Man's natural state we know to be one of freedom, unfettered save by those laws of his own nature and the world about him, of which he can never rid himself; restraint of that freedom is the necessary, the only condition under which he can become a member of that society whose wholesome, refining influences woo him to its embrace and teach him his true destiny. These we may assume as the two undeniable polar conditions of his existence, from or towards each of which he is ever tending. By these, as points of departure, we may trace the pathway of his progress, and solve, with almost unerring truth, the phenomena of his civilization. Nor will they afford hardly less correct data by which we may determine, with more or less accuracy, the end towards which he is moving. These are the two remote extremes, between which the just medium is to be marked out to guide him in his upward progress towards a happy and glorious destiny. If he run into the one, his condition will be that of unbridled, savage licentiousness; if he incline too far towards the other, despotism, oppression, or persecution may claim him as their victim. In fine, these are the two great elements which must go to form the social fabric in which he is to live. If one be its sole material, it will be

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too weak to afford him shelter; if the other preponderate too far, its massive walls will stifle him by their close, confining embrace.

These remarks set forth no new idea. They are quite familiar to every student of modern political philosophy. And while they are thus so familiar they embody certain first principles from which we may derive important conclusions, and from which important conclusions have been derived with reference to the strength and growth of individuals and nations. My present humble purpose is to make an application of them by a brief glance at the histories of certain nations, and thence to infer certain other general principles applicable to man’s social, moral, and intellectual improvement, viewing him in his relations to government. Of course, we can only select those nations where freedom, existing partially or altogether at times and alternating with despotism, has allowed those two principles to develop themselves and show fully their practical workings and tendencies. The history of Russia can afford, indeed, but a comparatively limited field of study, to the political philosopher—where despotism has ever made the people nod assent to the beck of its iron hand, and where the cruel motto that (ignorance is the parent of submission) seems a fit inscription to be written upon the throne of the Czar. Perhaps a brighter day may dawn upon her future history, since the spirit of freedom has dared to steal into her courtly chambers and to whisper in the ear of the serf that he is a man.

But the ancient republics, whose histories, so varied and instructive, can never cease to be studied with profit, present themselves as fit subjects for our present purpose. We may select that of unhappy Greece, whose society has passed through all its most interesting stages—from a state of absolute liberty as could be recognized with the least shadow of safety to itself, to a despotism whose edicts were written in blood; the wisdom of whose philosophy and the warning example of whose national existence will always afford lessons of curious and useful, nay, indispensable study to the modern student. Let us look for a moment at the eventful records which are here presented to our view. What important facts do they disclose? What is the character of the people whose history they contain? They are almost united in daily intercourse by their limited territory. Their hearts are brave and generous; their imagination is warm and cultivated; their intellect is vigorous and energetic; their philosophy is pure and lofty; a spirit of freedom seems to be a part of their birthright; they are governed by wise laws; their bravery showed itself at Thermopylae; their industry and commercial activity cross the Aegean and build cities in Asia Minor; their works of art still claim the admiration of the world. What more has Greece to ask? Nature has made her beautiful, and her children are the favored ones of earth. Surely a bright career and a happy destiny await her. And yet it was but the other day that Byron wrote so pathetically of her degradation, while she was begging Europe and America to come and prevent her being blotted out from the list of nations. Surely some secret worm has preyed upon and destroyed the wonderful fabric. Let us look further into her history and see if we cannot discover it.

The Grecian spirit was naturally free and active. It could break oppression no more than it could suffer itself to stagnate in idleness. It must break a lance with the barbarian or found a colony on the shores of Italy. Confining it within its narrow home-circle, and it was sure to run into feverish excitement or bustling confusion; and so it has been justly said, that in her palmiest days "Sparta was but little better than a well-regulated camp." It is but natural then that we should find the Grecian at one time as free as the flocks upon his mountain sides, and at another lying down tamely under the yoke of despotism; at one time making laws for himself, and at another yielding to the nod of a tyrant, whom his own spirit of freedom has placed over him. It is but natural for us to find that while internal dissensions and civil wars are impairing the strength and preparing the ruin of Greece at home, Greece in Italy is growing in wealth and prosperity and will soon be ready to send back her brave sons to aid the mother country in her struggles. The Grecian's home has no real charms for him. He cannot become a tiller of the soil and follow the quiet pursuits of agriculture; his country is too small and mountainous, and besides, such menial vocations he will consign to the columns as far below his own rank. He cannot engage, but to a limited extent, in commercial affairs; his vessels are too inefficient to venture far out upon the boisterous seas. And so, when all the hurly-burly of the battle is over, he must reluctantly return to his camp at Athens or Sparta, there to fret and fume and listen eagerly for the tramp of Philip of Macedon's host to afford him some more bloody sport.
of a private citizen? He must be altogether free and make laws for himself, or he must intermeddle with the affairs of government until society, which would have been his best friend, must make him a slave and put him in chains in order to curb his turbulent spirit, which is threatening violence to its own peace and quiet. And so his sad history ends—once he was "as free as air"; now he is a slave because he has dared to alter or abolish, perhaps altogether, that government which secured his freedom.

We have spoken of the individual only as the type of the nation, but will not the same reasoning be applicable in tracing out the pathway toward its final destiny? In the development of Grecian society we discover the birthplace of freedom, and yet, not infrequently by its side, the traces of cruel tyranny. While political ethics here reached a point beyond which its modern disciples have not until recently advanced it, in the face of its wise teachings, intestine disorders were paving the way, gradually but surely, toward the final ruin of its votaries. The Greek could unite with his brother at Thermopylae, but the same restless daring and adventurous bravery which drove back the Persians, when it could find no foreign foe to give it vent, made them enemies at home. The Aegean League might have preserved the Peloponnesians against Philip of Macedon, but it had to unite with him in order to save itself from the Spartan king, Cleomenes. And now the Romans must be asked to protect the protected from their protector. They declare universal freedom throughout Greece—too often a treacherous word, the synonym of lawlessness and the precursor of civil war. The consequences follow, as one would expect. Calliades reappears upon the arena, the type of faction, and Greece ceases to be a nation. Her children have given her up an easy prey to foreign enemies. Her destiny is sealed. Internal dissensions have obviously been its proximate causes. The true medium between liberty and restraint has not been marked out and followed. The Grecian has been too free at one time, and at another too much restrained. More than all, he has not known what freedom is; he has made it synonymous with licentiousness, and his cherished idol has cost him his country. But the great secret cause of all the evil in that he has been too near the government of his country, which was to define his relations in society. He has been too much a part of it. By his frequent contact with it, it has fluctuated from one form to another until it offers him but one alternative—either no law at all, or absolute tyranny. Hence the repeated changes from the one extreme to the other, until disobedience to law, disorder and civil war, end the tragic drama, by blotting out the existence of the nation.

