

The immediate effect upon 'The Florentine' was happy; but I cannot take time now to describe it. There have been a good many circumstances in connection with the matter, as strange and interesting as an old-fashioned novel. My 'point' of law has become quite celebrated. Several young members of the bar have tried it on to promissory notes, but without success, since it relates exclusively to real-estate, and is one of the legal myths come down from the feudal ages.

The nub of the story is, that 'The Florentine,' as a token of her sense of my services, deeded me ten acres of the ground, in a picturesque situation, as my fee. I had never hinted the payment of a farthing; and upon some suggestion of her own fancy, she selected the prettiest spot on the ground, and had a deed made and recorded before I was aware of it. In manner, this was Dinarzaide, but in substance the most rational thing in the world. She is no more crazy than you are.

The situation is this. The Ohio River makes a large circuit to the north just before reaching the city, and is all the way hemmed in by high hills, with an occasional meadowy recess or irregular widening of the valley. The ground I speak of is what might be the key of the arch; high above the valley, but looking over it, and commanding it for miles to the right and to the left. On either hand the eye takes in a broad and beautiful stretch of the river; its valleys and hills, its vineyards, villages, steamboats, and all manner of varied life. We call it 'Ellasland.' At the foot of the hills runs the Little-Miami Rail-road, and we look down from 'Ellasland' and see the trains of cars whistling, jerking, and thundering along, as if they felt a good deal bigger than they look. When will Ella herself come in those cars?

Like all places commanding extraordinary views, Ellasland is rather inaccessible. It costs a deal of money to fix it, and it never can be so fixed but that we shall have to climb as if hunting crows'-nests to get to it. When I spoke of it as a fee, my brother-lawyers, in consideration of the cost of improvements, say it is simple also. It is jocularly spoken of as my 'fee-simple.' But it is my romance, my poem. Partly down a slope in the back-part of the grounds is a clear spring of water, and by it sits, as its guardian-spirit, a most primitive and wonderful bull-frog. Of a summer night he is addicted to dogmatism, and particularly sonorous when it is very dark. I send you herewith his daguerreotype. Please observe his mouth, his eyes. He appears to be comprehending the whole world, and considering what to do about it. His voice is orotund, and his delivery very fine. Of a dark night it is an inspiring and cheerful thing to hear his positive and hopeful utterances. There is no sign of doubt or mystification about him. Your brother calls him 'Martin Luther.' It strikes me that his forehead is rather low to bear such a name; but he does wear it. After every sort of family criticism and protest has been worn out, habit has fixed upon him the name. And partly as a consequence, a tree-toad, smaller, gentler than 'Martin Luther,' less dogmatic and positive, but whose voice is the music to 'Martin's' noble words, we call 'Melancthon.' But I am spinning out this letter, having so many things to tell. My thoughts are ever with you, and when I take my pen to write, the flood-gates are opened; the difficulty is to stop.

## R E M E M B R A N C E .

SHE died! the lily only grew  
 More snowy on her tender cheek;  
 And like two rose-leaves crushed with dew  
 Drooped down her eye-lids, soft and meek :  
 Their fairest flower, their joy, their pride,  
 Scarce seventeen — and yet she died !

She died! The sky was blue and warm,  
 And sun-set waves of red and gold  
 Crept rippling o'er the sculptured form  
 That lay in death, so marble cold :  
 Love, light, and life from earth were gone!  
 She died! — and yet the sun shone on.

Yes, in that quiet room she lay,  
 Just as she seemed an hour ago,  
 When *he* knelt by her couch to pray,  
 With reeling brain, heart stunned with wo.  
 'My God! my God! send help!' he cried;  
 But ah! — poor stricken one! — she died!

Her soft hand clasped within his own,  
 That to her loving heart she pressed;  
 One last fond smile — no sigh, no groan,  
 And the sweet spirit was at rest.  
 Madly he chained her to his side,  
 Still his, though DEATH'S — his promised bride.

They bore him frantic from the room,  
 And long, through the night-shadowed street,  
 He paced before that house of gloom,  
 With sunken eye and faltering feet;  
 While from his pale lips burst the cry :  
 'Have mercy HEAVEN, and let me die!'

They placed the glittering bridal-ring  
 On one white finger o'er her breast,  
 And flowers, such as he loved to bring,  
 In her dark shining hair were dressed.  
 His pictured image pressed her heart :  
 One long, wild kiss — and thus they part!

That face beneath the coffin-lid  
 Was not so ghastly as his own;  
 His fearful moans they gently chid,  
 But his strong manhood was o'erthrown.  
 They spoke of pride with empty breath —  
 Fools! what has pride to do with death?

She died! no note of song was heard  
 Where, like a bird's, her voice had been;  
 None ever saw the casement stirred  
 To let the cheerful sun-shine in.  
 They thought that years could never bind  
 Each bleeding heart and wandering mind.

But as the time fled swift away,  
 More quietly their tear-drops fell,  
 And less they missed it day by day,  
 The voice that they had loved so well.

And ere spring-grass had o'er her grown,  
 Friends seemed as if no grief they'd known.

