

to the greatest of all blessings, a sound mind in a sound body.' This pleasing supposition was soon overthrown. So incomplete was his recovery, that the slightest physical or mental excitement again unsettled his reason, and in the spring of 1783, he returned to his residence in Andover. Six weeks afterwards, on the afternoon of Friday, May 23, 1783, while standing, during a thunder shower, near the door of one of the rooms, and conversing with the family, he was struck by a flash of lightning, and instantly fell dead in Mr Osgood's arms. His remains were brought to Boston, and buried with due honors. Mr Otis was married, in 1755, to Miss Ruth Cunningham of Boston, and had three children. Of his lineal descendants, only two great grand children are now living.

ART. XXII.—*The Loves of the Angels; a poem. By Thomas Moore.* New York and Philadelphia, reprinted, 1823.

MR MOORE'S talents are unquestionably peculiar, both as to their extent and their character. He has given to English literature a poetry equally delightful and original; and in some of the lesser and lower requisites of poetry—in exquisite melody of language and sparkling elegance of imagery—no one has approached him. He is the great song writer of this day; and ages have passed, since a poet lived, who could compress within the compass of a short and simple melody the graceful tenderness, the spirit and the system, that place Moore's songs upon the pianos and in the mouths of all the singing men and women in his own land or in ours.* And this is not all; he is almost as powerful in satire as in song. In some of his political pieces, there are, mingled with much nonsense and weakness, sarcasms of intense severity, which prove his power to be almost equal to his malice. But he has tried a yet higher flight, than either song or satire; in *Lalla Rookh* he failed somewhat, because he could not make long poems as much better than any one else, as he could songs, but no reader of poetry could begin any one of the tales in that book, and leave it unfinished, and no one could read many pages there, and not feel the burning thoughts and words, which came from no lips untouched with fire.

* Mr Campbell's patriotic songs are too sublime to enter into this comparison, and belong to the highest order of lyric poetry.

So much praise we willingly concede to him ;—and it is lamentable, that powers so admirable should be associated with qualities, which merit the severest reprehension, and must excite disgust. We do not speak too strongly. Mr Moore bears about with him the burthen of depraved, licentious tastes, and his genius is cramped and polluted by their foulness. He seems almost to know this himself, for it is not difficult to trace in his writings the effort to be pure, struggling with the habit of being gross ; the strife of endeavor and resolution in conflict with this determined depravity. It is no little praise to say, that he really seems to have striven and fought in earnest, and the success, which must result from such endeavors, has already rewarded him in a degree commensurate with the reality and earnestness of his exertions.

Moore has constantly grown better as a poet, and—so far as his poetry is a test—as a man, since he first came before the public. It is not many years since it was a rude and indecorous thing to speak to a lady of Anacreon Moore ; and an expurgated edition of his four volumes, original and translated, would have made so very thin a book, it was not thought worth the publication. From this abyss he emerged, and made many good songs, which might be read or sung by any one. His Sacred Songs were next published, most of which are quite unexceptionable. After this course of preparation, he made his great attempt, and wrote *Lalla Rookh*, in which there is absolutely nothing, that should keep it out of a decent parlor. At present he has taken one step farther, and published the *Loves of the Angels*. We were almost about to say, that this was a retrograde step, but it would be perhaps rather more just to say, that he is but where he was, and the rooted vulgarity of his tastes and the sensual tendency of his imagination are made more distinctly visible by his staining such a subject with their pollution ; he has chosen to unite the holiest of created existences with the holiest of passions, to make himself a theme ; and we feel, that it was a profanation to approach his work with gross impurity clinging to him.

We would not, however, be understood to charge Mr Moore with hypocrisy in treating religious matters with occasional demonstrations of reverence. We verily believe, that he has much regard, of a certain sort, to religion ; and that he makes ‘ Sacred Songs,’ and breathes an aspiration after heavenly

things—sometimes—in heartfelt sincerity. The leaven of earlier corruption has, however, not yet done its work, and while we gladly acknowledge, that a good influence is apparently active in separating the pure from the impure principles within him, we may regret, that the dregs still rise so frequently to contaminate the whole. We would however do him justice, and therefore admit, that he often seems to strive to give his poetry—as he has given the Hinda of his Fire-worshippers—

‘A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion’s softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing.’

