

LITERATURE.

TO MISS L. B., SYDNEY.

Fair as the rose not fully blown,
Without one faded leaf:
He who makes such a flower his own,
Must live in the belief
That he is blest. If woman can
Aught that is good impart,
'Tis thine to make some happy man—
To fill some vacant heart.

Could I each feature truly show,
Without the pencil's aid,
The light and shade should freely flow
From Byron's "Hebrew Maid,"
Where every charm is sweetly blent—
Harmoniously combined—
By which a noble spirit lent
An index to thy mind.

The innate beauties of thy mind
Are shadowed o'er thy face;
The reflex of a soul refined,
By every heavenly grace.
'Tis bliss to come within the light
Of countenance so fair:
Where I could live both day and night,
When once permitted there.

While rambling through delightful bowers,
In many a fragrant shade,
In Virtue's paths I find the flowers
Whose beauties never fade.
While Love and Virtue still remain,
Though Time all nature scars,
These all the powers of youth retain,
Through life's last fleeting years.

Though sheltered by the faithful arms
Of each parental tree,
Who loves to see a daughter's charms
Expanding—virtuously;
May Heaven protect thy youthful days—
For ever watch o'er thee:
Unless good angels guard our ways,
We're ne'er from falling free.

When thou mayst leave thy happy home,
To make some other so,
Some wanderer then will cease to roam,
Except ye wish to go—
May every power defend from ill,
One formed so faultlessly.
Happy—I wish thee happier still,
If happier thou canst be.

July, 1847.

SCHOOL OF ARTS LECTURES.

THE most powerful ally of Revealed Religion, is Natural Theology. To the wondering gaze of the unenlightened savage, the sublime appearances of creation seem divine, and inspire those feelings of adoration and worship, implanted in the breast of man by the Supreme Architect of the universe himself. The mythology of all ages, and of every country, proves that the first religious impressions were prompted by the feelings of awe and wonder induced by such natural objects as appeared beyond the vulgar comprehension. And no object is so capable of exciting these feelings, as the sun. Need we wonder therefore, how general was the worship paid to the great luminary of the world? As the most glorious and magnificent of visible objects, and at the same time the most useful and necessary, being in fact the vivifier of the globe, ushering in the day, and leading the seasons in its train; by its presence disseminating light and heat, recalling the world to the active duties of life, and clothing the earth with beauty and fertility—can we be surprised that the sun was adored as the Divinity by many barbarous nations, and that the Persians, in an advanced state of civilization, worshipped it as God, and even in some provinces at the present day still continue to do so! Among the Greeks and Romans especially, this deifying of natural objects was carried to a great length. Not only the more stupendous and important of natural appearances received divine honours, but even rivers, mountains, brooks, and hills, received some sort of religious respect. In an age more enlightened, the philosophic mind does not halt at the threshold, and invest brute matter with divine attributes, but passing from the work to the author,—from the material existence of matter to the spiritual Creator—looking from Nature to Nature's God, it fulfils the highest, the noblest office of reason,—it leads the soul into the presence of the Eternal Mind, there to bow before the majesty of Omnipotence in unceasing adoration.

Beyond the mere ascertained existence of a Deity however, Natural Theology cannot go far. True it may reveal some of the attributes of God, it may render manifest his power, his wisdom, and his goodness; but it cannot reveal those sublime mysteries, of which, without the aid of Divine Revelation, we should ever be ignorant. And for this reason, no system of religion based on nature alone, can be perfectly satisfactory. But as an invaluable adjunct to Scripture, indeed as a proof of the divine inspiration of Holy Writ, and as a ready means to combat and confute the unnatural doctrines of Atheism, Christianity has in its effectual application, received much and valuable assistance from Natural Theology. Its importance must therefore be apparent to all, and the diffusion of information upon so interesting a subject peculiarly desirable.

