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and the blue sky and the green earth, which they would fain share with their husbands, are chilled and die in the atmosphere of his vitiated passion. They learn to value what he values. If the husband gives up his soul to the acquirement of money, what better can the wife do, than to spend it upon things that remind people of money? If she is deprived of his society, which he gives to his ledger and his plans, how can she better amuse herself than by making a grand display of what takes so much that is due to her to acquire? If the pretty ornaments her own taste furnishes, and the air of peace she diffuses over her house, do not satisfy her husband, there are plenty of elements in the feminine character which will urge her on to a more extravagant taste. Her fancy, her desire to please, her personal love of adornments, and many other qualities, which would be harmless or even charming under the sway of a loving, but less impressive nature, may all be made the instruments towards effecting a heartless passion for display.

A man usually wants an excuse for devoting himself so exclusively to the acquisition of fortune. A very common plea is, that he is working for the welfare of his children—he wishes to leave them a competency. And the mother is so foolishly fond, so weakly inconsiderate, that she joins in the plea, and gives encouragement to the plan. A fatal folly! by which the children, so tenderly cared for, suffer the most severely. Says a writer:—“There is an inconceivable depth of weakness, meanness and wickedness, in the conduct of the father, who, for a little career of pitiable vanity, robs his offspring of all that is really valuable in life, and leaves them an useless waste of drawing-rooms and parlors—knowing that his death will be the signal for their expulsion.” This language is not too severe. And even when there is enough left for all the children to support the luxury in which they have been reared, the case is no whit bettered; for sloth, and selfish ease, soft indulgence, and the pride of the purse, form a hot-bed, in which real strength and goodness seldom grow.

We believe there is something more ennobling in life than the mere accumulation of money. Milton has represented Mammon,

“With downcast looks bent on the earth,”

as among the most degraded of the fallen angels. The history of nations has always been, that when they increased vastly in wealth, and gave themselves up to luxurious splendors, then they fell. Our hope for America is, there being no system of primogeniture here, there is not so much *danger* in building up immense fortunes. In the course of a few years they must be scattered again. So the burden of the riches will be continually shifted, and no families have a chance to become thoroughly corrupt and enervated.

But we wish that we could see less of the grand passion: that we could see our fellow-creatures living to die well, instead of to die rich. Some plead that war is a necessity. Some plead that it is better for the world generally that vast riches should be acquired by the few; else the fine arts, the master works of genius, the productions of very elegant and costly fabrics, etc., could not be patronized.

We believe there will a time come when war will *not* be a necessity; but we hope the time is already come when it will not be necessary to rob the many in order to aggrandise the few. All of the objects which *true* men have at heart for the welfare of society advance more surely and rapidly if the eager pursuit of inordinate gain is allowed to usurp less of the brain, less of the heart, less of the soul; and happiness, purity, beauty, will enter every household when *Home* is the talisman instead of Wealth.

PASTILLES.

“Diffusing light, aroma, and sweet dreams.”



NOTHING so proves the frailty of all thought as the fact of minds differing so much on the same subject. I hold a belief in the Absolute, you in the Relative; and we each believe the other wrong: but if we are equals, who is right? and shall a third person undertake to decide between us, when he is not a whit the wiser? It will not do to say we *know* it is so—we *know* we are right and the other wrong; for others may say the same with a perfect right, and are just as entitled to

belief. And thus through the whole range of thought: without actual, indubitable demonstration, eliciting general consent, there can be no positive thought without its substantiated counter-thought. Philosophy has taught since the earliest time, yet is there just as much diversity of judgment as ever on all the great principles of mind, soul, life and death. Ages ago the learned and noblest minds on earth cherished beliefs on philosophy, science, morals and religion, which we, in this day, decidedly reject; yet can we agree among ourselves upon the one fundamental belief? Not more than could mind in any age of the world; and it is not probable man ever will grow into a unity of thought and judgment. Is there not, then, a moral in this reflection? How chary should we be of our judgment, and how forgiving of all diversity of thought, feeling and reason! How should we hesitate to embrace any creed, any philosophy, any judgment, that is not grounded in immutable, demonstrable principles!

