

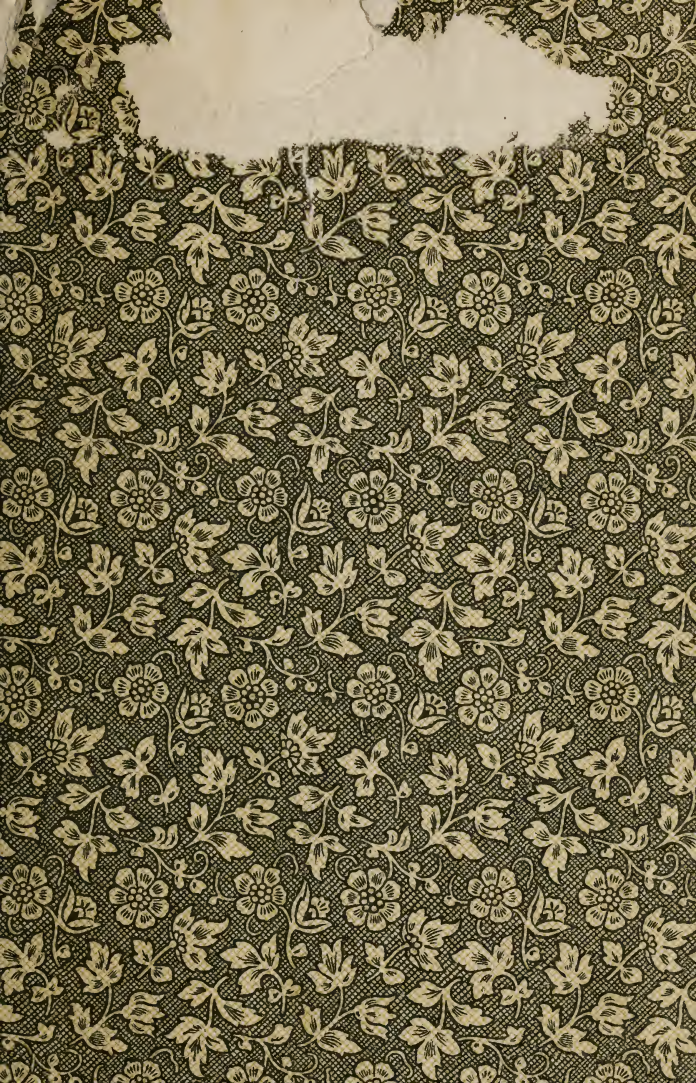
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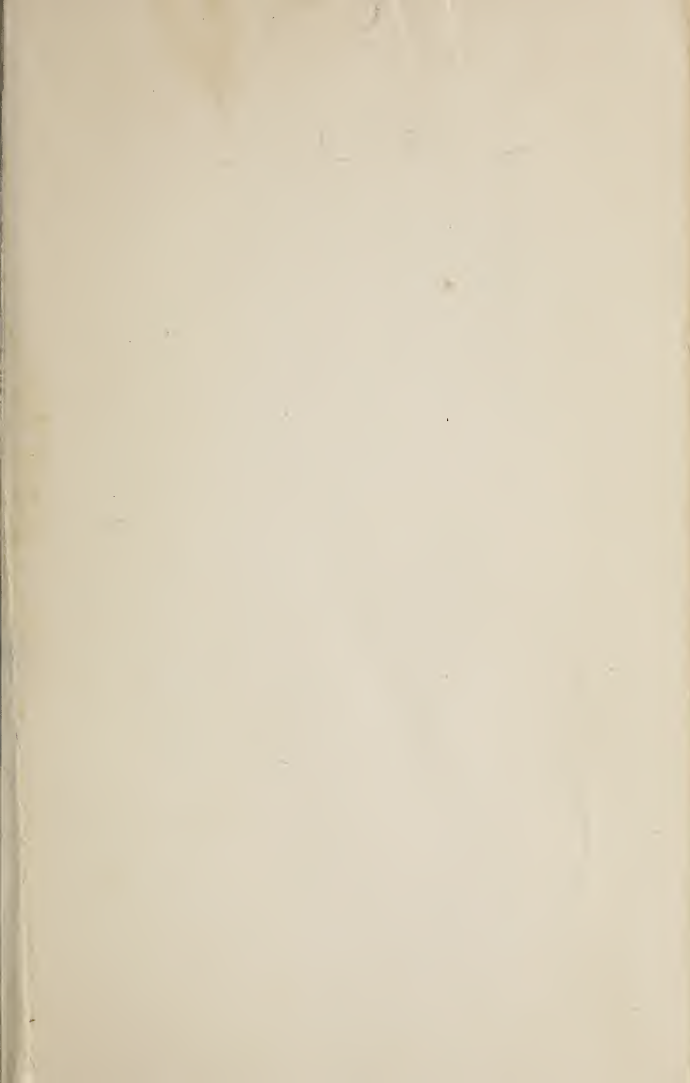
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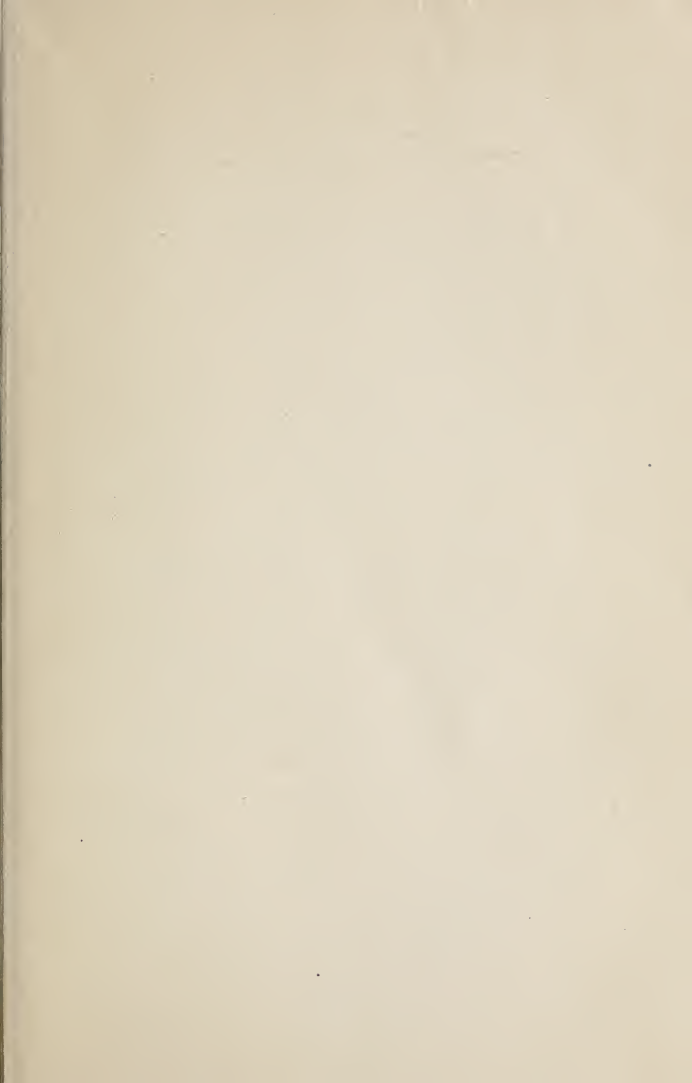
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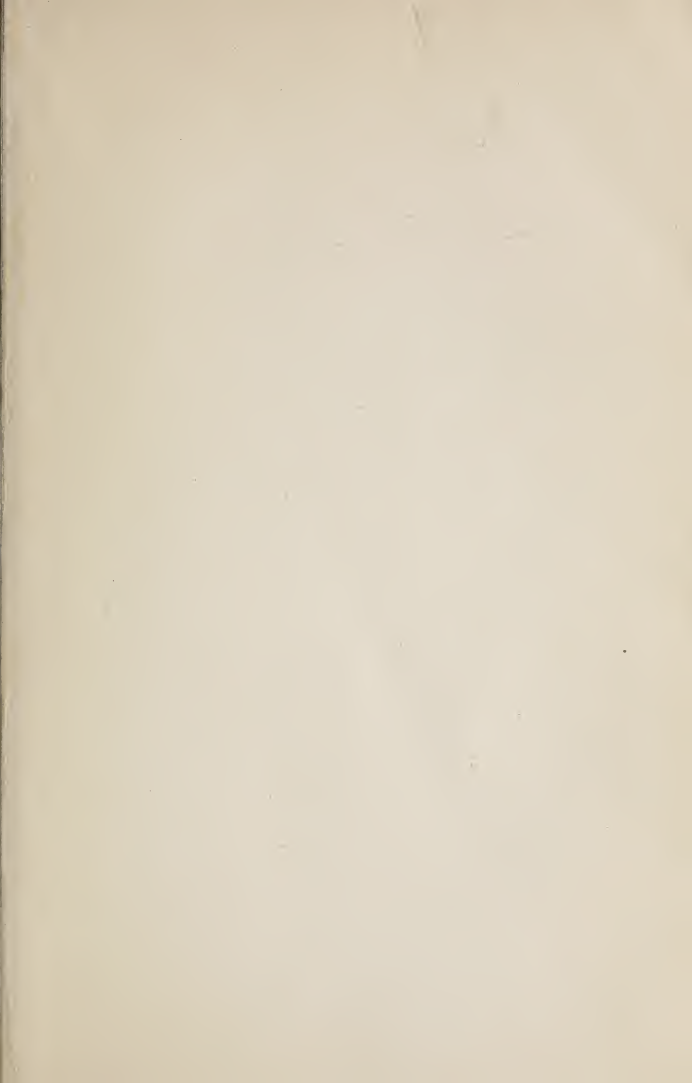