It is unfortunate, that he does not oftener succeed in the attempt; but tastes and habits confirmed by long indulgence are not to be overthrown in a moment, and he is himself as yet, if we may use such a comparison, but as a fallen angel; with a voice attuned to celestial melodies, singing the songs of this lower sphere, and a wing, which should have borne him up to the empyrean, folded in weakness, and glittering, but with the night dews of earth; aspiring to reascend to heaven, but doomed by his own depravity to wander here.

The name of this poem has been long before the public, and with some seemed of itself to be quite proof enough, that the poem must be absurd and ridiculous. We confess we were not disposed to think so. It seemed to us not impossible, that Mr Moore had been induced to choose this subject by the consciousness, that he could touch it without profanation, or by the hope, that the contemplation of such things would purify and elevate his mind. We did venture to hope, the poet would have been borne upward by his theme from the licentiousness of his prevalent imaginations, into loftier and purer feelings. We have been disappointed. His thoughts seem to have wandered to heaven, only to seek and find there new luxuries for the revelling of passion, and fresh aliment for sensuality. Still we impute his failure not to any unfitness in his subject to become the theme of the loftiest song, but to his inability to attain unto it.

Few poets have dared to pass ‘the flaming bounds of space and time,’ and give their imaginations leave to range among the endless and boundless existences of an imperishable world. There are, however, instances, in which authors of imagina-

tion have essayed to lift themselves above 'the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth.' All the beauty of Hogg's most beautiful poem arises from the conceptions of spiritual existence, with which it is stored, and which, whether correct or false, are distinct and glowing. To come nearer home, our own Irving has written few things so sweet and touching, so solemn and yet so delightful, as his reflections on St Mark's eve.

Why is it that subjects of this kind are so rarely attempted? Is it thought, that, as the flowers which bloom where spirits live, do not wither, no descant of lamentation can there be sung over the decay of the dying or the ruins of the dead ;—that nothing of contrast is there ;—the brightness of noon is not preceded by the awakening beauty of the dawn, or followed by the dying hues of sunset ;—and no clouds are there to arrest the sunbeams, and clothe themselves with its glory? It may seem, that this stern necessity of our nature compels us to rest in the belief, that nothing can have to us any distinctness or life, that nothing is placed within the grasp of our conception, but the things which grow and perish on the surface of the earth ; it is, however, most certainly any thing but pleasant to believe this.

In exact proportion as the brutal parts of our nature are enthralled by the nobler attributes of humanity, we are dissatisfied with the littleness and worthlessness of all things about us, and, refusing to regard the objects of this life, as an adequate end to our endeavors, or the pleasures this world offers, as enough, we lift ourselves in imagination and in hope to heaven. There are moments in the life of most men, when there is a feeling, as if darkness and chains had broken away ; when the affections are pure and peaceful, and the thoughts are ranging free and high ; when the existence, the love, and the presence of God are borne in upon our souls, with a power, that will not be withstood, and the heart is swelling, as if it would open to receive the whole influence of the Deity. We may well believe it is at such times, that man is most like to that which his spirit may be ; and how idle would it seem to him, or rather what a loathing horror would it excite to tell him then, that his mind could not wander beyond the grave, and must rest satisfied with the belief, that they, whom he had loved and lost, were spiritual essences, without form or substance,

which his hands might as well lay hold of, as his imagination or his faith attempt to approach. Every thing in his heart and in his mind would rise up to refute the falsehood ; there would be a voice within him too loud and too distinct to be misunderstood or disregarded, and it would tell him, that the world of spirits is not an unimaginable abyss of nothingness, but the home of sentient, active beings, as conscious of individuality, and as full of thought and of affection, as they were before they went from time into eternity.

