND JEWS, CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS, MORMONS AND INFIDELS,

Have all met on one common ground, and on one subject at least, have become so united, as to give reason to believe that the time is near at hand, when they shall see eye to eye; viz., they all admit that TICE & CO., No. 9 Bowery, will sell a beautiful and durable Hat, made in the most fashionable style, for a less price than any other establishment in the city of Gotham."

Near the Park is stationed a man, who spends his life repeating, “Four cents! any article on this board for four cents! Four cents! Only four cents!” Think of an immortal soul making its advent into the body for a vocation like this! If he could live without food, and be wound up like a barrel organ, it would be a decided improvement.

Another man, as universally known, perhaps, as any person in the city, may often be seen mounted on a block in the vicinity of Wall Street, proclaiming all day long, the wonderful virtues of Hillman and Smith’s razor strops. His extempore orations are odd specimens of eloquence. The other day, pausing a moment to listen, I heard him address the crowd thus: "Now, my friends, let me advise you to buy one of these here strops. You needn’t think I stands here in the cold, by the hour together, from selfish reasons. No such thing. My profits is very small. The best part of my pay is the gratitude I know men must feel toward me, as soon as they try this very superior strop. I am willing to stand here, day after day, jest to keep my fellow-beings from hurting themselves, and their wives and
children from crying at sight of their bleeding faces, all for want of a good razor strop. When I think of fathers of families being obliged to whet their razors on a bad strop, and the cross humour it puts 'em in, and the unhappy consequences to their wives and children, I feel as if I was a benefactor to the public, in being able to offer them such a strop as this here. I've known men that have made themselves miserable, and made their families miserable, for years and years; and they didn't none of 'em know what was the matter. Their wives and children thought it was a nervous disease, or a wicked heart; but it was all owing to a bad razor strop. The world will thank me for bringing before it such a strop as this here. In my estimation, it is better calculated to bring comfort to yourself, and joy in the bosom of your family, than anything else I knows of. It will drive bad temper and heart-burnings from the family circle, and instead of gall and bitterness, you will have honey and sugar; and all owing to this very superior strop, which I offers for two shillings."

It is as amusing as a comedy, to observe the crowd of men and boys, that always gather round this street orator. Some are in a perfect roar of laughter, some looking on with a quiet expression of sly waggery, and some have their eyebrows arched in amazement, as if they could not rightly make out whether he and his razors strops did indeed drop down from the beneficent heavens, in mercy to a suffering world, or whether he was reeling off his long speeches merely for fun.

He himself never smiles. He repeats his story with endless variations, in the most earnest and solemn manner, as if he really considered himself a disinterested agent, sent on a philanthropic mission to mankind. This imperturbable seriousness, and the fact that the article he sells is generally considered worth the price he asks, secures him respectful treatment; but there is no end to the droll responses he receives from the passing populace. Report says that he has accumulated $7000 by his itinerant eloquence; and in addition to this, the proprietor in Troy, has taken him into partnership, as a reward for the fame he has conferred on his articles of merchandise. He is likewise an efficient Temperance lecturer, and has equal knack at making people sign the pledge, or buy a razor strop.

After listening to his discourse, and hearing his history, I suggested to my companion that Luck and Knack would form a good subject for a facetious lecture. Like most individuals
not distinguished for money-making knack, I professed more faith in luck; and asserted that it was the more dignified of the two, being something transcendental, something altogether above and beyond us. In proof whereof, I quoted Emerson's remark, "We only row, we are steered by fate." My companion said he could turn a boat round from the point to which it was steered, by a single oar skilfully used. I admitted this ought to settle the relative superiority of knack and luck. Still I had great respect for luck; for it was unconscious, and therefore great; whereas knack was perpetually conscious of striving for an end. Besides, the two questions merged in one; for it was great luck to have knack. Luck was necessity, and knack free will; and who did not know that free will was always bound round by necessity? In the same jocose vein, we imagined pictures of knack and luck. I proposed a shower of puddings, one of them falling into luck's laughing mouth.

This money-making rage is really inconvenient, as well as comic. Never did I see the system of catching half cents in change managed with such universal adroitness. The wear and tear of purse, to those who do not look out for the half cents, must exceed the large amount of gold said to be annually lost in Hindostan by the friction of bracelets and anklets. There is a wide distance indeed, between these days of rabid competition, and those sluggish old times, when the pedlar slowly wended his way over the hills, entering some picturesque abbey, with the golden sunset, and resting there on his way to the baron's castle, where he and his wares were sure to be welcomed as eagerly as the wandering minstrel with his harp and song.

How marvellously has this element of commerce modified the character and fate of nations! Where was there a prophet wise enough to foresee the changes it has already wrought? Property reigns so supreme in the social compact, that the growth of souls is trampled like a weed under its feet, and human life is considered of far less importance.

"Earth groans beneath a weight of slavish toil,
For the poor many, measured out by rules,
Fetched with cupidty from heartless schools,
That to an idol, falsely called 'the wealth
Of nations,' sacrifice a people's health,
Body, and mind, and soul. A thirst so keen
Is ever urging on the vast machine
Of sleepless labour, 'mid whose dizzy wheels,
The power least prized is that which thinks and feels."
This restless whirlpool of ever-striving selfishness is thus described: "The crazy multitude of grown-up children move in their sphere like animalcules in stagnant water, seeking only satisfaction in acute voracity, without being conscious of the fact, that they are feeding on each other's misery."

But commerce, with all its evils, is gradually helping the world onward to a higher and better state. It is bringing the nations into companionship, and it has already taught kings and diplomatists that war is a losing game even to the conqueror.

Thus is self-love the root of all social changes. It is the fundamental basis of human life, as the mineral kingdom is the basis of nature's organised forms. Whether the love of self is dominant or whether it be subordinated to the love of others, it is always the root of action. It is an expressive coincidence, that an age in which the moral sense of mankind has been earnestly at work to discover the proper place of self-love, and its harmonious relation to the good of others, as an improved basis to society, is likewise the age when musicians have made progressive discoveries concerning the laws of thorough-bass, or fundamental harmony. If this fact has the significance, of which I think I discern some faint gleams, Beethoven indicated a deeper truth than he was probably conscious of, when he said he would allow no man to discuss religion or thorough-bass in his presence.