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THE COMPLETE WORKS
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EDGAR ALLAN POE
VOLUME XVI.

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EDGAR ALLAN POE.

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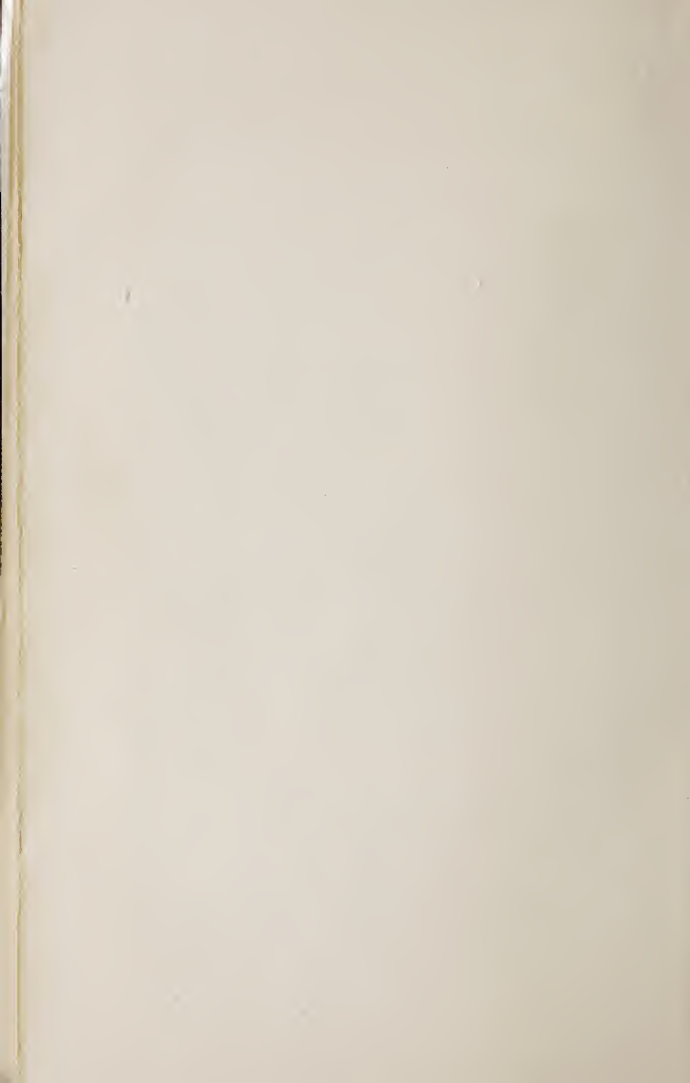
MARGINALIA — EUREKA

EDGAR ALLAN POE



THOMAS Y. CROWELL
AND CO., NEW YORK





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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDITED BY

JAMES A. HARRISON

PROFESSOR IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

VOLUME XVI.