And there has been no lack of expounders and interpreters of the mute language of the universe. Nature in every department of its operation, presents innumerable proofs and instances of design; and that design evidently the contrivance of most exalted intellect and most consummate skill. That there must be an omniscient and omnipotent Creator, whose handiwork the sun, moon, and stars are, is as indisputably demonstrable, as that the houses which we inhabit were constructed by the builder. The existence of a God can be proved either by inductive or hypothetical ratiocination. The former is however the method most usually adopted, and although in such abstract reasoning, we cannot deduce infer-

ences with the exactness of the mathematician, still we can prove the probability to be so infinite that it would be the height of absurdity to question its correctness. That the earth revolves upon its axis, few people of sense will be found to deny—yet we have not mathematical certainty to uphold the theory. We have the choice of two theories—the one, which is the more probable, that the earth revolves round its axis; and the other, which is infinitely less probable, that the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars revolve round it. The simplicity of the former, and the cumbrousness and unlikelihood of the latter, render the one infinitely probable, and the other infinitely improbable. But the man who could be found to uphold the latter theory in preference to the former, we should look upon as bereft of common sense. By hypothesis, however, the existence of the Deity can also be proved, that is, by first taking it for granted that there is a God, and then proceeding to discover whether nature refutes or strengthens this supposition. The Atheistical poet, Shelley, who exclaims in the enthusiasm of his unbelief—

All Nature cries aloud, "there is no God,"

in his speculations on creation substitutes Nature for God, unconscious while he did so, that he was recognising the very principle which he endeavours to condemn. Call the genius that regulates and presides over the machinery of the world what you will—Nature, Chance, Fate, or Jehovah—it is still the same. Different creeds may apply different attributes to the spirit of the universe, yet all recognise some divine agency, impelled by that innate consciousness of a superior being which forms part of our moral man, and that irresistible evidence which the works of nature afford to the most careless observer. All the ingenious theories that have ever been invented, can never remove the belief in the first great cause of all things; and, like the philosopher of old, who, when his preceptor taught that the world was formed from Chaos, inquired, "And Chaos whence?" so must the inquiring mind mount always still higher and higher, till through the labyrinth of laws and systems it arrives at the true, the divine origin of all things. Having proved the existence of the Deity, the next thing that must engage the attention of the inquirer are his attributes as displayed in his works. The most apparent of these is, his power. This is the first reflection that must strike the eye of the observer. What but Omnipotence could have constructed the mighty framework of the universe? And nothing less than Omniscience could have displayed such wisdom in the infinite adaptation and contrivances apparent in creation.

The writers upon this subject, so momentous and interesting, have been both numerous and talented. Ray, Addison, Paley, and many others, have written valuable treatises on this science of Natural Theology; and more recently the munificent bequest of the late Earl of Bridgewater, has been the means of enriching the world with six separate books upon this subject, by six of the greatest geniuses of the age. And it is gratifying to observe that in this remote part of the world, amidst the worldly duties and avocations devolving upon us, we can still find some time to bestow upon such a subject as the present, some portion of our study and attention.

These remarks have been elicited by the delivery of a lecture upon this subject, in the Mechanics' School of Arts, on Tuesday evening last, by J. B. Laughton, who had previously delivered a lecture upon Elocution, in the same place this season, with some *eclat*.

Mr. Laughton commenced his lecture by apologising for delivering a lecture upon a theological subject, he being only a layman, but we think this was perfectly unnecessary, as his interesting exposition of the science proved.

The science of Natural Theology is usually divided into three portions, namely—physical, metaphysical, and moral. To these divisions is sometimes added a supplementary one, which may be styled the prospective. The first professes to demonstrate the existence of the Deity by deductions from observations upon the external world; the second by an analysis of the internal world, or the mind of man; and the third by the evidence of his moral feelings. The prospective portion of the science professes to discover in the present system of things, evidence of a future state of rewards and punishments, and has by some writers been included in the moral division. Mr. L. confined himself in the present lecture, to an explanation of the first portion, and adduced proofs of a Creator, and evident design in the mutual adaptation of things; by referring to the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, the law of gravitation, and the relative size of the ocean: instances, which, the lecturer observed, were familiar to every one, and the harmony and agreement of the details of which, would be sufficiently evident to all.

