

them frequently and unceremoniously, which he willingly promised to do, and though Mary had had but little agency in the success of the day, she congratulated herself that things had gone off so well, a result which she seemed to imagine to have been chiefly from the effect of her own exertions. This mistake Frank was good-natured enough to make no attempt to remove, and in this pleasant delusion we shall leave her for the present.

F*****

(To be Continued.)

7305 pay

1848 149

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

One of the deepest mysteries in the Ancient Greek Philosophy, is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—the metempsychosis, as it was called. According to that doctrine, the soul of man moved forward, from body to body, in the drama of this world. The soul which was Euphorbus at Troy, was afterwards Pythagoras, the wonder-worker of Greece. While one day musing in an Argive temple, the spirit, then in the body of Pythagoras, saw and knew upon the wall, the shield it had worn at the siege of Troy, when it was in the body of Euphorbus. "Clypeo Trojana refixo tempora testatus." And the mystical Sage professed that some rays of memory of those grand old days at Troy actually broke in upon him, there in Argos, after the lapse of full five hundred years:

*Iipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.—Ovid.*

We shall ever believe that there was more of the soul, if not the body, of truth, among those noble old lovers of the spirit's mysteries, than there was among the Hobbeses and the Humes and other Dry-as-dusts, their scoffers, in modern times. As wild a thing as this metempsychosis seems to be, it is easy to show, that, like several other things which satyrs and sadducees had hooted away, and which deeper, humbler souls are bringing back, it takes its rise from among the very crystals around the fountain of human thought. Its germ was truth; and although its growth became excrescent, yet it still continued to tell a certain truth to all meditative minds. The following passage by Sir William C. Smith, late Baron of the Irish Exchequer, a man of a very highly cultivated and philosophic mind, probably describes the very mystery of human nature which gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis with the Samian sage, and to

that of all knowledge being but the memory of a pre-existence as taught by his great disciple Plato:

"In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be permitted here to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own! I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which in the very place, and in the very words, with the same persons, and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state."*

The biographer of the Irish lawyer says, that the fact of such mysterious appearances is beyond all question in minds of a peculiar constitution; and goes on to give a conversation not long since had with another distinguished member of the Bar, a man not very prone to airy fancies, who said that, "once when shooting in a remote part of the county of Cork, which he had never till then visited,

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—This striking passage from Baron Smith seems but another form of expressing what Sir Walter Scott has so finely suggested in the person of Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. The reader will perhaps recollect the train of thought in which Bertram indulged on revisiting the castle of Ellangowan. A resemblance so remarkable could scarcely have been accidental. We quote from *Guy Mannering*, in the opening of the 41st chapter:

"Why is it, he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted,—Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers nor the subjects, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!"

them frequently and unceremoniously, which he willingly promised to do, and though Mary had had but little agency in the success of the day, she congratulated herself that things had gone off so well, a result which she seemed to imagine to have been chiefly from the effect of her own exertions. This mistake Frank was good-natured enough to make no attempt to remove, and in this pleasant delusion we shall leave her for the present.

F*****

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

One of the deepest mysteries in the Ancient Greek Philosophy, is the doctrine of the transmigration of souls—the metempsychosis, as it was called. According to that doctrine, the soul of man moved forward, from body to body, in the drama of this world. The soul which was Euphorbus at Troy, was afterwards Pythagoras, the wonder-worker of Greece. While one day musing in an Argive temple, the spirit, then in the body of Pythagoras, saw and knew upon the wall, the shield it had worn at the siege of Troy, when it was in the body of Euphorbus. “Clypeo Trojana refixo tempora testatus.” And the mystical Sage professed that some rays of memory of those grand old days at Troy actually broke in upon him, there in Argos, after the lapse of full five hundred years :

*Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.—Ovid.*

We shall ever believe that there was more of the soul, if not the body, of truth, among those noble old lovers of the spirit's mysteries, than there was among the Hobbeses and the Humes and other Dry-as-dusts, their scoffers, in modern times. As wild a thing as this metempsychosis seems to be, it is easy to show, that, like several other things which satyrs and sadducees had hooted away, and which deeper, humbler souls are bringing back, it takes its rise from among the very crystals around the fountain of human thought. Its germ was truth ; and although its growth became excrescent, yet it still continued to tell a certain truth to all meditative minds. The following passage by Sir William C. Smith, late Baron of the Irish Exchequer, a man of a very highly cultivated and philosophic mind, probably describes the very mystery of human nature which gave rise to the doctrine of metempsychosis with the Samian sage, and to

that of all knowledge being but the memory of a pre-existence as taught by his great disciple Plato :

“In connection with the phenomena of memory, may I be permitted here to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me, and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own ! I mean that strange impression, which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind, that the scene now passing, and in which we share, is one, which in the very place, and in the very words, with the same persons, and with the same feelings, we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensations, and is one which will occur where in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ears, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of a conversation had in the olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the spectral resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash of reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror the dark reflection of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state.”*

The biographer of the Irish lawyer says, that the fact of such mysterious appearances is beyond all question in minds of a peculiar constitution ; and goes on to give a conversation not long since had with another distinguished member of the Bar, a man not very prone to airy fancies, who said that, “once when shooting in a remote part of the county of Cork, which he had never till then visited,

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—This striking passage from Baron Smith seems but another form of expressing what Sir Walter Scott has so finely suggested in the person of Bertram in *Guy Mannering*. The reader will perhaps recollect the train of thought in which Bertram indulged on revisiting the castle of Ellangowan. A resemblance so remarkable could scarcely have been accidental. We quote from *Guy Mannering*, in the opening of the 41st chapter :

“Why is it, he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted,—Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence ? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination ? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers nor the subjects, are entirely new ; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place !”

he reached a certain spot which he had the most distinct remembrance of having seen before—the hills—the trees—the river—the old tower; in fact, every thing served to satisfy his memory."