Ah! love! poor, fickle human love!  
 But he was lonely, and so young;  
 Scarce one short year she'd reigned above  
 Ere to another's harp he sung;  
 And whispered in another's ear  
 The sweet low tones she held so dear.

'Tis best: it is a blessed thing  
 That Time has balm for every wo;  
 That all our change no tears can wring  
 From those who no more change can know.  
 Oh! ponder well, youth, love, and pride,  
 'Tis all awaits ye, this: 'They died!'

Would that our thoughts, from earth withdrawn,  
 Shut up alone with Death and God,  
 Might cling to heaven, of grace new-born;  
 For this 'tis sent — the chastening rod;  
 But ah! we feel the smart and pain,  
 Then weep, forget, and sin again!

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Albany, (N. Y.)

## The Complete Susquehanna Angler.

### FISHING THE SECOND.

WHEREIN SCHOLIAST DISCOURSETH ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

'THERE HOPE sits day after day, *speculating* on traditional gudgeons!' — ELIA.

'He that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself.' — WALTON.

[A fair autumn day. Piscator, Scholiast, and Venator, habited as fishers, are seen upon the banks of the Susquehanna, nearly opposite a small village, called by the Indians *Canna-na-na*. Venator beareth a pail in his hands, wherewith, unbeknown to his comrades, he shall fall to the ground.]

PISCATOR: Good my scholars — and I make myself not uneasy to call you such, seeing that all men go to school to one another, and the wise men never cease to learn, but are even tutored in some things by those far beneath them in other matters — this is the place where mighty bass are taken by skilful fishers. The flesh of the Susquehanna bass is reputed, by those who have had the good luck to taste it, to surpass that of all the other dwellers in the water. Yet I cannot vouch for the truth of such affirmation, since never have I, nor have any of my honest brethren with whom I have met, been so fortunate as to eat thereof. Still, there be reasons which force me to give faith to the rumor, to wit: for that it is generally received as true; also, for that they be very scarce and difficult to take — qualities which give flavor and relish to any

thing ; and also, for that I did once see an honest angler who did assure me that formerly he did see another brother of the rod and line, who, upon his honor as a fisher, did most religiously and solemnly asseverate that he did, once upon a time, drink of some water wherein tradition said a large bass was seen to lie, and that it had a most sweet and wholesome taste. Therefore, let us angle for this large and notable fish this fair autumn day ; and though we may fail to catch him, yet 't will be royal sport, and while we are thus striving we shall not be pestered by smaller fry. In this manner, also, let us live, my scholars ! Let our purposes be high and generous ; let us ever be pressing on to some good end, some glorious destiny ; and though we may fail to rear for ourselves the enduring monument of eternal memory, yet by perseverance in such course, we shall at least be honored and respected by the upright and virtuous, and leave the legacy of good men to posterity — fair names and sweet remembrances, unsullied by meanness, untarnished by reproach !

VENATOR : Dear my master, should I live to be as old as Mathuselem, which HEAVEN forefend, never should I be able sufficiently to thank thee for all thy kind offices in my behalf — thy learned counsels, thy good instructions, and thy sweet examples, which thou ever bearest with thee, even as the bull-head its horns, which are ever pricking me on to all that is gentle, lovable, and good.

SCHOLIAST : In truth, my master, I will ever hold as sabbatical the day that gave me to thy care. Richer am I than Midas, or the Lydian king, in thy speech and company. With thee simplicity and honesty go hand in hand, which go not in the ways of worldliness. Though nor power nor wealth lie in thy future, yet farewell the strife of the ungodly, the barter of repose for gain, the immolation of integrity on the altar of advancement ; for with the golden-tongued philosopher I can say : ' Could riches so gained ever compare in worth with the cheerful consciousness of integrity and of nobility of soul ? Could I prize wealth before the peace of mind resulting from honesty ? '

VENATOR : Truly, ever doth my grateful heart revert to thee, my master, though ever saddened with the reflection that fatigue brings with it no fish, and that endurance is only repaid by disappointment.

PISCATOR : Bear with thee a brave heart, scholar mine. If so be that thou dost truly desire to become a disciple of the bait-box and grub, thou must learn not only to suffer without complaint, both wet and dry, heat and cold, thirst and hunger, mishap and ill-luck, but also to make every accident and incident of things, real and imaginary, a joy and pleasure. And, good Venator, I am beholden to thee that, passing by that rollicking Poeta, thou hast invited only to the angle with us this sedate and sober Scholiast. I make no doubt of the rhymester's laziness ; yet he hath not patience, and beside, is so given to drink that he would soon bring our honest art into disrepute.

VENATOR : Marry ! I have only known this Poeta to become most heartily sick of him. For not only hath he vanity, the very vanity of vanities, but he is withal one of those animals whereof the devils took possession in the country of the Gadarenes, eating and drinking more,

and paying less than any man with whom I have met since first I saw thee.