But we leave ancient history and come now to a more modern date. In order to see more clearly the practical workings of the two great principles, liberty and restraint, let us compare the histories of France and England; the one remarkable for the steady working of its government machinery, the other equally proverbial for its fiscal policy. Commencing with the reign of Louis XIV, we may trace the causes which were gradually operating to produce the French Revolution. The principle of restraint had been carried too far. The government was too monarchical in its character. The people were too far debarred from any communion with or interest in it. They were kept too far distant from it by the blinding glare of its gorgeous courtly appendages. Its ministers forgot their interests, and in carrying out their own selfish schemes of extravagance and conquest, cheated them out of their rights, and in so doing took from the government its means of support. The splendor of the court must fade when the treasury becomes empty. The debilitating policy had lasted long enough. It was time for it to react. The literature of England came in and brought with it its steady democratic spirit and love of free inquiry. The Church was divided, and Calvinism became democratic to aid the cause of the now reviving principle of liberty. Rousseau appeared upon the stage, first the builder, then the father of this great volcanic movement which was to slowly gather strength from the continued efforts of the French people, until it should suddenly burst forth and bury amid its thunderings the throne of the Louis. The first act in the great drama is over, and France is free; but will liberty stop when it has called together a National Assembly to represent the interests of the people? Will the Press, now teeming with the wonderful literary products of free inquiry and busy thought, become the guardian of morality and the conservator of peace and order? Will France appreciate and use correctly the boon which she has bought at the price of some of her most precious blood? Scarcely have mankind begun to congratulate her on the birthday of her freedom, when vice le peuple becomes the synonym of lawlessness, violence, faction, persecution, and all the evils that follow in their train.
morality, Christianity, sober thought, and all the social ties which
sweeten and ennoble life, join in the common wreck of society, dashed
about by the heaving, seething, rushing waves of unrestrained free
principles. In the frenzy of the times, Roland is no safer than
Robespierre. But this wild excitement can not last always. The
principle of freedom has gone too far, and France has become breath-
less in its hurried chase. There must be another speedy reaction.
The political waves have reached their apex, and must fall back.
Will not their violence carry them beyond the true landmarks which
they have deserted! The people have found out that liberty, when
too warmly caressed, becomes a viper to sting its votary to death.
They must abandon it. The reaction goes on, the second grand act
is finished, and shouts of vire l'empereur re-echo along the streets of
Paris. France has become an absolute monarchy. The principle
of restraint is becoming what it was in the days of Louis XIV.
Whether freedom is again working at the bottom of society, and pre-
paring to raise its voice in Paris, time must tell. Let Napoleon III
remember what has gone before him!

It is pleasant to turn from these violent and bloody fluctuations in
the history of France, and to admire, when we look across the Chan-
nel, the sober, steady movement of English society, undergoing
changes, it is true, but gradually and beneficially, and moving ever
onward, slowly, firmly, majestically, toward that great destiny which
the world expects it to attain. It has not always been free, indeed,
from discord, oppression, civil war, and the like evils; the beautiful
harmonious machinery of its government has been at times deranged
by violent motion; the justice and symmetry of its wise laws have been
narrowed and broken in upon by usurpation and oppression; the pur-
ity of its literature has been defiled by immorality and vice, and the
ruin of the whole nation has more than once been threatened; but
below this superficial turbulence the waves have grown still and the
sea become strong. A steady spirit of freedom has kept pace with
the progress of English civilization and characterized all its features.
It speaks in the eye and breathes in the language of the Englishman.
It makes him victorious on the battle-field and contented at home.
It has formed a part of his nature, and made it a barrier against all
oppression. It is the author of Magna Charta, Petition of Rights,
Habeas Corpus, and Free Press. It came into England with the
Normans, Saxons, and Danes; it followed them through their wars;
William of Normandy recognized it; it was at Runnymede, and cost
Charles I his crown; and it is now asking, in its accustomed sober
yet authoritative manner, that the right of suffrage may be extended.
And yet while it has made England, we may say, democratic, Crom-
well could not enjoin it into lawlessness or take from it its love of
law, order, and government. While it takes the crown from the
head of its king, and teaches, in imperative language, Parliament its
duty, it declares that the one is omnipotent and that the other can
do no harm. To speak briefly, the two great principles of liberty
and restraint have been blended together, and from their harmonious
union the fabric of English society has been built up which will stand
though the winds and the rains beat upon it, for it is founded upon a
rock.

Again, we observe that while in ancient Greece and modern France
the people were at one time too much restrained by the monarchical
severity of the government, and kept too far distant from any interest
in its concerns, at another too free and intermeddling too much in all
its affairs; in England they have been steadily steering a middle
course, following the quiet pursuits of social life, and protecting their
liberties by means of a representative Parliament. Hence it is we
find here hardly any violent, hasty transitions from one state of so-
ciety to another, which must as hastily react and fall back to a point
perhaps even lower than that from which they have just started; but
laws have been adapted to their subjects, and not the subjects warped
to suit the laws. Parliament has not dictated to Lombard street, but
Lombard street has suggested to Parliament what was best for trade.
Commerce, unoffended by too frequent legislation, has been allowed
to build up the wealth of the nation, and to engage in its active pur-
suits the great body of the people, who, thus having other matters to
engage their thoughts, have rarely sought to disturb the peace of
society by turbulent outbreaiks against law and order. And the
consequence of all this is, that sober unflickering policy of the En-
glish government, balancing itself between liberty and restraint, and
with its spirit of commercial activity, sending its people across the
seas to carry its arts and arms to other lands, to found colonies, and
to build up other great nations. We pass on now to conclude this
subject by certain general inferences drawn from the foregoing re-
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marks and applicable to man's social, moral, and intellectual advancement; and —

1. Freedom can never exist to any high degree of perfection, or for any considerable length of time, unless the circumstances of the nation afford active employment for the people. The truth of this principle was illustrated in the history of Greece. War was the Athenian's employment in Persia; political disturbances were its substitute in Athens. The converse of the proposition is seen in the history of England, where commerce is the repository no less of her wealth than of her freedom. The consequence is, that while in Greece the body of the people were pulling down and building up laws as a sort of idle mischief, the elite would turn their attention to literature and the fine arts, hence we find here the most extraordinary developments of genius; while it is said of the Englishman that his imagination, never soaring above the fogs of London, saw in its bean-ideal pictures only well-laden ships bending to the gale with their rich India cargoes, as he exclaims:

"Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!"

But the literary men and the literature of Greece could not save her from her enemies. Her works of art are preserved by foreign hands, while foggy, commercial England is now and will always continue to be a great nation. The same reasoning may be applied to other modern European nations; some of the Italian States are good examples, where a few of the favored children of genius apply themselves to the cultivation of the fine arts, while the rest of their countrymen, having nothing to do, either become rebellious at times and seek to overthrow everything in their way, or continue in a state of listless apathy which makes them an easy prey to their more powerful neighbors. The truth is, freedom must not be tampered with unless we would turn its blessings into a curse. There must always be inflexible law and government to bind the vicious and the lawless, and if one citizen can change it to suit himself, another ought to have the same right, and so the first consequence of this meddling is anarchy, the second is its reaction, despotism. Has not this been the history of more than one nation?