Travels in the Interior of Brazil, principally through the Northern Provinces and the Gold and Diamond Districts, during the Years 1836-41. By George Gardner, F.L.S., Superintendent of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Ceylon. Reeve.

THE style and structure of this volume are scarcely such as might have been expected from a graduate in one of the learned professions. Peculiarities of language often obscure the meaning. This is to be regretted, for the matter of the book is excellent. Mr. Gardner having visited Brazil to prosecute researches in natural history, principally in the department of botany, a large space is devoted to the result of this pursuit; but he had eyes for matters beyond his professional sphere, and what he saw he has repeated truthfully, and with discriminating judgment. His travels are an important contribution to our knowledge of Brazil and the state of society there.

The first year of Mr. Gardner's residence in that country was spent in Rio Janeiro and the immediate neighbourhood. After a flying visit to Bahia he proceeded to Pernambuco, where he made some stay, diversified by a voyage up the Rio San Francisco and to Alagoas. He next repaired to the province of Ceara, in the interior of which he resided some time, making excursions in all directions. From Ceara he proceeded to Piahy. In Oeiras, the capital of that province, his progress westward was stopped by an insurrection: he therefore turned his course to the south-west, and wintered in the province of Goyaz. He returned thence to Rio through the gold and diamond districts; and after a short residence in the capital returned to England, touching at Maranham in the way.

These devious courses led our traveller into some of the northern provinces of Brazil, of which little or nothing is known in this country, and with which, nevertheless, as seats of the cotton and sugar cultivation, it is highly desirable that our acquaintance should be extended. Of course precise statistical details of the industry and produce of these regions are not to be expected from a naturalist busied with his own avocations; but the shrewd discernment of Mr. Gardner, and his happy solution of salient points, have enabled him to present such an accurate and lively picture of the general character of the country and its inhabitants, as, in the absence of authentic statistics, may enable us to judge of their value as commercial allies much better than the fragmentary guess-work which is often too much relied upon. In his way from the interior of Ceara by Piahy to Goyaz, Mr. Gardner only once crossed the route of Spix and Martius from Bahia to Maranham: and his observations in the interior are recommended both by the novelty of the field, and the extension they give to our general notion of the structure of that almost unknown country.

Mr. Gardner observes that the most important commerce of Brazil centres in Rio, and that the exporting marts decrease in consequence as you travel northward: Bahia, Pernambuco, Ceara, and Maranham having each an inferior and regularly decreasing amount of business. His incidental remarks upon the districts through which he passed, show that not only the commerce, but the regulated and productive industry of Brazil centre in the provinces immediately adjoining Rio. The systematic and successful cultivation of coffee seems confined to the provinces of Rio and Espirito Santo. The hilly region of Ceara, nearly at the other extremity of the empire, though admirably fitted by nature for the growth of coffee, draws the greater part of what it consumes from Rio. In Minas Geraes, the interior province next adjoining to the provinces of Espirito Santo, is now the seat of scientific money enterprise. It is only in these three provinces that we find systematic attention paid to the construction and maintenance of roads, bridges, &c. All the rest of Brazil—San Paulo, Goyaz, and the northern provinces—are the seats of a rude, scrambling industry; thinly sprinkled with centres of a more civilised society, such as Bahia, or, to a less extent, Pernambuco and Maranham. Rio, Espirito Santo, and Minas Geraes, are the nucleus of the empire—the seat of its concentrated wealth and power. The remaining provinces are, to this old settled country, what the "far west" of the United States is to New England and the rest of the sea-board provinces.

The society of the three *civilised* provinces of Brazil has, in addition to that general likeness to our own modes of life which is found among all old settled communities of European origin, a still closer resemblance; owing to the preponderance of new immigrants from Europe among that energetic and wealthy class which naturally takes the lead. The most enterprising and successful planters and miners are of new European families—Swiss, German, French, and English; and at all the principal marts of Brazil, the trade is principally in the hands of English merchants. Brazil, in fact, might easily be made by common courtesy, and common justice, a colony of England which would cost the mother-country nothing.