SCHOLIAST : So thou hast learned this Poeta to thy sorrow ! Thou art not the first ; and, sooth to say, he is more notable for his drinks than his rhymes. Much time have I spent to divine why the rhymster was created ; but I am only the more confounded by my research. As the summer cannot exist without grass-hoppers, so society cannot exist without poets ; but that summer would be more welcome without the one, and society more endurable without the other, is my firm belief. Zoölogically I can find no place for him, and I confess him a veritable pest, a nuisance !

POETA *here emergeth suddenly from a clump of bushes by the wayside and speaketh* : A good morrow to you all, gentlemen ! Aha ! it is to the angle that ye go, sullyng your honest craft with villainous discourse on my brotherhood. Art not ashamed, Scholiast ? thou, versed in all the ancient lore ; thou who knowest that imagination is the soul of all writing ; without which composition can only, and that poorly, subserve some present and urgent necessity which called it forth, and is then consigned to the lumber-room and dust of forgetfulness — art not ashamed to deery the muse ? I marvel not these simple men, unlettered as they are, should hold the poet in contempt. Ignorance and obtuseness always despise what they cannot comprehend. But thou — O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell ! The bard a pest, a nuisance ! What awful forms are those which haunt the world, and make it beautiful with sacred stream and plain divine, and holy mountain-top ? The poets, whom DEITY hath appointed His ministers and prophets ! Canst find no room on earth for the minstrel ? Place him then, Scholiast, amid the gods !

PISCATOR : Soft you, scholars ! this shall not be. Thou, Poeta, art much to blame in this ; for know we were but in a merry humor, and our strictures were, in truth, but jocundities.

VENATOR : For a verity, 't was but jollity. 'T was but a jest, a quip, a crankum. Take it not to heart. I said but in joke what was true. Therefore, take it not in dudgeon. A word in thine ear : I have a flask in my pocket, and we will be friends over it if ever we can give these twain the slip.

POETA : In sooth, my masters, I am mainly mollified. But hereafter let me not hear you condemn the muse ; for in so doing you condemn the all-pervading spirit of the beautiful. And now, as I throw away this tobacco, so do I give to the wind all enmity and bitter feeling. Thy hand, beloved Scholiast !

SCHOLIAST : I take it with a hearty good will. And as we grasp each other's hand, let us do it warmly, thinking how time hath sanctified this custom ; as even in the age of Homer, as now, it was considered a token of friendship and familiarity. Believe me, 't was but in jest that I spake lightly of the poet ; for with Tully can I truly say : *Atqui sic à summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, cæterarum rerum studia, et doctrinâ, et præceptis, et arte constare ; poetam naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu instari. Quare suo jure noster ille Ennius sanctos appellat poetas, quod*

as the spot where, on a day of the olden summer, with the kind leave, and the kinder aid and labor, of him of yonder mansion, the tables were spread, and the young, and gay, and beautiful kept festal-day; some sitting by the brook-side in choral song, and others wandering up into the depths of that embowered glen, filled with sweet warblers, wild-flowers, and old romance. Ah! I have heard old men talk of that day as the happiest one of a long life. Let us lie down here, for it is passing beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: With all my heart, here, beneath this maple. Poeta, tell me, I pray, for thou must know, what is this *Beautiful*, of which we have so much spoken to-day?

POETA: The beautiful! what is the beautiful! 'Tis the beautiful, to be sure. Why, 'tis the earth, the sky, the birds, the flowers — 'tis every thing.

SCHOLIAST: True. But to say what things are beautiful is not to define the beautiful. All things are beautiful which are beautiful; but what is the beautiful? Shall we say with Kant, that 'the beautiful is that which, apart from any conception, is considered as affording pleasure to all?'

POETA: By my troth, I *can't* say! But it seemeth to me that the beautiful in a tree differeth from that in a woman, by as great a difference as they are different; and that there is no such thing as abstract beauty.

PISCATOR: Yea, scholar, but are not both a pleasurable sight? Surely the great transcendentalist hath the very right in this matter. It is the beautiful in a thing which affords us pleasure when we consider the beautiful.

SCHOLIAST: Most subtle Piscator! Thou hast lit on the German's weakness in thy first theoretic flight. He hath but given us a Roland for an Oliver. Truly, he tells us that the beautiful is that which affords pleasure, and we say that which affords us pleasure in a thing is the beautiful; but what is that which we denominate the beautiful, and which affordeth pleasure? In that Kant hath cut loose from all conception, I honor him; but his definition let me defer to. How sayest thou, Poeta?

POETA: 'As you like it.' Marry, and list that joy-scream! A noisy good-for-naught is he; as though he were the only bird of the forest. Prithee proceed; for I had rather hear thy sweet discourse than his discordant note. There he goes again, with his shrill, startling cry, as though danger were near.

SCHOLIAST: But if a person assert that by the term beauty are signified two things: First, that external quality of bodies which may be shown in some sort to be typical of the Divine attributes, which he calls typical beauty; secondarily, the appearance of felicitous fulfilment of function in living things, which he denominates vital beauty — should we credit it?