MARGINALIA—EUREKA

NEW YORK

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE present volume contains an accurate reprint of the original edition of the "Eureka" (1848), together with a collection of Notes from Bishop John F. Hurst's copy of the essay. This copy was once in the possession of Poe, and was annotated by him. The reader is thus made completely conversant with the author's final revision of his famous scientific prose-poem, which many consider a remarkable anticipation of Herbert Spencer's views on evolution. That Poe was at fault in much of his physical as well as metaphysical science, none, we suppose, will deny; but it must be remembered that "Eureka" was composed at a period of great mental and physical anguish, just after the death of his beloved Virginia, and its birth-marks are obvious. One fact seems certain: it has not yet been thoroughly fathomed, explained, or explored; its mysteries, couched in magnificent language, are far from being mere rhetorical rhodomontade.

The sources of Poe's "Marginalia" are the files of the *Democratic Review*, of *Graham's* and *Godey's Magazines*, and of the *Southern Literary Messenger*; fifteen papers in all, running from November, 1844, to September, 1849. These papers are carefully gathered and reprinted here as Poe left them, with the dates and sources attached. The Poe specialist may have difficulty in recognizing the "Marginalia" here given as identical with the Griswold and other versions; but he is assured that the present text has been accu-

rately and conscientiously transferred from the pages of the old magazines in which it originally appeared. In former editions various liberties were taken with this material; the result being that the "Marginalia" have been left in a deplorable condition. The endeavor of the present editor has been to restore them to their original state. The entire body of "Marginalia" that Poe wrote and signed as his is given here, and every item occurs in the place where it originally stood.

The reader interested in Poe's chit-chat habit, the penchant for literary *collectanea*, can now follow him into this quaint region with the assurance that the poet's whole activity in this department has been faithfully placed before him. Repetitions there are, — tautologies, recurrences to the same topics, or to the same literary men and women: but this is probably due to the fact that the "Marginalia" extended over a period of five years, and that Poe, by a very natural lapse of memory, occasionally forgot what he had already written and printed.

The close observer and reader will notice, doubtless, that, here and there, fragments of reviews printed in previous volumes of this series are repeated in the "Marginalia." This reproduction of cullings from his reviews, particularly of trenchant or epigrammatic passages — even of striking quotations — was habitual with Poe, and it seemed best to follow him in the habit, even at the expense of some possible tedium to the reader, and thus maintain the entire integrity of the text.

MARGINALIA.

I.

[Text: *Democratic Review*, November, 1844.]

IN getting my books, I have been always solicitous of an ample margin ; this not so much through any love of the thing in itself, however agreeable, as for the facility it affords me of pencilling suggested thoughts, agreements, and differences of opinion, or brief critical comments in general. Where what I have to note is too much to be included within the narrow limits of a margin, I commit it to a slip of paper, and deposit it between the leaves ; taking care to secure it by an imperceptible portion of gum tragacanth paste.

All this may be whim ; it may be not only a very hackneyed, but a very idle practice ; — yet I persist in it still ; and it affords me pleasure ; which is profit, in despite of Mr. Bentham, with Mr. Mill on his back.

This making of notes, however, is by no means the making of mere *memoranda* — a custom which has its disadvantages, beyond doubt. “ *Ce que je mets sur papier,*” says Bernardin de St. Pierre, “ *je remets de ma mémoire et par conséquence je l’oublie ;*” — and, in fact, if you wish to forget anything upon the spot, make a note that this thing is to be remembered.

But the purely marginal jottings, done with no eye to the Memorandum Book, have a distinct complexion, and not only a distinct purpose, but none at all ; this it

is which imparts to them a value. They have a rank somewhat above the chance and desultory comments of literary chit-chat — for these latter are not unfrequently “talk for talk’s sake,” hurried out of the mouth; while the *marginalia* are deliberately pencilled, because the mind of the reader wishes to unburthen itself of a *thought*; — however flippant — however silly — however trivial — still a thought indeed, not merely a thing that might have been a thought in time, and under more favorable circumstances. In the *marginalia*, too, we talk only to ourselves; we therefore talk freshly — boldly — originally — with *abandonnement* — without conceit — much after the fashion of Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and Sir William Temple, and the anatomical Burton, and that most logical analogist, Butler, and some other people of the old day, who were too full of their matter to have any room for their manner, which, being thus left out of question, was a capital manner, indeed, — a model of manners, with a richly marginalic air.

The circumscription of space, too, in these pencilings, has in it something more of advantage than of inconvenience. It compels us (whatever diffuseness of idea we may clandestinely entertain), into Montesquieu-ism, into Tacitus-ism (here I leave out of view the concluding portion of the “Annals”) — or even into Carlyle-ism — a thing which, I have been told, is not to be confounded with your ordinary affectation and bad grammar. I say “bad grammar,” through sheer obstinacy, because the grammarians (who should know better) insist upon it that I should not. But then grammar is not what these grammarians will have it; and, being merely the analysis of language, with the result of this analysis, must be good or bad just as

the analyst is sage or silly — just as he is a Horne Tooke or a Cobbett.

But to our sheep. During a rainy afternoon, not long ago, being in a mood too listless for continuous study, I sought relief from *ennui* in dipping here and there, at random, among the volumes of my library — no very large one, certainly, but sufficiently miscellaneous ; and, I flatter myself, not a little *recherché*.