2. A second general inference is that absolute monarchy is a state as unnatural as absolute freedom, and can only exist, for any length of time, where the people, not engaged by the favors of the court, are held in slavery and ignorance. This proposition was illustrated in the history of France. The government was too monarchical and restrictive in its character, and the French were not Russian serfs, ignorant or slavish enough to submit long to its tyrannical, debilitating policy. The consequence was the great reaction of the French Revolution, which, in proportion as the principle of restraint had been carried to such an extreme, bore away the government into an equally extreme degree of freedom, which called for a second reaction. The monarchs of Europe may well tremble at this truth, which ought by this time to be plain before their eyes. Absolute monarchy and art may exist together, but freedom is the child of education. Let the press, even for once, disseminate a general education among the masses in Europe, and crowns will be apt to pay the cost of it. The principle of freedom is certainly gaining ground. It is the more natural state of man. Education is spreading its influences wider and wider, and the present war, which is engaging more or less the interests of all Europe, may make some striking developments in favor of free principles by bringing the people together, teaching them what their rights are and what their arms can do. Would that the good results could be produced without the bloodshed of war—a cruel, but oftentimes necessary agent to effect great and good purposes.

3. Our third general inference is nearly the same with the first, viz.: that in every nation, the great body of the people, following the quiet pursuits of social life, ought to be as little as possible with the affairs of governments. We saw the truth of this proposition illustrated in the history of Greece, France, and England. In the two former, the first most especially, the people were at one time too far from, at another too near the government; while the steady policy of England was due to the fact that her people, concerning themselves but little comparatively with the concerns of government, and adding, by their commercial activity, to the wealth of the nation, have kept constantly ahead in the progress of their national prosperity. Our own country, however, seems best adapted to the beneficial workings of this principle. Here, by the structure of our government, where all legislation is done by means of the representative capacity of the legislator, the citizen may enjoy his full boon of freedom, rarely concerning himself about the strife of the political arena, except as a matter of curious information, but instead, cultivating Vol. III, No. 8—62
all these nice social feelings which draw men together as brothers, learning to appreciate the priceless gift he enjoys, and knowing how to use it well, by adding all in his power to the stock of human knowledge, and striving, in his way, to advance the common cause of humanity. It would be well if our people could appreciate the advantages they enjoy! By their own conduct they have led to grave assertions, that we can never have a literature, and that the fine arts can never have a home in our midst. Remarks like those are but too true, so long as the only concern of our educated people is how to elect Senators and make laws. But is there no time for "literary leisure" in our midst? Has art no worshipers, and cannot literature be appreciated? The memory of Crawford is dear to us all, and we can repeat the songs of Longfellow. This frenzy about politics will not last always. Science and art must some day take its place. Our young men are already beginning to devote themselves to the more quiet, social, and we may add, christian pursuits of life. We observe the fact all around us. Our systems of education are becoming more thorough, and a higher premium is placed upon purely literary and scientific labor. We see now pamphlet-lectures; calling away the people from the dusty roads of trade and political life, to the quiet fountains of art, literature, and science. We can well foresee the tendency of such sentiments among our people. May the day hasten on when the happy results will be more fully recognized in our everyday walks!

Let the wisdom of the proposition which we have just enumerated be fully appreciated, and half the strife which vexes our country and threatens its ruin often will cease. The citizen will turn away in disgust from the demagogue who tells him tales of the oppression of his government, that he may be elected to Congress to remedy the evil. He will have other more pleasing duties to engage his thoughts and to make him a contented, peaceful citizen. Let this principle be adopted, and a conservative, patriotic spirit will go abroad in our land, and say to the internal discord which is disturbing its happiness, "Peace, be still!" The hotbed isms and factions which disturb society and disregard merit will stand still before it, and our country will be more peaceful and prosperous.

4. We conclude these remarks by the last general conclusion,
**The Beautiful Maiden.**

Far away o'er the deep blue sea,
Dwelt a maiden wondrous fair;
Her eye was bright with a merry gleam,
And golden was her hair;
And she walked the earth as light and free
As a spirit wandering there.

This maiden launched a gallant boat,
On a calm and silent tide,
And she laughed as she saw it gaily float,
And the warm waves kiss its side,
While the waning sunlight seemed to gleam
A moment ere it died.

The boat moved on till the night grew dark,
And the storm was roused afar,
While o'er the frail and fated bark
Shone not a pitying star,
And mortal eye, "said the gloom, could mark
Not even a single spar.

The spirits that nightly their watches keep,
In shadowy beauty of form,
As they followed the wind in its pitiless sweep,
Mingled their song with the storm,
And the music of hope went over the deep
To quiet the maiden's alarm.

But it lingered not long, for the fearful roar
Of the tempest drowned its voice,
While the billows beat on the barren shore
With a sullen and constant noise,
And the maiden thought that never more
Could her warm young heart rejoice.

The maiden watched and prayed that night,
As she knelt on the ocean strand,
Though the winds had filled her tearful sight
With the heavy and blinding sand;
She prayed that One, in His merciful might,
Would bring her back to land.

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**The Worship of Nature.**

The prayer was heard, and straightway peace
Beamed smiling o'er the scene,
While the morning star had tinged the fleecy
Of dawn with a silver sheen,
And the barks o'er the main, with a gentle breeze,
Moved graceful and serene.

And the maiden learned that however fair
The pleasures of earth may seem,
They are built on unsubstantial air
And may vanish like a dream;
And she said, "I will seek for happiness where
I have found a love supreme."

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*University of Virginia, May 20, 1859.