POETA: By my halidom! nay. For, poor a logician as I am, still the defect to me is obvious. Different objects would not typify all the attributes of divinity, nor all objects the same attribute. The fecundity of some men's fancies might enable them to find in many objects some di-



vine type which would not be perceivable to common minds. But even if many beautiful objects be so typical, it cannot be affirmed of all; as, for instance, a drinking-cup; or to illustrate by a glaring example, a beautiful snake, which has been, certainly since the fall, typical of no heavenly attribute. The second division he limits to living things, and this limitation destroys the integrity of the definition. To say the truth, Ruskin hath sublimed his subject until it is lost sight of, and he goes on through his whole discourse on the theoretic faculty, beating the air with a grand enthusiasm, glorious imagination, and splendid diction.

SCHOLIAST: Bravely done, indeed, most worthy Poeta! Now what shall we say of Aristotle, who affirmeth that beauty consists in magnitude and order?

PISCATOR: Thou shalt say as seemeth good to thee.

SCHOLIAST: Then shall I not declare the Stagyrite in error? And note, he subsequently limits this magnitude to a happy medium. What he meaneth by order, I know not, unless it be a harmonious combination of the parts of an object. If it be this, I most heartily agree with him; if not, not; for there is often the greatest beauty in disorder; as, a sunset, with its purple sky a-flame, with scattered and ragged clouds, blazing, changing, and shifting in the departing glory. As to magnitude, is not the small as beautiful, often more so, than the large? Is not the fawn as beautiful as the deer? Is not the leopard more beautiful than the elephant, the squirrel than the rhinoceros, the rose than the sunflower, the flower than the tree, the diamond than the rock? Are not many of the smallest visible objects beautiful? Shall we deny the insect world its claim to beauty? shall we confine it to the medium? Or, shall we say that, on account of its immensity, this goodly earth, with its pleasant vales and winding streams, wild-woods and prairies; or the goodlier heavens, where God stretches his bow and renews his covenant, with all its multitudinous suns and stars, the ever young-eyed choristers that were when all the sons of God shouted for joy, are devoid of beauty? Beside, magnitude cannot be predicated of color, music, and many other things-whereof beauty is affirmed. How then?

PISCATOR: We will then, for thy sake, most learned Scholiast, deem that the beautiful hath no dependency on size. Still, a large fish of one kind is more beautiful to me than a small fish of the same kind.

POETA: I hold the beautiful to be beautiful to all capacitated for appreciating it. Therefore, when one says, this thing is beautiful to me, though not to others, he impeaches the faculties of all, which must take cognizance of the beautiful when present, unless in particular instances early prejudice may have blinded or warped them. Wherever the beautiful is, it rests in pleasurable objectiveness to all, otherwise it is dependent on freak, fancy, fashion, and folly, which I deny; for it was before any of these with the angels. So, when thou sayest a large fish to thee is beautiful, thou meanest, its size affords thee gratification, and usest the word *beautiful*, as men are apt to, without a distinct apprehension of its significancy. Am I not right, Scholiast?

SCHOLIAST: For a verity; if there be a beauty through which all things beautiful are beautiful, which we hold, and which many contend for. Attend now to Burke's definition. He says: 'By beauty, I mean

that quality, or those qualities, in bodies, by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it.' How unsatisfactory to his own mind this must have been appears in this, that he is necessitated immediately to elucidate the term love, as not desire, not lust, nothing that love in its general acceptation signifies, but a certain mental satisfaction, something, perhaps, like Kant's pleasure, or what, perhaps, might be expressed by the word *liking*. This definition is, however, liable to the same objection with Kant's. What is that quality in the beautiful which causes love? Thus you see the definition is self-explosive. But further. This love of Burke's is something inconsonant with the fearful, loathsome, or repulsive; and note he does not disconnect his beauty from conception, and herein is less exact than the German philosopher. Now the beautiful and the repulsive, loathsome or fearful are compatible, the same thing being considered at the same time both subjectively and objectively. For example, an enraged serpent is one of the most fearful and repulsive creatures in nature viewed subjectively; but objectively, ineffably beautiful. So in the whole reptile species, the loathsome and beautiful are often conjoined. Again, many things beautiful may excite no love in us. The flowers which a dear dead sister tended, any thing beautiful cherished by her, when brought to our view, would fill us with sorrow, and yet be not the less beautiful. So, also, the most beautiful in writing is that which excites in us not love, but pity and sympathy. Or how, scholars?

POETA: The name of Burke is legion; but let us modestly differ, since, if we are not satisfied, we are not satisfied, though Burke say it.

PISCATOR: Yea, out upon all apotheothization! Should we buy a fish without looking at the gills, though all unite in commending it? and shall we take intellectual ware upon trust, which, if it haply be truth, is a treasure — that good part which shall never be taken from us? Hark! 't is Venator singing. A brave rustic voice is his, though, to say truth, but little sweeter than poor Jack's, who browses the thistle; and all tunes are alike to him. He is having rare luck, I doubt not. I prithee proceed; for we are yet to learn what this beauty is.