And if one should take this fine piece of metaphysical analysis in his hand, and visit the parlors of the best cultivated and most reflecting characters from the Potomac to the Roanoke, a wager could hardly be lost on his finding more witnesses to its truth than he would find Hobbists and Humists to scout the grand old mysteries. And the witnesses for it would weigh more, as well as number more, than those against it. An hundred men would say, each of them, that he had an hundred times had the same experience;—that in passing some country-seat with its avenue of tall trees, or in coming upon some wild striking scene by a sudden turn of the road, or in looking out from the window of a stage-coach unpremeditatedly, in places he was visiting for the first time, he had caught "that momentary flash of reminiscence," that "dark reflection of times past."

This is perhaps the truth which is at the bottom also of some of the most mysterious things related of Cornelius Agrippa, the German magician of the fifteenth century; especially of what was said to have occurred on the occasion of his meeting with the poet-earl of Surrey, at the court of the Elector of Saxony. Among many other eminent men present was the famous Desiderius Erasmus. All wanted to see some famous man of the past, presented to view by the power of his art. One wished to see Plautus; another Ovid; but the wish of Erasmus prevailed, who desired to see Tully in the act of delivering his oration in behalf of Roscius. It is said that the Roman did appear, and did deliver the oration *just as we have it*, with such gestures and animation and spirit that the audience were ready again to acquit Roscius by a unanimous verdict. The truth that is in the marvel is perhaps this. The very soul of Erasmus had been nourished and brought up on the genius of Tully. The same was probably true of others, perhaps of all, in the company. It is plain in the very terms of the story that they were all lovers of the new classic learning which was then just fairly beginning to brighten the spirit of Europe. The magician may have struck "the electric chain" of their memory by means not more abstruse than those known to be in the employment of mere leger-de-main, so as to produce an impression of the presence of a scene upon which their thoughts were turned, and which their own deep anxieties were assisting him to present. At least Erasmus could without great difficulty dream he saw and heard Tully, and the others would not wish to have seen or heard less than the learned Herr Erasmus. It is to be well noted that the exhibitions of Agrippa to his various customers were always those persons of the past upon whom the deep passions

of the spectator ran—the dead object of love—the scenes of some splendid work of ancient genius—the object which genius or ambition emulated. He is said to have had an interview with the Wandering Jew, that interloping outlaw of modern romance, in which he shewed to the fascinated soul of that being, the eastern maiden whom he had loved in his youth, under a palm-tree by a fountain somewhere in the East. Sir Thomas More was a great lover of the new Greek learning, and Agrippa shewed Sir Thomas More the destruction of Troy in a dream. By-the-by, it was a dream which a Sir Thomas More of this day would count it no great marvel to have without an Agrippa, provided he had spent the preceding day and evening deeply wrapped in the Iliad. To Thomas Cromwell, the Magician showed Henry VIII., and a bevy of Lords, hunting in Windsor forest. And to Charles V., of Germany, a man ambitious of a sort of glory which came not swiftly enough upon him, he showed David, Solomon, Gideon and the Nine Worthies, in their appropriate dress. See Godwin's *Lives of the Necromancers*.

These men, it is true, Agrippa and Pythagoras, had much of what we should now term *humbug* about them. Yet they probably felt some mysterious but true laws of the soul more strongly than other men. The Greek was evidently a man of the deepest idiosyncrasies. Emotions which in other men show no great prominence, because they are balanced and counteracted, were probably the daily governing impulses of his mind. The world as he saw it, was not the calm world of spirits with which, though it is invisible, yet other men, indeed all men of meditative habits feel that they live and move and think in contact. But it was the world of spirits exhilarated with some ethereal drink of Spirits, and dancing in wild revelry on some Grecian Walpurgis Night. Consequently there was a monstrous deal of overacting in his life. There was as much overstatement in his philosophy. The golden apples are almost undiscoverable in the redundancy of the thick many-hued foliage. May we not here turn Pythagorean, or Agrippist, for a few chapters, and feel and live along the chain which binds us to the past?

*

Congora, in one of his odes calls the river of Madrid, "the Duke of Streams and Viscount of Rivers."

Mançanares, Mançanares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo,
Estois Duque de Arroyos
Y Visconde de los Rios.

my intention of leaving was communicated to my kind hostess.

"Can't you stay? Must you go?" she enquired.

"Certainly must," I replied. "The great world calls me, and though I expect to act in it but a small part, that small part must be acted. We have talked with travellers; but it's time for me to become a homeward pedestrian. Accept my best thanks, and my souvenirs will always return to your quiet home when summer is uttering its deep and loud voices."

"Adieu, then," she said. "Adieu—but come again."

"I will," was my reply, "*si vita supersit*."

And now, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh—

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon—
My scrip of joy—immortal diet—
My bottle of salvation.
My hope of glory—Hope's true gage,
And thus I take my Pilgrimage."

Ringwood, Va.

SPIRIT OF SLEEP.

BY MRS. E. J. FAMES.

Oh gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse;—
How have I frightened thee, that thou no more
Wilt steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Shakespeare.

I

Spirit that hidest 'neath thy brooding wing
The many-million woes and cares that spring
In man's harsh path by day,—
Thou who dost fold Earth's tired ones to thy breast,
And on their heavy eyelids softly rest,
Chasing their cares away:—
Thou whose sweet ministry o'er the silent world
Is felt—where'er thy pinion is unfurled,
Oh! unseen spirit! say,
By what enchanted spell—what magic sign
I, too, may hope to make thy blessings mine?—

II.