The growing activity and prosperity of Brazil are owing almost exclusively to the immigrants. The country has been entirely revolutionised; the old ascendancies have been struck down and withered. Whatever is of Portuguese origin bears traces of decay and impoverishment. A few adventurers have sprung from wealth and influence; a few old families retain in the remoter provinces their old importance; but, for the most part, power has passed into the hands of the new-comers. Brazil presents at this moment the spectacle of a young and vigorous society springing up among the *debris* of one outworn; as the young vegetation of spring shoots up among the dead leaves and rotten branches with which the storms of the preceding winter have encumbered the ground.

In a country so circumstanced, it is to the provinces most remote from the seat of empire that we must look for original characters and peculiar manners. Even in his hurried visits Mr. Gardner has caught some happy sketches. One of the most interesting is that of the Barão de Pamahiba, not inaccurately designated the Francia of Piahy. The monarchical tendencies of the Brazilians, and perhaps the (comparatively) denser population of the country, have prevented any of the local leaders from isolating his province as Francia did; but the Barão is what France might have been, had Buenos Ayres possessed a central government strong enough to hold the states of La Plata together.

The back-woods of North America have been found favorable to the growth of Mormonism and to the excesses of camp meetings and revivals. In the secluded districts of Brazil also fanaticism flourishes; though it is there characteristically tinged by the traditions and temperament of the nation which has peopled them. The following narrative is from the official report of the province of Pernambuco. The events took place in 1838:

It is now more than two years since a man, called João Antonio, an inhabitant of Sitio de Pedra Bonita, a place about twenty leagues from this town, surrounded by woods, and near which are two large rocks, called together the people, and told them, that within those rocks there was an enchanted kingdom which he was about to disenchant, and that immediately afterwards King Don Sebastian would make his appearance at the head of a great army, richly adorned, and that all who followed him would be happy. He went on beautifying this place till the month of November of last year, when at the recommendation of the Missionary Francisco José Corre da Albuquerque, he made a journey to the desert (Sertão) of Inhamon, whence he sent back one João Pereira, a man of the worst passions, who on his arrival at Pedra Bonita, proclaimed himself King, and began to instil superstitious notions into the minds of the people telling them that for the restoration of the enchanted kingdom it would be requisite to immolate a number of men, women, and children; that in a few days they would all rise again, and remain immortal; that riches would abound among all classes, and that all those who were either black or of a dark colour, would become as white as the moon herself. In this manner he brought over many of the ignorant people to believe in his false assertions and evil doctrine, so much so, that some fathers delivered over their children to the knife of the sanguinary tiger.

On the fourth of the present month, he began his sacrifices, and in the course of two or three days, not less than forty-two human beings gave up their lives under his hands, twenty-one

being adults, and twenty-one children; he also married every man to two or three women, with superstitious rites in accordance with his otherwise immoral conduct, this also being part of his idolatry; the result, however, was to him melancholy, for Pedro Antonio, brother to João Antonio, the promulgator of these ideas, becoming impatient of this madness, or perhaps ambitious of becoming King himself, determined on assassinating him, which he carried into effect on Friday the seventeenth. It was on this day that the inhabitants, flying from place to place, gave notice of the proceedings to the Commandant Manoel Pereira de Silva, who immediately collected a small force of twenty-six national guards and countrymen, and setting out the following day, they met near the place, Pedro Antonio crowned with a wreath of flowering creepers taken from his predecessor, and accompanied by a group of men and women, who cried aloud—"Come on, we do not fear you, we shall be assisted by the troops of our kingdom."

"They then advanced upon them with the bludgeons and swords they carried, killed five soldiers, and wounded five more; but being briskly attacked, twenty-six men, and three women, were instantly killed; and three men, nine women, and twelve children were made prisoners. The remainder, many of whom were wounded, fled to the woods."

That strange people, the Gipsies, have found their way to Brazil, without laying aside one of the peculiarities which distinguish them in the old world.