SCHOLIAST: Let us then press on till we reach the gate called '*Beautiful*.' Socrates (according to Xenophon) concludes that whatever is well suited is beautiful with regard to that thing to which it is well suited; but that it may not be beautiful with respect to any other thing whatever; in other words, that beauty consists in the utility and fitness of things to their proposed ends. But he declares, that of beauty in the abstract, we know nothing. Plato also affirms that we are ignorant of the beautiful abstracted, and closes his '*Hippias Major*' by saying: 'For I seem to myself to understand what the proverb means, *Difficult are the beautiful*.' Shall we heed Socrates and his pupil, or shall we strive for the beautiful in the abstract?

POETA: O Scholiast! let us never give over the endeavor; for methinks I see in my mind the spirit of the beautiful descending from heaven, and the brightness of his coming beams like the Northern Lights' red glare athwart the stars! Methinks I see the foul and wrong, and all their carking broods, hide their abashed and confounded fronts,



and he, glorious and regnant over all, like the angel in the Apocalypse, planteth one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and sweareth by Him that liveth and reigneth for ever that such things shall be no longer!

SCHOLIAST: Thou speakest well; but what signifies all our laudation of the beautiful if we know not what it is? Give ear now. We cannot say of a single thing, this is equal; for it is imperative when we speak of equality, to institute a comparison between the thing whereof equality is predicated, and another thing whereto its equality is affirmed. So we cannot say of a single line, it is parallel. We must subject it to its position with respect to another line to affirm its parallelism. In fine, whatever quality a thing possesses, which we cannot assert of it as intrinsic, *that* cannot be abstracted. And though parallelism and equality may be affirmed of many lines and objects, yet we can have no conception of abstract parallelism and equality. Again, unless a quality be the property of more than one thing, we cannot abstract it. Thus we cannot affirm circularity except of the circle, nor triangularity except of the triangle; and hence cannot say that there is an abstract circularity, or a triangularity considered apart from the triangle. Therefore, if there be an abstract beauty, it must be dependent on nothing extrinsic, affected by no comparison, coupled with no interest, that it be wholly self-existent, self-dependent, and self-governed. Shall we say this, and proceed?

A murrain on that rascally squirrel, for he hath dropped an acorn, which he found in yon field, upon my nose. I fear lest it swell and disfigure my face.

PISCATOR: Away with fears! He hath but punctured it a little, and Susquehanna anglers (for such are we all) must learn to bear with brave hearts all the pricks and snubs of fortune. Is it not pleasant fishing here?

POETA: Yea, by the rood! Prithee, learned Scholiast, bait thy hook again; for Piscator and myself long to nibble thereat.

PISCATOR: I am happy that ye listen with such attent, and would others might be like you. And now let us throw in again. Shall we say that any thing simple, uncompounded, any single component, particle, or atom is beautiful? Shall we say that any single musical note is beautiful, or that any one note is more beautiful than another?

POETA: For a verity.

SCHOLIAST: Thou shalt maintain it then. Which, sounded alone, is the most beautiful, *do* or *sol*?

POETA: Neither. But one tune is more beautiful than another.

SCHOLIAST: True, O minstrel! It needeth a combination of notes in order that there be any music whatever. The whistle of the quail is as beautiful as any single note of the brown thrush, yet who would compare the flute-like cadences of the latter with the monotonous cry of the former? Again, is there any thing which we may designate as beautiful in a number of objects of irregular rotundity, and a mass of vegetation, taken separately? Let these be properly placed together, and we have a tree, which all agree to call beautiful. Is any one color, taken apart, beautiful? I apprehend all will say nay. Should we call

a nose beautiful taken from the face ; or a face beautiful without a nose ; or an eye beautiful if placed in a brick wall ? So of all the features separately ; but aggregated, they make the countenance divine. Then shall we not affirm that beauty consists in a measure of combination ?

POETA : Truly. Let us define beauty to be combination.

SCHOLIAST : Nay, not so fast, thou knight of song ! Shall we not say something more ? Or shall we call a face beautiful possessed of three eyes and two noses ; or a form beautiful with three breasts, or three arms ; or an animal beautiful with five legs ? Would that countenance be beautiful in which the eyes were below the nose, or the mouth above, or a form with the arms protruding from the abdomen ? Would a rainbow with a different combination of four of the colors, or a tune with an improper combination of notes, or a poem wherein words were placed without sensible sequence, be called beautiful ? Thus we may easily perceive there may be positive ugliness in combination. What then, in these last examples, hath rendered them ugly ?

PISCATOR : Unsuitableness, or something else.

POETA : The lack of harmony, as it seemeth to me.

SCHOLIAST : What then, shall we not say that a harmonious and suitable combination is constituent of beauty ?

POETA : We will affirm it to be so.

SCHOLIAST : But we say there is beauty in the moral world, as well as in the natural and artificial world. Shall we there find this harmonious and suitable combination ? Hear what the inspired Tarsusian hath written : ' Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' So we see virtue, which is above all things beautiful, is nothing without charity. Benevolence is beautiful ; but would we call his act beautiful who should bestow an alms, or forsooth, Piscator, one of too many fish upon a rich person ?

PISCATOR : By no means ; for with the gift should also go commiseration and a desire to relieve want.