Spirit of universal Nature's rest—
Refresher of the frame by toil oppress,—
Or lingering illness bow'd.
Sweet influence that is ever, ever woo'd
Both for the restless mind, and languid mood,
For the hopes and fears that crowd
Into our little life, and through the day
Prompt us to rise, or struggle as we may,—
How shall the weary-bow'd
And weary-hearted win thy bland caress,
O, thou! that hast such holy power to bless?

III.

Spirit! I seek thee in the solemn night—
Through the long watches, till the morning light,
I seek thee, but in vain!
The clear calm stars and moonbeams on me shine,
They bring no calmness to this heart of mine—
No quiet to this brain;
But pale and anxious, by sad thoughts oppress,
I turn and toss, 'till morn (O! welcome guest,)
Bringeth the light again:
And then, once more I close my drooping lids,
But memory still thy soothing reign forbids!

IV.

Spirit invoked, oh! vainly: thou hast not
The power to chase the shadows from my lot;
The gift is not with thee!
But one, who hath been called thine *elder-brother*,
Who soon or late all human woe doth smother—
Will be more kind to me.
He will not scorn this sinking heart's appeal—
Which hath no sorrow but his touch can heal
Most sure and lastingly.
Spirit! no more thy presence I compel,
But turn beneath his shadowy wing to dwell!
New York.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER SECOND.

It would be a rich fruit indeed of spells and enchantments, a noble crown of mystical lore, could we call up the men of the olden time, whose spirits should give us living light upon the grand old cities, their arts, their poetry, their every-day thoughts and ways of life. Could we evoke, for instance, some man who had lived at Athens in her grandest days, who should appear not awaking from three and twenty centuries of dreamless slumber, but knowing the present, remembering the past, and bearing in his one spirit the scenes, and events, and thoughts, which man evolved in the intervening years, it would be truly a glorious shade. The real shades of the men of Athens, like those of other men, have entered into that immortality not of earth, of which their half-inspired Plato dreamed. But there is also an earthly immortality of which men speak, not altogether in a figure; and shades which, whether in fact or in figure, inhabit those earthly immortalities. And even here, "farther west than his sires' islands of the Blest," such an one may not disrespectfully be invited to give us at least the shadow of light upon things of old.

"I come. You shall hear me if you will hear. Let your spirit fly far backwards in the long journey of the marching years. Of a distant age, of

times when a different light lay on the spirit of man from that which I now see upon it, and of a distant land, you shall hear if you will hear. At Athens I was Theophaustus. My birth was in Lesbos, the land of Sappho. I first saw Athens just after the day of Mantinea, when Epaminondas fell in the greatest glory of all the Greeks. The Athenian warriors had fought against the Theban that day; but the Theban had beaten the Spartan wing, not the Athenian wing; and as the news of the fight spread in the marble city, its mercurial men highly extolled the great dead Theban as comparable even to their own Pericles, inquired briefly of the battle, gave a few words of pity and regret to their own dead who had fallen there, and rushed to a drama of Euripides' at the theatre. Pericles had been dead nearly seventy years. Since he was taken away, the disastrous close of the Peloponessian war, the reign of the Thirty, and the liberation by Thrasybulus had come and gone. Iphicrates and Chabrias were the leaders of the State in its new freedom; but they were not sons, hardly were they effigies, of Pericles. Had you compared them to him in the Agora, some aged man with his braided hair surmounted by the Golden Cicada, mingling in his tones, sadness, reproof and a sense of triumph in the old times, would have shown you Pericles in the field; would have told you how the eloquence of Pericles inspired thoughts so lofty and heroic, that the people called it Olympian, and said it thundered; would have described to you the scene when the throneless and now childless old statesman came one day into the Pnyx into the public Assembly, where the fickle Demos had a little while before fined him fifty talents; how the crowd saluted him with deeper reverence than ever, and sobs of contrition burst from the whole Assembly; how they all earnestly entreated his forgiveness, and by one sweeping vote re-invested him with all authority in the State. 'That,' he would have said, 'was indeed a man.' Zeuxis and Parrhasius were men when Pericles was a boy. Phidias, the sculptor, was near the same age as his great patron, and died less than one Olympiad before him. And of about the same age was also Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. I myself, in the latter years of my life, saw Praxiteles, who came from Italy and wrought in Parian marble instead of the Pentelican which had been chiefly used before. These were the men of Athens of that grand day, which was just before my day, in the arts which shed glory upon outward life. I saw their works about the city—the canvass of Zeuxis and the marble of Praxiteles at the portico of the Poecile, which caused one to feel on entering and looking around, as if he had entered Jove's richest hall on Olympus,

and found a conclave of the brightest gods and goddesses sitting together consulting or enjoying in their tranquil blessedness—the Propylea with the widely beautiful temples on its wings—the statue of Minerva Promachos within the enclosure of the Acropolis, lifting her tall crest and spear-point so high as to be visible to sailors at sea farther off than Sunium—and to crown all the works of glory, as it crowned the Acropolis, there stood the Parthenon itself, and within it the gold-and-ivory statue of Minerva by Phidias. There was a robe of beauty about these things, a seeming life and meaning and language which spoke to the soul as you gazed, and most clearly to the highest soul, which nothing but the sudden breaking out of a vernal sunbeam on an Attic landscape could illustrate. It was a city then in which an hour's walk in the common haunts of the citizens, sent dreams of ideal loveliness into the soul fairer than men of all other ages and climes have since attained to form or to conceive.