Perhaps it was what the Germans call the “brain-scattering” humor of the moment ; but, while the picturesqueness of the numerous pencil-scratches arrested my attention, their helter-skelter-iness of commentary amused me. I found myself at length forming a wish that it had been some other hand than my own which had so bedevilled the books, and fancying that, in such case, I might have derived no inconsiderable pleasure from turning them over. From this the transition-thought (as Mr. Lyell, or Mr. Murchison, or Mr. Featherstonhaugh would have it) was natural enough : — there might be something even in *my* scribblings which, for the mere sake of scribbling, would have interest for others.

The main difficulty respected the mode of transferring the notes from the volumes — the context from the text — without detriment to that exceedingly frail fabric of intelligibility in which the context was imbedded. With all appliances to boot, with the printed pages at their back, the commentaries were too often like Dodona’s oracles — or those of Lycophron Tenebrosus — or the essays of the pedant’s pupils, in Quintilian, which were “necessarily excellent, since even he (the pedant) found it impossible to comprehend them” : — what, then, would become of it — this context — if transferred ? — if translated ? Would it

not rather be *traduit* (translated) which is the French synonym, or *overzezet* (turned topsy-turvy) which is the Dutch one?

I concluded, at length, to put extensive faith in the acumen and imagination of the reader:—this as a general rule. But, in some instances, where even faith would not remove mountains, there seemed no safer plan than so to re-model the note as to convey at least the ghost of a conception as to what it was all about. Where, for such conception, the text itself was absolutely necessary, I could quote it; where the title of the book commented upon was indispensable, I could name it. In short, like a novel-hero dilemma'd, I made up my mind “to be guided by circumstances,” in default of more satisfactory rules of conduct.

As for the multitudinous opinion expressed in the subjoined *farrago*—as for my present assent to all, or dissent from any portion of it—as to the possibility of my having, in some instances, altered my mind—or as to the impossibility of my not having altered it often—these are points upon which I say nothing, because upon these there can be nothing cleverly said. It may be as well to observe, however, that just as the goodness of your true pun is in the direct ratio of its intolerability, so is nonsense the essential sense of the Marginal Note.

Who has seen the “*Velschii Ruzname Naurus*,” of the Oriental Literature?

There is about the same difference between the epicyclic lines of Shelley, *et id genus*, and the epics of Hell-Fire Montgomery, as between the notes of a

flute and those of the gong at Astor's. In the one class the vibrations are unequal but melodious ; the other have regularity enough, but no great deal of music, and a trifle too much of the *tintamarre*.

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Butler) once asked Dean Tucker whether he did not think that communities went mad *en masse*, now and then, just as individuals, individually. The thing need not have been questioned. Were not the Abderians seized, all at once, with the Euripides lunacy, during which they ran about the streets declaiming the plays of the poet ? And now here is the great tweedle-dee tweedle-dum paroxysm — the uproar about Pusey. If England and America are not lunatic now — at this very moment — then I have never seen such a thing as a March hare.

I believe that Hannibal passed into Italy over the Pennine Alps ; and if Livy were living now, I could demonstrate this fact even to him.

In a rail-road car, I once sat face to face with him — or, rather, *πρόσωπον κατὰ πρόσωπον*, as the Septuagint have it ; for he had a tooth-ache, and three-fourths of his visage were buried in a red handkerchief. Of what remained visible, an eighth, I thought, represented his “Gaieties,” and an eighth his “Gravities.” The only author I ever met who looked even the fourth of his own book.

But for the shame of the thing, there are few of the so-called apophthegms which would not avow them-

selves epigrams outright. They have it in common with the fencing-school foils, that we can make no real use of any part of them but the point, while this we can never get fairly at, on account of a little flat profundity-button.

I make no exception, even in Dante's favor :— the only thing well said of Purgatory, is that a man may go farther and fare worse.

When music affects us to tears, seemingly causeless, we weep *not*, as Gravina supposes, from "excess of pleasure"; but through excess of an impatient, petulant sorrow that, as mere mortals, we are as yet in no condition to banquet upon those supernal ecstasies of which the music affords us merely a suggestive and indefinite glimpse.

One of the most deliberate *tricks* of Voltaire, is when he renders, by

Soyez justes, mortels, et ne craignez qu'un Dieu,
the words of Phlegyas, who cries out, in Hell,

Dicite justitiam, moniti, et non temnere Divos.
He gives the line this twist, by way of showing that the ancients worshipped *one* God. He is endeavoring to deny that the idea of the Unity of God originated with the Jews.

The theorizers on Government, who pretend always to "begin with the beginning," commence with Man in what they call his *natural* state—the savage. What right have they to suppose this his natural state? Man's chief idiosyncrasy being reason, it follows that

his savage condition — his condition of action *without* reason — is his *unnatural* state. The more he reasons, the nearer he approaches the position to which this chief idiosyncrasy irresistibly impels him ; and not until he attains this position with exactitude — not until his reason has exhausted itself for his improvement — not until he has stepped upon the highest pinnacle of civilization — will his *natural* state be ultimately reached, or thoroughly determined.

Our literature is infested with a swarm of just such little people as this — creatures who succeed in creating for themselves an absolutely positive reputation, by mere dint of the continuity and perpetuity of their appeals to the public — which is permitted, not for a single instant, to rid itself of these *Epizæ*, or to get their pretensions out of sight.

We cannot, then, regard the microscopical works of the *animalculæ* in question, as simple nothings ; for they produce, as I say, a positive effect, and no multiplication of zeros will result in unity — but as negative quantities — as less than nothings ; since — into — will give +.

I cannot imagine why it is that Harrison Ainsworth so be-peppers his books with *his own* dog Latin and pig Greek — unless, indeed, he agrees with Encyclopædia Chambers, that nonsense sounds worse in English than in any other language.