SCHOLIAST : This suitable and harmonious combination is also found in the moral world. Shall we say then that the beautiful is harmonious and suitable combination ? Let us be wary. A large beam, well squared and fitted, or a large stone well dressed and suited for building, shall we call beautiful ? I think not. Yet wherefore not ? Their combinations possess harmony and suitableness. I hold that it is because the intellect doth not take delight in considering them. That whereof the beautiful is affirmed, must be considered ; for until the mental effort, and until that is accompanied with a pleasure that is not fleeting nor casual, the beautiful is not perceived. Let us examine. Suppose a person listless, the beautiful may be presented, but he shall take no cognizance of it. But place some delicacy on his tongue, he

shall taste it ; fire a pistol near him, and he shall start ; strike at him, and he shall shrink. Suppose the mind engrossed with care or sorrow, the beautiful is passed by unnoticed. In the one case the intellect is sluggish ; in the other so dominant that it receives no impress from the senses. Therefore I hold that we do not take cognizance of the beautiful until the intellect has considered a thing, marked its harmonious and suitable combination, and received delight therefrom, how or why, is known only to OMNISCIENCE. Let me then say that the beautiful is that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect.

POETA : Then, O most learned Scholiast, thou maintainest that the intellect alone tells us what is beautiful ; so that the more cultivated and higher the intellect, the better able it is to perceive the beautiful. Cannot a simple child discover the beautiful, and does he not more than the man ? Beautifully indeed doth the Oxford graduate say, there are few ' who look not back to their youngest and least learned days, as those of the most intense, superstitious, insatiable, and beatific perceptions ' of the splendors of the beautiful, and then quoth a sad, sweet verse, beginning, ' Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

SCHOLIAST : Out upon him ! he knows better ! The bard may sing :

— ' 'T is little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.'

'T is his privilege. But the reasoner should keep the truth before him, and beware lest it be lost sight of in the obscurity of fancy. Let us look with an eye single to truth. The child grasps at whatever glitters ; is, as a poet expresseth it, ' pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.' The specious is its choice. With reason comes the apprehension of the beautiful. Do we not recollect by what slow approaches we have come to the knowledge of the beautiful ? Do we not remember how the purple of its dawn broke upon us with dim, uncertain tinges ; how it came upward flushing, gilding, and widening our horizon, waking the dormant music in our hearts, until it rose upon our manhood in full effulgence, displaying to us a new world, and diffusing over all things a more full and perfect light and life ? The simple, sensual joys and fancies of childhood had no care nor sorrows to disturb them, and therefore we so poetically revert to them. Who that has ever enjoyed an hour of perfect intellectual felicity, would exchange another promised hour for an eternity of infancy ? The savage, whose mind has never been pruned to the formalities of ratiocination, does he not prefer the gaudy to the beautiful, and display a disregard, an ignorance of the beautiful in nature ?

POETA : But can we not discover the beautiful without reasoning ?

SCHOLIAST : The specious and gaudy to our imperfect intellects have a resemblance to the beautiful ; therefore before deciding upon the beautiful, we must beware lest we be at fault. True, we look at a thing and immediately pronounce it beautiful. So a man looks at a dim sun-set and forbears a journey on the morrow. In either case a chain of reasoning takes place, but with such electric celerity, that the

intellect is hardly aware of its own action, or of the intermediate steps between the premise and conclusion. Again, how many things which at the first glance we call beautiful, prove otherwise. So we see when the intellect considers a thing superficially or insufficiently, we are liable to be deceived as to the beautiful.

PISCATOR : Perhaps then upon every object of contemplation there is a judgment as to its beauty ; but is not that judgment an intuition more fully developed by years ?

SCHOLIAST : Thou art right as to judgment (which is the conclusion of the operations of the intellect) upon a thing as to its beauty, or the opposite, its ugliness, or the intermediate, its plainness. But that this judgment, as thou callest it, is not intuition, is evident in this, that no one, without being shod with some preparation, can ever take correct cognizance of the beautiful in the artificial world ; for example, a poem, a picture, a symphony. That our ideas of beauty are not æsthetic, plainly appears in this, that in all things decided upon by the senses, there is no appeal to the intellect. All agree that the quality of sugar is sweetness, nor will one say that sugar is sour or bitter ; nor can education make one perceive acidity in sugar. Neither will different persons perceive a greater sweetness in the same sugar. But it is far otherwise in regard to the beautiful in the artificial world. While all agree upon consideration as to the existence of beauty in certain things, they differ often as to the degree. And those who have schooled the intellect by constant critical exercise, all allow to be most competent to conclude upon the beautiful, and to their judgment due deference is paid. These differences arise from the imperfections of all things artificial. In the natural world, there is less diversity of judgment, since no impotent hand has composed the objects which shadow forth the beautiful ; and in the moral world still less, because in that there is nothing indifferent, and God has donated it alone with perfectibility. But this disagreement comes not from the beautiful, which is, like its immortal SIRE, immutable, but as I have said, from the imperfection of things, and I will add, the fallibility of the intellect, with its vision be-dimmed by the clouds and distortions of mundane influences.