"Such beauty in the outer world singing its daily song to the eye and to the imagination,—almost indeed singing to the ear—was sure to breed its kindred things in the inner world of man. It is true, indeed, that Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, had all passed away. But though dead, yet they were still speaking to the Athenians in the theatre. And by feeding the spirits of men with the intellectual beauties they were prepared to taste, the tragedies were preparing them, by the mystic and prophetic strains of the choruses, for higher things yet to come. From such a cradle, in such an age, PLATO came; and none less than Plato would have been a worthy offspring. I, a school-boy, was sent from Lesbos to be his pupil; and I saw him first seated in the grove of the Academy, venerable with more than sixty years of age, surrounded by a crowd of the young nobles of all Greece, modestly professing to teach them merely the philosophy of the murdered Socrates, yet bearing away his auditors, their heads inclining to him and their countenances lighted with rapture, in the flights of a genius which all felt to be of far more nervous wing, and higher soaring and keener eye than that of Socrates. Some years after my coming, there came also, one day, from the city of Stagyræ to school there, young ARISTOTLE, a gentleman of the most accomplished manners, scrupulously elegant in his dress, contrary to the maxims of the first Academy, and of a sort of inexorable justness of thought, which led him often to scruple at the loftier visions of the poet-sage. This finally made his house a rallying point to those members of the Academy in whose minds the rational and reflective understanding was stronger than the poetic faculty; and was the nucleus of the

school on the other side of the city in the grove of the Lyceum:—but not until after the death of Plato. For twenty years Aristotle lived with his master, beloved by him, and by him called *"the mind of the school."* I became a member of that school in the Lyceum called Peripatetic; and finally succeeded Aristotle as its head. From this new location, between the city walls and Mount Hymettus, on the South-eastern side of the city, being not far from the theatre of Bacchus, we could hear every night the plaudits of the people, and the soft wild chorus of flutes, causing us to feel that Athens was learning rapidly to speak to the ear in music, and clothe in sound the mystic joy, and love, and aspiration of mortal life, as she had before spoken to the eye and the imagination, and the reason, by sculpture, and poetry, and philosophy. Then it seemed to us that the beam of light was perfect, having all its prismatic rays, and was pure and clear white. But it was not yet so; there was yet another earthly ray to be added; another yet different from that beam from the Higher God which was to shine on another city, far eastward of Athens, and which Plato foresaw and longed to see with open vision, and which he said some greater Socrates, descending from a city above, even higher than that of the Olympian deities, was to visit the earth to bring down.* There was yet another ray to come beside that. A young orator whom I had known a short while as a senior school-fellow at the Academy was the next year hissed from the Bema of Athens. For some years he had been lost from public sight. Few cared to inquire what had become of him. Of those who spoke of him at all, some said he was taking private lessons from an actor who professed to see a jewel in him; and others that he was living in a cave by the sea-shore, declaiming in greater anger to the angry waves. But suddenly one day there came a tremendous shout from the Public Assembly. It was the day on which the repeal of Leptines' law came up for discussion. This man, making an invidious distinction in favor of the descendants of Harmodius and Aristogiton, had proposed and carried a heavy tax on every other citizen of Athens. Young Demosthenes had reappeared that day; and seizing on the occasion which gave full scope to his favorite passion, as well as the favorite passion of his audience, the pride of Athenian glory, he overwhelmed Leptines in an oration *"on the Immunities of Athenian citizens."* With such an orator as he proved himself to be on this and on other occasions, when even the schools of philosophy went to hear him, not excepting the snarlers of the Cynosarges them-

selves, we felt that the beam of the intellectual light of Athens was complete.

"Yet fair as was that shining city, it is not the mere preception of its wonders which chiefly returns to me now of the reminiscences of that Athenian life of mine. Although I have stood in the Propylea when some grand procession of citizens of all classes and ranks, clad in mystic or triumphal dress in honor of Minerva, was about to pass through, and seeing the bronze valves of the five gates fly suddenly open, have felt the force of the exultation of Aristophanes:

'Shout, shout aloud of the view which appears of the old
time-honored Athenae,
Wondrous in sight and famous in song where the noble
Demos abideth,'

when the grandeur of the Parthenon burst upon my view;—although from one of the hills of Hymettus, I have looked upon the city in distant view, on a fair day, when it seemed as if a bevy of the Spirits of the Blest had descended to nestle and abide there;—although I have gazed and wondered for hours at the Poecile and in other porticoes of the artists;—although in listening to legends of Pericles or in hearing an oration of Demosthenes, I have had visions of civil grandeur brought before me of great magnificence; even although I have gone along with some chorus of Euripides in the theatre, or some rhapsody of Plato in the grove, to the highest reach of their soaring powers of invention, yet it is the response to these things in the depths of my own soul which now arises to my view rather than the bare memory of the things themselves. The arts of Athens sprang from certain primitive fountains of the love of beauty in the human soul. They did not create those fountains, as some suppose; but were born of them. And as offspring is like parent, as face answers to face in a glass, as the sky which appeared beneath the waters at Sunium was the image of the sky which glided over Attica, so were the arts of Athens the images of the love and the dreams of ideal beauty in the souls of men. And our souls respond in flashes of inward light and glory to their own image in their own offspring. It is those flashes of light which now return upon me in connection with the grandeur of Grecian life, rather than the memory of the scenes and perceptions themselves which were but the connecting chains by which the inward and the outward world held communion. And flying from life to life, those gleams of inward light pass down the stream of life in devious and wonderful ways. As a poet of the race which is, in the modern

* Plato's Alcibiades, lib. 2.

world, what the Greeks were in the ancient, has said :

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come."

[Wordsworth.

STANZAS.

I looked on the sun as he sank in the west—
Not a cloud overshadowed his beam;
But calmly he shone from the place of his rest,
And brightly expired with a gleam.

And, while 'neath the curtain of eve his last ray
Was still on the far-rolling wave,
He fled like a spirit when passing away
Beyond the sad gloom of the grave.

As calmly he poised on his pinions of light—
And left, as he faded from view,
Such smile as a heaven-bound spirit would write
On his clay when he whispers—adieu!