These gentlemen, in attempting the dash of Carlyle, get only as far as the luminousness of Plutarch, who begins the life of Demetrius Poliorcetes with an account

of his death, and informs us that the hero could not have been as tall as his father, for the simple reason that his father, after all, was only his uncle.

To persist in calling these places "*Magdalen Asylums*" is absurd, and worse. We have no reason to believe that Mary Magdalen ever sinned as supposed, or that she is the person alluded to in the seventh chapter of Luke. See *Macknight's "Harmony,"* — p. 201 — part 2.

Nothing, to the true taste, is so offensive as mere hyperism. In Germany *wohlgeboren* is a loftier title than *edelgeboren*; and, in Greece, the thrice-victorious at the Olympic games could claim a statue of the size of life, while he who had conquered but once was entitled *only* to a colossal.

The author¹ speaks of music like a man, and not like a fiddler. This is something — and that he has imagination is more. But the philosophy of music is beyond his depth, and of its physics he, unquestionably, has no conception. By the way — of all the so-called scientific musicians, how many may we suppose cognizant of the acoustic facts and mathematical deductions? To be sure, my acquaintance with eminent composers is quite limited — but I have never met *one* who did not stare and say "yes," "no," "hum!" "ha!" "eh?" when I mentioned the mechanism of the *Sirène*, or made allusion to the oval vibrations at right angles.

¹ H. F. Chorley, author of "*Conti*."

His mind¹ — granting him any — is essentially at home in little statistics, twaddling gossip, and maudlin commentaries, fashioned to look profound; but the idea of his attempting original composition, is fantastic.

All the Bridgewater treatises have failed in noticing *the great* idiosyncrasy in the Divine system of adaptation: — that idiosyncrasy which stamps the adaptation as Divine, in distinction from that which is the work of merely human constructiveness. I speak of the complete *mutuality* of adaptation. For example: — in human constructions, a particular cause has a particular effect — a particular purpose brings about a particular object; but we see no reciprocity. The effect does not re-act upon the cause — the object does not change relations with the purpose. In Divine constructions, the object is either object or purpose, as we choose to regard it, while the purpose is either purpose or object; so that we can never (abstractedly, without concretion — without reference to facts of the moment) decide which is which. For secondary example: — In polar climates, the human frame, to maintain its due caloric, requires, for combustion in the stomach, the most highly ammoniac food, such as train oil. Again: — In polar climates, the sole food afforded man is the oil of abundant seals and whales. Now, whether is oil at hand because imperatively demanded? — or whether is it the only thing demanded because the only thing to be obtained? It is impossible to say. There is an absolute reciprocity of adaptation, for which we seek in vain among the works of man.

The Bridgewater tractists may have avoided this

¹ Grant — author of “Walks and Wanderings.”

point, on account of its apparent tendency to overthrow the idea of *cause* in general — consequently of a First Cause — of God. But it is more probable that they have failed to perceive what no one preceding them, has, to my knowledge, perceived.

The pleasure which we derive from any exertion of human ingenuity, is in the direct ratio of the *approach* to this species of reciprocity between cause and effect. In the construction of *plot*, for example, in fictitious literature, we should aim at so arranging the points, or incidents, that we cannot distinctly see, in respect to any one of them, whether that one depends from any one other, or upholds it. In this sense, of course, perfection of plot is unattainable *in fact*, — because Man is the constructor. The plots of God are perfect. The Universe is a Plot of God.

“Who does not turn with absolute contempt from the rings, and gems, and philters,¹ and caves, and genii of Eastern Tales, as from the trinkets of a toy-shop, and the trumpery of a raree-show?” — *Lectures on Literature, by James Montgomery.*

This is mere “pride and arrogance, and the evil way, and the froward mouth.” Or, perhaps, so monstrous a proposition (querily put) springs rather from the thickness of the Montgomery skull, which is the Montgomery predominant source of error — the Eidolon of the Den wherein grovel the Montgomery curs.

The serious (minor) compositions of Dickens have been lost in the blaze of his comic reputation. One of the most forcible things ever written, is a short story

¹ Poe printed “filters.” — ED.

of his, called "The Black Veil;" a strangely pathetic and richly imaginative production, replete with the loftiest tragic power.

P. S. Mr. Dickens' head must puzzle the phrenologists. The organs of ideality are small; and the conclusion of the "Curiosity-Shop" is more truly ideal (in both phrenological senses) than any composition of equal length in the English language.

A good book;¹ but, for a modern book, too abundant in faded philosophy. Here is an argument spoken of as not proving the permanency of the solar system, "because we know, from the more sure word of prophecy, that it is not destined to last forever." Who believes — whether layman or priest — that the prophecies in question have any farther allusion than to the orb of the Earth — or, more strictly, to the crust of the orb?

It ranks² with "Armstrong on Health" — the "Botanic Garden" — the "*Connubia Florum*." Such works should conciliate the Utilitarians. I think I will set about a lyric on the Quadrature of Curves — or the Arithmetic of Infinites. Cotes, however, supplies me a ready-made title, in his "*Harmonia Mensurarum*" and there is no reason why I should not be *fluent*, at least, upon the fluents of fractional expressions.

In general, we should not be over-scrupulous about

¹ *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons* — By the Rev. Henry Duncan — Ruthwell, Scotland.

² "*Poem de Ponderibus et Mensuris*," by Quintus Rbemnius Fannius Palaemon. Its conclusion: — found by Denis, in the Imperial Library, Vienna.

niceties of phrase, when the matter in hand is a dunce to be gibbeted. Speak out! — or the person may not understand you. He is to be hung? Then hang him by all means; but make no bow when you mean no obeisance, and eschew the droll delicacy of the Clown in the Play — “Be so good, sir, as to rise and be put to death.”

This is the only true principle among men. Where the gentler sex is concerned, there seems but one course for the critic — speak if you can commend — be silent, if not; for a woman will never be brought to admit a non-identity between herself and her book, and “a well-bred man” says, justly, that excellent old English moralist, James Puckle, in his “Gray Cap for a Green Head,” “a well-bred man will never *give himself the liberty* to speak ill of women.”