POETA : Prithee, master, for thou speakest most delectably, and the glow of a rich enthusiasm is on thy cheek, and its fire in thine eye, is this harmonious and suitable combination discovered until the beautiful is decided upon ?

SCHOLIAST : Dost thou discover an article to be sweet by its being sugar, or that it is sugar by being sweet ? Do we find a beautiful tree to be a tapering trunk, waving boughs, delicately-traced leaves, and symmetrical form ; or do we find these things to be a beautiful tree ? From the swift operation of the intelligences we may be unaware of it, but when we come to analyze the beautiful, we shall see that our mind has already taken cognizance of all the constituents. True that in some analyses we may discover new reasons for denominating a thing beautiful ; but I submit, that in such event, the beauty is greater than we had, upon a partial consideration, concluded. Beside, how many things which at first strike us unfavorably, do we not upon examination pronounce, and that too with correctness, beautiful ?

PISCATOR : Give us then, O Scholiast ! — for thou, apprehending the beautiful, if any are able, can — a standard to which all things beautiful shall be referred for judgment — an ideal beauty.

SCHOLIAST : I can no more do that than give thee an ideal solidity, since we can know nothing of it except as it is presented in individual instances. We can contemplate beauty abstracted from particular things ; but apart from things in general, we cannot. It is something we find in things which cannot be separated from them, yet not dependent upon particulars. We cannot judge of the beautiful in a horse by the beautiful in a tree ; nor the beautiful in a tree by that in a poem ; nor that in the poem by that in generosity ; yet the beautiful in each is the same immutable beauty which pervades all things we denominate beautiful. In the natural world, we cannot refer beauty to the curve, because many plane surfaces, many angular objects are beautiful beyond a doubt. So of the artificial and moral worlds. And if this is so, there is certainly no standard whereby we may judge indiscriminately of the beauty of a landscape, a symphony, and virtue. There is nothing in them similar, analogous, or opposed. I conclude then, O my scholars ! there is no ideal beauty, and that the manifestation of beauty is dependent upon the thing so manifesting it.

POETA : But how, O Scholiast ! if the beautiful is immutable, and there be no ideal, shall we say one thing is more beautiful than another ? Truly saith Shelley :

‘THE awful shadow of some unseen power  
Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from leaf to leaf,  
. . . . dear and yet dearer for its mystery.’

SCHOLIAST : I have said we see it as through a glass darkly, and that it is manifested to us through imperfections. That displayed through the works of man (the artificial world) is of the lowest order, and the most various in degrees. In the natural world, which is in a measure imperfect, we find many degrees of beauty, but all surpassing that of the artificial world. Think not I start a heresy in saying the world is not perfect. Before the curse was pronounced, it was indeed so ; but thence God intended we should behold no perfection beside his law. It is in the moral world, where perfectibility is, that the greatest excellence is to be met with. One benevolence is no more beautiful than another. Virtue in one is no more beautiful than virtue in another. The degrees are very few. Yet there is imperfection ; for there is not one who hath not tarnished his moral beauty with some vice. The soul of man, the perfectest of all sublunar creations, displays to us the greatest beauty which our intellects are capacitated for contemplating. For to quote from thine own poet, speaking of love and beauty, he says their might

‘EXCEEDS our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.’

We shall never see the beautiful in its perfection in this transitory sphere ; nor do I think we should rightly apprehend it, were it possible to behold it. It is only in the spirit-land that the perfectly beautiful

dwells. It is there that those who in this valley and shadow of death have endeavored to gird themselves with moral beauty, shall, divested of all the clogs and hindrances of mortality, with their visions enlightened and clarified by that light which is not of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of the stars, contemplate, and ever rejoice in the perfect and truly beautiful. To that end, O my scholars! let us, through the only perfection which earth possesses, I mean the law of God, who alone is the source of beauty, strive through our little night, which is not passed, and so shall we, through the peaceable paths of honesty, innocency, and prayer go on with our loins girded, till the eternal dawn shall break upon us, and we come to the full knowledge and enjoyment of the perfect and truly beautiful!

PISCATOR: Yea, that we will. Let us consecrate ourselves to beauty and angling; for they shall go hand in hand, like 'Sleep and *her* brother Death!'

POETA: Happy, O thrice happy day! that lured me from the town away, and crowned me with such happiness! Bright be thy sun for ever more, and still increasing be thy store of beauty and of loveliness. Spirit of beauty, everywhere, ruling o'er ocean, earth, and air, breathe on this soul of mine! Make it to virtue ever dutiful, make it with virtue ever beautiful, make it for ever thine!

PISCATOR: By're Lady! an' my watch showeth four of the afternoon. Let us return to Venator. Ah! how stiff I am from long reclining! Give me thy hand, Poeta. Thou art young and lithe yet.

POETA: The beautiful never grows old. It is as bright and young to-day as when it came with its birds and flowers to adorn the primal earth.