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**The Worship of Nature.**

The Greeks called the material world Ἐλέος—beauty. Dwelling in one of the fairest lands of earth, with a soft, delicious climate eminently adapted to the free and perfect development of all physical beauty, and attaining a degree of cultivation and intellectual power which no race of people before them ever reached, and which even we with our high civilization have not surpassed, the Greek rose above the low and degrading devotion to mere wealth and pleasure, and sought to discover beauty in all its infinite forms. Looking around upon their own bright land, crowned with flowers and musical with crystal streams, listening to the rich melody of innumerable birds, beholding each day ushered in with all the pomp and splendor of the dawn, and closed with the glory and brightness of sunset, they called all this beauty. That noble people has vanished from the earth; the power and greatness of Athens has departed; the dust of many centuries has dimmed the pristine radiance of the Parthenon, and shattered walls and broken columns are the sad monuments of former renown; but standing to-day after the lapse of ages, and looking abroad upon purple hills and level valleys and waving woodlands all bathed in the summer sunlight, we feel that the Greeks were right, and that all this is indeed the embodiment of beauty; its spirit pervades all things, breathes in every object that meets the eye; beauty in the living green that clothes the meadow and the hill top; in the bloom and the fragrance...
of the tender flowers springing up everywhere and loading every
breeze with their delicate incense; in the soft azure of far-off moun-
tains; in the ocean, with its ever-moving tides, its storm and calm,
its low murmur of waves and mighty diapason of billows; in the deep
blue heavens, and changing clouds; in sunlight and moonlight and
the glorious multitude of starry hosts; in all things the spirit of beau-
ty lives and breathes. Nature is instinct with beauty. The Greek,
in his fervid devotion to beauty, began to look upon nature with feelings
almost sacred, and became an earnest and enthusiastic worshiper at
her shrine. Impressed with wonder and admiration at the manifesta-
tion of physical forces; seeing year after year the grand process
repeated of birth, growth, decay, and death, he naturally asked the
cause and reason of these sublime transformations. The immortal
soul whose existence he but imperfectly understood, and whose ulti-
mate destiny was but faintly shadowed forth to his understanding,
began to awake within him, and sought to solve the dark and diffi-
cult problem of created things. He became dimly conscious that in
all this beauty and glory, in all these ceaseless changes and periodi-
cal revolutions, there was some grand mystery which he could only
partially and instinctively comprehend; that in these labyrinthine
workings there lay hidden some great meaning which the wisdom of
the philosophers had failed fully to elucidate—an order and harmony
in the universe, which he could only partially and vaguely conceive
of; and that soul, thus aroused to intense and painful activity in these
perplexing thoughts, reached higher and higher up in its immortal
aspirations, and sought to discover some fixed and immutable law amid
the varied and intricate changes going on forever around him;
to find the eternal connection of things, the everlasting relations
which link cause to effect in the beautiful and enduring chain whose
beginning and end is with God himself; to arrive at the clear concep-
tion that in the midst of the multitudinous diversity there was a
grand unity; that behind and beyond the manifestation of natu-
ral phenomena was the mysterious creative essence. Incited by this
contemplation and study of nature to intellectual activity, the soul
received an impulse towards the infinite and eternal, and he pressed
forward with eager and lofty enthusiasm to the task of unravelling
the vast and perplexing mystery. The sublime conception gradually
arose, like a dawn in the darkness of his mind, that there was some-
thing within him—a soul, a spirit, an essence, an indescribable,
intangible something which would not wholly die with the body which
contained it; that when that frail body had lost its vitality, its somatic
life, and crumbled back to mingle with earth, the soul would not ex-
hale and be dispersed like the odor of a flower when crushed, but in
some wonderful and inexplicable manner, by some means he knew
not how, and in some place he knew not where, it would reappear
in a purer and nobler existence. It is true these mighty conceptions
were but faintly and confusedly evolved from his profound cogita-
tions; they appeared to him only in the misty and deceptive light of
unaided reason and excited imagination, and not, as they do to us,
clear and radiant and beautiful in the brightness of divine revelation:
but true also it is that in those almost superhuman strivings after
the truth, and endeavors to grasp the cause of all things, he was ele-
vated and strengthened, and rose from height to height, until at last
he towered among the stars, and, standing upon the very threshold
of the spiritual world, caught upon his brow a halo from its unseen
glories!

If the ancients derived so much and such exquisite enjoyment
from the contemplation of nature, how much greater should be our
happiness from the same source, since we clearly understand, where
he only imperfectly apprehended, and have therefore the greater
cause for wonder and admiration and enjoyment. What to him was
but a blade of grass bending in the passing breeze, or a flower
blooming and exhalating fragrance, are to us the visible, appreciable
manifestations of great physical forces operating continually. What
appeared to his eyes but brilliant that gem the broad dome of night,
are to us circling worlds rolling through illimitable space in order
and harmony. And as thus our knowledge of the causes and rela-
tions of physical phenomena is more extensive and more thorough
than his, so ought also the pleasure we derive from the contempla-
tion of the phenomena to be vastly increased. And again: as they
gradually become exalted in their conceptions, and refined and puri-
ified in their emotions, by their worship of nature, how much more
so should we. And, like them, imbued with profound and fervid
appreciation of her beauty and order and harmony, we no longer
dimly and vaguely conceive of an Author and Finisher of all things;
we no longer put forth groping hands into the mist and shadows,
striving to grasp the reality; but are enabled, blessed be God! to
rise from beholding and admiring the world of nature, to the lofty
contemplation of His supreme power and wisdom, to a confident and steadfast faith in His existence and attributes.

As we are taught that the highest form of beauty is goodness, it is evident that from the contemplation of physical beauty in the natural world, we rise by easy and regular steps to the perception and recognition of the highest beauty, the embodiment of all beauty, the infinite goodness of the Creator.

And as we accustom ourselves to derive our purest and most exquisite enjoyment from dwelling upon His goodness as manifested in nature, we will, by the invariable law of assimilation, become spiritualized and beautified in the inner man, and the soul continue to approach in likeness nearer and nearer to the Divine Original in whose image it first was formed. And this indeed is no unimportant fact, and should urge us to esteem more highly the means whereby we may elevate the soul to communion with its Creator. Moreover, if He has made our dwelling place so desirable an one, and adorned this world with such a multitude of beauties, and surrounded us with so many sources of delight and happiness, do we not err most grievously in neglecting those pleasures, professed so beneficially and so lavishly; in closing our eyes and refusing to behold and love and worship them? And that we do fail habitually to appreciate in its fullest extent the beauty of nature, is manifest to every one. We become so accustomed to look daily and hourly upon blue skies and green fields and purple mountains and all the manifold forms and colors of the material world, and so prone to regard them as something of course; that we seldom realize how beautiful a world we live in, and how much that beauty contributes to our enjoyment of life—how large a portion of that enjoyment would be withdrawn if all this abounding beauty were destroyed. Let us not forget, as we continually do, that such might be the case without injuring or even modifying in the slightest degree any of the other attributes of nature. All this affluent beauty might be blotted from earth, all this ever-changing splendor and glory and loneliness vanish from the world, and natural objects still retain all their other qualities; the grass might lose its emerald hue, and still preserve all its properties of sustenance for the lower animals; the flowers that encircle earth with a perpetual garland might lose their soft tints and rich fragrance, and the birds cease to chant through shadowy avenues and sunny fields, their ringing notes of joy; morning might lay aside its glo-

ries, and sunset be shorn of its splendors, and the night be no longer radiant with starry skies; and all this lovely world become one unbroken, sombre, monotonous waste, and yet no other quality, except its beauty, be destroyed. But how terrible would be such a blight! How illsome and wearisome would existance be in such a world! It becomes us, then, to continually remember that all this glory of earth and sky, of sun and moon and starry multitudes, of numberless sounds and forms and colors, that minister unceasingly to our happiness, is not a necessary quality of nature, but the beneficent gift of the Creator. Not only do we fail to keep this truth ever before our minds, but multitudes scarcely seem conscious of the existence of the beauty around them; they are wholly blind to it, or at least view it as "through a glass darkly." Day after day the morning flushes up the Orient: the imperial noon showers down its dazzling splendors, and sunset lights with its gorgeous pomp of purple and gold the clouds of evening, and men walk the earth in apparent ignorance of the resplendent spectacles exhibited above them; they tread upon a carpet more brilliant than ever came from the looms of the East, and over them bends a dome whose magnificence the wildest dreams of the architect can never equal; and they close their eyes, and murmur and complain of the hardness of their lot, of the rugged road, and the bitter drought, and the toiling and struggling and suffering of life, oblivious of all this unending, unspeakable loveliness and brightness. Oh, man! if thou wouldst but look up into the deep, deep heavens, the pure, blue, all-embracing heavens, and drink into thy soul its inexpressible, infinite beauty; if thou wouldst but go forth into the fresh green fields, radiant with the summer sunlight as with God's own smile and benediction, and wander by crystal streams singing a lyric song to the summer skies, or through the still seclusion of forest depths, thou wouldst feel and confess that life is not all shadow and gloom, toil and care, but that all about thee are scattered countless sources of the most exquisite and thrilling happiness.