A theory of fundamental harmony was founded on the fact that when a string is made to vibrate, "there is always heard, beside the principal sound, two other feeblerr sounds, one of which is the twelfth, and the other the seventeenth, of the First; that is to say, the octave of the Fifth, and the double octave of the third." So it would seem that each simple tone contains in itself harmony. This is beautifully illustrated by colours. Red, Yellow, and Blue are the three primitive colours. If one of them be present, the introduction of the other two mingled makes a very agreeable chord to the eye; thus green with red, purple with yellow, and orange with deep blue. Moreover, one of the primitive colours brings with it the two others united. If you gaze on brilliant red, and suddenly turn your eye to a white surface, you see a faint shadow of green; if you gaze on bright yellow, you will, by a similar process, see purple; if on deep blue, you will see orange. This is not the reflection of the colour that gives tone to your eye, as the
twelfth and the seventeenth are not an echo of the sound that gives tone to your ear. If I rightly understand, it is, in both cases, the presence of the other two, that compose the perfect chord.

You are aware that Fourier builds his social structure according to the laws of music. He calls

\[ \text{Friendship, Love, and Family} \]

the perfect social chord. Musicians say that if the Third be flattened only half a tone, it carries the whole strain of music out of the bright and cheerful Major mode, into the mournful modulations of the Minor. What if lowering pure Love a semi-tone, perhaps into the region of self-love, and building our social structure on such a basis, should be the cause of prevailing sadness in the tune of life? He will indeed be the high priest of social harmony, that can teach us how to change the flattened semi-tone.

I have again fallen into speculations, which may seem to you like the mere "shadow of a sound." I admit that the queer advertisements in New York papers would seem very unlikely to lead thought into such channels. Yet, I assure you, I never go hunting after such analogies. They come to me, whether I will or no. Let me start from what point I may, an invisible air-line, like that which guides the bee to her cell, brings me into music. Perhaps it will remind you of the close of a collegiate theme—"May we all land at last in the great ocean of eternity." For assuredly, the attempt to follow spiritual significations of music to their end, is very similar in its results to the landing one would be likely to find in the vast interminable ocean.

But you will pardon my vagaries, because you know very well that they are the unaffected utterance of my mood of mind. In good truth, I can seldom write a letter without making myself liable to the Vagrant Act. A witty Englishman once said to me, "Madam, your countrymen dance as if they did it by act of the legislature." My pen has no such gift. It paces or whirls, bounds or waltzes, steps in the slow minuet, or capers in the fantastic fandango, according to the tune within.
LETTER XXIX.

December 8, 1844.

A Society has lately been organised here, for the Reform of Prisons and their Inmates. Their first object is to introduce into our prisons such a mode of discipline as is best calculated to reform criminals, by stimulating and encouraging what remains of good within them, while they are at the same time kept under strict regulations, and guided by a firm hand. Their next object is to render discharged convicts such assistance as will be most likely to guide them into the paths of sober and successful industry.

John W. Edmonds, President of the Board of Inspectors at Sing Sing Prison, pleaded for the benevolent objects of the institution with real earnestness of heart; and brought forward abundant statistics, carefully prepared, to show the need of such an association, and to prove that crime always diminishes in proportion to the amelioration of the laws. He urged the alarming fact that from 200 to 250 convicts each year, from Sing Sing, were returned upon society, nearly without money, without friends (except among the vicious), without character, and without employment. Of these, more than half belong to New York; without taking into account the numbers that pass through, and often stop for a season, on their way to other destinations. Poor, unfriended, discouraged, and despised, in a state of hostility with the world, which often has in reality done them more grievous wrong than they have done the world, how terribly powerful must be the temptation to new crimes!

In answer to the common plea, that most of these wretched people were old offenders, hardened in vice, and not likely to be restored by Christian efforts, he stated that of the 934 now in the prison, only 154 had been in prison before; 599 of them, about two-thirds of the whole number, were under thirty years of age; 192 were under twenty-one years of age; and 27 were not seventeen years old, when they were sentenced. Of thirty-one now confirmed lunatics, twenty-two were so when they were committed.

He said he had no faith whatever in the system of violence, which had so long prevailed in the world; the system of tormenting criminals into what was called good order, and of
never appealing to anything better than the base sentiment of fear. He had seen enough, in his own experience, to convince him that, degraded as they were, they still had hearts that could be touched by kindness, consciences that might be aroused by appeals to reason, and aspirations for a better course of life, which often needed only the cheering voice of sympathy and hope, to be strengthened into permanent reformation.

Of late, there has been a gradual amelioration of discipline at Sing Sing. Three thousand lashes, with a cat of six tails, used to be inflicted in the course of a month; now there are not as many hundreds; and the conviction is constantly growing stronger, that it will be wisest, as a mere matter of policy, to dispense with corporeal punishment altogether. This is somewhat gained in the course of the eighteen centuries, which have rolled away, through rivers of human blood, since Christ said, "If thy brother offend thee, forgive him. I say unto thee not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." If our religion is not practicable, honest men ought not to profess it.

A very great change has taken place in the women's department of the prison, under the firm but kind administration of Mrs. Farnham and her colleagues, who do not discharge their arduous duties merely as a means of gaining a living, but who feel a sincere sympathy for the wretched beings intrusted to their care. The difference between their government and the old fashioned method, cannot perhaps be more concisely indicated than by the following anecdote:—Two ministers in the Society of Friends travelled together, and one was much more successful in his labours than the other. "How dost thou manage to take so much more hold of the hearts of the people, than I do?" said the least efficient preacher. "I can explain it in few words," replied the other: "I tell people that if they do right they shall not be whipped. Thou sayest that if they don't do right, they shall be whipped."

In other words, the system now begun at Sing Sing is to punish as sparingly as possible, and to give cordial praise and increase of privileges for every indication of improvement. The wisdom of such a course was suggested to my mind several years ago, by an intelligent, well-educated woman, who had, by intemperance, become an inmate of the almshouse at Boston. "Oh!" said she, "if they would only give us more encouragement and less driving: if they would grant increased
privileges for doing well, instead of threatening punishment for doing wrong; I could perform my tasks with a cheerful heart if they would only say to me, 'Do your task quickly, and behave well, and you shall hear music one evening in the week, or you may have one day of the six to read entertaining books.' But instead of that, it always is, 'If your task is not done well, you will be punished.' Oh! nobody, that has never tried it, knows how hard this makes work go off."