One day, near the Serra de Araripe, I passed an encampment of Gipsies consisting of about a dozen men, women, and children; these people are not uncommon in the interior of Brazil, for I either met with them, or heard them in almost every town I visited; they are generally disliked by the common people, but are encouraged by the more wealthy, as was the case on the present occasion, for they were encamped beneath some large trees near the house of a Major in the national guards, who is the proprietor of a large cane plantation at the foot of the Serra; although of a darker color, they have quite the same features as the Gipsies of Great Britain, many both of the young men and women being very handsome; they seldom come near the large towns on the coast, preferring more thinly inhabited, and consequently more lawless districts; they wander from farm to farm, and from village to village, buying, selling, and exchanging horses, and various articles of jewellery; like those of Europe they are often accused of stealing horses, fowls, or whatever they can lay their hands upon; the old women tell fortunes, in which they are much encouraged by the young ladies of the places they visit. Although they speak Portuguese like the other inhabitants of the country, among themselves they always make use of their own language, always intermarry, are said to pay no attention to the religious observances of the country, nor to use any form of worship of their own; they are called Ciganos by the Brazilians. Just about the time that the Gipsies made their appearance near Crato, one of my horses was missed from his pasturage, and it was strongly suspected they had carried it off, but in this instance at least, they were wrongly accused, for I have good reason to believe that the person who made free with it, was a Fazendeiro who was very anxious to purchase it from me only a day or two before it was stolen, just as he was on the eve of returning from Crato to his Engenho many leagues to the westward.

But we must not leave the reader to suppose that everything in the remoter districts of Brazil is grotesque in feature, or equivocal in morality. Mr. Gardner speaks in no lenient terms of the mass of Brazilian priests, but he has a beautiful picture of one of the order:

Padre Marcos de Araujo Costa is well known throughout the north of Brazil, not only for his intelligence and learning, but for his excellent moral character, and benevolent disposition; and during the eight days I lived in his house I had ample opportunity of verifying the truth of these accounts; if all the priests in the country were only half as active, well-informed, and as anxious for the diffusion of education as he is, the condition of Brazil would soon become very different from what it now is, and what I fear it will long continue to be, in the present state of things—the activity of this old man, for he was then upwards of sixty years of age, was quite surprising, and his philanthropy was not less so. As the means of education in this large and thinly populated country comes only within the reach of a very few, he has regularly for many years past been in the habit of boarding and educating in his own house, free of expense, twenty boys, till they have acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Latin language, and the elements of philosophy and mathematics; he is himself an excellent scholar, and possesses a pretty extensive library of classical and philosophical books; of botany and natural history he knew enough to render these subjects an amusement to him; in his library I found nearly all the works of Linnæus, those of Brotero, and the rare one of Vandelli on the plants of Portugal and Brazil, which latter he kindly presented to me; he holds no living in the church, contenting himself with the quiet and retired life of a cattle farmer, and devoting his leisure hours to the education of his pupils.

Mr. Gardner speaks favorably of the general treatment of slaves in Brazil. And incidental notices in his book show that the extravagant prejudice of colour which prevails in the United States, is unknown in that country. In no part of the United States could we find a black man occupying the position in which Mr. Gardner's sketches show them placed in Brazil. There is, in short, more hope for the negro in Brazil, polluted as its soil still is with the presence of the African slave-trader, than the United States whence that trader has been banished. The Anglo-Norman race have ever been in the haughtiest and most callous of slave-owners; and the slave-breeding interest will be found more difficult to put down than the slave-stealing interest.

Characteristics of Men of Genius; a Series of Biographical, Historical, and Critical Essays. Selected, by permission, chiefly from the North American Review. 2 vols. London: Chapman, Brothers. 1846.