That there is a right and a wrong is as certain as that we think; but that any man can say *he* has the truth, is merely an assumption and an opinion—not a truth: his neighbor who says, “I am right!” has just as much right to credence, because it is all but individual thought.

These reflections have been forced upon us after having waded through Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON'S Discussions: we have laid down the book with the utter hopelessness of arriving at *fundamental* truth in the facts of consciousness. There is but one resource, one entirely satisfactory belief on which to hang not only our hope but our assent; and this is, *the certainty of consciousness itself*, which gives to each mind its identity and marks its moral accountability. Then, whether we think right or wrong, there is the same necessity in seeking for Truth and Virtue, which is *always* right; and the heart can implicitly fall back upon the rule of living which is demonstrated by the infallible and unchangeable Bible.

It is as hard to answer, What is Music? as to tell what is Poetry. Poetry has been defined by every poet and critic, and, we believe, like the fabled Fleece, it is just as intangible as ever. Leigh Hunt says it is one thing—Shelley, nothing at all—Poe, all things beautiful—Griswold, the beautiful in metrical array; and thus the Muse

stands knocking at the heart, and no one to tell us *how* she looks. We *feel* the beautiful creature and recognize the divinity of her mission, and yet cannot give her an embodiment in aught save words. And *thus* is the spirituality of her mission proven to us.

Of Music, what shall be said? Some friend and enthusiast says: "Why! it is sound and harmony that please the senses and stir up pleasant emotions;" but, my friend, hear lady Eastlake: "It is a strange thing, the subtle form and condition of Music. When the composer has conceived it in his mind, the music itself is not there; when he has committed it to paper, it is still not there; when he has called together his orchestra and choristers from the north and south, it is there—but gone again when they disperse. It has always, as it were, to put on mortality afresh. It is ever being born anew, but to die away and leave only dead notes and dumb instruments behind." Is the exquisite presence, then, easily definable?

We believe both Music and Poetry are spiritual essences, which touch spiritual springs in our being, and that, though we feel and appreciate them, they are too ethereal for outward sense, and must forever be buried in the depths of emotion and sensation, only to be fully understood when this mind bursts its material bonds, and reaches up into the world where poetry and music must be living, visible presences. With this belief, have we not the evidence of the better life constantly within us?

It is Lord Jeffrey, we believe, who says, a large and familiar intercourse with men of different habits and dispositions never fails, in characters of any force or generosity, to dispel the prejudices with which we at first regard them. The truth of the observation forces itself upon us daily. If, in our converse with men, we meet with a person of narrow and bigoted mind, we know that he has not learned his fellow man, nor fathomed the truth of his own being. For such a person we have a pity—sometimes a contempt, when his unforgiveness amounts to arrogance—and we turn away from his companionship until he has learned one great lesson of life—to be chary of assumption, since others may know the best. As in persons, so in books. If a man has large and liberal views of Christianity, of society, of govern-

ment, you may be assured of his general intelligence and soundness of mind. But meet with a man who is uncompromising and illiberal, and it is as certain the person has a narrow mind as that his knowledge of books is limited. The fact is, the more we know of men, the more forgiving and unassuming we become—the more we know of books, the less we preach and the more we practice. Let men but study human nature closely as they study the ways and means to beget wealth, and the truth of Lord Jeffrey's proposition will force them to acknowledge a brotherhood with humanity which will, in the end, revolutionize the world for the better.

How truth will bubble up to the poet's pen when sober reason has its sway! Some of the most beautiful stanzas in our poetic literature contain some of the most wholesome and veritable truth, even though the poet only seems to dally with the unseen. Take, for instance, Longfellow's magnificent numbers; and how truth stands out, like a star, from the heaven of his thought! And so of every truly great soul: his wildest and most unrestrained efforts are unconsciously and unerringly reaching after truth, and seeking to discover or to fathom the yet mysterious. No poem in our language is so fraught with daring and forbidden thought as Bailey's "Festus;" yet, amid its seeming irreverence, there gleams the light of heaven-born genius; and we close the book with the consciousness of having explored immensity to teach us of our own comparative littleness and our very great imperfection. So it is with the Heathen Poets, which now are our classic models. No person will charge Homer, or Sappho, or Virgil, or the old Greek dramatists with irreverence and wrong, because they have said rather unorthodox things; but rather, through their verses we recognize the same spirit of earnest truth which characterises their imitators and admirers of the present day.