Let us go forth to-day among the singing birds and babbling brooks, and join our voices with the grand symphony of nature. We will shout a more exultant psalm than ever resounded from Delphi's sacred precincts at the approach of Spring. Sappho's song of the olive groves of Colonus musical with the winged nightingales; Pindar of the Argive Nemea and the feathery palm; Euripides recounted the varied beauties of Messenian and Laconian lands, filled with silver-
voiced fountains, that mirrored in translucent depths the soft radiance of unclouded skies; and Ellan celebrated in glowing numbers the cool retreats and shady grottos of Temple's wooded vale; and shall we not go abroad upon the paths of nature, and lift up our voices in rapturous song? The day is serenely beautiful! How divinely blue the silent, breathless heavens: the leaves are all waving and pulsing in the warm air: the mountains stand dim and dreamy in the far distance: the hills stretch away in softened, undulating beauty, and the warm, golden atmosphere clothes all in a luminous veil. How cheerily ring the bird-notes through the woodlands! And the light wind, how it ripples the waving fields of grain, and murmurs through the forest. Did you ever think of it, that every tree that is now stirred by the wandering breeze gives out a sound peculiar to itself! Each tree has its own note, different and distinct from every other tree—its own individual part to play in the grand anthem of Nature. If your ear be sufficiently delicate and cultivated, you can learn to distinguish a tree by its own voice, as certainly as by the shape of its leaves and the bark of its limbs. Here we stand by a tall, sombre hemlock, whose dark shadow rests like a pall on the sunlit sward. Listen, as the wind blows, to its dense branches swaying with a sad unrest—there is no mistaking that voice. Hark, that deep, melancholy sound, like the far-off rushing of a mighty river, or the distant fall of waves on the shore. It suggests eternity, fate, death: we seem in the neighborhood of rolling waters, of an unseen ocean whose restless billows beat forever on barren, desolate sands.

I have often, when walking among the fields on soft sunny days, come upon a zone of hemlocks bordering the forest with their deep green, and suddenly a wind would sweep by, and the hemlocks would breathe out their melancholy wail; and it would be as if a cloud had passed across the sun, and darkened the joyous brightness—the laughter that fluttered on the lips would be instinctivelyushed, and I would be translated from the beautiful world around me to an ideal world of sorrow and gloom, where funeral processions moved on forever to cities of the dead, and the sound of Misericors and everlasting farewells alone disturbed the awful stillness.

But let us pass from out the funeral gloom of the hemlock's shade into the sunshine; and how exceedingly bright it seems—how fragrant the faint breath of flowers, and how liquid-sweet the laughter of the liquid brook. Once again a shadow falls across our path; but it is no longer now the deep, dense gloom of the hemlock, but one flecked with sunshine. And see, the violets and daisies are seen through the green grass, looking up with soft, meek eyes to the blue sky beyond. Now listen to the rippling flow of the light whisper that runs through the moving branches and pell-mell leaves of this graceful elm. No longer the deep, mournful wail of the hemlock, but soft, sweet whispers like the whir of innumerable wings.

I am foolish enough to believe that were not our eyes so dulled and blinded with this film of earth—this shadow of mortality that dims and veils the soul's brightness—we might see to-day shining visions of sweet angelic faces gazing upon us, and looking into the azure-eyed violets, putting aside the branches and smiling serenely upon us. It may be a foolish fancy, but it is nevertheless a beautiful and tender belief, that all this dreamy, luminous, golden air of summer is filled with beaming shapes of heavenly spirits, as you have seen in the Dresden Madonna of Raphael, where all the space around the Divine Mother and Child is crowded with divine, cherubic faces smiling brightly down upon the holy pair. Be that as it may, let us listen to the flowing whisper of the trembling leaves, the sigh of unseen wings, and watch the golden sunbeams slide between the waving branches. Look out over hill and valley asleep in the golden glory: see the warm air wavering and sparkling above the level stretches of meadow-lands. How remote and faint seem the soft blue mountains with their summits melting into the azure of the sky: hear the muffled monotonous of the brook murmuring down the vale. Let us, gazing over all this exquisite beauty, say with good old George Herbert, who sang in merry England in the summers long ago,

The bow of the earth and sky.

Think you that Italy, radiant land of Art and Song, has lovelier days than this; that her bright skies are bluer or softer than these azure heavens, so unspeakably beautiful? Do the breasts of Italian birds wear a deeper purple or a softer gold, or sing they sweeter notes than to-day are pealing and ringing with rapturous melody through valley and forest? Think you her flowers exhale a balmy incense, or her breezes blow with a more melodic murmur? No! I cannot believe that in all God's glorious earth there is a more beautiful land than our own.

But the wind is rising, let us move on to the forest yonder, and hear
all the trees together in their grand symphony—grander than any orchestra of earth. Here are all the trees: the graceful linden, and the stately maple; the lordly oak, monarch among trees, and the trembling aspen; the tall straight poplar, the lovely sycamore, the warlike beech; the drooping elm, trailing its branches to the ground, and the umbrous chestnut; the funereal cypress, and melancholy hemlock—a forest like that into which the lovely Una and her gallant knight and defender entered. And now let us listen to the mighty organ played upon by that famous old harper, the wind. The breeze goes sighing lightly by, and the aspen quivers all over with a muttitudinous whisper, while a scarcely perceptible rustle runs through the forest. Only the softer and lower notes are heard in this delicate prelude. But listen as the breeze grows stronger; now you detect the deep base note of the oak; and the sad refrain of the hemlock comes in, heard above the others, distinct, yet in unison, breathing out its mournful misereure. If your ear be sensitively responsive to all the innumerable varieties of sound in nature, and especially if you have cultivated it in reference to the sounds of different trees, you will possibly be enabled to distinguish, in this grand arboreal concert, the part which each one plays—the soft whisper of the elm from the sonorous bass of the oak and chestnut.