THE literature of America, even in its highest forms, is at best a far-off imitation of the literature of England. In the periodicals, the original poverty of the country is most conspicuous. We have here a remarkable illustration in two volumes of excellently written essays, discovering considerable talent in the art of presenting a subject agreeably, and exhausting its conventional points, without developing a single new view from first to last. Whether the extensive cultivation of reviews and magazines may or may not have the effect of weakening the general character of a national literature, and of intercepting its profounder manifestations, we are not now called upon to consider; but it is curious, *en passant*, to note the suggestive fact, that when the great minds of antiquity were working miracles for the world, the world was innocent

of quarterlies, monthlies, and, with humility we add, hebdomadals.

There is more grace than strength in these essays; more form than spirit. The very chastity of expression helps to render them feeble. This is a common fault with the most distinguished of the American writers. They think it incumbent on them to pick their steps in print; to come out with a scrupulous air of prudery and reserve; and they hold the worst offence of all to be an offence against certain notions of delicacy which betray a horror, not so much of immodesty as of the suspicion of it. In the midst of all this sensibility want of taste is manifest everywhere. Good taste is no more an American virtue than strength of character on the side of morals.

The selections in these volumes have been made with a view to one object—the illustration of the characteristics of genius. This design appears to be quite clear to the editor; to us it conveys an idea so vague as to be perfectly illusory. It acquires, however, a more distinct and intelligible shape when we come to the catalogue of articles—Gregory VII., Pascal, Dante, Petrarch, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, Michael Angelo, Canova, &c. Here we have tangible themes. We are sure, at least, of hearing something, new or old, upon the genius of men with most of whom we have the pleasure of enjoying an intimate acquaintance in our libraries.

As in all such collections, there is great inequality. The articles are partly biographical, and partly critical, and are executed for the most part, carelessly and superficially. A few passages we have marked for extract will sufficiently indicate the general character.

In a sketchy paper on Shelley some topics are introduced which had been better omitted; not that it is desirable to shun such inquiries, but that it is impossible to do justice to them in this way. The unfitness of the writer to deal with such large questions may be inferred from this very bald and singularly opaque passage:—

As a poet, Shelley is not so popular as some others who have less merit. His immoderate love of allegory has rendered his style in many places obscure and cold; the metaphysical cast of thought does not supply to sensibility the excitement it craves from poetry; the long and lofty flights of his imagination tire the wings of duller fancies; while the occasional morbidness of his muse, together with his frequent attacks upon the established order of things in church and state, have sometimes repelled from his page the subjects of delicate feelings, and the friends of ancient observance.

We do not pretend to understand the problem which is sealed up in the last sentence. But the writer does more justice to himself and his subject in the following glance at a leading characteristic of Shelley's poetry. It is a pity, with all this sense of Shelley's imagination, he has so little of his own:—

Love of the beautiful was another characteristic of Shelley's genius. No eye was quicker to detect, or slower to turn from, the beauty wherein, according to his belief, consisted the divinity of things. The beautiful in the forms, colors, motions, and sounds of the external creation; the beautiful expression in the human face divine, and in the face of nature; the beautiful in language, thought, character, and life, was his constant study and supreme delight. For the cultivation of this native delicacy of taste, he devoted himself, as all poets should, to the study of the poetry of Greece. Sensibility to beauty was the characteristic trait of Grecian genius. It was beauty that the Greeks sung of in verse, beauty they sought in architecture, beauty they cut out from marble. Nor were their orators, historians, or even philosophers, wanting in this means of gaining the ear of their countrymen. Native to the soul of Greece, beauty overspread all her art, literature, and even life, as it did her vales, and isles, and seas, and skies.

There is a capital paper on Goethe—and a true one as far as it goes. "The world," says the writer, "was to Goethe an arena or a studio, but not a temple." The realization of the character of Faust in that of Goethe is a suggestion which lets us into a part of the mystical and unsatisfactory nature of the poet:—

Had Goethe entered upon practical life from the dictate of his spirit, which bade him not be a mere author, but a living, loving man, that had all been well. But he must also be a man of the world, and nothing can be more unfavorable to true manhood than this ambition. The citizen, the hero, the general, the poet, all these are in true relations; but what is called being a man of the world is to truckle to it, not truly serve it.