The legitimate office of poetry may *not* be the inculcation of didactics; but truth is utterly inseparable from the living poem; and by this standard may we know its excellence and real worth. The author dare not discard what is *known* as fixed and unchangeable in the outer or the inner world; and as the Poet's dreams all have "method in their madness," so are they to be judged by the standard of excellence

laid down for the perception of the truth wherever it may be met.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction," is a homely proverb, often brought irresistibly to the lips by the occurrence of some startling thing. Perhaps if we should word it a little differently, and say, "reality is wilder than the wildest imagination," it would not be conceded. But our minds cannot call into existence what is not—that power belongs alone to God.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." All the ancient myths and fables were but wondrous ways of hinting at more wondrous truths. Tragedies more terrible than the pen of the dramatist would wish to transcribe, are continually happening; strange series of circumstances are bringing about seeming miracles; here and there some singular and solitary landscape and feature of a landscape work the fancy of the poet; subterranean rivers, and seas of fire, hideous caverns beneath tremendous mountains, water-falls that roar only to the ever-listening, lonely woods, inland oceans, mysteries beneath the restless bosom of the deep, rare glimpses of beauty in the sky at morning and evening hours, suggest not to the imagination wonders greater than really exist.

While the inhabitants of the old world carefully preserved the fables of the Greeks, gloating in fancy over the gardens of Hesperus, where apples of gold were said to grow upon the trees in that unearthly clime, how would they have been astonished could they have known that upon their own earth, in an immense realm, separated from them by thousands of miles of ocean waste, was an actual land surpassing this extravagant myth?—where there were gardens, in which, according to the historian, "streams ran through channels of silver into basins of gold;" where golden flowers, with silver leaves and buds of gems, grew side by side with living counterparts.

And we, glorying now in our populous and prosperous young country, with all its wealth and civilization, how shall we say what happy, and, perchance, magnificent nations have preceded us?—what strange dramas have heretofore been enacted in the very places which wear to us, now, the every-day look of familiar acquaintance?

The open polar sea is one of the myths which has revealed itself into a reality. And now, speculation is again busy with

the inland sea that usurps the solitary interior of Africa, which we have set down upon our maps as a waste of sand.

It is pleasant to let fancy loose upon her far and lofty flights, yet her eager eye, when she mounts to the very stars, sees nothing so wonderful as it really is. Does not this give us a promise of that rich future, when some of the veils which dim her vision now, shall be removed?

WHAT a strange thing is the human brain, the seat both of physical sensation and of spiritual perception! Who shall say how intimately the two are blended—how far their kingdoms are extended over each other? When we reflect upon the fact that nothing is ever entirely forgotten—that although we may not recall at our will the memory of what once was learned or known, yet that every thought we once had is still stored away in those small, strange chambers within our heads, it is enough to inspire us with awe at our own being; and still more, at the wonderful Power which fashioned us. Recollections of the past called back by the association of the perfume of a flower, or a strain of music;—the memories which rush through the brain of the drowning or the falling man, showing him every event of his life treasured up within him;—the ravings of the old Scotch servant who talked Hebrew in her delirium—all go to prove that nothing is ever wholly lost which once was ours. How strange to think of these silent, unconscious inhabitants slumbering within our brain, which may, at any time, start up in witness of past pain and pleasure, error and good! Space they cannot occupy, for they are multitudinous beyond expression, yet they are local;—spiritual they are, but indefinitely connected with matter;—they belong to us, and not to another; they are in our heads and not in our feet:—*what* is it that thus chains the material to the immaterial?