SCHOLIAST: True, scholar mine. I do confess to a stiffness myself, O Piscator! Still ye twain have listened so attentively that it taketh from me all regret, though I shall have a twinge of the rheumatics to-morrow. And now we have defined beauty to be that harmonious and suitable combination which (aside from interest) delights the intellect. We have divided it into natural, artificial, and moral beauty. Perhaps we will hereafter treat upon these divisions separately, and show the uses, mission, and abuses of the beautiful.

PISCATOR: I pray it may be so. But here we are at the river-side again. Where is Venator? Ho-ho! Venator!—so-ho! so-la! hoop! Perhaps he hath become weary, and sleepeth.

POETA: Marry, master, here is a broken rod fixed in the ground, with an empty bottle stuck on the end thereof, and here is the pail with its bottom burst out. Mayhap some ruffians have robbed him, and spirited him away!

PISCATOR: Very like, very like; but I'll take oath they never found poorer prey. I fear, however, lest that most potent of robbers, wine, hath stolen away what little wit he hath; and that being angered at our long stay, he hath sought to mar our sport. But see! Scholiast falleth!

SCHOLIAST: 'Tis but little I feel it. That villainous Venator hath tied his lines across the path here, and I have stumbled over them.

PISCATOR: Oh! he is a veritable pest, and he shall no more to the



angle with me! Doubtless he might make a most expert fisher, if he would make honesty his rod, meditation his line, temperance his hook, and the beautiful his bait; but out upon him for a pestilent fellow! But let us take this boat, which some good genius hath left, and cross to yonder shore. 'Tis beautiful to be upon the water of an autumn's day, and watch the dead leaves fall and float by our craft. So shall we, my scholars, ere long flutter in the wind, fall into the stream, and be borne to that great ocean which hath no tide, nor time, nor chart, nor haven!

POETA: The day draws near its death. How calm and still the sab-bath of the year, not even a bird to break the silence! And look you, where yon mountain of clouds looms over the dreary west, black, purple, crimson, and golden, mixed, intermixed, and commingled in unutterable splendor! Glory hath made its master-piece!

SCHOLIAST: Jump into the boat, into the boat; for I shall push off before it groweth darker.

PISCATOR: 'T was a brave push indeed. Sit still, Poeta, thou hast already half-filled the boat with water. I did not think it so small, or I had not ventured in it. Prithee, Scholiast, take to the oars, for thou art nearest them.

SCHOLIAST: True, my end of the boat is nearest shore, and I left the oars *there*. Soft, thou hast shipped water.

POETA: Lo! on the bank I see a man! He calleth for his boat. The current runneth very swift here, and draweth to the middle of the stream. What shall we do? I will make signals of distress!

PISCATOR: By my halidom! we are now shipped full of water, and 's death and blood! our boat sinks! Ugh! ugh! Thank heaven the stream is not over our heads, and we can wade to shore. The Susquehanna Angler hath need of great store of patience.

SCHOLIAST: Bless me! Poeta hath fallen! Ah! I have him. Thou art now thoroughly wet, which is luxurious, considering thou wert not drowned. Thou spoutest like a porpoise.

POETA: Ugh! ugh! whsh! ptzs! I am drowned!

PISCATOR: Here we are safe to shore, thank HEAVEN! A fair evening to thee, Mr. Waterman. PROVIDENCE preserve thy health! How are thy wife and little ones? I trust they are well.

WATERMAN: As for me and mine, we be well enough; but thou shalt pay me for my boat.

PISCATOR: In good sooth, so I would, but I have no money. To-morrow thou shalt come to yon village, and shalt inquire at the large inn for one honest Piscator. If he be not there, wait till he cometh. But shouldst thou wait many hours, think he is not coming, and look for one Venator, and he will give thee his note for thy boat's value.

POETA: Shouldst thou chance not to see him, I myself will *owe* it thee.

PISCATOR: And now the evening is come. We will return to our inn, where we will doff our dripping clothes, eat a warm and bountiful supper, and then, with blessings on our kind and jovial host, seek his snow-white sheets, which smell of lavender, and 'steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;' and some other day mayhap, to talk of the beautiful, we will, with quiet hearts and sweetly-speaking consciences, go *a-angling*.

## G A I T E R   B O O T S .

BY ROBIN RATTLEBRAIN, A.M.

## I.

O DAINTY foot !  
O gaiter-boot !  
To piety you're shocking ;  
I only know  
Of one thing worse,  
And that 's a snow-white stocking.

## II.

So neat and clean,  
Together seen,  
E'en stoics must agree  
To you to vote,  
What GRAY once wrote,  
A handsome L-E-G.

## III.

The *lasting* theme  
Of midnight dream,  
The very *soul* of song ;  
Man wants you little  
Here below,  
And never wants you long.

## IV.

By PLATO ne'er  
Sent tripping here ;  
By PLUTO rather given,  
To lead poor man  
(An easy plan)  
To any place but Heaven.

## V.

Yet still I vow  
There 's magic now  
About a woman's foot,  
And cunning was  
The wizard hand  
That made a gaiter-boot.

## VI.

For while the knave  
The gaiters gave  
To mortals to ensnare them,  
Mankind he hoaxed,  
And even coaxed  
The angels down to wear them.