Thus fettered in false relations, detained from retirement upon the centre of his being, yet so relieved from the early pressure of his great thoughts as to pity more pious souls for being restless seekers, no wonder that he wrote—

Es ist dafür gesorgt dass die Bäume nicht in den Himmel wachsen
Care is taken that the trees grow not up into the heavens.

Ay, Goethe, but in proportion to their force of aspiration is the height!

Yet never let him be confounded with those who sell all their birthright. He became blind to the more generous virtues, the nobler impulses, but ever in self-respect was busy to develop his nature. He was kind, industrious, wise, gentlemanly, if not manly. If his genius lost sight of the highest aim, he is the best instructor in the use of means; ceasing to be a prophet poet, he was still a poetic artist. From this time forward he seems a listener to nature, but not himself the highest product of nature, a priest to the soul of nature. His works grow out of life, but are not instinct with the peculiar life of human resolve, as Shakspeare's or Dantes are.

Faust contains the great idea of his life, as indeed there is but one great poetic idea possible to man, the progress of a soul through the various forms of existence. All his other works, whatever their miraculous beauty of execution, are mere chapters to this poem, illustrative of particular points. Faust, had it been completed in the spirit in which it was begun, would have been the Divina Commedia of its age.

But nothing can better show the difference of result between a stern and earnest life, and one of partial accommodation, than a comparison between the Paradiso and that of the second part of Faust. In both a soul, gradually educated and led back to God, is received at last not through merit, but grace. But O the difference between the grandly humble reliance of old Catholicism, and the loop-hole redemption of modern sagacity. Dante was a *man*, of vehement passions, many prejudices, bitter as much as sweet. His knowledge was scanty, his sphere of observation narrow, the objects of his active life petty, compared with those of Goethe. But constantly retiring on his deepest self, clear-sighted to the limitations of man, but no less so to the illimitable energy of the soul, the sharpest details in his work convey a largest sense, as his

strongest and steadiest flights only direct the eye to heavens yet beyond.

Yet perhaps he had not so hard a battle to wage as this other great poet. The fiercest passions are not so dangerous foes to the soul as the cold scepticism of the understanding. The Jewish demon assailed the man of Uz with physical ills, the Lucifer of the middle ages tempted his passions; but the Mephistopheles of the eighteenth century bade the finite strive to compass the infinite, and the intellect attempt to solve all the problems of the soul.

But the whole truth is not exhibited here. Goethe's life was a blank—so far as human progress was concerned. He never advanced it a step. Körner, who fell in his youth in a great cause, did a thousand times more for human advancement than Goethe. This is the difficulty with Goethe, whose capacious intellect demanded in its own justification larger efforts, wider sympathies, and more practical issues.

There is an article on Peter the Great which imperfectly recognises the real claims of the autocrat upon the admiration of posterity, and otherwise commits strange blunders and contradictions; but the closing passage is worth a little space. It refers to his laborious efforts and their final triumph in the founding of an empire, and renders a sort of tardy and surly justice to him in the end:—