Secrets, hidden away in the keeping of God, are many of them mysteries, and vain is the attempt of science and philosophy to expound them. Science may expound all laws of matter, but not the laws of mind; they are of the impenetrability of the Spiritual.

“LAUGH and grow fat,” is an adage so old that it is almost denied a place in the memory. But it should not be forgotten;

there is a well of philosophy and psychological truth in its wisdom. Who does not know the freest and kindest souls are always susceptible of a real hearty fit of laughter? And, on the other hand, who does not know that the cold, cynical smile is always indicative of reserve and mistrust? Give us the man or woman whose laugh rings like a young discharge of vowels, and we will show you a person of kind heart. But place us in the presence of a sickly smile or a dry, hollow laugh, and we button up our affections as if we were in the keeping of a dark thought. “A man may smile and smile, and still be a villain;” but it is hard for a man to laugh and laugh, and still be a villain. A laugh, in itself, implies something good, and kind and generous, and 'tis hence the dark-hearted person does not harbor any thing like a “loud smile.”

This subject may impress itself more forcibly on our minds if we turn to childhood and learn character by action. The child who is always quiet, sedate, little *DOMBEY*-like, attracts our care and sympathy, and we would give the world if it would laugh and be merry as other children. We are fain to believe something wrong in such silence. But the child who is ever light-hearted and riotous in its noise, we can easily understand and read the character in its impulses and unaffected action. Now apply the same judgment to big children—sometimes called grown persons—and we can easily perceive how much good and how much evil is in the countenance. If never distorted into the convulsions of a musical opera of wit and humor, there is something wrong, and it behooves us to be chary of confidences until we learn—if we ever do—the character and disposition of the quiet, immovable face.

We do not wish to preach metaphysics, but we do wish the whole world could laugh more, would see more of the ludicrous in each other's actions, would imitate childhood in its merry-making and unaffected pleasantry. Then should we see fewer sad, care-worn faces in the street, fewer pale sufferers by the fire-side, less misery everywhere. We always had a childish belief that the millennium promised in the good Book was the time when every body should learn to laugh; and now that we begin to grow out of our childish weaknesses, still that one belief is with us—the millennium will be here when every body learns to laugh.

THAT this world is a stage upon which all men and women are players, admits of little doubt in the mind of any person who has two ideas. . But, like all dramas, life is not clearly and rationally analysed, criticised or appreciated, except by the few who make the world their *study*. For illustration: we daily come in contact with those who pass for “prominent citizens,” who yet are unworthy of any very great respect, from any native goodness of heart or superiority of intellect. Mr. Toodles is regarded as one of our best men. Why? Because he is always on hand in any good work—always appealed to in times of trouble—always suggesting ways and means for the advancement of mind and morals? No such thing; he was never known to do a truly charitable deed, nor ever thought it his place to trouble himself about the public mind and morals. He is a “prominent citizen” simply because he is able to live without work, and has lands and houses and tenants. By the *world* he is regarded as a man not easily spared—by the *philosopher* and student of human nature he is regarded as of no use to his kind, and his death is simply the going out of a penny candle. Mr. Toodles is only one of many—only a type of a large class, and his disciples are through all the gradations of society and intellect. You come in contact with the species in almost every circumstance; and so frequently, indeed, that you begin to infer the majority of mankind are of the order of Toodles.

Not so, however. The real philosopher has no trouble in thrusting aside the veil with which men would shield their true hearts; and it is known that the class of truly worthy men is a very large one. Not a day passes that we do not come in contact with persons whose forehead is stamped with Nature's nobleness, whose souls are alive to sympathy, whose hand is ever ready to minister and to do good. But as they are *not* “prominent citizens,” they go along over the stage scarcely marked, and their coming and going attracts slight attention from the world. Are they not, however, the men to merit our regard? Are they not above compare with Toodles and all his forced honors? Certainly; and did society stand upon a basis less false and unnatural, *they* would be *the* prominent men, while the immaculate Toodles would be banished to the neglect and contempt which are his just deserts.