There came o'er the earth and along the blue sky
A beauty as tranquil as sleep,
And the soft, balmy dews on the breeze that moaned by
Seemed hovering angels to weep!

How calm was that hour! as calm as if Death
Had reigned o'er the land and the sea—
For the dash of each wave, and the moan of each breath
Spoke but of repose unto me.

The green earth around me was yet smiling on,
Though its luminous spirit had fled,—
And soft from the sky the evening-star shone,
Like the hope that remains for the dead!

The hues of his glory soon vanished away,
Pursuing the Sun in his flight,
While, swift on the track of the fast-fading day,
Flew darkly the shadow of night.

The reign of deep silence came still o'er the scene—
Scarce aught save a murmur arose,
Of the faint-breathing zephyr, that told how serene—
How pure the untroubled repose.

It seemed that the angel of peace had descended,
And all with his spirit had blessed;—
The thoughts that rushed darkly within me were blended
With hopes of a heaven of rest!

Soon thus—did I think—will the cares of this life
In the stillness of death be no more,
And the storms, that attend us with tumult and strife,
Forever be hushed in their roar.

The sorrows that gather so dark shall be past,
The cares that our pleasures would drown—
And all shall be peaceful—he tranquil at last,
When brightly the sun shall go down!

F. D. & H.

Bolivar, Tenn.

THE RECOLLECTIONS Of another Elderly Gentleman.

BY LAUNCELOT WAGSTAFF.

When the Countess of Blessington's very agreeable book first appeared, a number of good people determined not to be amazed, because the variety of her hero's entanglements seemed to them both unnatural and improper. I, on the contrary, belonged to that small and unhappy class, who fancied that she had not done entire justice to the capacity of the human heart. Looking back from my mellow autumn, through a sweet summer, to a pleasant spring, I recalled more adventures of that sort, than her amiable hero had encountered. Not all indeed were as successful. It is my misfortune to remember having chased several butterflies, which, after keeping me breathless with haste, anxiety and expectation, left me, cap in hand, a sad spectacle of their triumphant escape from the projected capture. But yet, on the whole, I have had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success; and as the pleasing delusion of being dearly loved, has never in my case been purchased by the misery of the fair lady who did me that honor, my reflections have not been disturbed by any phantoms of remorse for a little innocent amusement.

The instance that I am about to relate is of that kind which derives its chief character from the intention of the man who plays the part of tempter. As I certainly had no satanic design in view, nor dreamed of expelling the fair Eve, at whose ear I sat, from that position which through sheer necessity she was constrained to regard as a paradise, I bespeak the silence of all good people as to the heinous character of my offence. If the tranquillity of my conscience, reflecting at this day upon the whole affair, be regarded as any proof of innocent intention, my conduct must be looked upon as lamb-like in the retrospect.

In the year—, no matter what, I found myself

Swept as a thing of naught from out their sterile plain,
Thy city, thy glory and thy throne have passed away for-
ever—

Leaving but the dim reflection of their meteor light,
As eternal warnings on the devious highway of Ambition.

E. T.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Accounts which seem entitled to credit say that sometimes the dead, in what is called the vampire state, are found, weeks and months after interment, with undecayed flesh, cheeks of life-like color, the old skin sloughing off like that of a serpent in early summer, and new and fresh skin forming underneath, as if the body were preparing to come out of the grave for another life on earth, or as if some mysterious power of nature were sporting in images of resurrection, in types and shadows of the future history of the grave. Perhaps this is a mere superstition. If it is not, it is one of the many things in heaven and earth yet not more than "dreamed of in our philosophy"—a mysterious *vis vivida* able to exist still in the house of death; a strange power that can beard the old Stygian lion, corruption, in his very den. May it not be regarded as a just emblem of some of our Piedmont landscapes?—In these landscapes the parts of many a hill-side which are not furrowed with ghastly red gullies, are covered with ash-colored and worthless grass, which "withereth before it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." The slight waves into which it is indented by the winds of autumn, seem as grinning mockeries of the waves of golden grain to be seen in other fields far away. Its complexion is that of the old skin of the dead. Too often there are no signs of the new robes of green springing up at its roots. Too often it is the mere and only robe of an unreviving decay. Not spring with all the revelry of the days of vegetable resurrection, nor the sunshine of May and June, nor the showers of mid-summer, which seem almost to gladden the earth to its core, can awake in it the greenness of life. Such fields are desolate indeed when skirted and spotted with ragged thickets of dwarf oak and pine. But in some regions the pines have ceased to be dwarfs. They stand as uniform in height as if they were a harvest growing to be reaped by the scythe of some Titan or son of Anak. Even in the desolation of winter there is an indescribable charm in the deep

green of their evergreen foliage. Like the cheeks of the vampire, they seem to triumph over winter and desolation, in retaining still that color which is the livery of summer and of Nature's life; and which has doubtless been chosen for that livery on account of its gratefulness to the eye, and may it not be added, on account of its mysterious charm for the spirit of man. A writer of very great genius locates one of the most fearful crimes which his own or any other pages unfold, under a "bare, wan and giant-like tree" surrounded by a ghastly wilderness and dead hedges. Who can tell what would be the social character of the men of this earth, if for one half-century, summer should fail to give foliage to the woods and flowers to the earth, leaving the trees gaunt and unsightly, the gardens undorned?

