

## Editor's Table.

IN the extreme western portion of the North American continent, and of the North American National Confederacy, there are now to be found, growing side by side, two of the most singular phenomena of the age. We allude to the new social and political organization, constituting the State of California, and the new theocracy, as it is assumed to be, of the Mormon Commonwealth or Church—the one the most decidedly secular of all known modern enterprises, the other the only example of the rise of a new religion, and of a distinctly new religious people in the 19th century. Mormonism, it is true, has some decidedly secular elements. In this respect it easily assimilates itself to the gross spirit of worldly enterprise by which it is surrounded, and even finds itself at home in the midst of the most turbulent scenes. But this is far from accounting for its wonderful success. It is also true, on the other hand, that the present age has been marked by the division and subdivision of religious denominations. Yet still, none of these come up to that idea or pretension of Mormonism, which seems now to have presented itself in the world for the first time since the days of Mohammed. Although, therefore, acknowledging Christianity and the Old Scriptures, just as Mohammed did, it is distinctly a new religion. It claims a new revelation, and a new prophet. It has a new law, a new spiritual polity, and a new mission. Instead of being merely a new interpretation of an old theology, it professes to have renewed the long-suspended intercourse with Heaven and the supernatural. Instead of presenting a new dispensation growing out of an old ecclesiastical history, to which it assumes to impart a new life, it has actually created a past history of its own, which, though severed from the main current of our common traditional Christianity, connects it back, through passages never before suspected or explored, with the early Jewish revelation—or that original fountain from which the Gospel and Mohammedanism may be said to have derived, the one its reality and its purity, the other the materials for its fanatical perversions.

Whatever may be the truth in respect to the real origin and authorship of the book of Mormon, there can be no doubt of its wonderful adaptedness to the purposes to which it has been applied. We can not agree with those who would deny to the work either genius or talent. The Koran bears with it that prestige of antiquity which always insures some degree of respect. It is written in a dead, and what is now regarded a learned language. It has its Oriental imagery, together with frequent allusions to what most interests us in Oriental romance. Above all, it has had its centuries of scholiasts and commentators, extracting the aroma as well as the dust of its assumed divinity. In short, there is about it a show of learning and “venerable antiquity,” and yet, we do not hesitate to say it, Joe Smith, or whoever was its author, has made a book superior to that of the Arabian prophet; deeper in its philosophy, purer in its morality, and far more original. There are, doubtless, many faults both of style and language; but centuries hence may convert these into precious archaisms, and give to the bad Anglo-Saxon of the Mormon book all the interest which ages of scholiasts have imparted to what was once the irregular Arabic of the rude tribes of the desert.

It may startle some to be told, that Mormonism  
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has actually pressed itself more upon the attention of the world than Christianity had done at the same age. We carry back into the early days of the Gospel's progress the clear light and outline of its late history. We can hardly realize that even for a century, or more, after its first promulgation, it was an object of little interest to the world, and that when it first began to demand a passing paragraph from the historian, it was only as an “*execrabilis superstio*,” creating a disturbance barely visible on the surface of society. Of course there is no intention, by any such remark, to make any comparison between the intrinsic merits of the two systems. A true believer in Jesus, and of “the truth as it is in Jesus,” will never suffer himself to be disturbed by any parallel, real or seeming, between Christ and Socrates, or Christ and Mohammed, or Confucius, or the founder of any new religion, or of any pretended social reform, either in ancient or modern times. He can have no nervous fear of confounding the immeasurable difference between any such pretension and “that name which is above every other name.” The strength and success of the counterfeit only adds lustre and assurance to the original. Neither does the great idea of a revelation suffer any detraction by being associated in thought with such attempts. The Koran only confirms the Gospel. It never would have been what it is without it. The false prophet never would have arisen had it not been for the true. All religious imposture and fanaticism may thus be regarded as involuntary witnesses to an absolute truth, of which they are but the frenzied caricatures. The grossest delusions only show, by their very extravagance, the indestructibility of the religious principle in the human soul, and how it clings and ever must cling to the idea of some Divine revelation, some lifting of the veil, as the etymology of the word imports, which hangs so densely over man and nature.

There is a more inexplicable phenomenon than Mormonism or any false religion. It is the disposition manifested in some parts of the philosophical, and even professedly religious world, to depreciate, if not directly to deny the supernatural—to put as far away as possible, or to receive as the last allowable explanation of any difficulty, the thought of any direct communication from Heaven to earth. It is on this principle some would even interpret, not only present phenomena, but also all that during countless ages have left their mark upon our globe. On this principle another class would unspiritualize, as far as they could, even the acknowledged Scriptures. But why should it be so? Why this strange delight in believing in the omnipotence and unchangeableness of a blind and unrelenting nature? What comfort has it for the soul, or what enlargement even for the intellect? What happiness in the thought of being bound in such an adamant chain, even if we are compelled to admit its stern reality? It may be, peradventure, that philosophy here is in the right, but, if we may employ the paradox, her reverence for nature must certainly seem most unnatural. Nature, even our nature, longs for some Divine or supernatural communications. For this “the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now.” The wonder, then, is not that there have been in the world so many mythical accounts of Divine intercourse, but that there has been so little of the reality. Why does not God speak to us here? Why has

"He made darkness his pavilion round about him?" Why "cometh He not out" more frequently "from the hiding-place of his power?" Why has He ever been called—by Homer, and Hesiod, and Orpheus, as well as in the Bible—*The Dweller in the cloud*? Why does not our Father's voice oftener break the fearful stillness of nature, and give us that evidence of His existence, His government, and His providence, without which nature is but a gloomy prison-house, while life is but a smothered effort to escape from its terrible immutability, and breathe the freedom of a spiritual and supernatural atmosphere? Is it said that He is always speaking—that the Great Cause of causes is always exhibiting itself in its effects? But what comfort in this? It speaketh not to us—it manifests no knowledge of our present thought, of our present individual wants. The voice that is alike in all things, and comes alike to all things, we can not distinguish from nature herself. The true ground for marvel, then, is not that men are led astray by false prophets, but that such vast multitudes should be so utterly immersed in nature and worldliness, "caring for none of these things," and finding in such phenomena as Millerism and Mormonism, only occasion for insane merriment, instead of deep religious and philosophical inquiry.

The indestructibility of the religious principle in the human soul! This is the great lesson read to us by such events. Even this nineteenth century with all its secularity, has not wholly drowned it. It breaks out in the midst of every form of worldliness. When untaught in respect to the true path, it follows the wildest imposture; and, as though in awful derision of the inability of the mere secular spirit ever to satisfy the deepest human wants, a Kingdom of the Saints settles itself in nearest contiguity to what would seem to be the exclusive territory of Mammon.

We can only call attention to this strange phenomenon without going into any discussion of the causes of its remarkable success. As we have said, it is the only case of a distinctly new religion since the days of Mohammed. Yet still it may be compared with other anomalous religious movements that have characterized the present century. Most of these have already had their growth and decline. Some that started with more enthusiasm than has ever been claimed for the Mormons, have, for years, been dying out, or only manifesting an outward and formal existence. On the other hand, too, a similar fate has attended most of the schemes of Socialists, and of those reformers who have relied solely on some doctrine of political economy, while ignoring, as far as they could, any recognition of a supernatural religionism. In distinction from both these, Mormonism has flourished because it has possessed the element of vitality which was respectively wanting to each. The religious sects to which we have alluded (and we mean of course such as may be justly characterized as unscriptural delusions) have been too unworldly for success. They have lacked the secular element. Schemes of mere social reform, on the other hand, have been dead from the beginning. They have been wanting in that vitality which alone can come from a real or pretended connection with a future life, and a supernatural world. Mormonism professes to wield both powers. Whatever may be thought of the first founders of the sect, the multitudes who from all parts of the United States, and from England, and even from the Continent, are now crowding to the Salt Lake and the modern Canaan, give evidence of a power of tremendous reality, however much it may be above the comprehension

of the shallow witting, or the mere secular political economist. The cause must have a universality in some way corresponding to the wide effect it is producing. But be it what it may, the lesson taught is most timely as well as important. It is, we repeat—and it will bear to be repeated—the *indestructibility of the religious principle in the human soul*. If this have not the true nourishment, it will feed on falsehood; but nourishment and life of some kind it must have. The most secular age, instead of destroying, only causes it to burst out in some new and monstrous form. And even in this idea there is light and consolation for true faith. It derives new evidence from every spurious manifestation. The religious principle can not be wholly annihilated—

*Menses profundo pulchrior evenit.*

Let all worldly causes combine to drive it seemingly from the earth—let the edifice of supernatural belief be leveled with the ground, it would only be the signal for reconstruction. Take away the true, or quench it in the worldly spirit, and some form of false belief will start up in its place. *There will be faith in the earth*—there will be a sacred book—there will be a ritual, or system of worship, ever maintaining itself as a symbol of the inextinguishable trust in the reality of "things unseen and eternal." The naturalizing philosophy may endure, and even be strong as the antagonist of a revealed supernaturalism. But take away the latter, and the former falls with it. Its success is suicidal. Its triumph is its own utter defeat. All true interest in nature and science must expire, when every where the soul ceases to acknowledge any thing higher than either. Without a return to a true faith, spiritual delusions, on the one hand, or the grossest secularity and sensualism, on the other, will be the only alternatives. And, if we must come to this, can any thinking mind have difficulty in deciding where we should look for the truest exhibition of human dignity—in Utah or California—in the Land of the Saints, or in the Land of Gold?

AND THERE WAS EVENING—and there was morning—one day. (Gen. i. 5.) Why has the inspired historian placed the night first? It must doubtless be because it actually came first in the order of our present creation. What was this first night but the long chaos of darkness that covered the face of the deep, and over which the Spirit brooded when the command came forth for the first morning to appear—when God said, *Let there be light* on that dark world, and immediately *light was there*? But still, night was first, and hence in all the traditions that have sprung from this account it has ever been an object of religious reverence. In the old mythologies Night is the mother of day; and hence the epithets that poetry has ever conferred upon her—Sacred Night, Divine Night, Holy Night, Most Venerable and Religious Night. But not only has she been regarded as the mythological mother of creation, but as ever the nurse of the purest emotion and the truest thoughts. On this account the Greek poets gave her that beautiful name *Euphrone*—indicating the season of good feeling—the hour of hope, of calm yet joyous contemplation. It is true, the inspired description of the heavenly state says, *There shall be no night there*. But in our present imperfect being, the idea of the highest earthly bliss would be marred by its absence from the picture. As yet we can not dispense with the shade. The

Sacred, high, eternal noon  
is for beings of another order, and another life; and however much we may admire the pure sublimity of

this fine line of Doddridge, we feel that we must be endowed with new emotions before we could truly enjoy the never to be remitted splendor of such a state as it describes.

Although affected by particular circumstances, and expressed with great variety of imagery, there has been a wonderful harmony in the spiritual conceptions which the contemplation of night has ever called forth. We have, therefore, thought that it might interest our readers to present a few of the most striking night scenes from ancient and modern poets. The first from our port-folio, of course, is Homer's. The selection is from the close of the eighth book of the *Iliad*. Its introduction partakes of the warlike character of the poem, but softened into that holy calmness which the scene ever assumes, whatever may be the circumstances in which it is presented. We give Pope's splendid translation, although some might prefer the more accurate version of Cowper.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellowed verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.

But neither Pope nor Cowper can be said to have caught the spirit of the original as well as the old ballad version of Chapman.

As when about the silver moon, when air is free from  
winde,  
And stars shine cleare to whose sweet beams high prospects  
and the brows  
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for  
shows;  
And even the lowly vallies joy to glitter in their sight—  
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her  
light,  
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shep-  
herd heart.

Apollonius Rhodius, in the *Argonautica*, presents a greater diversity of imagery. He has not in view, like Homer, the unity of a single scene, but calls up similar emotions by a dispersed variety of the most impressive pictures. We present a translation, which, if it have no other merit, may at least be said to be almost word for word—

Now Night had thrown her shadow o'er the earth.  
Far out at sea the sailors stood and gazed,  
On wheeling Arctos and Orion's stars.  
The traveler longed to hear the warder's voice  
Invite to rest; and even the mother's eyes  
That drowsy hour pressed downward, as she watched  
By her dead child—the watch-dog's voice was mute;  
The city's thronging noise had died away,  
And stillness reigned o'er all the shaded realm;  
Save in Medea's restless soul—

Virgil closely imitates the Greek poet in the designed contrast, if not in his scenery. As we have not troubled them with the Greek, our fair readers, and others, we hope, will pardon us for putting on our page the Latin. Even those may appreciate its exceedingly liquid flow, who are compelled to resort to the translation for its meaning.

Nox erat, et placidum carpebat fessa soporem  
Corpora per terras, sylvæque et sæva quierant  
Æquora: cum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu:  
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,  
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis  
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti,  
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum  
At non infelix Dido—

*Æneid, Lib. iv.*

'Twas dead of night when wearied bodies close  
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose.  
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,  
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.  
The stars in silent order moved around, [ground.  
And peace with downy wings was brooding on the  
The flocks, and herds, and particolored fowl,  
Which haunt the woods, or swim the seedy pool,  
Stretched on the quiet earth securely lay,  
Forgetting the past labors of the day.  
All but unhappy Dido—

Dryden is very far from doing justice to Virgil in the translation of this passage, and yet, we must say, that the original, much as it has been praised, falls greatly short of the exquisite description by Apollonius. How much does that most impressive image in the sixth line of the Grecian poet exceed any effect produced by Virgil's *pictæ volucres*, or "particolored fowl," however ornate the language, and liquid the melody of his highly wrought lines.

But Byron—shall we risk the criticism—Byron, in our judgment, surpasses every example we have quoted, and even had we added, as we might have done, Shakspeare and Milton to the list.

'Twas midnight—On the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shone deeply down.  
Blue rolled the waters, blue the sky  
Spread like an ocean hung on high;  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So widely, spiritually bright.  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining?  
The sea on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce the foam the pebbles shook,  
That murmured meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillowd on the waves;  
The banners drooped along their staves;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke;  
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,  
And echo answered from the hill.

*Siege of Corinth.*

Our concluding example is from the Scriptures. We challenge not for it a superiority simply on the ground of its inspiration. Every reader may judge for himself how immeasurably it excels any thing of the kind to be found in ancient or modern poetry. How full of *natural* sublimity, and, at the same time, how profoundly impressive the *moral* lesson of this night scene from Job!

In thoughts from visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falleth upon men,  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
And made all my bones to shake.  
Then a spirit passed before my face;  
The hair of my flesh rose up.  
It stood. An image was before mine eyes,  
And yet I could not discern the form thereof.  
There was silence—  
And yet I heard a voice—saying—  
Shall a mortal be more just than God?  
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

WE hear often of popular fallacies. Books have been written on them. But there are also learned fallacies, and among these we know of no one more common than that which prevails respecting the word *education*. It is quite usual with lecturers and essayists to derive a profound philosophical meaning from the bare etymology of the term. It is from *educio*, they tell us, to *lead* or *draw out*. It means the *drawing out* or *developing* the faculties. It is the bringing out the unwrought man, like the polished

statue from the rough block of marble. All sorts of changes are rung upon the word. With some it is the *educing* of the individuality, with others, of the humanity. Others again talk much of *drawing out the ideas*, and that, too, without any previous exact instruction, or the furnishing of what might be styled the prepared material of thought—about as wise a course as to attempt to develop, or draw out the faculties of a nail-making machine, without ever thinking of putting any well-wrought iron into it. Now, all this is pedantic nonsense. The old Roman Roundheads, from whom the term is derived, never dreamed of any such transcendental conception. The word, in its primary sense, simply means *nursing, fostering, rearing*. Hence is it afterward applied to knowledge and discipline. It is educed from the simple conception of holding the child by the hand, and leading him forth when he first begins to walk. From the same primitive thought comes the word *pedagogue*, which simply means, *one who leads a boy*, and was first applied to the slave, or servant, who conducted the Athenian child to and from school. It would, however, be hardly worth our while to show the fallacy of this very common etymological deduction, were it not sometimes made the ground of very false ideas. The old view, although it have no great philosophy, will be found to be the true one. It is to hold a child up, and lead him forth by the hand, before you set him to walk alone by himself, under pretense of developing his *faculties*, either of thinking or of locomotion.