The doctrines of a future state are not to be proved by logical deductions from the truths our senses teach. It was well said by the author of the 'Light of Nature,' that not one in a hundred was ever satisfied with the arguments brought to prove the existence of God and another life, unless he was convinced, that these propositions were true, before he began to reason about them ; because they, whose hearts and intellects are shrouded in a darkness, which is not penetrated by the higher proof to be derived from the direct perception of these first truths—from the intuition of the soul—can scarcely be enlightened by the feebler ray of reason. All knowledge and all belief rests, of course, upon intuition, as its first and necessary foundation ; but is it therefore true, that the belief of spiritual truths must be referred to sensual perceptions, as its only primary source ? There is an intuition of the soul, as of the eye. Man does not believe in his Maker, because he can institute a train of reasoning, a series of exact and logical inferences, and then feel his mind persuaded by his own arguments ; but because he sees him ;—'sees him in clouds, and hears him in the wind ;'—and though argument and inference may afterwards sustain and confirm him in this belief, it could scarcely have originated from them, for it is only to those who already believe and feel, that there is a God, that his power and love are borne upon every sunbeam, and uttered in the breathing of every wind.

It is scarcely too much to say, that human reasoning can do no more to prove the reality of the sanctions of a future state, than is done in Butler's Analogy ; yet all that is done there is to show, that the probability of this truth is sufficiently strong to warrant our acting upon it. Reasoning, mere argument, can do no more ; but is there not in the heart of every man, who has any religion, a deep conviction, that far more than

New Series, No. 14. 46

this is true? When infidelity denies the infinite and eternal attributes of God, and urges, that the power, and wisdom, and love manifested in the universe prove the existence and operation of a cause adequate to the effects that appear—that is, of a God, if we please to say so, clothed with enough of divine attributes to make the world as it is, but that they do not prove, that there is one with sufficient love, or wisdom, or power, to make the world better than it is, it is not reason, but something higher than reason, it is not the head, but the heart that replies, for all the sin and suffering, the weakness and the wretchedness of man, and for all the disorder and desolation, which man has inflicted like a curse upon the world, we know that he who made it is love and wisdom.

We know then that God is illimitable, and that we live again, not because we can go back logically from effects through causes to a first cause, and not because we can gather from a world of ceaseless change, where every change of every thing is but a step towards decay and dissolution, proof of a coming state, which shall be eternal and absolute; but because, whenever earthly feelings do not so close around us, as to shut out every glimpse of heaven, we can see and feel, that there is a power somewhere, which can be limited and controlled by no other power, and that, while our bodies perish, the life that is in us dieth not. This is the highest proof of the highest truth; but this evidence asserts with as much force the character and condition of the eternal world, as its existence. We are driven by the necessity of our nature, to give a form and an individual existence to every thing, which we would make the subject of thought. There is not a sermon written from the heart, or preached with power, that does not speak of departed spirits, as perfectly retaining their recollections, their affections, their consciences, their identity. We cannot speak to a child, of heaven, and bid him be good, that he may go up from the grave and live there happily, but we give him at once an idea of another life, differing little from this in its external and apparent circumstances. We cannot stand by the bed of the dying, and comfort him who is convulsed with the agonies and trembling with the horrors of death, but by awakening within his soul the hope and the belief, that his being 'is sown a natural body, to rise a spiritual body;' and therefore that he is still to be,—still to be a man with all the thoughts and feel-

ings, which make him such, unharmed, untouched by the disease, which restores the frame he no longer needs to its original elements. Now these imperious, these unavoidable convictions of the mind and heart, upon which rest all the truths that dignify, and all the hopes which cheer humanity, should scarcely be considered as nothing more than the necessary weaknesses and wanderings of imperfect beings. Are they not rather glimpses of light permitted to shine upon our upward path, that we may not be in utter ignorance whither it shall lead? At any rate, who will deny, that impressions of an individual and substantial existence in another life are sufficiently strong and universal to give the most profound and spirit-stirring interest to poetry adequate to them?