In regions where the pine groves are lofty and of uniform height, scenery is sometimes to be met with, which, if we saw things at home with as deep a spirit as we dream of things afar away, would probably be thought not to yield to "Arcadia's rocks and pines" in power over certain emotions of the mind. The flooring in such a grove is more uniform than in other woods as it is covered with the spears of the foliage which has fallen. And when in addition it is carpeted with pure snow, and gleams of sunshine, on days fairer and far more blessed than was made by that grand "Sun of Austerlitz" which so deeply impressed the mind of the French Cæsar all his after life, mingle with the canopy above, making a rich vault of green and gold, and then fall sparkling on the floor of snow, and pour the varnish of an ineffably soft golden light over its surface of pearl, it is a scene fit for brighter beings than we; suggesting thoughts of things not realized in this life; perhaps a fit place of conclave for those pure visitors of earth which a dreaming poet has described, apparently with some such scene in imaginary view:

"Look! look! in the shade of that grand old tree,
What a glorious group is collected there,
Who move like the streamers of light which we see
In Aurora's strange night-scenes in northern air.

Or like winter-day sunbeams at noon in the grove,
As they reach through the boughs to the snow beneath;
Or as dreaming we image the spirits of love
Whom the light and the glory of heaven enwreathes.

As men in Elysium enchanted, they stand,
And their forms seem the models of heroes sublime,
Their faces how radiant! how peerlessly grand,
And their bearing how nobler than beings of time!

For they are indeed spirits who here had their birth
And were righteous, and now live in glory above,
Whom heaven has allowed to revisit the earth,
• And enquire for awhile of its light and its love.

Now they hear and they see, not as we of this world,
 But whole cities and states from their chosen arcade
 They distinctly can hear, and see, plainly unfurled,
 By the change in their senses which heaven has made."
 (Anon.)

Agriculture has not contributed as much to our scenery as it might have done, and as it will do hereafter. In many places time and taste and spring and summer do much. But there are few places where, if you stand and look round with calm eye, and watch the richer sunsets, and await the fairer seasons, and learn to know their favored times, you may not catch glimpses of the grand spirit of nature, and feel the strange sympathies of your kindred with sky and air and tree and flower. True, the sympathies of that kindred have yet been but little uttered in appropriate expression. Our pines have not yet had their Theocritus. That voice of the wind among them, concerning which there is an insoluble doubt whether it is a sigh or a shout, a hallelujah or a dirge, is just the same as the "ὕμνος τῶν πεύκων," the song of the pines, of which the Syracusan poet sung in the dominions of Ptolemy Philadelphus. They lack the charm of the thought that a poet has been among them; they lack the charm of the pagan dream that huntress Diana has made them ring with the chorus of her phantom dogs, and the wild woodland revelry of her buskined train of nymphs; and the charm of the thought that Minerva too has mused among them who "non minus in sylvis errare quam Diana." Yet they also have their charms. They are the produce of a renovating power in nature as dark to our knowledge as the growing of the vampire skins of the dead. Their colour is that of summer and hope and joyous life. They seem too to disport themselves in types and emblems. Theirs are colors over which winter, the annual shade and ghost of death, has no mastery. They stand there forever showing and singing forth the tidings of an immortality which the grave touches not but to brighten. Their line of blue lies along the horizon like man's redemption in the horizon of history, a sign and an actual source of bright hopes yet abiding in the land. Above them are often spread the glory-wings of a sunset probably quite as fine as the Athenians ever saw over "sea-born Salamis." In such an hour they deeply mingle in the dreams which the soul has brought with it from the unknown realms. In those mystic recognitions there is always a sense of the present as well as of the past. It is this which is now before us that is made to seem an apparition of the past. It is a strange thing of two widely different eras. The hues of the time now, and of the time long ago, are both upon it. It is a pageant whose costume varies like an al-

ternating star between the robes of the fashion which we see now and those of which we know not where to find legend or chronicle, or brazen clasp old enough to tell us.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A Goldsmith stood where shone around
 His pearls and diamonds dear :
 "The brightest gem I ever found
 Art thou, my pet, my Helena,
 My little daughter dear !

A dainty knight just then came in :
 "Good day, my pretty maid :
 Good day, my brave old Goldsmith, too,
 I need a rich set garland
 My sweet bride's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone,
 And sparkled all so bright,
 And Helen could be quite alone,
 Upon her arm she hung it.
 And saddened at the sight.

"Ah, happy, sure, the bride will be
 Who wears this pretty toy :
 Ah ! if the dear knight would give me
 A simple wreath of roses,
 O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
 And close the garland eyed :
 "My good old Goldsmith, make me, then,
 A little ring of diamonds
 For my sweet little bride."

And when the finished circlet shone
 With precious diamonds bright,
 And Helen could be quite alone,
 She drew it on her finger
 And saddened at the sight.

"Ah ! happy, sure, the bride will be
 Who wears the pretty toy,
 Ah ! if the dear knight would give me
 A little lock of hair, only,
 O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
 And close the ringlet eyed :
 "I see, my good old Goldsmith, then,
 Thou mak'st quite beautifully
 The gifts for my sweet bride.

But that their fitness I may see,
 Come, pretty maiden, now,
 And let me try at once on thee
 The jewels of my dearest,
 For she is fair as thou."

and approaching, in the joyful exclamation of the apostle 'the night is far spent,—the day is at hand,' the bright and beautiful morning of eternity!

"If we should regard it as an evil, still it is wisdom's part to look steadily upon it, for all evils may be mitigated by foresight and preparation. It is true that we may not avert this; it is the certain, the inevitable doom of all; we may each apply to ourselves the simple lines of the poet—

'To think of Summer yet to come,
That I shall never see;
To think a weed is yet to bloom,
From dust that I shall be.'

And we may take an enlarged view of it, we may see the mighty hand of our Maker brushing away from the face of the earth an entire generation, and then, calling out to the succeeding race, 'Come again, ye children of men;' and so shall wave after wave of mankind roll on, and roll away, until its last heave is lost in the bosom of Eternity!

EUREKA.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

"I have found it!" quoth the child
With a merry, ringing shout,
Catching what his feet beguiled
The gay, painted butterfly,
And behold—the insect dies
In his grasp, before his eyes!