I thought of this woman when I read Barry Cornwall's lines, on The Poor-House:

"Enter and look! In the high-walled yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground.
Enter the long, bare chambers! Girls
And women are sewing without a sound—
Sewing from morn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

"No communion—no kind thought,
Dwells in the pauper's breast of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past—
Nothing to come, but the black despair
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or hungry out in the open air!"

Acting upon the principle to which I have alluded, the President at Sing Sing, last Fourth of July, sent each of the seventy-three women prisoners a beautiful bouquet, with a note, asking them to receive the flowers as a testimonial of his approbation for their good conduct. When the matrons passed through the galleries, every woman came to the door of her cell, with the flowers in her hand, and earnest thanks, and the whispered "God bless you," met them at every step. Being afterward assembled in the chapel, they brought their flowers; and while the matron talked with them like a mother, about the necessity of forming habits of self-government, and of the effect of their present conduct on their future prospects in life, the tears flowed plentifully, and convulsive sobs were audible. One of the matrons writes:

"The effect of this little experiment has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin, or hardened by outrage and wrong, while Reason maintains its empire over the Mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate, that the voice of Sympathy and
Kindness may not reach it, or so debased, as to give no response to the tones of Christian Love."

On Thanksgiving day, one of the matrons, as a reward for the good behaviour of the prisoners, caused her piano to be removed to the chapel, and tunes of praise were mingled with friendly exhortations. We, who live freely amid the fair sights and sounds of our Father's creation, can hardly imagine how soothing and refreshing is the voice of music to the prisoner's weary and desolate soul. And then the kindness of bringing music and flowers to them! of offering to the outcast and degraded those graceful courtesies usually appropriated to the happy, the refined, and the beloved! —this touched their inmost hearts, even more deeply than the blessed voice of music. They wept like children, and some of them said, "It does not seem as if we could ever want to do wrong again."

Nor are repentant words their only proofs of gratitude. Instead of riot, blasphemy, and obscenity, they are now distinguished for order, decorum, and cheerful industry. The offences against prison discipline, in that department, formerly averaged forty-seven a month; they now average only seven. This favourable change is attributed mainly to friendly instruction and improved classification; according to obedience and indications of a sincere wish to reform. One of the keepers told me that she now seldom had occasion to resort to anything harsher than to say, "It will give me great pain and trouble if you do not obey me. I am trying to do you good, and to make you as happy as circumstances permit. Surely, then, you will not wish to give me pain." She said it was rare, indeed, that this simple and affectionate appeal was unavailing. Alas, for the wrongs that have been done to human hearts, under the mistaken idea of terrifying and tormenting sinners out of their sins. Satan never cast out Satan. We take back precisely what we give; hardness for hardness, hatred for hatred, selfishness for selfishness, love for love.

I am well aware that this will sound very sentimental to many readers. Very likely some may jestingly describe these suggestions, as "a new transcendental mode of curing crime by music and flowers." If so, he is welcome to his mirth. For my own part, I cannot jest about the misery or the errors of any of my fellow-creatures.

The doctrines of forgiveness and love, taught by Jesus, are not as men seem to suppose, mere beautiful sentimental theories,
fit only for heaven: they are rational principles, which may not only safely, but profitably be reduced to practice on earth. All divine principles, if suffered to flow out into the ultimates of life, would prove the wisest political economy.

The assertion that society makes its own criminals, interferes with the theological opinions of some. They argue that God leaves the will of man free, and therefore every individual is responsible entirely for his own sin. Whether the same action is equally a sin, in the sight of God, when committed by individuals in totally different circumstances, I will not attempt to discuss. Such questions should reverently be left to Him who made the heart, and who alone can judge it. But I feel that if I were to commit a crime, with my education, and the social influences that prop my weakness in every direction, I should be a much worse sinner than a person guilty of the same deed, whose childhood had been passed among the lowest haunts of vice, and whose after years had been unvisited by outward influences to purify and refine. The degree of conviction resisted would be the measure of my sin.

The simple fact is, human beings stand between two kinds of influences, the inward and the outward. The inward is the Spirit of God, which strives with us always. The outward is the influence of Education, Society, Government, &c. In a right state of things, these two would be in perfect harmony; but it is painfully obvious that they are now discordant. Society should stand to her poor in the relation of a parent, not of a master.

People who are most unwilling to admit that external circumstances have an important agency in producing crime, are nevertheless extremely careful to place their children under safe outward influences. So little do they trust their free will to the guidance of Providence, they often fear to have them attend schools, taught by persons whose creeds they believe to be untrue. If Governments took equally paternal care, if they would spend more money to prevent crime, they would need to expend less in punishing it. In proportion as Hamburg Redemption Institutes increase, prisons will diminish. The right of Society to punish, or restrain, implies the duty to prevent. When Bonaparte objected to a woman's talking politics, Madame de Stael shrewdly replied, "In a country where women are beheaded, it's very natural they should ask the reason why." And if the children of poor and ignorant men
are branded, and ruined for life, by the operation of civil laws, it is reasonable that they should be early taught those moral obligations on which laws are based.

Few are aware how imperfectly most criminals understand the process by which they are condemned, and how very far it is from impressing them as a moral lesson. A young girl of seventeen was condemned to the State Prison for three years, on charge of being accomplice in a theft. Her trial occupied but one hour, and she had no counsel. The account she gave me of this brief legal performance, touched my heart most deeply. "They carried me into another room," said she, "and there were a great many strange faces; and one gentleman said something to me, but I did not understand what he meant; and another gentleman talked a good deal. It seemed to be all against me. They did not ask me anything, and nobody said anything for me; and then they told me I must go to Sing Sing for three years." Do half the criminals understand the proceedings against them any better than this? That certain things are punished, they indeed know very well; but this seems to them a mere arbitrary exercise of power, to be avoided by cunning; for early education, and the social influences around them, have confounded the distinctions between right and wrong.