It seems from the preface, that the *Loves of the Angels* was originally much more limited in extent, and somewhat different in its character. It was intended as an episode to a larger poem, which the author was or is preparing, but finding that lord Byron had chosen the same subject for a drama, he chose to come first before the public, that he might—to use his own words—‘give himself the chance of a heliacal rising, before the luminary, in whose light he was to be lost, should appear.’

The *Loves of the Angels* is hardly as interesting as *Lalla Rookh*. There are in it no very striking passages, at least none that strike us as exhibiting so much power as many in the different tales of his larger work, though it contains much beautiful poetry, together with an abundance of conceits, which are generally more remote and obscure, than Moore’s images are apt to be. There is not enough of story, and what little there is of it is not very well imagined or very well told; upon the whole, we should say it had fewer beauties and fewer faults, rather less nonsense, and decidedly more dulness, than any thing he has written.

The story is as follows :—and Moore shall begin it himself—

‘Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature’s dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere Sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
’Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies,
 Than in these days of crime and wo,
 And mortals saw, without surprise,
 In the mid-air, angelic eyes
 Gazing upon this world below.

* * * *

One evening, in that time of bloom,
 On a hill's side, where hung the ray
 Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
 Three noble youths conversing lay ;
 And as they look'd, from time to time,
 To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
 His radiant wing, their brows sublime
 Bespoke them of that distant world—
 Creatures of light, such as still play,
 Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
 And through their infinite array
 Transmit each moment, night and day,
 The echo of his luminous word !

Of heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
 Of the bright eyes, that charm'd them thence ;
 Till, yielding gradual to the soft
 And balmy evening's influence—
 The silent breathing of the flowers—
 The melting light, that beam'd above,
 As on their first, fond, erring hours
 Each told the story of his love,
 The history of that hour unblest,
 When, like a bird, from its high nest
 Won down by fascinating eyes,
 For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look
 The least celestial of the three—

* * * *

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
 Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
 Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
 O'er buried hopes, he thus began.

Then the first angel tells his story. He came to earth once on a time, upon some business which is not particularly mentioned, and saw accidentally 'Lea' bathing ; he fell violently in love with her, but she proved to be purer than he, and, though she loved him, it was without passion. After a while,

when it was about time for him to think of returning home, there happened to be a festival, at which Lea and her angel-lover were present; here, for the first time, he drank that liquor,

‘ Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright’ning not only earth the while,
But grasping heaven, too, in their span !’

that is to say, wine ! The banquet over, he sought her in her accustomed bower, and while telling her he must soon depart, and soliciting some slight favor as a token of her love, he accidentally alluded to the spell word, which would expand his wings, and bear him to heaven. She eagerly demanded to know that spell, and promised on that condition to bless him; he told the word of power; she uttered it thrice; wings grew from her shoulders, and she flew to heaven, leaving her lover essaying in vain to follow her; for his power had departed, and his wings were paralyzed. The following passage describes this catastrophe with spirit :

‘ While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind’s breath :
But when I nam’d—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder’d then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o’er her broke,
“ The spell, the spell !—O speak it now,
And I will bless thee !” she exclaim’d—
Unknowing what I did, inflam’d,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp’d one burning kiss, and nam’d
The mystic word, till then ne’er told
To living creature of earth’s mould !
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound; her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,

A vapor from this vale of tears,
 Between her and her God appears!
 That very moment her whole frame
 All bright and glorified became,
 And at her back I saw uncloset
 Two wings, magnificent as those
 That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
 Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
 Above me, in the moon-beam shone
 With a pure light, which—from its hue,
 Unknown upon this earth—I knew
 Was light from Eden, glistening through.
 Most holy vision! ne'er before
 Did aught so radiant—since the day
 When Lucifer, in falling, bore
 The third of the bright stars away—
 Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
 That loss of light and glory there!