In the evening's gentle hush
"I have found it" breathes the maiden,
With a softly stealing blush;
"Love, life's sweetest bliss is mine:"
Floating joy;—she weeps alone
And her faithless lover's gone!

The flush of triumph on his brow,
"I have found it!" cries the bard,
"And what shall deprive me now
Of an everliving fame—
Of the laurel-wreath I crave?"
Lo, 'tis laid upon his grave!

"I have found it!" cries the king,
With a proud exulting smile,
As he clasps the signet ring
And the sceptre to his heart,
And his forehead feels the crown,
Which, alas, shall weigh it down!

"I have found it!" says the sage,
And uplifts his care-dim eyes
From the quaint, black-lettered page
He has scanned for live-long years;
Man! thy lore avails thee not,
Thou must share the common lot.

"I have found it!" with a sigh
Cries the weary of the world,
And my aching head shall lie
On the lap of mother earth,—
He speaks, and mighty death
Bears away his feeble breath.

"I have found it!" he can say
Who is near the narrow tomb,
Who beholds the final day
Disclosing heaven to his view,
And "Eureka!" he alone,
May exclaim with joyous tone.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1848.

THE NEW PYTHAGOREAN.

CHAPTER FOURTH.—DELOS.

If Athens was, as the great bard called it, the eye of Greece, the little island of Delos may, with quite as much justness of metaphor, be called the heart of Greece. Not that its soil was the richest of Greece, or its people the most warlike, its fortresses the most impregnable, or its citadel the most defensible. But that island, "*longe clarissima, cycladum media, templo Apollinis et mercatu celebrata*," was the organ, as it were, of some of the strangest social feelings of the Athenian confederacy with which it was joined. It was their treasury, their Congressional city, the Bethlehem of their purest deities, the Mecca of their pilgrimages; the spot which they purified when their fortunes were, and their deities seemed, adverse; the altar to which they sent their most sacred and mysterious offerings by their fairest and noblest messengers; the port from which the sacred bark must return before even such enemies as Melitus and Lycon and Anytus would compel the hemlock to the lips even of so dangerous a prisoner as Socrates; the sacred isle which Cicero tells us, was safe without walls—*sine muro nihil timebat*—when the pirates were swarming in the Greek and Italian seas, which Polycrates of Samos spared when he was irresistible on the ocean, and which even the Persians themselves dared not violate in a war which laid Athens in ruins. That island we would see, in whatever sense the vision may be won. Yet a vision of Delos as it lies in the past is the only one which is worth having. As the island now is, there is no voice of glory heard in it save the voice of the memory of far remote centuries. Like Milton's Eden after the deluge, it is but "the haunt of seals and orcs, and seamew's clang." Dig The whole island has

been rented as pasture-ground for twenty crowns a year!

Poetry sees and shows and sings Delos rising from the depths of the ocean, drifting in the Ægean sea, and at length fixed in its place, at a critical period, as a receptacle for that unpopular courtesan of the gods, the unwedded mother of Apollo. But the sterner pages of Herodotus and Thucydides exhibit scenes in Delos, in more sober colors, and more sober times, which we would rather have toiled to some high place to witness, than even the emergence of the seeming leviathan, and the smack of the perturbed waves against the sands of Rhenea and Myconos, and the drifting about of the unsteady float, and the air-borne Latona alighting upon it, trembling lest so frail a floor should yet careen with her weight, and again go down; the stroke of Lothario Jupiter's sceptre which made it fast; the relinquished pursuit of foiled Juno, and the scene beneath the sacred olive-tree which gave Apollo and Diana to Greek adoration. Let us rather look upon the Delos of historic times.

There was an annual day, in later times, when the trailing-tuniced Ionians with their children and their modest spouses, from many an Ægean island, assembled at Delos in great, joyous, bustling festal crowds, for contests of pugilism and orchestry and song;* when, among others things which awoke the spirits and gave light to the eyes of the assembly, choirs of the brightest maidens of the islands, arrayed in the most imposing forms of Greek dress, walked in graceful order through the crowd, and uttered the purest sentiments of Greek imagination in tones of the wildest and richest music of the Greek islands.

It was on one of such days—we have a hint of it from the chief actor himself—while these bands of the fairest maidens were moving through the great crowd with measured step and voice, that suddenly a voice was heard which was none of theirs, blending with their notes, and a half joy and half surprise arose among them, and looks of enquiry and wreathed smiles were exchanged, and one said to another among them: "O girls, what prince of singers is this man who has come among us here?" And when they have seen from whence the voice comes: "This man was announced as a poor stranger and we are all so delighted with his singing!" And when no answer is returned to the enquiry, and the stranger himself has heard the gossip of the merry maidens, he answers for himself: "A blind man and he dwells in rugged Chios."—Rather than any of the scenes of a cloudy mythology, we would see the assembly of that day,

with its crowd of Ionian islanders who came there with their spirits steadfastly gazing forward into the then very imperfectly explored realms of human art and intellectual beauty, its bands of Ionian maidens at length collected on the day and at the place for which their highest odes and the sweetest melodies of their voices had been reserved, on the occasion of their purest worship offered to those of their divinities for whom, alone of all the pantheon, the purest cheeks among them need not blush. Suddenly there is a pause in their measured tread. They incline their ears to catch a new voice breathing through the song, as wild souls stricken with the music of the spheres are fabled to incline their ears to the stars at night, and listen to catch more surely the strange melody—and in their own partial silence it is now distinctly audible "new as if brought from other spheres," sweet as if from the lips of Apollo himself, easily confessed to be the voice of a prince of singers. Rather than any secrets of the Hyperborean mysteries on which Herodotus so expatiates, we would have heard the voice of that question—it was doubtless one of the most queenly of the island maidens who uttered it—"who can this prince of singers be, who was announced here as a poor stranger?" Rather than the blazing wheat-straw of the Hyperborean mysteries themselves, we would see that "*ἡσυχία τοις ὀφθαλμοῖς*," that courteous, artful, smiling evasion of the others of the choir, as if they would make sign that the strange voice itself must answer; and more than all, the pausing step and voice and the reverting head of the blind man of Chios himself, his sightless eye-balls upturned, and their lost cunning transferred to the portals of the keen ear, while, with half sad, half smiling face, and in the same gentle kind voice which had called forth the question, he answers: "A blind old man, and he dwells in rugged Chios." That scene did linger in the spirit of him who was the jewel of it—HOMER—although it reached him only through the portals of the ear.