I repeat, that Society is answerable for crime, because it is so negligent of duty. And I would respectfully suggest to legislators, what probably will have more power to attract their attention than any considerations of human brotherhood, viz., that a practical adaptation of our civil institutions to Christian principles would prove an immense saving of money to the State. The energy spent in committing crime, and in punishing crime, is a frightful waste of human labour. Society calculates its mechanical forces better than its moral. They do not observe, that "on the occasion of every great crime, a proportionally great force was in motion;" and they do not reflect how different would be the product of the social sum if that force had been wisely instead of unwisely employed. Add to this the alarming consideration, that crime hardened by severity is continually sent back upon society; that society thrusts at it with a thousand spear points, and goads it to desperation, to be again punished by a renewal of the hardening process.

Inquiry into the causes of crime, and the means of prevention,
cannot receive too much attention from the wise and good. "The soil of Vesuvius has been explored," says Schiller, "to discover the origin of its eruptions; and why is less attention paid to a moral than to a physical phenomenon? Why do we not equally regard the nature and situation of the things which surround a man, until the tinder within him takes fire?"

Poulmann, lately beheaded in Paris, for robbery and murder, when his head was under the axe, said: "I owe society a grudge, because it condemned me to the galleys when I was only seventeen. After the expiration of the term for which I was sentenced, there was still enough stuff left in me to make an honest man. But I was always pointed at as a liberated galley slave."

In connection with this subject, I would most urgently entreat all who listen to me, to be very cautious how they treat any person for a first crime. I have known young girls of sixteen sent to Blackwell's Island, for stealing property valued at twenty-five cents. Once there, seen by visitors in company with prostitutes and thieves, haunted by a continual sense of degradation, is their future course likely to be other than a downward one? To employers, who take such harsh measures with erring domestics, instead of friendly exhortation, and Christian interest in the welfare of a human soul, I always want to say, Ah, if she were thy own daughter, dependent on the kindness and forbearance of strangers, is it thus you would have them treat her? If she once had a mother, who watched her cradle tenderly, and folded her warmly to a loving heart, treat her gently for that mother's sake. If her childhood was unnurtured, and uncheered by the voice of love, then treat her more gently, for that very reason; and remember the saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I would likewise entreat those who happen to know of some delinquency in a fellow-being, to keep the secret faithfully, so long as his life gives assurance of sincere amendment. A very young man, who is now in Sing Sing, when tried for his second offence, told a story at the bar, which was in substance as follows: "My first offence was committed more in thoughtlessness than with deliberate wickedness. But I felt that I was to blame, and was willing to bear the penalty like a man. In prison, I formed the strongest resolutions to atone for my fault by a life of honest usefulness. When my
time was out, I succeeded, after a good deal of difficulty, in obtaining employment. I did my best to gain the confidence of my employer, and succeeded. Every day I felt my manhood grow stronger. But at last a person came into the store, who eyed me keenly, and I turned pale under his gaze. He told my employer that he had seen me among the convicts at Sing Sing; and I was sternly dismissed from his service. I went to Philadelphia to seek for any honest employment I could find; but a man, who saw me there, told me if I did not quit the city in twenty-four hours, he would expose me. I came back disheartened to New York. I had spent my last dollar. Christians would not give me a home; gamblers and thieves would; and here I am again on my way to prison."

Isaac T. Hopper, agent of the benevolent association I have mentioned, related several highly interesting incidents, which occurred while he was one of the inspectors of the Philadelphia prison.

He said that Mary Norris, a middle aged woman, who had been frequently re-committed, on one occasion, begged him to intercede for her, that she might go out. "I am afraid thou wouldst come back again soon," said he.

"Very likely; I expect to be brought back soon," she answered, with stolid indifference of manner.

"Then where will be the good of letting thee out?"

"I should like to go out," she replied. "It would seem good to feel free a little while, in the open air and the sunshine."

"But if thou enjoys liberty so much, why dost thou allow thyself to be brought back again?"

"How can I help it? When I go out of prison, nobody will employ me. No respectable people will let me come into their houses. I must go to such friends as I have. If they steal, or commit other offences, I shall be taken up with them. Whether I am guilty or not, is of no consequence: nobody will believe me innocent. They will all say, 'She is an old convict. Send her back to prison. That is the best place for her.' O, yes, I expect to come back soon. There is no use in my trying to do better."

Much affected by her tone of utter hopelessness, Friend Hopper said, "But if I could obtain steady employment for thee, where thou wouldst be treated kindly, and paid for thy services, wouldst thou really try to behave well?"
Her countenance brightened, and she eagerly replied, "Indeed, I would."

The kind-hearted inspector used his influence to procure her dismissal, and provided a place for her, as head nurse in a hospital for the poor. She remained there more than seventeen years, and discharged the duties of her situation so faithfully, that she gained the respect and confidence of all who knew her.

Patrick McKeever, a poor Irishman in Philadelphia, was many years ago sentenced to be hung for burglary. For some reason or other, he was reprieved at the foot of the gallows, and his sentence changed to ten years' imprisonment. He was a man of few words, and hope seemed almost dead within him; but when Friend Hopper, who became inspector during the latter part of his term, talked to him like a brother, his heart was evidently touched by the voice of kindness. After his release, he returned to his trade, and conducted himself in a sober, exemplary manner. The inspector often met him, and spoke words of friendly encouragement. Things were going on very satisfactorily, when a robbery was committed in the neighbourhood, and Patrick was immediately arrested. His friend went to the Mayor, and inquired what proof there was that he committed the robbery. "No proof; but he is an old convict, and that is enough to condemn him," was the answer.

"Nay, it is not enough," replied Friend Hopper. "He has suffered severely for the crime he did commit; and since he has shown the most sincere desire to reform, it never ought to be mentioned against him. I think I know his state of mind, and I will take the responsibility of maintaining that he is not guilty. But to all his urgent representations, he received the answer, "He is an old convict; and that is enough."

The poor fellow, hung his head and said, in tones of despair, "Well then, I must make up my mind to spend the remainder of my days in prison."

"Thou wert not concerned in this robbery, wert thou?" said Isaac, looking earnestly in his face.

"Indeed, I was not. God be my witness, I want to lead an honest life, and be at peace with all men. But what good will that do? They will all say, He is an old convict, and that is enough."

Friend Hopper told him he would stand by him. He did so; and offered to be bail for his appearance. The gratitude of
the poor fellow was overwhelming. He sobbed like a child. His innocence was afterward proved, and to the day of his death, he continued a virtuous and useful citizen. What would have been his fate, if no friend had appeared for him? if every human heart had refused to trust him?