It was because his country was inhabited by slaves, and not by a people, that it was necessary, in every branch of his great undertaking, to go into such infinitesimal details. Our admiration of the man's power is, to be sure, increased by a contemplation of the extraordinary versatility of his genius, its wide grasp, and its minute perception; but we regret to see so much elephantine labor thrown away. As he felt himself to be the only man in the empire, so in his power of labor he rises to a demigod, a Hercules. He felt that he must do everything himself, and he did everything. He fills every military post, from drummer to general, from cabin-boy to admiral; with his own hand he builds ships of the line, and navigates them himself in storm and battle; he superintends every manufactory, every academy, every hospital, every prison; with his own hand he pulls teeth and draws up commercial treaties,—wins all his battles with his own sword, at the head of his army, and sings in the choir as chief bishop and head of his church,—models all his forts, sounds all his harbours, draws maps of his own dominions, all with his own hand,—regulates the treasury of his empire and the account-books of his shop-keepers, teaches his subjects how to behave themselves in assemblies, prescribes the length of their coat-skirts, and dictates their religious creed. If, instead of contenting himself with slaves who only aped civilization, he had striven to create a people capable and worthy of culture, he might have spared himself all these minute details; he would have produced less striking, instantaneous effects, but his work would have been more durable, and his fame more elevated. His was one of the monarch minds, who coin their age, and stamp it with their image and superscription; but his glory would have been greater if he had thought less of himself, and more of the real interests of his country. If he had attempted to convert his subjects from cattle into men, he need not have been so eternally haunted by the phantom of returning barbarism, destroying after his death all the labor of his lifetime, and which he could exercise only by shedding the blood of his son. Viewed from this position, his colossal grandeur dwindles. It seems to us that he might have been so much more, that his possible seem to dwarf his actual achievements. He might have been the creator and the lawgiver of a people. He was, after all, only a tyrant and a city-builder. Even now, his successors avert their eyes from the West. The city of his love is already in danger from more potent elements than water. New and dangerous ideas fly through that magnificent western gateway. When the portal is closed, the keys thrown into the Baltic, and the discarded Moscow again embraced, how much fruit will be left from the foreign seeds transplanted? When the Byzantine empire is restored perhaps we shall see their ripened development; the Russians of the lower empire will be a match for the Greeks who preceded them.

Still, we repeat, it is difficult to judge him justly. He seems to have felt a certain mission confided to him by a superior power. His object he accomplished without wavering, without precipitation, without delay. We look up to him as to a giant, as we see him striding over every adversary, over every obstacle in his path. He seems in advance of his country, of his age, of himself. In his exterior he is the great prince, conqueror, reformer; in his interior, the Muscovite, the barbarian. He was conscious of it himself. "I wish to reform my empire," he exclaimed, upon one occasion, "and I cannot reform myself." In early life, his pleasures were of the grossest character; he was a hard drinker, and was quarrelsome in his cups. He kicked and cuffed his ministers, on one occasion was near cutting the throat of Lefort in a paroxysm of drunken anger, and was habitually causing Prince Menzikoff. But, after all, he did reform himself, and in the latter years of his life, his habits were abstemious and simple, and his days and nights were passed in labors for his country and his fame.

It is difficult to judge him justly. Perhaps it would have been impossible to have planted even the germ of civil, or even social, liberty in such a wilderness as Russia was at his accession. It was something to lift her ever so little above the waves of barbarism, where he found her "many fathoms deep." He accomplished a great deal. He made Russia a maritime country, gave her a navy and a commercial capital, and quadrupled her revenue; he destroyed the Strelitzes, he crushed the Patriarch, he abolished the monastic institutions of his empire. If he had done nothing else, he would, for these great achievements, deserve the eternal gratitude of his country.

Louis the Ninth—the last Crusader—occupies an article, which is pleasantly written; a sort of historical summary of the events of that period of Christian enthusiasm, of which Louis the Ninth may be regarded as the hero. The manner in which he entrapped his nobles into the expedition to the Holy Land is thus related:—

At Christmas it was usual for the king to give to the gentles in his service new dresses. Louis invited his followers to meet him on that day at an early mass before it was yet light. They came willingly, and each as he entered received a dress at the door, given in the king's name, and which he was requested to wear at the ceremony. All of course complied! On bended knees, with bowed heads, around the altar, they listened to the services of the church, in the dim waxen twilight. By and bye the rays of the morning struggled through the darkness and the censer-smoke, and for the first time friend looked toward and smiled on friend. And in all faces there was surprise; some looked blank, some fearful, some merry; what meant all this dumb show? It meant this. On each shoulder stood, indelible, the red cross. And as the secret became evident, and they awoke to the truth, that with their new cloaks, the pious monarch had bound them to the crusade, anger, grief, trouble, joy, and wonder, in varied combinations, spoke from the silent faces of the group of courtiers, in the midst of whom stood silently the grave, calm, kindly king.

The final effect of the perusal of these essays is not favorable: