

and as fragrant as ever. In the latest number of the Westminster Review, this "scope and breadth of modern thought" gives us as the result of the newest and most *original* speculation of the times, that "Christianity is the fusion of the Hebrew and Hellenic element into a new historical function of a progressive character for the regeneration of mankind." The incarnation, it maintains, is only this ideal fusion. Christ and Paul were misty, and did not fully understand the development in which they were unconsciously performing a part. The infidel oracle, therefore, undertakes to shed light on their darkness. "The Hebrew element," it tells us, "was a feeling of the divine personality, the Hellenic represented the universe in the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought." We think we understand this nonsense. The Old Testament did doubtless teach the divine personality. We find it difficult to conceive how there could be any morality, or any religion, without it, or where it is regarded as "fused" into something else. It teaches also no less the universal presence of God in space and time, and the absolute dependence of all things on his creative and sustaining will. Jeremiah represents him as "filling Heaven and earth;" Isaiah, as "inhabiting eternity;" the Psalmist, as the universal fountain of life, and as having an existence to which measures of time have no application; while in the theology of Moses, he is not only "The Father of spirits to all that is flesh," but the I AM, the very ground and substratum of all being. That God is *ALL*, in *ALL*, is a Bible doctrine, an Old Testament doctrine, a "Hebrew element" set forth with a sublimity and a clearness for which one must look in vain in any Grecian poetry or philosophy. There was indeed a pantheistic tinge in some of the Greek speculations, but even this came from an Oriental source. It was not native either in their poetry or their theology.

Has our Reviewer ever read Homer, the book which some of the German rationalists in disparagement of the Old Testament have called the Grecian Bible, and which, above all others, represents the Hellenic element in this matter? Will he find there, or elsewhere in Greek poetry, any thing like the representation of the "universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" Polytheistic the Greek mind was to a most extravagant degree, and here was the great contrast between the Hellenic and the Hebrew idea; but what gods were ever more individual, personal, human even, than those of Greece? Did Zeus, and Apollo, and Hercules, "represent the universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" True it is, each god had a particular department of nature, but instead of its being God "filling all things," according to the sublime doctrine of the Hebrew prophet, it was rather just the contrary, a filling all things with gods. Nature was not an emanation from deity. Such an idea was unknown to the Grecian mind. Nature, with them, was the *oldest*, and the gods were but emanations from her. She was eternal, and they were only superior to men as being an older and a mightier birth from the same prolific parent. In some quarters this article of the Westminster Review on Bunsen's Hippolytus has been praised for its profound scholarship; but what must we think of the claims, in this respect, of those who could so utterly mistake the fundamental idea of the Hellenic theology, or, as it might more properly be called, the Hellenic *theogony*. The emanation doctrine was purely Oriental. Whatever traces of it are to be found in Grecian philosophy were ever from that source.

What an important office, too, does Christianity fill in this profound and learned scheme! Here is no moral element at all—no law, no justice, no judgment, no cross, no redemption—none of those clear and thrilling thoughts which stand forth, as though written with a sunbeam in the words of Apostles, Evangelists, and Prophets. It is discovered, forsooth, that Christ is but "the fusion of two ideas forming an historical function for the regeneration of mankind!" And this is the new, the great, the wondrous theology of the age! Even admitting, however, that as a speculation it is not wholly nonsense, it may still be asked—what moral power is there in it? What hardened sinner would ever be converted by it? What good man would ever be strengthened in virtue by believing in such a developed union of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality? What fear, what love, what penitence, what piety, does it possess? What fervent prayer, what devout worship, what melting emotion, what soul-anchoring faith could be the fruit of such a Gospel?

The truth is—this occidental pantheism is a most unnatural thing. If we would have the genuine article we should seek it in its old birth-place and native home in the East. It is far more congenial to the Asiatic quietism than to European or Hellenic thought, and instead of endeavoring thus to metamorphose Christianity, we might procure a better pantheistic gospel at once from India or Siam. When compared with this idealism of the Westminster Review, even Buddhism has more of the religious element, more fear of God, more to do with the conscience or those moral affections which are the true life of the soul.

We say again—let the young man who is tempted to set out on this path, see to what he must come if he continues his travels—to what an intellectual as well as moral barrenness he is doomed, if he rejects the clear teachings of Jesus and Paul for such a "fusion" and confusion of all ideas as are presented in these modern developments.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE drift of the town tide, as well as of the town talk, has long since flowed and landed countryward. Scarce any, save we poor martyrs of the quill and desk are left—to bear as best we can the shortened breathing of the streets, and the sweltering walls of the city. Long ago wives and children have begged their way out of doors, to the land of springs, or sea-breezes, or beach-bathing, or wide shelter-giving trees.

And yet it would be interesting to compute if, in earnest, there were less of real suffering from such murderous work as the sun does, in the country than in the town. Free breezes, to be sure, we have not; nor any overplus of greenness to regale the eye; nor abundance of such water as meets us in mirror-like sheets of silver; nor swarming swallows, chirruping and dashing about either old gray roofs and barns, or low-lying marsh-banks; but have we not in their places heavy walls of brick, which the sun finds it task-work to warm through to the core? Have we not narrow streets, with their half-days' certain gratuity of dense, damp shadow? Have we not inner offices, protected by sunny *outside* clerks, and cool pitchers of Croton, and rumbling ice-carts, with cool-looking "Rockland Lake" pictured to our fancy by gigantic capitals, and everlasting water-drip? Have we not the Battery at sunrise skirting as charm-

ing a reach of salt expanse—dashed into spray by as charming a fleet of yachts, Indiamen, liners, Australians, frigates, and boats steam-borne and oar-equipped, as is to be found skirting any pleasure-ground that the hot sun, in all his travels, shines upon? Have we not—at length—street-sweepers who work early on Broadway, leaving us clean stone pathway from Grace Church to Bowling-green, and hissing water-carts, prodigal of spray? Have we not, still further, a two months' furlough from all visiting parties, friends' weddings, congratulations, christenings, pic-nics, etcetera, etcetera? Are we not (gentlemen, we mean) for the once, our own masters? Do we not rule the household, the roast, the pantry, the chamber-maids—nay, the very cooks—for this little summer oasis, while wife and family are in the country?

Do we not walk about our own parlors with somewhat of the air of masters, and freemen—inviting a passing friend to dine with us, without any Caudle tremor in our bones, or any quick apprehension of the curtain lecture to come? Do we not riot even in this glowing sunshine which has driven our fashionable family to the close chambers of the Ocean House, and left us room and verge enough to do as we choose?

Is there not, in short—in all seriousness—an immense deal of idle and absurd languishment for the country wasted in these days? and quite as much, and quite as absurd a discontent with what Providence provides for us poor fellows, who stay behind? Are we not the truly sensible ones, who make a merit of our confinement in the town—of our freedom—of our boldness—of our empty walls—of our cigars upon the front balcony—of our audacity in our own kitchens—of our cool basements—of our back areas?

But lest our good readers should set us down for some stupid curnudgeon, who undervalues what he can never enjoy himself, we will inform them, that we—so bound to desk and pens—have ourselves enjoyed, after the usual summer fashion, our period of country recreation; and to convince them still further that this announcement is made in good faith, we will even serve them up an epitome of our progress, and of our summer *delicia*.

The affair was bruited about the breakfast-table (the only meal at which we are sure of being at home) as early as the first of March last past. At first it took the form of hints, dropped in connection with the movements of some near neighbors. Thus it was remarked by a daughter of the house, that Sally Sloman was going to Saratoga; and the daughter of the house quite envied Sally Sloman.

The mamma expressed herself sorry that the daughter could not take a short run to the Springs; she believed, conscientiously, that Congress water would do her good.

This much, of course, we could pass by, without any special remark or committal. But in a day or two, some new neighbor would come upon the breakfast board, who had bought a little cottage—a perfect gem of a place—on the Island. Whereupon the daughter, seconded by the mamma, would express plaintive regrets, and wonder why we didn't love the country more than we did. This, too, could be winked at, or, at worst, drifted aside by a peevish remark about the neighbor's thriving business. But, unfortunately, the claim of economy is a poor one to urge with such romantic ladies as have a very cheap idea about living in a cottage, with a kid, no servants, plenty of cheese-curd, and blue ribbons. Our daughter is at an age when she is easily and unfortunately infected with this mania.

As a consequence, the old story soon came up again, foisted in upon the shoulders of a stout neighbor who had taken rooms at West Point for a month. Some objections, on the score of cost, could be urged here with plausibility; but they were presently brushed away by the fearful hint of increasing sickness in the city, and imminent fear of cholera.

An indignant "pho—pho"—in reply to this had no other result than to make our family very sour, and our breakfasts very cold, for three weeks thereafter.

After this came sunny looks and smiles; a few kisses, and a plump request from our reconciled daughter to go and pass a week or two at Fort Hamilton or Newburgh.

There is a way of pushing daughterly requests, as every master of a family knows, which can not be gainsaid. We were, therefore, at length driven to capitulation; the terms of which involved a fortnight in the town of Newburgh. We have a respect for Newburgh, and for the people of Newburgh, and do not wish to injure them or malign them. Yet it is certain that they do live in a very hot, and a very dusty town. It is said to be cold in winter. We think it very possible. Our business, as is natural, required very frequent visits to the town; upon each of which we were haunted by a lively fancy-sketch of the Henry Clay disaster—relieved, at intervals, by thought, of the Reindeer, or of the Norwalk Bridge. And even had there been no haunting fear of this sort, there was enough of annoyance in the constant crowd of passengers to drive far off all easy sense of being amused. Indeed, nothing could exceed the anxiety of our poor girls on their passage up the river, lest the black trunk should be lost, or the russet traveling-case stolen, or the carpet-bag slip overboard. Besides which, they were horrified by the great number of "vulgar people" who seemed to be traveling with very much the same intent as themselves; and to tell the truth, there seemed to be no further difference than lay in a certain explosive hilarity which belonged to the "vulgar people." However, our daughters decided that they were vulgar; and distressed themselves a great deal, in forming a variety of conjectures as to how they could possibly have made their money, and who was their mantua-maker. They subsequently expressed regrets that such evidences of wealth should not be guided by more of taste and judgment. We must be permitted to observe here, that such notion is very apt to take possession of poor traveling families, whenever they overtake rich traveling families.

In proceeding with our experience, we have to mention the occupancy of very sunny rooms in the country, where the thermometer stood, upon an average, some ten degrees higher than in our modest quarters in town. There was a beautiful grove, indeed, much frequented (as a novelty) by the mamma and the daughters; but between mosquitoes, canker-worms, and a long and dusty walk which led to it, we had, on our own part, rather a distaste for the grove.

It was found, too, much to the regret of the daughters, that the large flats which they had bought for the country, and trimmed with long blue streamers, were not the fashion at Newburgh; and these, with sundry other rustic accompaniments, were found to excite very unpleasant hilarity on the part of a few bare-legged boys who tended some half-dozen brindle cows, in the neighborhood of the grove. Two pairs of very *coquette* French slippers, from Middleton's, were, moreover, entirely ruined by the dew on the second morning after arrival.

Indeed, if it were not for the opportunity of talking about the trip to the neighbors then alluded to, and comparing notes with them about "our stay in the country," we honestly believe that the family would have enjoyed themselves much better at home.

We have omitted to mention that a capital cook we had on leaving town, and to whom we gave a fortnight's leave of absence on going away, has never made her appearance again.

Upon the whole, we think it a mistake to suppose that a love of the country, or the enjoyment of it, is a thing to be "gotten up" on call, like a taste for the Opera, or extra shares of the Cumberland Coal Stock. We have a fancy that it is a thing "bred in the bone," wherever it is strong enough to give relaxation and pleasure; and we think it must be followed after leisurely, and enjoyed quietly, even as a *bon vivant* sits down in orderly and tranquil manner to the discussion of a good meal; and not in the fashion in which they consume dishes of meat and bread stuffs at the Irving or the Metropolitan Hotels.

We suggest, meantime, for some of our graceful limners of the daily press, the scheme of occupying themselves with portraits of that old and respectable class who go, during the summer season, to such resorts as Saratoga and Newport, because they *really* enjoy the air or the water; and take rational satisfaction in keeping up, from year to year, their acquaintance with the landmarks of twenty years gone by. The class is fast going by: their pictures will prove as effective within a short time (if tastefully done) as that of Will Honeycomb, or of the Squire of Bracebridge Hall.