The venerable speaker told the story of two lads, one fifteen and the other seventeen, who had been induced by a bad father to swear falsely, to gratify his own revengeful feelings. They were detected, and sent to prison. When Friend Hopper saw them arrive at dusk, hand-cuffed and chained together, their youth and desolate appearance touched his compassionate feelings. "Be of good heart, my poor lads," said he; "You can retrieve this one false step, if you will but try. You may make useful and respectable men yet." He took care to place them away from the contagion of those more hardened in vice, and from time to time, he praised their good conduct, and spoke to them encouragingly of the future. After a while he proposed to the Board of Inspectors to recommend them to the Governor for pardon. He met with some opposition, but his arguments finally prevailed, and he and another gentleman were appointed to wait on the Governor. His request was granted, after considerable hesitation, and only on condition that worthy men could be found, who would take them as apprentices. Friend Hopper took the responsibility, and succeeded in binding one of them to a respectable turner, and the other to a carpenter. After giving them much good advice, he told them to come to him whenever they were in difficulty, and to consider him a father. For a long time, they were in the habit of spending all their leisure evenings with him, and were well pleased to listen to the reading of instructive books. These brothers became respectable and thriving mechanics, married worthy women, and brought up their families in the paths of sobriety and usefulness. In the days of their prosperity, Friend Hopper introduced them to the Governor, as the lads he had been so much afraid to pardon. The magistrate took them by the hand, most cordially, and thanked them for the great public good they had done by their excellent example.

Out of as many as fifty similar cases, in which he had been interested, Friend Hopper said he recollected but two, that had resulted unfavourably.

The dungeon and the scourge were formerly considered the only effectual way of restraining maniacs, but experience has
proved that love is the best controlling power. When Pinel, the humane French physician, proposed to try this experiment in the bedlam at Bicetre, many supposed his life would fall a sacrifice. But he walked fearlessly into dungeons where raving maniacs had been chained, some ten years, some forty years; and with gentle words, he convinced them that they were free to go out into the sunshine and open air, if they would allow him to remove their chains and put on strait waistcoats. At first, they did not believe it, because they had been so often deceived. When they found it true, nothing could equal their gratitude and joy. They obeyed their deliverer with the utmost docility, and finally became very valuable assistants in the management of the establishment.

Dorothea L. Dix, our American Mrs. Fry, the God-appointed missionary to prison and alms-houses, told me that experience had more than confirmed her faith in the power of kindness, over the insane and vicious.

Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these shattered souls seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelling and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully, day and night, rent his garment, plucked out his hairs, and was so violent, that it was supposed he would murder any one who ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and without appearing to notice him, began to read, with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided, until at last he became perfectly still. When she paused, he said meekly, "Read me some more; it does me good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now;" he eagerly replied, "No, you cannot go. God sent you to me; and you must not go."
kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "You treat me right. God sent you."

On another occasion, she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, she prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile, she said, "Henry, are you well to-day?" "Hush!—hush!" replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her, "Hush!—there are angels with you! They have given you their voice!"

But let not the formalist suppose that he can work such miracles as these, in the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the Scripture or the prayer, repeated by rote. They must be the meek utterance of a heart overflowing with love; for to such only do the angels "lend their voice."

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LETTER XXX.

December 24, 1844.

You ask me for my impressions of Ole Bul's Niagara. It is like asking an Æolian harp to tell what the great organ of Freyburg does. But since you are pleased to say that you value my impressions, because they are always my own, and not another's; because they are spontaneous, disinterested, and genuine; I will give you the tones as they breathed through my soul, without anxiety to have them pass for more than they are worth.

I did not know what the composer intended to express. I would have avoided knowing if the information had been offered; for I wished to hear what the music itself would say to me. And thus it spoke: The serenely beautiful opening told of a soul going forth peacefully into the calm bright atmosphere. It passes along, listening to the half-audible, many-voiced
murmurings of the summer woods. Gradually, tremulous vibrations fill the air, as of a huge cauldron seething in the distance. The echoing sounds rise and swell, and finally roar and thunder. In the midst of this, stands the soul, striving to utter its feelings.

"Like to a mighty heart the music seems,  
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak."

It wanders away from the cataract, and again and again returns within sound of its mighty echoes. Then calmly, reverentially, it passes away, listening to the receding chorus of Nature's tremendous drums and trombones; musing solemnly as it goes, on that vast sheet of waters, rolling now as it has rolled, "long, long time ago."

Grand as I thought Niagara when I first heard it, it opened upon me with increasing beauty when I heard it repeated. I then observed many exquisite and graceful touches, which were lost in the magnitude of the first impression. The multitudinous sounds are bewildering in their rich variety.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

"The whispering air  
Sends inspiration from the rocky heights,  
And dark recesses of the caverned rocks;  
The little rill, and waters numberless,  
Blend their notes with the loud streams."

There is the pattering of water-drops, gurglings, twitterings, and little gushes of song.

It reminded me of a sentence in the Noctes Ambrosianae, beautifully descriptive of its prevailing character: "It keeps up a bonnie wild musical sough, like that o' swarming bees, spring-startled birds, and the voices of a hundred streams, some wimpling awa' ower the Elysian meadows, and uthers roaring at a distance frae the clefts."

The sublime waterfall is ever present, with its echoes; but present in a calm contemplative soul. One of the most poetic minds I know, after listening to this music, said to me, "The first time I saw Niagara, I came upon it through the woods, in the clear sunlight of a summer's morning; and these tones are a perfect transcript of my emotions." In truth, it seems to me a perfect disembodied poem: a most beautiful mingling of natural sounds with the reflex of their impressions on a refined and romantic mind. This serene grandeur, this pervading
beauty, which softens all the greatness, gave the composition its greatest charms, to those who love poetic expression in music; but it renders it less captivating to the public in general, than they had anticipated. Had it been called a Pastorale composed within hearing of Niagara, their preconceived ideas would have been more in accordance with its calm bright majesty.