The second is an angel of far higher rank and nobler attributes. His only fault was a thirst for knowledge, or rather an insatiable curiosity. However, he contrived to amuse himself pretty well with resolving sun-beams into their original elements, and, as new stars were born, flying from one to the other to see what they were made of, until women were created, and the whole passion of his soul was at once concentrated upon the new riddle. After a long and rather tedious search, he succeeded in finding 'Lilis,' who comprised within herself, all that could interest and charm in womankind.

There was a maid, of all who move
 Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
 To be a bright young angel's love,
 Herself so bright, so exquisite!
 The pride, too, of her step, as light
 Along the unconscious earth she went,
 Seem'd that of one, born with a right
 To walk some heavenlier element,
 And tread in places where her feet
 A star at every step should meet.
 'Twas not alone that loveliness,
 By which the wither'd sense is caught—
 Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
 Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
 But luminous escapes of thought—

Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
 Were fire itself, but at a word
 Of tenderness, all soft became,
 As though they could, like the sun's bird,
 Dissolve away in their own flame—
 Of form as pliant as the shoots
 Of a young tree, in vernal flower ;
 Yet round and glowing as the fruits
 That drop from it in summer's hour—
 'Twas not alone this loveliness,
 That falls to loveliest woman's share,
 Though, even here, her form could spare
 From its own beauty's rich excess
 Enough to make all others fair—
 But 'twas the mind,'———

Of course he fell violently in love, and she, not content with returning his affection, very unfortunately reciprocated his curiosity ; for while they were together one day, she prayed, or rather commanded her lover to come to her, arrayed with all the glories, which he wore in heaven. He obeyed, and the fire, which was pure and innocent in his celestial home, had become a destroying flame, from his own depravity ; and Lilis was consumed in his arms ! The story is, of course, a repetition of that of Semele.

Of the third angel there is no story to tell. He and his mistress were exceeding good, being guilty of no sin but that of loving each other ; but for this they were doomed to wander upon earth, while earth should be. From this last tale we make a long extract, which will be rather a favorable sample of the whole poem.

'And thus in humbleness they trod,
 Abash'd, but pure before their God ;
 Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
 So meekly beautiful as they,
 When, with the altar's holy light
 Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
 Hand within hand, and side by side,
 Two links of love, awhile untied
 From the great chain above, but fast
 Holding together to the last—
 Two fallen Splendors from that tree,
 Which buds with such eternally,
 Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
 Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,)
Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see,
Pilgrims of Love! whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapor, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies.
Still worse, the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas!
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.
All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt,
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed, as chemic compounds are,
Each, with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,

Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies !'

We are at a loss to conceive the inducement under which Mr Moore wrote the notes to this poem. The learning with which they are overlaid, though all second hand, could not have been collected by him without a good deal of labor ; and yet no one class of readers will be instructed or pleased by it. The learned theologian will smile at it ; the *gentle reader* will let the leaves, which contain it, remain uncut ; while all will think that it savors too strongly of pedantry, to become a real scholar, like Mr Moore.

ART. XXIII.—*A treatise on the Materia Medica, intended as a sequel to the Pharmacopœia of the United States : being an account of the origin, qualities, and medical uses of the articles and compounds, which constitute that work, with their modes of prescription and administration. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. author of American Medical Botany, and Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard University. Boston, Charles Ewer, 1822. pp. 424.*

THIS treatise is founded upon the Pharmacopœia of the United States, which has been lately adopted. To this work it is, as its title implies, a supplement or sequel, and consists of a commentary upon its several articles, and an account of their design, character, and application to use. A pharmacopœia is, in its nature, little more than a mere catalogue. It contains barely the names and origin of the simple substances employed in medicine, or of those which, if not simple, come already prepared into the hands of the apothecary ; and the names, ingredients, and modes of preparation of those which are compounded by him. It is a pharmaceutical directory, which enumerates and describes such drugs and preparations as are called for by physicians, but enters not at all into a discussion of their virtues. It is a mere book of business, containing the information which it is necessary for the physician and apothecary to have in common. It informs the apothecary what

New Series, No. 14.

47