It¹ is the half-profound, half-silly, and wholly irrational composition of a very clever, very ignorant, and laughably impudent fellow — “*ingeniosus puer, sed insignis nebulo*,” as the Jesuits have well described Crébillon.

The Germans, just now, are afflicted with the epidemic of history-writing — the same *cacoëthes* which Lucian tells us beset his countrymen upon the discomfiture of Severianus in Armenia, followed by the triumphs in Parthia.

The sense of high birth is a moral force whose value the democrats, albeit compact of mathematics, are never in condition to calculate. “*Pour savoir ce*

¹ “The Age of Reason.”

qu'est Dieu," says the Baron de Bielfeld, "*il faut être Dieu même.*"

I have seen many computations respecting the greatest amount of erudition attainable by an individual in his life-time ; but these computations are falsely based, and fall infinitely beneath the truth. It is true that, *in general*, we retain, we remember to available purpose, scarcely one-hundredth part of what we read ; yet there *are* minds which not only retain *all* receipts, but keep them at compound interest forever. Again : — were every man supposed to read *out*, he could read, of course, very little, even in half a century ; for, in such case, each individual word must be dwelt upon in some degree. But, in reading to ourselves, at the ordinary rate of what is called "light reading," we scarcely *touch* one word in ten. And, even physically considered, knowledge breeds knowledge, as gold gold ; for he who reads really much, finds his capacity to read increase in geometrical ratio. The *helluo librorum* will but glance at the page which detains the ordinary reader some minutes ; and the difference in the absolute *reading* (its uses considered), will be in favor of the *helluo*, who will have winnowed the matter of which the *tyro* mumbled both the seeds and the chaff. A deep-rooted and strictly continuous habit of reading will, with certain classes of intellect, result in an instinctive and seemingly magnetic appreciation of a thing written ; and now the student reads by pages just as other men by words. Long years to come, with a careful analysis of the mental process, may even render this species of appreciation a common thing. It may be taught in the schools of our descendants of the tenth or twentieth generation. It may

become the method of the mob of the eleventh or twenty-first. And should these matters come to pass—as they will—there will be in them no more legitimate cause for wonder than there is, to-day, in the marvel that, syllable by syllable, men comprehend what, letter by letter, I now trace upon this page.

Is it not a law that need has a tendency to engender the thing needed?

“The nature of the soil may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are caused by subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur. But their times and effects appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discreetly abstain from the prediction of earthquakes, till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the period in which these calamitous events have been rare or frequent, and will observe, that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian. Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes, of such duration, that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days: of such extent, that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe, or at least of the Roman Empire.”

These sentences may be regarded as a full synopsis of the *style* of Gibbon—a style which has been more frequently commended than almost any other in the world.

He had three hobbies which he rode to the death (stuffed puppets as they were), and which he kept in

condition by the continual sacrifice of all that is valuable in language. These hobbies were *Dignity—Modulation—Laconism*.

Dignity is all very well ; and history demands it for its general tone ; but the being everlastingly on stilts is not only troublesome and awkward, but dangerous. He who falls *en homme ordinaire*—from the mere slipping of his feet—is usually an object of sympathy ; but all men tumble now and then, and this tumbling from high sticks is sure to provoke laughter.

His modulation, however, is *always* ridiculous ; for it is so uniform, so continuous, and so jauntily kept up, that we almost fancy the writer waltzing to his words.

With him, to speak lucidly was a far less merit than to speak smoothly and curtly. There is a way in which, through the nature of language itself, we may often save a few words by talking backwards ; and this is, therefore, a favorite practice with Gibbon. Observe the sentence commencing — “The nature of the soil.” The thought expressed could scarcely be more condensed in expression ; but, for the sake of this condensation, he renders the idea difficult of comprehension, by subverting the natural order of a simple proposition, and placing a deduction before that from which it is deduced. An ordinary man would have thus written : “As these formidable concussions arise from subterranean fires kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur, we may judge of the degree in which any region is exposed to earthquake by the presence or absence of these minerals.” My sentence has forty words—that of Gibbon thirty-six ; but the first cannot fail of being instantly comprehended, while the latter it may be necessary to re-read.

The mere *terseness* of this historian is, however,

grossly over-rated. In general he conveys an idea (although darkly) in fewer words than others of his time; but a habit of straight thinking that rejects non-essentials, will enable any one to say, for example, what was intended above, *both* more briefly and more distinctly. He must abandon, of course, “formidable concussions” and things of that kind.

E. g. — “The sulphur and iron of any region express its liability to earthquake; their fermentation being its cause.”

Here are seventeen words in place of the thirty-six; and these seventeen convey the full force of all that it was necessary to say. Such concision is, nevertheless, an error, and, so far as respects the true object of concision, is a *bull*. The most truly concise style is that which most rapidly transmits the sense. What, then, should be said of the concision of Carlyle? — that those are mad who admire a brevity which squanders our time for the purpose of economizing our printing-ink and paper.

Observe, now, the passage above quoted, commencing — “Each year is marked.” What is it the historian wishes to say? Not, certainly, that every year was marked by earthquakes that shook Constantinople forty days, and extended to all regions of the earth! — yet this only is the legitimate interpretation. The earthquakes are said to be of *such* duration that Constantinople, &c., and these earthquakes (of *such* duration) were experienced every year. But this is a pure Gibbonism — an original one; no man ever so rhodomontaded before. He means to say merely that the earthquakes were of unusual duration and extent — the duration of one being so long that Constantinople shook for forty days, and the extent of another being so wide

as to include the whole empire of Rome — “by which,” he adds *sotto voce* — “by which insulated facts the reader may estimate that *average* duration and extent of which I speak” — a thing the reader will find it difficult to do.

A few years hence — and should any one compose a mock heroic in the manner of the “Decline and Fall,” the poem will be torn to pieces by the critics, *instantly*, as an unwarrantable exaggeration of the principles of the burlesque.