The Solitude of the Prairie I have lately heard for the first time; and never did music so move the inmost depths of my soul. Its spiritual expression breathes through heavenly melodies. With a voice earnest and plaintive as the nightingale's, it spoke to me of inward conflict; of the soul going forth into solitude, alone and sad. The infinite stretches itself out, in darkness and storm. Through the fierce tempestuous struggle, it passes alone, alone, as the soul must ever go through all its sternest conflicts. Then comes self-renunciation, humility and peace. And thus does the exquisitely beautiful music of this Prairie Solitude lay the soul lovingly into its rest.

A friend acquainted with prairie scenery, said it brought vividly before her, those "dream-like, bee-sung, murmuring, and musical plains."

Many, who have hitherto been moderate in their enthusiasm about Ole Bul, recognise in these new compositions more genius than they supposed him to possess. Tastefully intertwined Fantasias, or those graceful musical garlands, Rondos, might be supposed to indicate merely a pleasing degree of talent and skill. But those individuals must be hard to convince, who do not recognise the presence of genuine inspiration in the earnest tenderness of the Mother's Prayer, that sounds as if it were composed at midnight, alone with the moon; in the mad, wild life of the Tarantella; in the fiery, spirit stirring eloquence of the Polacca Guerriera, composed at Naples, in view of Vesuvius flaming through the darkness; in the deep spiritual melody of the Prairie Solitude; and in the serene majesty of Niagara.

If I appear to speak with too much decision, it is simply because my own impressions are distinct and strong, and I habitually utter them, alike without disguise, and without pretension. In the presence of mere skill, I know not what to say. It may please me somewhat; but whether it is more or less excellent than some other thing, I cannot tell. But bring me into the presence of genius, and I know it by rapid intuition, as quick as I know a sunbeam. I cannot tell how I
know it. I simply say, This is genius; as I say, This is a sunbeam.

It is an old dispute, that between genius and criticism, and probably it will never be settled; for it is one of the manifold forms of conservatism and innovation. In all departments of life, genius is on the side of progress, and learning on the side of established order. Genius comes a prophet from the future, to guide the age onward. Learning, the Lawgiver, strives to hold it back upon the past. But the Prophet always revolutionises the laws; for thereunto was he sent. Under his powerful hand, the limitations gradually yield and flow, as metals melt into new forms at the touch of fire.

This is as true of music, as of everything else. Its rules have been constantly changing. What is established law now, was unknown, or shocking, a hundred years ago. Every great genius that has appeared in the art, has been accused of violating the rules. The biographer of Haydn says: "The charming little thoughts of the young musician, the warmth of his style, the liberties which he sometimes allowed himself, called forth against him all the invective of the musical monastery. They reproached him with errors of counterpoint, heretical modulations and movements too daring. His introduction of prestissimo made all the critics of Vienna shudder."

An English nobleman once begged him to explain the reason of certain modulations and arrangements in one of his quartettes. "I did so because it has a good effect," replied the composer. "But I can prove to you that it is altogether contrary to the rules," said the nobleman. "Very well," said Hadyn, "arrange it in your own way, hear both played, and tell me which you like the best." But how can your way be the best, since it is contrary to the rules?" urged the nobleman. "Because it is the most agreeable," replied Haydn; and the critic went away unconvinced.

Beethoven was constantly accused of violating the rules. In one of his compositions, various things were pointed out to him as deviations from the laws, expressly forbidden by masters of the art. "They forbid them, do they?" said Beethoven. "Very well. I allow them."

Do not understand me as speaking scornfully of knowledge and critical skill. On the contrary, I labour with earnest industry, to acquire more and more knowledge of rules, in all the forms of art. But, in all the higher and more spiritual
manifestations, I recognise laws only as temporary and fluxional records of the progressive advancement of the soul. I do not deny the usefulness of criticism; but genius forever remains the master, and criticism the servant.

Whether critics will consider Niagara as abounding with faults, I cannot conjecture. It is their business to analyse genius, and the mischief is, they are generally prone to dissect in the shadow of their own hands. To speak playfully, it is my own belief that cataract-thunderings, sea-moanings, tree-breathings, wind-whistlings, and bird-warblings, are none of them composed according to the rules. They ought all to be sent to Paris or Rome, to finish their education, and go silent meanwhile, unless they can stop their wild everlasting variations.

"Over everything stands its daemon, or soul," says Emerson; "and as the form of the thing is reflected to the eye, so is the soul of the thing reflected by a melody. The sea, the mountain-ridge, Niagara, super-exist in precantations, which sail like odours in the air; and when any man goes by with ears sufficiently fine, he overhears them, and endeavours to write them down, without diluting or depraving them." Thanks to "old, ever-young Norway," she has sent us her finely-organised son, to overhear the voices and echoes, and give them to us in immortal music.

How subtle and all-pervading is this spiritual essence! How mysterious its action on the material world! You are aware that musicians greatly prefer very old instruments. There is a house in France whose business it is to collect pine, from one hundred to two hundred years old, for the manufacture of musical instruments.

That these are more mellow in tone than those made of new wood, may be owing to the evaporation of resinous particles. But it is incomprehensible how an instrument can be rendered more perfect by a good performer, while its tone is injured by an unskilful one. Yet musicians all agree that it is so. The spirit that plays upon it seems to pass into the substance. The inside of a violin, that has been much used, is indented with vibrations, like tracks on a sea beach; but how these affect the tone, it is difficult to conjecture.

The small sounding post in the interior of Ole Bul's violin being newer than the rest, disturbed his ear with imperfect vibrations. While he was in Philadelphia, some accident, as
Ole Bul expresses it, "killed the double-bass;" that is, crushed the instrument. He had often observed that the tone of this double-bass indicated age, and the habit of being well played on. He therefore bought the pieces, and with these supplied the place of the newer wood, which had disturbed his ear. His violin, which before seemed perfect in its clear, rich tones, has, by this slight circumstance, gained an added sweetness.

Are not vibrations continually marked thus on the soul, by all we see and hear? Is not that refined power of enjoying beauty, which we gradually and insensibly acquire by practice of the eye and ear, produced by a process similar to that which improves the tone of an instrument accustomed to a master's touch? Sure I am, that my soul will always be in better tune for having been played upon by good music.

"When the stream of sound,
Which overflowed the soul, had passed away,
A consciousness survived that it had left
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and gentle thoughts,
Which cannot die, and will not be destroyed."

America in taking the Norwegian minstrel thus warmly to her heart, receives more than she can give. His visit has done, and will do, more than any other cause, to waken and extend a love of music throughout the country; and when love exists, it soon takes form in science. All things that are alive are born of the heart.