Delos on another day within the light of assured history would be worth seeing. It is a scene reminding us of the visions of the beings of the world above, which came to the Hebrew patriarchs of old, and the significant names and monumental places connected with those visions—their Nissi, their Bethel, their Mahanaim. It seems a visible motion, among the mysteries of this life, of a spirit greater than human, greater than Apollo, or Jupiter, or Fate.

It was not lawful either to be born or to die in Delos. Both were held impure. The couch of Latona might be the couch of no one else; in the birth-place of Apollo and Diana, no one else might be born. Those who were approaching

* Thucydides, lib. iii, 104.

† HOMER'S Hymn to Apol., 165—176.

either of the two forbidden events were to embark immediately for the neighboring island of Rhœnia, which had been devoted to these purposes by a solemn bond. Death and burial in Delos had been sometimes winked at when fortune smiled on the Athenians and adverse fate seemed afar off. Pisistratus had undertaken to purify the island before the Peloponessian war, but Ananias-like, he had deceived the Latoides, and done the work but partially. He had disinterred and removed only the dead bodies which were buried within reach of the eye from the Temple. The conscience of Attic Greece was only partially purified. Thucydides tells us,* that when the Peloponessian war broke out, there was a headlong rush to arms on both sides, each seizing their sharpest weapons, because there were many youths both at Athens and at Sparta who had never seen war, and thought of it only in the hues of its romantic glory, not in those of its crimsoned battle-fields. But at that time a prodigy occurred which checked even the martial fury of the Athenian warriors. Delos was shaken by an earthquake!—as it had not been, in the memory of man, and as it had been supposed that the stroke of Jupiter's trident secured it from ever being. This shook the hearts of the Athenians. Delos then was not acceptable to the gods. The conduct of Pisistratus came into remembrance. Delos was not perfectly purified! And rashly as they were rushing to battle, this earthquake, together with a "certain oracle" to the same effect, arrested their steps, and they sent a solemn deputation to purify the soil of Delos of all the dead who had been permitted there to sleep in the dust of the earth. Perhaps classic antiquity hardly presents another scene in which the mysteries of the moral life of the Greeks stand out so palpably, as on that strange day of resurrection at Delos. It is not summer; the forests are bare except the gloomy cypresses; the fields are not waving with ripe grain, that these groups of men which appear in them, should be thought to be Delian harvesters. Nor are they sportsmen; the precincts are too sacred to permit the rude revelry of field sports. Nor are they funeral processions employed in those solemn ceremonies of respect for the dead, which will release their manes from an hundred years of vagrancy on the hither shore of the Styx. They are not indeed Delians at all; but Attic men, reversing funeral obsequies, disinterring the dead, taking away from this island the odor of death which may offend those Immortal Powers who preside over the destinies of men; obeying the dictate of last summer's earthquake, complying with that deep and strange conviction which has seized on

the minds of the Attic statesmen, that all is not right between themselves and the Immortal Impersonations of truth and purity. They are purifying this soil, that they may thus purify the spirit of the Attic confederacy, and prepare it to enter with firm heart into the struggle for existence with proud Sparta. They stand in the sight of all future ages testifying by the singular and significant action in which they are employed that there is an innate moral sense in man, bearing reference to his weal or his woe, distributed by Invisible Powers above. So let every nation purify its Delos.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY GRETIA.

I heard a lovely legend. It had birth
Amid that race, that swarthy warlike race
Once proud Columbia's kings; but over whom
A tempest's wrath has swept, and given to earth
The crested warrior and his gentle wife,
Children and parent, friend and foe alike,
Save a few stricken hearts that still beat on;
And which like seeds before that tempest swept,
Are scattered far in distant covert spots
To bloom in stealthy loneliness and die!
That race upon whose sepulchre we rear
Our temples and our hearth-stones, and whose names
Written in water, still as Time rolls on,
Are deep ingulphed within the rushing stream
Whose sweep is onward to Eternity.
But this I heard was in the olden time
When still the azure lake reflected back
To Indian maids, their dark-eyed loveliness.
Then, in the sweet spring-tide's bright breezy hours
They wandered forth, and sought an unfledg'd dove
And caged his callow limbs with gentlest care.
With dewy flowers, and fruits, and daintiest things,
They stored his ozier prison, till the down
Lengthened upon his pinions, and his heart
Throb'd with quick pulse for native liberty.
But not yet must he go, nor till there came
At nightfall or at morn, some unseen thing
And gave the gift of song. Then when it gush'd
From his full throbbing throat, they bore him forth
Warbling the while his untaught melodies—
And on that spot in wild and shaded dell
Or flow'ry field begirt with murmuring stream,
Their place of graves, they oped the painted bars
And gave the panting captive to the skies.
But ere they said "be free," with soft caress
They pressed him to their lips, and whisper'd low
Fond messages of love and tales of grief
And yearning wishes, hopes and joys and fears,
And all that made life lovely, all that gave
To their dark sky its gloom; while fond tears fell
Spangling his pinions as they fain essayed
To try their new-born strength. Then when each heart
Had voiced its deep revelations, the restraint