I never knew a man, of so really decent understanding, so full of bigotry as B——d. Had he supreme power, and were he not, now and then, to meet an odd volume sufficiently silly to confirm his prejudices, there can be no doubt that he would burn every book in the world as an *auto da fé*.

It is a deeply consequential error this : — the assumption that we, being men, will, in general, be *deliberately* true. The greater amount of truth is impulsively uttered ; thus the greater amount is spoken, not written. But, in examining the historic material, we leave these considerations out of sight. We dote upon records, which, in the main, lie ; while we discard the *Kabbala*, which, properly interpreted, do *not*.

“The right angle of light’s incidence produces a sound upon one of the Egyptian pyramids.” This assertion, thus expressed, I have encountered somewhere — probably in one of the Notes to Apollonius. It is nonsense, I suppose, — but it will not do to speak hastily. The orange ray of the spectrum and

the buzz of the gnat (which never rises above the second A), affect me with nearly similar sensations. In hearing the gnat, I perceive the color. In perceiving the color, I seem to hear the gnat.

Here the vibrations of the tympanum caused by the wings of the fly, may, from within, induce abnormal vibrations of the retina, similar to those which the orange ray induces, normally, from without. By *similar*, I do not mean of equal rapidity — this would be folly ; — but each millionth undulation, for example, of the retina, might accord with one of the tympanum ; and I doubt whether this would not be sufficient for the effect.

How many good books suffer neglect through the inefficiency of their beginnings ! It is far better that we commence irregularly — immethodically — than that we fail to arrest attention ; but the two points, method and pungency, may always be combined. At all risks, let there be a few vivid sentences *imprimis*, by way of the electric bell to the telegraph.

I am far more than half serious in all that I have ever said about manuscript, as affording indication of character.

The general proposition is unquestionable — that the mental qualities will have a *tendency* to impress the MS. The difficulty lies in the comparison of this tendency, as a mathematical *force*, with the forces of the various disturbing influences of mere circumstance. But — given a man's purely physical biography, with his MS., and the moral biography may be deduced.

The actual practical extent to which these ideas are

applicable, is not sufficiently understood. For my own part, I by no means shrink from acknowledging that I act, hourly, upon estimates of character derived from chirography. The estimates, however, upon which I *depend*, are chiefly negative. For example ; a man may not always be a man of genius, or a man of taste, or a man of firmness, or a man of any other quality, because he writes this hand or that ; but then there are MSS. which no man of firmness, or of taste, or of genius, ever did, will, or can write.

There is a certain species of hand-writing, — and a quite “elegant” one it is, too ; although I hesitate to describe it, because it is written by some two or three thousand of my personal friends, — a species of hand-writing, I say, which seems to appertain, as if by prescriptive right, to the blockhead, and which has been employed by every donkey since the days of Cadmus, — has been penned by every gander since first a grey goose wielded a pen.

Now, were any one to write me a letter in this MS., requiring me to involve myself with its inditer in any enterprise of moment and of risk, it would be only on the score of the commonest civility that I would condescend to send him a reply.

These gentlemen may be permitted to exist yet a very little while, since it is the “darling public” who are amused, without knowing at what —

*Mais moi, qui, dans le fond, sais bien ce que j'en crois,
Qui compte, tous les jours, leurs larcins par mes doigts,
Je ris — etc.*

Fellows who really have no *right* — some individuals *have* — to purloin the property of their predeces-

sors. Mere buzzards ; or, in default of that, mere *pechingzies* — the species of creatures that they tell us of in the Persian Compendiums of Natural History — animals very soft and very sly, with ears of such length that, while one answers for a bed, the other is all that is necessary for a counterpane. A race of dolts — literary Cacuses, whose clumsily stolen bulls never fail of leaving behind them ample evidence of having been dragged into the thief-den by the tail.

In the Hebrew MS. (172 Prov. 18-22) after the word *אשה*, is an erasure, by which we lose some three or four letters. Could these letters have been anything but *מובה* ? The version reads, “whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing ;” a proposition which cannot be mathematically demonstrated. By the insertion suggested, it would be converted into “whoso findeth a *good* wife, findeth,” &c., — an axiom which the most rigorous caviller for precision would make no scruple of admitting into Euclid.

“His imagery¹ is by no means destitute of merit, but is directed by an exceedingly coarse and vulgar taste.”

Quite true ; but the remark would have come with a better grace from almost any other lips than those of Lord Brougham and Vaux.

Dr. Lardner thus explains the apparent difference in size between the setting and the noon-day sun : —

“Various solutions have been proposed, and the

¹ That of John Randolph.

one generally adopted by scientific minds I will now endeavor to make plain, though I fear its nature is so remarkable that I am not sure I shall make it intelligible. But here it is. If the sun, or another celestial object, be near the horizon, and I direct my attention to it, I see between me and that object a vast number of objects upon the face of the earth, as trees, houses, mountains, the magnitudes and positions of which are familiar to me. These supply the mind with a means of estimating the size of the object at which I am looking. I know that it is much farther off than these ; and yet the sun appears, perhaps, much larger than the top of the intervening mountain. I thus compare the sun, by a process of the mind so subtle and instinctive that I am unconscious of it, with the objects which I see between it and myself, and I conclude that it is much larger than those. Well, the same sun rises to the meridian ; then there are no intervening objects whereby to space off the distance, as it were, and thus form a comparative estimate of its size. . . . I am prepared to be met by the objection, that this is *an extremely learned and metaphysical reason*. So it is."

How funny are the ideas which some persons entertain about learning, and especially about metaphysics ! Whatever may be the *foible* of Dr. Lardner's intellect, its *forte* is certainly not originality ; and however ill *put* are his explanations of the phenomenon in question, he is to be blamed for them only in as much as he adopted them, without examination, from others. The same thing is said, very nearly in the same way, by all who have previously touched the subject. And the reasoning is not only of very partial force, but wretchedly urged. If the sun appears larger than

usual merely because we compare its size with mountains and other large objects upon the earth (objects, the doctor might have said, *beyond* all which we see the sun), how happens it that the illusion does not cease when we see the orb setting where no such objects are visible? for example, on the horizon of a smooth sea.