LETTER XXXI.

December 31, 1844.

Rapid approximation to the European style of living is more and more observable in this city. The number of servants in livery visibly increases every season. Foreign artistic upholsterers assert that there will soon be more houses in New York furnished according to the fortune and taste of noblemen, than there are in Paris or London; and this prophecy may well be believed, when the fact is considered that it is already not very uncommon to order furniture for a single room, at the cost of ten thousand dollars. There would be no reason to regret this lavishness, if the convenience and beauty of social environment were really increased in proportion to the expendi-
ture, and if there were a progressive tendency to equality in the distribution. But, alas, a few moments' walk from saloons superbly furnished in the style of Louis XIV., brings us to Loafers' Hall, a dreary desolate apartment, where shivering little urchins pay a cent apiece, for the privilege of keeping out of watchmen's hands, by sleeping on boards ranked in tiers.

But the effects of a luxurious and artificial life are sad enough on those who indulge in it, without seeking for painful contrast among the wretched poor. Sallow complexions, feeble steps, and crooked spines, already show an obvious deterioration in beauty, grace, and vigour. Spiritual bloom and elasticity are still more injured by modes of life untrue to nature. The characters of women suffer more than those of men, because their resources are fewer. Very many things are considered unfeminine to be done, and of those duties which are feminine by universal consent, few are deemed genteel by the upper classes. It is not genteel for mothers to wash and dress their own children, or make their clothing, or teach them, or romp with them in the open air. Thus the most beautiful and blessed of all human relations performs but half its healthy and renovating mission. The full, free, joyful growth of heart and soul is everywhere impeded by artificial constraint, and nature has her fountains covered by vanity and pride. Some human souls, finding themselves fenced within such narrow limits by false relations, seek fashionable distinction, or the excitement of gossip, flirtation, and perpetual change, because they can find no other unforbidden outlets for their irrepressible activity of mind and heart. A very few, of nature's noblest and strongest, quietly throw off the weight that presses on them, and lead a comparatively true life in the midst of shams, which they reprove only by example. Those who can do this, without complaint or noise, and attempt no defence of their peculiar course, except the daily beauty of their actions, will work out their freedom at last, in the most artificial society that was ever constructed; but the power to do this requires a rare combination of natural qualities. For the few who do accomplish this difficult task, I feel even more respect than I do for those who struggle upward under the heavy burden of early poverty. "For wealth bears heavier on talent, than poverty. Under piles of gold and thrones, who knows how many spiritual giants may lie crushed and buried?" I once
saw a burdock shoot up so vigorously, that it threw off a piece of board in the platform, which covered it from light and air. I had great respect for the brave plant, and even carried my sympathy so far, as to reproach myself for not having lifted the board it was trying so hard to raise, instead of watching it curiously, to see how much it could do. The pressure of artificial life, I cannot take off from souls that are born in the midst of it; and few have within themselves such uplifting life as the burdock.

It is one of the saddest sights to see a young girl, born of wealthy and worldly parents, full of heart and soul, her kindly impulses continually checked by etiquette, her noble energies repressed by genteel limitations. She must not presume to love anybody, till father and mother find a suitable match; she must not laugh loud, because it is vulgar; she must not walk fast, because it is ungenteel; she must not work in the garden, for fear the sun and wind may injure her complexion; she must sew nothing but gossamer, lest it mar the delicacy of her hands; she must not study, because gentlemen do not admire literary ladies. Thus left without ennobling objects of interest, the feelings and energies are usually concentrated on frivolous and unsatisfactory pursuits, and woman becomes a by-word and a jest, for her giddy vanity, her love of dress and beaux.

Others, of a deeper nature, but without sufficient clearness of perception, or energy of will, to find their way into freedom, become inert and sad. They acquire a certain amount of accomplishments, because society requires it, and it is less tedious than doing nothing. They walk languidly through the routine of genteel amusements, until they become necessary as a habit, though they impart little pleasure. I have heard such persons open their hearts, and confess a painful consciousness of being good for nothing, of living without purpose or aim. But as active usefulness is the only mode of satisfying the human soul, and as usefulness is ungenteel, there was no help for them, except through modes that would rouse the opposition of relatives. And so they moved on, in their daily automaton revolutions, with a vague, half-smothered hope that life had something in store for them, more interesting than the past had been. Thus the crew of the Benedict Arnold, when they approached the shore of New England, dismantled, in a dark cold night, danced in a circle, to keep themselves from freezing, till the light should dawn. But unless light is within,
there come no clear directions from outward circumstances; and the chance is that the half-stifled souls will enter into some uncongenial marriage, merely for the sake of novelty and change of scene.

Not unfrequently have I heard women, who were surrounded by all the advantages that outward wealth can give, say, with sad and timid self-reproach, "I ought to be happy. It is my own fault that I am not. But, I know not how it is, I cannot get up an interest in anything." When I remind them that Richter said, "I have fire-proof perennial enjoyments, called employments," few have faith in such a cure for the inanity of life. But the only way to attain habitual content and cheerfulness, is by the active use of our faculties and feelings. Mrs. Somerville finds too much excitement and pleasure in her astronomical investigations, to need the poor stimulus of extravagant expenditure, or gossiping about her neighbours. Yet the astronomer discharges all womanly duties with beautiful propriety. She takes nothing from her family. She merely gives to science those hours which many women in the same station waste in idleness or dissipation.

What can be more charming than the example of Mrs. Huber, devoting herself to the study of Natural History, to assist her blind husband in his observations? Or Mrs. Blake, making graceful drawings in her husband's studio, working off the impressions of his plates, and colouring them beautifully with her own hand? Compare a mere leader of ton with the noble German Countess, Julie Von Egloffstein, who dared to follow her genius for Art, though all the prejudices of people in her own rank were strongly arrayed against it. Mrs. Jameson says, "When I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting room, surrounded by her drawings, models, casts—all the powers of her exuberant, enthusiastic mind, flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, admiration, and respect." The same writer says, "In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry in women, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result, have produced fine characters."