EVERY man has two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand-parents, sixteen great-great-grand-parents, &c., &c., &c. If we reckon 30 years to a generation, and carry on the above series to the time of the Norman conquest, it will be found that each one of us must have had at that period, no less than 32,000,000 of ancestors. Now, making all allowance for the crossing of genealogical lines, and consequently for the same person being in many of the intersections, still there will remain a number sufficient, at that period, to cover the whole Norman and Anglo-Saxon race. Whatever, therefore, was then noble, or pious, or princely, or even kingly, stands somewhere in the line of ancestry of the most ignoble and plebeian among us. Each man of the present day may be almost certain of having had, not only earls (and it may be bishops), but even crowned heads among his progenitors. And so also may we be almost assured that the highest families of that period have now lineal representatives in persons so low in the social scale, that all the sounding lines of heraldry would fail to fathom the depth of their obscurity. In less than a thousand years, the blood of Victoria inevitably mingles with that of some of the most ignoble of the earth. Carry the calculation further back, and we soon pass beyond any population that ever existed on our globe. A thousand years from the present time brings the number up to 1,024,000,000. Two or three centuries more carries it beyond a thousand billions, and long before we arrive at the period of our world's creation, it would have reached a number surpassing all powers of easy enumeration. It is a consequence, too, of the same view, that a thousand years hence, each man who has now an ordinary family of children, will probably have a representative some way of his blood in each one of 30,000,000 of persons; and that these will be of all conditions, high and low, rich and poor, unless, as may be the case, some system of social philosophy may long before that have swept all distinctions from our world.

## Editor's Drawer.

THE "monitory season" of Nature has come. The faded garniture of the fields; the many-colored, gorgeous woods; the fitful winds, sighing for the flowers "whose fragrance late they bore;" the peculiar yellow-green of the sky at the horizon, in the twilight gloaming; all these proclaim that "summer is ended" and autumn is here. BRAINARD, a poet of true tenderness and feeling, once asked, "What is there saddening in the autumn leaf?" Perhaps it would be difficult to tell *what* it is, but that it *is* saddening, in the midst of its dying beauty, most persons have felt. One of our own poets, too early called away,\* wrote many years since, on the first day of October, the following sad and tender lines:

"SOLENN, yet beautiful to view,  
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier;  
The moaning of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

"Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze.  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,  
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

"I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

"When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West:  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast:  
Through Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

"How like those transports of the heart,  
When life is fresh and joy is new;  
Soft as the balcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath  
Which Hope about her forehead twines,  
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
Then Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

"Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,  
What gloom about our way they fling  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial-pageant of the Spring  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness, side by side!

CARLYLE, in his "Sartor Resartus," gives a condensed, but exceedingly forcible picture of the "net purport and upshot of war," by taking thirty able-bodied men from a French and English village, and making them face each other on a pleasant morning, when they blow each other's souls out, and straightway become "shells of men." We were speaking of this the other evening with a friend, who was with our army in Mexico, and in the course of much chat,

\* WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, for many years Editor of the Philadelphia Daily Gazette, and author of the "Ollapodiana" papers in the Knickerbocker Magazine.



touching war and its accompaniments, he mentioned an anecdote of as brave a fellow as there was in his command, but who had an unfortunate and irresistible habit of occasional intoxication, whenever, by hook or by crook, he could procure a "horn" of brandy or whiskey. One evening, the day after an engagement, in which his coolness and determined bravery had won the admiration and warm commendation of his superior officers, he was brought before his commanding officer, who was on parade, in a state of beastly intoxication. Remembering his services of the day before, the officer was reluctant to punish him, at least without first trying to make him ashamed of his offense by exhortation and remonstrance. "Are you not ashamed of yourself?" he asked, "to be brought before me in this condition?—you that *can* be so good a soldier? There was not a braver man in the regiment yesterday than you; and now you go and spoil all the honor you acquired, by disobeying orders, and coming before me drunk. Take him away!—I'm ashamed of him!" "Here—hello—hold on!" said the soldier—"hold on a minute: you've *rep-rep-ri-manded* me some, and praised me a good deal: now look o' here, cap'n, do you expect to buy all the human virtues for seven dollars a month? It's too *cheap*, cap'n—too cheap!" He probably thought with LOWELL's Yankee, writing from Saltillo after his first engagement:

"I wish that I was fuder!  
Ninence a day for killin' folks  
Comes kind o' low, for murder;  
I worked out to slaughterin' some  
For Deacon CEPHAS BILLIN'S,  
And in the hardest times there was,  
I allers fetch'd ten shillins!"

As we sat looking at a conjurer or necromancer performing his tricks the other evening, at which were some hundreds of other lookers-on, we fell to meditate upon the influence which any thing that is at all mysterious has upon the human mind. "To him," says Dr. CHATFIELD, "who has been sated, and perhaps disappointed by the actual and the intelligible, there is an indefinable charm in the unattainable and inscrutable." And it is so. Infants stretch out their hands for the moon; children delight in puzzles and riddles, even when they can not discover their solution; and "children of a larger growth" desire, oftentimes, no better employment than to follow their example. Look at the fanaticism engendered by Rev. EDWARD IRVING's "Unknown Tongues; at which," says the authority we have quoted, "we need not wonder, when we remember the confession of the pious BAXTER, that in order to awaken an interest in his congregation, he made it a rule, in every sermon, to say something above their capacity." There are not wanting ministers nowadays who follow the Baxterian practice, with the difference only, that what they sometimes preach is as much above their *own* comprehension as that of their audience.

Is it not a "little curious" that HARRIET MARTINEAU, an old maid, a "benign cerulean of the second sex," as Lord BYRON calls her class, who "never loved," or if she did, yet who, if published accounts are true, shrunk from the nuptial bonds, and left her affianced lord in the lurch at the last moment—is it not a little curious, we say, that such a woman should have written so exquisite a picture of true love as that which ensues? We once heard a distinguished American author remark, sitting by his "Dutchman's Fireside," that he kept for days

out of the literary lady-traveler's way when she was trying to meet him. "There she was," said he, "going about with that long India-rubber ear-trumpet of hers, taking in every thing that was offered to it, just like an elephant going round with his trunk, drawing in here an apple, there a piece of cake, now a handful of nuts, and next, perhaps, a chew of tobacco. I wasn't going to contribute to *her* trunk, nor to the lining any others, when she had got home and printed her notes!" If the authoress, however, *had* met this unwilling host, and had told this "tale of love," doubtless he would have listened in "mute admiration." But we are forgetting the passage: "There is no other such crisis in human life as the crisis of Love. The philosopher may experience uncontrollable agitation in verifying his principle of balancing systems of worlds, feeling perhaps as if he actually saw the creative hand in the act of sending the planets forth on their everlasting way; but he knows at such a moment no emotions so divine as those of the spirit becoming conscious that it is beloved; be it the peasant-girl in the meadow, or the daughter of the sage, or the artisan beside his loom, or the man of letters musing by his fire-side. The warrior about to strike the decisive blow for the liberties of a nation is not in a state of such lofty resolution as those who, by joining hearts, are laying their joint hands on the whole wide realm of futurity for their own. The statesman, in the moment of success, is not conscious of so holy and so intimate a thankfulness as they who are aware that their redemption has come in the presence of a new and sovereign affection. And these are many: they are in all corners of every land. The statesman is the leader of a nation; the warrior is the grace of an age; the philosopher is the birth of a thousand years; but the LOVER—where is he not? Wherever parents look round upon their children, there he *has* been: wherever children are at play together there he soon *will* be; wherever there are roofs under which men dwell, wherever there is an atmosphere vibrating with human voices, there is the lover, and there is his lofty worship going on—unspeakable, perchance, but revealed in the brightness of the eye, the majesty of the presence, and the high temper of the discourse. Men have been ungrateful and perverse; they have done what they could to counteract it, to debate this most heavenly influence of their life; but the laws of their MAKER are too strong, the benignity of their FATHER is too patient and fervent, for their opposition to withstand; and true love continues, and *will* continue, to send up its homage amidst the meditations of every eventide, and the busy hum of noon, and the song of the morning stars."

SOME lively French writer, whose name has quite escaped us, once wrote a vivid sketch, entitled, "*L'Homme Rouge*," or "The Red Man." There was an under-plot of sentiment in the story, we well remember, but the great feature of the romance was, that whenever there was a fire to happen in any part of Paris, whether by accident or design, there suddenly appeared "*L'Homme Rouge*," sometimes in the midst of a party of revelers at a masked ball; sometimes surprising nuns at their devotions, and not unfrequently where crime was hatching, or unnatural orgies making night hideous. But he was a good, benevolent deity, and always came to warn against or to suppress conflagration. Such, it would appear, and without fable, hereafter, will be the man who can command the great "Fire-Annihilator," which is making such a sensation, and proving so unerringly effective in England. A man, bearing