THE TOWN—by which we mean the stay-at-home Town—is busier than ever, with pulling down and building up. We despair of ever seeing Broadway completed. We can recall the time, not many years back, when the brick range opposite the Metropolitan Hotel was counted a most respectable pile, giving honor to that portion of the city, and subject for very much of newspaper encomium. We shall expect to see it coming down some fine morning, to give place to some new Lafarge Hotel, with a pine balustrade.

New schemes are afloat for an "Upper-story Railway," to carry the Broadway drift of passengers. One of these schemes proposes a second side-walk to flank the rails, and the adjustment of second-story rooms to lighter sorts of traffic. Something very like this, English travelers will remember, belongs to the quaint old town of Chester; and it may be that the antique doings of the stout Constables of Cheshire may yet give a hint to our mechanical and matter-of-fact age and people.

By the way, is it not something odd, in all our aimings at economy of space, and studies for brilliant effect, that we have neglected thus far to introduce the very convenient and the very showy *passages* of Continental cities? What could be prettier, or more suited to the shopping times, than a glazed Arcade reaching from Broadway through to Mercer-street, with dozens of little confectioners', hatters', and booksellers' shops at either hand? Would not every shower bring custom? and (if the position were adroitly chosen) would not the gayety and splendor of the scene convert the speculation into a most profitable fashionable Arcade? We throw out the hint gratuitously—venturing meantime the prediction that within ten years it *will be done*, and that it *will pay*.

Of course, in our climate, great care should be taken to secure very free and full ventilation.

THE monster Palace by the Reservoir has at length fulfilled the design of its projectors, and though we write in advance of the time, we can speak safely of a thronged exhibition. Dublin, meantime, with its Palace, is provoking admiration over the seas; and its great compeer of the Sydenham Park is rapidly advancing toward the fulfillment of the grandest promise yet made by man to the world of art and of nature.

Nor a little of boudoir and salon talk has rested upon a late order of our State department *apropos* of diplomatic and consular dress. It is eminently a Young American movement, without, however, having any thing about it dangerous to the old cherishment of either constitution or firesides. Henceforth, says Mr. Marey, Americans shall be only Americans, whether charged with full missions or half missions; they shall wear no gold or trappings, but measure themselves simply by republican tailor standards. This new order is specially noticeable in contrast with that counter-action of the new French Emperor, which has sought the restoration of the imperial magnificence of the early part of the century.

The question becomes interesting, whether the black coat of the American Republic, or the blue and gold of the Emperor, will have most imitators in the world of 1900.

MR. VANDERBILT, of the monster steam-yacht, is, they tell us, playing the sovereign in the old English town of Southampton. And while the good burghers of the place, with their wives and daughters, are eating his dinners, the quiet lookers-on from Portsmouth and Cowes are carefully studying the model of his vessel. Once let the British add the symmetry of our hulls to their easy working and powerful machinery, and we fear that new Yankee steamers would require to be built to maintain the ocean mastery.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE was a time when *Phrenology* was even more in vogue than *Spirit-Rappings*; and many a map of one's cranium is now laid carefully aside in some out-of-the-way drawer, which used to be consulted as if it were the very oracle of Fate. To be sure, *Phrenology* has many devotees now, and charts are every day given to such persons as desire to know exactly what manner of persons they are of; still, the "science," if not in its decadence, is not at that "flood-tide of success" which might have been claimed for it some years ago.

Phrenology was at its height when Gall and Spurzheim were in Edinburgh together, illustrating the science—making numerous proselytes on the one hand, and creating a great deal of laughter and ridicule on the other. About this time a most amusing circumstance took place, which almost threw the unbelievers in the science into spasms of mirth. Guffaws were heard in the streets "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at the success of a joke that was put upon one of the most prominent and learned of the societies which had been gotten up in the University.

Then, as nowadays, the illustrators of the science were assisted in their explication of its mysteries by numerous and various casts, upon which the different "organs," or propensities, were more or less developed. One morning, while the Society was holding a protracted sitting, and discussing the