The wind rises, and see how the golden grain fields bow their bearded heads before it; and now the rustling reeds and waving grass at our feet join in. As the wind grows stronger every tree in the forest gives out its note: the pine, with all his tassels waving, the massive oak, with its sturdy limbs swaying and bending in the blast; the beech is all alive with sound, and the leafy limbs of the elm are sweeping the green sward. Mark how perfect the concord. All in unison—tree and reed and grass-blade all sounding full, clear notes, without a discord or a jar. And on unbroken flows the vast waves of sound, and stronger and louder grows the blast, increasing each moment in power and volume, until the mighty organ grows under the pressure. Is it not magnificent! How it roars, this river of sound! And the wind, now grown to a steady blast, is pouring in one continuous current over the forest, and every leaf and twig and branch breathes out its note, all uniting in the grand concord. Stronger and deeper and higher rises the swelling blast! Louder

yet, more sonorous and grand, grows the mighty symphony. How the blast roars and bellows through the vast forest! Every branch and limb is swaying and sweeping and gaweling in the storm. Is it not glorious, as it falls and rises and swells and pours in torrents of music! Amen, it rolls a moment, then rushes with the noise of many waters. And listen to the thunder’s deep sonorous accompaniment, chiming in with perfect harmony—hear that loud, prolonged roll as it dies gradually away with a low rumbling noise. And barks! that sharp, quick, rattling peal, as the quivering lightning splits, with a fury vein, the black and sombre storm-cloud, and hear it as it slowly fades away in hoarse murrinings. Observe how perfectly in unison with the forest music is the loud roll and the rattling peal of thunder. And now the blast is smiting the grand harp with increased strength, and summons from its countless chords a wilder and louder and deeper swell. How it roars and bellows over the land! and snaps with its terrible might the oak’s strong branches, that fall with a far-resounding crash. Fiercer it grows; louder yet; on and on it sweeps and rushes and pours with a stunning thunder through the bending and stooping and swaying forest; louder still; and above all sounds the deep funereal hum of the hemlock and cypress. There, what a blast that was! Higher and higher, up, up, louder and deeper, and more terrific, on in fury it sweeps and thunders! Is it not sublime, this mighty symphony of wind and forest—this awfully jubilant anthem of nature!

But the storm is now passing away, and only faint gusts fitfully play upon the forest harp. The sky looks so fresh and so divinely blue, and the grass so green; on every leaf and blade of grass a crystal drop is sparkling tremulously in the dazzling sunlight. Fragments of clouds are gathered in the west, awaiting the departure of the sun to receive his latest smiles. And now we have exhibited a spectacle whose splendor Claude Lorrain in vain attempted to transfer to his canvas—a revelation of glory and beauty which the poet’s stately and glowing numbers can only faintly shadow forth. Listen to the majestic music of Wordsworth’s grand lines in a description of sunset. There is nothing in the language can equal it:

"The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty City—boldly say
A wilderness of buildings—vast and far
And solemnly—drawn into a winding depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!"
The Worship of Nature.

Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster doors and silver spires,
And towers tươi and stately, as the waves,
Uplifted here, are raised in heaven's height.
In storms disposed; there, towers bright
With battlements that on their restless fronts
For stars—illumination of smiles.
By verdict nature had the spirit been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now: perished: ... **
Oh, Venus: an immortal sight,
Clouds, melted, shone, with seven rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all things, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, unmingled, mutually inflamed,
Mote in the mirror, and compared thus,
Each lost by one, that marvelous array
Of temple, palace, château, and castle,
Fantastic power of structure without name,
In lofty fields, veiled with empyrean cloud,**

These are the stately words of Nature’s own poet-priest, who
sought and found, in earnest and exalted communion with her works,
that noble and genuine inspiration which made his grand utterances
immortal. He communicated to his poetry a beauty and glory caught
from morning and evening and noon's imperial splendors. As
the prophet and law-giver of old-descended from Sinai's flaming summit
robed with a dazzling brightness caught from the ineffable glory of
Jehovah, this other high-priest returned from his communion with
Nature all radiant with her beauty. He found in woods and fields,
in rocks and streams, mountains and valleys, earth and sky, not only
an elevated and exquisite enjoyment, but the true source of high
poetic inspiration, the true Castilian fountain, whose waters possessed
more marvelous powers than did the one by which of old the Pythian
ministered. His description of a sunset is magnificent; but how far short
of the reality does it fall! See all the unspeakable glory that is unfolding
in the western skies, as the sunset splendors glow and fade
above the rosy mountain tops; the clouds are gathered in gorgeous
beauty about the setting sun, cloud on cloud, fold within fold, lit up
with a dazzling radiance, dyed with sunlight, and changing every
moment into newer and more replete beauties. In those illuminated
clouds, the poet's eye beholds the domes and spires and turrets
tall of some imperial city, whose streets are shining gold inset with
precious stones; whose palaces are framed with marble walls and
temples of alabaster, perfect as the Parthenon in its prime; portals

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of pearl and gates of sapphire, that turn on noiseless hinges, blazing
battlements girt with fire—bulwarks, and bastions, and citadels, all
red and glimmer in the dazzling brilliancy. And again, as the glorious
transformations go on, and scene after scene is revealed, and
the hillary clouds unroll and change from shape to shape, the sublime
spectacle changes from a city of unimaginable splendor, into glories
which the soul in its ecstasy approaches, but for which there is no
name. They have been revealed to his enraptured eye, but language
has no fit garment in which to clothe them and make them fully
manifest to others. He can only tell of pinnacles and towers

........... "in the clouds that pass,
Forever dreaming round a luminous sky," **

of terraces that stretch away above the mountain tops, of castles and
towers built in a burning sky, of domes and spires glittering in a
luminous atmosphere; but the reality, as revealed in ever-changing,
indescribable glory and brightness, must forever remain untold.

But while it can never be adequately described, it is within the
reach of every one to behold and enjoy. Few indeed ever realize
what an inexhaustible, unending world of beauty is ever over them
in "cloud-land, gorgeous-land." Let us only lift our eyes to the
glorious heavens, and see and feel their ever-varying beauty. There
is no need that you should cross the ocean and visit Italy, to behold
bright skies and gorgeous sunsets. I can but believe that the oft-
repeated, common-place raptures which some of our travellers put
into their books about the unsurpassable beauty of those Italian sun-
sets are nox periores nulli—feigned enthusiasm gotten up for the occasion,
an ecstasy which is all artificial and unfelt. Indeed Italian skies
do not wear a softer azure, or her sunsets display a richer
crimson or a more gorgeous gold than those of our own glorious
land. Let us then cease this forever longing for the beauties of other
lands, and learn to appreciate and feel those that continually reveal
themselves around and above us, and under our very feet. In what
Wordsworth calls the "mute company of changeable clouds," we shall
find the most delicate and exquisite enjoyments. Who has not,
when a boy, rested on the hill-top or plain, in the lush grass of the
meadow, upon crumpled cornelips and violets, and watched for hours
through the still summer day the wandering clouds, as they floated

slowly overhead, or melted into the blue of heaven! Oh, to be once more a boy, a careless light-hearted boy, bounding in exuberant gladness over the green hills, running through the flowery valleys and shady woodlands, lolling by placid pools, whose still depths mirror the serene heavens, leaping from bank to bank over babbling brooks, abroad in the fields from morn until night, rejoicing in health and strength, and perfect freedom, and a heart overflowing with an ecstasy of joy. Oh, youth! youth! Oh, serene heavens and fragrant fields, and days of unclouded happiness!

The sun has set below the fire-fringed summits of the mountains, and only here and there a light cloud floats slowly through the golden ether, like the islands of the bight of which Pindar sang. Small fragments of clouds are still crimson, and purple, and yellow; but their brightness toned down into a softer and more delicate beauty. Up to the zenith the sky is pale golden, and all nature is mellowed by the luminous air. As the evening advances, the twilight mingles its dusky with the darkness of night. And see overhead, the stars begin to falter forth one by one, until the blue dome is radiant with their tremulous splendor, throbbing and pulsing on the broad bosom of immensity. How beautiful is the night! Yes, beautiful exceedingly, with the multitude of stars. See the soft, sweet Pleiades, as they

Glisten like a crown of hildrens, twinkled in a silver band,

and Orion with his blazing belt and club uplifted high; far in the south Sirius beams with vivid splendor; and here, just over our heads, Arcturus shines with the same brightness that Job beheld in his afflictions; Mars, the star of strength and courage, stands with flaming shield, and Berenice's hair streams in golden waves; and there is that mysterious Harp whose immortal music resounds through the star-fringed courts of the enyprean—all bright with an undying glory. And is it not a grand thought that those are the same stars that sang together over the birth of creation; that stirred the psalm of Israel's King, and taught his harp a yet sublimner strain: the same eternal stars that Chaldee shepherds worshipped, shining on forever in beauty and glory? Make the stars thy companions and familiar friends, for they are constant amid every change.

Have you not, when far away in some distant land, where all was new and strange—when the heart yearned to gaze on one familiar face—worried out with the unending novelty, gone out into the night, and, looking up, suddenly seen there, smiling down upon you in their

still, serene beauty, those same bright stars that shone above you in boyhood? And what a gush of emotion welled through your whole being in such an hour! How childhood days came thronging back, when in the cool of summer evenings you lay under the old trees that stand around the homestead, and watched those same calm, soft stars twirling through the leaves, appearing and vanishing, flashing brightly in upon you as the light wind stirred among the whispering leaves—just as the great, solemn and beautiful truths of life have since then flashed in on your soul, when God's moving spirit has put aside the dense leaves of that vast, wide-spreading tree of Sin and Error, whose shadowy branches interlace between the bright strong light of truth! Was not Job right when he spoke of the "sweet influence of the Pleiades?" Do not all the stars shed a subtle influence upon us? Is it nothing that with them we associate some of life's strongest and holiest memories: that they stir within us the deepest and tenderest emotions; that their magnificence and glory, immortal and unfading, awaken in our hearts reverence, and adoration, and love for the Creator! Verily do they exert an influence on our lives.

The study and contemplation of Nature act as a very powerful stimulus to the imaginative and poetic faculty. In the present age, in our own country, there is nothing we so much need as some such stimulus. We are too intensely practical. The shrine we build and bow before, is to Utility. And again, we have strong tendencies to the worship of mere intellect. Let us do away with those false systems of education, whose sole aim is to fill the mind from earliest youth with nothing but scientific knowledge, nothing but facts; cultivating the reason exclusively, and ignoring entirely the imagination. The child's story-books are no longer now the tales of fairy-land, of marvelous adventures, of giants and spirits, and all those bright and wonderful denizens of the dream-world which fill the wondering mind of childhood with wildering joy; but in their stead useful and practical lessons are conjured up for their amusement. All those radiant and exquisite creations live no longer in the faith of children; but as soon as the child can read, he must have story-books that will stuff and cram his young mind with dry and dull scientific knowledge—thus, from the commencement, leaving the imagination wholly uncultivated. This is but an example of the spirit of the age, which deifies the practical and useful, and wholly ignores the poetic and imaginative—the spirit which was exemplified in the New Englander who saw in Virginia only a magnificent water-power for turning wheels and

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driving spindles. Let us strive against this pernicious philosophy of life, which would seek to annihilate the imagination, which Coleridge held to be the fountain of virtue, the source of all the benevolent affections.* Could this abominable system succeed, there would be blotted from our lives one of the profoundest sources of happiness. Imagination is the sun which irradiates, and warms, and vivifies everything; it sheds a glory and a beauty over all that is gloomy and harsh, and rugged in our pathway, lending brightness to all the occurrences of life, clothing the Past in radiance, and crowning the Future with a seductive and enchanting loneliness. And, what is better and higher and greater still, it arouses us to noble and lofty deeds; it creates a beautiful ideal which we strive to reach and imitate—and in the endeavor to realize the ideal, we advance step by step to a purer, and truer, and more exalted existence. Now the fervid and frequent contemplation of nature stimulates and cultivates in an eminent degree the imaginative in man—it opens within his heart new fountains of emotion; it widens and makes delicate all his sensibilities; it feeds and keeps alive the germ of all virtuous and benevolent affections which is in the imagination. Let us then learn to esteem that as peculiarly practical and useful, which expands the mind and opens the heart—let us learn to value and love everything which contains in it beauty and truth.

Let us close this article with an appeal to the reader to study and worship Nature more and more; to seek in her the means of happiness; the sources of pure and elevating enjoyment; the expansion of the intellect, and the softening and beautifying and embellishing of the whole spiritual being. And as the highly poetical and imaginative Greek peoples all nature with divinities, and saw in every stream a maid, in every fountain's depth a nymph, in green pastures the frolic fauns, so in the contemplation of the beauties and wonders of the external world, learn thou, also, to see in every object the Divinity. Accustom thyself to behold Nature as the manifestation of the power and glory and goodness of God; and learn to regard all this magnificence and beauty and splendor as an evidence of what is in store for us hereafter, as but faint glimpses of the revelation of glory which will usher the soul into the eternal world; for we know that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.


Musings.

It is twilight; and everybody knows that twilight is no time for work; everybody has noticed how, at this hour, fading daylight refuses to unite with profane lamplight, and makes the sickly, yellow flame look as if its business were merely to be seen, and not to render visible. In fact, we feel perfectly justified in ignoring books, until the first twinkling of heaven's lamps shall suggest the propriety of lighting our own; and in sitting here on our piazza to enjoy the view of the western sky, where the sun has just sunken to rest, and in allowing our thoughts to be carried about with the piled-up clouds, which are now crowned with gold, now clothed in royal purple, and now reluctantly give up their borrowed splendor and change to sullen gray. Change—that is a familiar word; we hear it every day; it is constantly passing from mouth to mouth around the globe, and ever since day and night were made to succeed each other, all Nature has been echoing back the sound. Change is the vital principle of Nature; nothing is created, not an atom is annihilated, but

"By ceaseless action, all that subsists."

The flowers of spring grow up and fade and fall, to grow again after another winter's snows. The tender blade that peeps above the ground, and looks so fresh and green, is not a new creation; its germ was in the buried grain; the blade is the product of the earth and air, and nourished by these it grows up, and in its turn goes to furnish sustenance to man. Even the proud form of man must bow before the universal law; it crumbles into dust to enrich the soil that shall support succeeding generations. Who can tell how near is his kinship to the Indian whose ashes may have waved over his grave in the summer corn?

But the power to change is not the prerogative of the King of Terrors: Nature

"speaks
An infant's pause, and fires but while she moves."

Seven years are enough to re-create our bodies. Constant waste is going on, and with every throb of the heart new particles are sent out in the currents that go coursing through the arteries and their countless ramifications to supply the place of the old.
MORT.

A lesson for the one who has past!
Let your laurels be spread
Over the grave of the dead;
Though cold be his form and low be his head,
He will rule to the last—
For his spirit shall float on the limitless river
That flows around this world forever.

Mourn not for the one who has gone!
He has written a name
In letters of light and in letters of flame,
And the nations all, with loud acclaim,
Shall hear the shout of victory won;
And the stars that gleam in the measureless blue
Shall emblazon his praise in their holiest dew.

What remains to the coward but grief?
Though pulseless the breast
And lowered the crest
Of the honored dead and beloved best,
In this thought of all ye may find relief,
That the heaven of time has added a star
To the myriad lights which shine afar.

Let the voice of this great sorrow be heard
Till the mournful yew and the stately palm,
Waken to life from their natural calm,
And vocal with the sacred psalm,
Through all their trembling foliage stirred—
Over the lyre let the night-winds in melody flow,
And more all its strings to expression of woe.

Ah! tears are the jewels of the heart!
In the worth of a noble nature set:
Though they cannot redeem, they may soften regret,
In this mutable world they may come a time yet,
When the gold of Ophir, and amber and jet,
And gleaming tara, and caracot,
Are bought to the Gilead balm they impart,
As bursting from a stranger eye,
Or joined by friendship with a sigh,
They soothe the soul with sympathy.

L. L.
We may settle the question as to whether the political parson or the
minister whose whole department and conversation prove him a faithful
disciple of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, more effectu-
ally fulfills the duties of his calling, by an appeal to our own con-
sciousness. While we are invariably repelled by the priestly
intermeddlers in partizan affairs, we never fail in respect to him
whose conscientious discharge of his high and holy office commands
the attention and confidence of even irreligious men.

From the clergy, let us proceed to the philosophers. The very
appellation of the individual belonging to this class—philosopher—a
lover of wisdom, indicates one whose business and pleasure it is to
acquire wisdom by calm, diligent investigation.

This is heaven-wide from the calling and the object of the
politician. He acknowledges “no criterion but success.” The
philosopher must be spoiled as much before he can be good for any
thing as a politician. The motto of the philosopher is, Truth
wherever found; that of the partizan is, All’s fair in politics, every
thing is right that succeeds. The union of the two characters in one
person is manifestly incompatible. The God of Providence appears
to have laid his interdict on the philosopher turning politician; and
hence we find that the transformation is seldom or never followed by
success, if we apply that term in its grosser sense, as meaning re-
putation and money. Locke, the greatest metaphysician of his own,
perhaps of any age, made a miserable botch and failure, in attempting
to frame a constitution for South Carolina, the only political work,
so far as we know, to which he ever applied his hand. Bacon, the
prince of philosophers, by the baleful alchemy of political ambition,
was transmuted into the basest of placemen. Addison was a mere
cipher as a statesman, at best; and Gibbon, the historian of the
Roman Empire, was but a walking character on the political stage,
though a member of the popular branch of the British Legislature
at one of the most stirring periods of British history. Sir James Mack-
tintosh was doubtless a philosopher of the first grade; he became a
parliamentarian, like Gibbon, and made a far more respectable figure
on the legislative arena. Yet his most partial admirers admit that
he was wholly out of his element amid the stormy waves of politics.
Brougham is, we conclude, at once an able forensic orator, a profound
statesman, and a majestic philosopher; but we consider it demon-
strable that he would have effected far more as a philosopher and

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literary man, if he had confined himself to his noble vocation, like
Newton, and Humphrey, and Dick. This course in life is like John-
son’s style of writing, fit for nobody but himself. His immense ver-
satility of talent, animated and propelled by his iron will, enables
him to do fifty things which it would be presumption in ordinary
mortals to attempt. No pigmy could succeed in walking in the
 giant’s seven-league boots. In our own country, Franklin stands in
the foremost rank of philosophers, and he was at the same time one
of the most capable and successful political managers, applying that
term in its most respectable sense, to the public affairs of our revolu-
tionary period. He was not, strictly speaking, a literary man,
though a facile, pure, and agreeable writer. But he was a worthy
devotee of science, and a true philosopher. He was a politician, just
as Washington was a soldier, not from ambition, not from choice, but
from the force of circumstances, from necessity, from patriotism, and
only for a limited time. He never was a politician in an unfavorable
sense of the term; never a partizan, making politics a business with
a view to gain, as the Ephesian craftmen made shrines of Diana.
His party embraced all his countrymen, or rather the liberty-loving
of all nations. The fact, then, that the patriot philosopher became
the able diplomatist, the judicious, influential delegate in Congress,
and the faithful, efficient, cabinet officer, does not militate in the
least against our position. Poets appear to fare still worse than phi-
losophers, if possible, when embarked upon the stormy sea of politics.
Milton, who took a violent stand on the popular side in the civil war
which began in the reign of King Charles I., might have lived to
enjoy personally the reputation and honors which in his case were
almost entirely posthumous, if he had placed in the hands of the
armies of the estate of the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, or
had directed his own genius to the cultivation of literature. The
patriot, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, and the man of
learning—each in his degree—an equal contribution to public
affairs. He is the man of letters, who has no business but the service
of his country. The genius of Milton was a literary genius, the
man of letters, who could have written the Roman de la Bruylle
and Sir Philip Sidney’s Arcadia, before he turned his pen to the
jurisprudence and politics of the days of Charles II.

Now we honestly submit that Milton would have effected far more
for humanity and have left even a greater literary reputation, if, instead of submitting to be a scribe of faction, writing elaborate justifications of the execution of his lawful sovereign, and covering the usurper, who put that sovereign to death, with adulation, he had striven to exert all the humanizing influence which could be attached to the literary character, in allaying the rage of the party strife and in bringing the different parties of his warring countrymen to sheathe their swords and to hold out to each other again the paternal hand. Steele would have risen far higher as a poet, and saved himself half the miseries of his life, if, while mingling freely and pleasantly with men of all parties, like Pope, and at a later day, like Scott, he had contented himself with an occasional quiet avowal of his political opinions.

The English philosophers and poets of the eighteenth and especially of the nineteenth centuries, appear to have acted in the matter of politics in general, more prudently and happily than their brethren of earlier days. Herschel, Breuer, Barry, Rogers, Scott, Campbell, Byron, and Moore relied for reputation and success, not on the support of any party of their countrymen. With no remembered exceptions they refused to play the jackal to the lion of party, and the good fruit of their course is witnessed in their augmented fame and in the applause of the great body of their countrymen. In our own country, where there are more frequent, perhaps longer demands than in Great Britain for every man to show his political colors, we are happy to observe that our scientific and literary men have commonly kept aloof from the din and the pollution of partizan contests. At the South, especially our clergy, our collegiate professors, and literary or scientific men are seldom found abandoning their high vocations for partizan pursuits and objects. Remove a few exceptions at the North, and the remarks will apply to the body of our literary countrymen. There is very little talk about the politics of Baylitch or Longfellow, Henry, Agassiz or Lient, Maury; Everett, a politician once, was a very mild and courteous one. As a politician he must already be spoken of in the poet tense. As a tasteful, ornate, yet impressive scholastic orator, he has few peers in this country, and is still wearing his laurels in all the freshness of their beauty. Now, although he may have performed his senatorial duties, or cabinet duties in an unexceptionable manner, who that regards the literary interests of his country can fail to regret that the twenty years polit-