That woman is slowly making her way into freer life is evinced by the fact that, in a few highly cultivated countries, literature is no longer deemed a disparagement to woman, and even professed authorship does not involve loss of caste in Society.
Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, our own admirable and excellent Catherine Sedgwick, and many others widely known as writers, were placed in the genteel ranks of society by birth; but they are universally regarded with increased respect, because they have enlarged their bounds of usefulness to strengthen and refresh thousands of minds.

Dorothea L. Dix, when she retired from school teaching, because the occupation disagreed with her health, had a competence that precluded the necessity of further exertion. "Now she has nothing to do, but to be a lady and enjoy herself," said an acquaintance. But Miss Dix, though characterised by a most womanly sense of propriety, did not think it lady-like to be useless, or enjoyment to be indolent. "In a world where there is so much to be done," said she, "I felt strongly impressed that there must be something for me to do." Circumstances attracted her attention to the insane inmates of prisons and alms-houses; and for several years, she has been to them a missionary of mercy, soothing them by her gentle influence, guiding them by her counsel, and greatly ameliorating their condition by earnest representations to selectmen and legislators. Her health has improved wonderfully under this continual activity of body, mind, and heart.

Frederika Bremer, in her delightful book called "Home," tells of one of the unmarried daughters of a large family who evinced similar wisdom. She obtained from her father the sum that would have been her marriage portion, established a neat household for herself, and adopted two friendless orphan girls to educate.

"Thou mayest own the world, with health
And unslumbering powers;
Industry alone is wealth,
What we do is ours."

Use is the highest law of our being, and it cannot be disobeyed with impunity. The more alive and earnest the soul is by nature, the more does its vitality need active use, and its earnestness an adequate motive. It will go well with society when it practically illustrates Coleridge's beautiful definition: "Labour should be the pleasant exercise of sane minds in healthy bodies."

But to fill employments with a divine life, they must be performed with reference to others; for we can really enjoy only that of which we impart freely. The following extract
from one of Beethoven's letters exhibits the human soul in the noblest exercise of its immortal powers; viz, embodying the highest conceptions of Art, from a genuine love of Art, warmed by the motive of doing good to others. He writes thus: "My compositions are well paid, and I may say I have more orders than I can well execute. I ask my terms, and am paid. You see this is an excellent thing; as, for instance, I see a friend in want, and my purse does not at the moment permit me to assist him, I have but to sit down and write, and my friend is no longer in need."

The laws of our being are such that we must perform some degree of use in the world, whether we intend it or not; but we can deprive ourselves of its indwelling joy, by acting entirely from the love of self. The manufacturer benefits others somewhat by the cloth he makes, and the baker by his bread. But if they seek to enrich themselves only, by the use of poor materials, and the payment of prices that oppress their workmen, they take out of the use that divine life which imparts to the soul perpetual youth and bloom. Money thus acquired never satisfies the possessor; for, in the process of making it, he parts with the state of mind which is alone capable of enjoying happiness. The stories of men selling their souls to the devil, for treasures which merely tantalize them, are not mere fables. Thousands of poor rich men feel the truth in their daily experience.

To obtain unfailing spiritual wealth by cheerfully imparting of what we have, does not require this world's riches, or genius like Beethoven's. The poorest and least endowed can secure the treasure, by a loving readiness to serve others, according to their gifts. The lady who plants bulbs, and gathers garden-seeds, and tries curious horticultural experiments, has gained much by the mere innocent occupation of her time and thoughts. But if she is unwilling to give away rare seeds and plants, if she cultivates them only for the sake of having something handsomer than her neighbours can have, she takes the heart out of her beautiful employment, and renders it a spectral pleasure. But if she gives a portion of vegetables to a poor widow who has no land, if she invites the aged and destitute invalids into her pleasant walks, if she gives bouquets to poor children, and strives to make all the neighbouring gardens as beautiful as her own, why then she really possesses her garden, and makes it an avenue of paradise.
Those who can do nothing more, can now and then read a pleasant book to some old man stricken with blindness, or teach a coloured child to write, or some poor Irish woman to read, or some young housewife how to make bread. Children are found to improve most rapidly, and make lighter work of study, when they are alternately employed in teaching others, who know a little less than themselves. The form of the use is of small consequence. Whatever our gifts may be, the love of imparting them for the good of others brings heaven into the soul.

You may think these theories sound well, and might work admirably if this world were heaven; yet they too utter the prayer, “May thy kingdom come on earth, as it is in heaven.” This wide distance between our practical life and the religion we profess, teaches, too plainly to be misunderstood, that men really do not believe that it would be wise or safe to practise the maxims of Christ in a world like this. I remember a wealthy family, who scrupulously observed all the outward forms of Christianity, and inculcated the utmost reverence for its precepts. The children were trained to attend church regularly, and read the Bible every morning. But when one of the sons took it into his head that the teachings of the New Testament were to be applied to daily life and public affairs, they were in the utmost consternation at the ungentility of his views, and the oddity of his proceedings.

But I am preaching a sermon instead of writing a letter. If one ever falls into a moralising vein, they are likely to do it on the last day of the year. I bid you an affectionate farewell, with this New Year’s wish for you and myself:

“So may we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.”

THE END.
THE LAST SUNSET.

"Let me look once more on what my Divine Father has diffused even here, as a faint intimation of what He has somewhere else. I am pleased with this, as a distant outskirt, as it were, of the Paradise towards which I am going."—JOHN FOSTER.

Close not the casement, love:
Nay, raise the curtain,—I would look once more
On the bright stream and autumn-tinted grove,
Our own blue lake and its dark mountain shore;

All we so long have known,
And loved with that deep passion of the heart,
Which cannot be a thing of earth alone,
Which must of our immortal life be part.

Yet, I would gaze again,
At the old sunset hour, on earth and sky,
Though doubting not its image will remain,
One of the memories which can never die.

How brightly lingers still
That golden glory in the radiant west!
How its reflection glows, on wood and hill,
The rushing river, and the lake's calm breast!

I go to scenes more fair,
More glorious—yet to these affection clings;
First tokens here of what awaits us there,
Time's passing types of everlasting things.

I thank Thee, O my God,
My Father! for the goodness which has given
So much to beautify our brief abode,
Our pilgrim path as Thy redeemed to heaven.

And now Thy voice I hear:—
Thou callest, I obey,—well pleased I come,
Leaving the outer courts, so fair, so dear,
For higher joys within my Father's home!

H. L. L.