We appreciate *time* by events alone. For this reason we define time (somewhat improperly) as the succession of events; but the fact itself—that events are our sole means of appreciating time—tends to the engendering of the erroneous idea that events *are* time—that the more numerous the events, the longer the time; and the converse. This erroneous idea there can be no doubt that we should absolutely entertain in all cases, but for our practical means of correcting the impression—such as clocks, and the movements of the heavenly bodies—whose revolutions, after all, we only *assume* to be regular.

Space is precisely analogous with time. By objects alone we estimate space; and we might as rationally define it “the succession of objects” as time “the succession of events.” But, as before.—The fact, that we have no other means of estimating space than objects afford us—tends to the false idea that objects *are* space—that the more numerous the objects the greater the space; and the converse; and this erroneous impression we should receive in all cases, but for our practical means of correcting it—such as yard measures, and other conventional measures, which resolve themselves, ultimately, into certain natural standards, such as barleycorns, which, after all, we only *assume* to be regular.

The mind can form *some* conception of the distance (however vast) between the sun and Uranus, because there are ten objects which (mentally) intervene — the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Ceres, Vesta, Juno, Pallas, Jupiter, and Saturn. These objects serve as stepping-stones to the mind; which, nevertheless, is utterly lost in the attempt at establishing a notion of the interval between Uranus and Sirius; *lost* — yet, clearly, not on account of the mere *distance* (for why should we not conceive the abstract idea of the distance, two miles, as readily as that of the distance, one?) but, simply, because between Uranus and Sirius we happen to know that all is void. And, from what I have already said, it follows that this vacuity — this want of intervening points — will cause to *fall short* of the truth any notion we shall endeavor to form. In fact, having once passed the limits of absolutely practical admeasurement, by means of intervening objects, our ideas of distances are *one*; they have no variation. Thus, in truth, we think of the interval between Uranus and Sirius precisely as of that between Saturn and Uranus, or of that between any one planet and its immediate neighbor. We fancy, indeed, that we form different conceptions of the different intervals; but we mistake the mathematical knowledge of the fact of the interval, for an idea of the interval itself.

It is the principle for which I contend that instinctively leads the artist, in painting what he technically calls distances, to introduce a succession of objects between the “distance” and the foreground. Here it will be said that the intention is the perspective comparison of *the size* of the objects. Several men, for example, are painted, one beyond the other, and it is

the diminution of apparent size by which the idea of distance is conveyed ; — this, I say, will be asserted. But here is mere confusion of the two notions of abstract and comparative distance. By this process of diminishing figures, we are, it is true, made to feel that one is at a *greater* distance than the other, but the idea we thence glean of abstract distance, is gleaned altogether from the mere succession of the figures, independently of magnitude. To prove this, let the men be painted out, and *rocks* put in their stead. A rock may be of any size. The farthest may be, for all we know, really, and not merely optically, the least. The effect of absolute distance will remain untouched, and the sole result will be confusion of idea respecting the comparative distances from rock to rock. But the thing is clear : if the artist's intention is really, as supposed, to convey the notion of great distance by perspective comparison of the *size* of men at different intervals, we must, at least, grant that he puts himself to unnecessary trouble in the multiplication of his men. *Two* would answer all the purposes of two thousand ; — one in the foreground as a standard, and one in the background, of a size corresponding with the artist's conception of the distance.

In looking at the setting sun in a mountainous region, or with a city between the eye and the orb, we see it of a certain seeming magnitude, and we do not perceive that this seeming magnitude varies when we look at the same sun setting on the horizon of the ocean. In either case we have a chain of objects by which to appreciate a certain distance ; — in the former case this chain is formed of mountains and towers — in the latter, of ripples, or specks of foam ; but the result does not present any difference. In each case we get the same

idea of the distance, and consequently of the size. This size we have in our mind when we look at the sun in his meridian place ; but this distance we have *not* — for no objects intervene. That is to say, the distance falls short, while the size remains. The consequence is, that, to accord with the diminished distance, the mind instantaneously diminishes the size. The conversed experiment gives, of course, a conversed result.

Dr. Lardner's "so it is" is amusing to say no more. In general, the mere natural philosophers have the same exaggerated notions of the perplexity of metaphysics. And, perhaps, it is this *looming* of the latter science which has brought about the vulgar derivation of its name from the supposed superiority to physics — as if *μετὰ φυσικά* had the force of *super* physical. The fact is, that Aristotle's Treatise on Morals is next in succession to his Book on Physics, and this he supposes the rational order of study. His Ethics, therefore, commence with the words *Μετὰ τὰ φυσικά* — whence we take the word, Metaphysics. That Leibnitz, who was fond of interweaving even his mathematical, with ethical speculations, making a medley rather to be wondered at than understood — that *he* made no attempt at amending the common explanation of the difference in the sun's apparent size — this, perhaps, is more really a matter for marvel than that Dr. Lardner should look upon the common explanation as only too "learned" and too "metaphysical" for an audience in Yankee-Land.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is an adage forever in the mouth of the uninformed, who quote it as they would quote any other proposition which to them seemed paradoxical — for the mere point of the

paradox. People who read never quote the saying, because sheer truisms are never worth quoting. A friend of mine once read me a long poem on the planet Saturn. He was a man of genius, but his lines were a failure of course, since the realities of the planet, detailed in the most prosaic language, put to shame and quite overwhelm all the accessory fancies of the poet.

If, however, the solemn adage in question should ever stand in need of support, here is a book will support it.¹

Some richly imaginative thoughts, skilfully expressed, might be culled from this poem² — which, as a whole, is nothing worth. E.g.

And I can hear the click of that old gate,
As once again, amid the chirping yard,
I see the summer rooms open and dark.

and —

— How calm the night moves on ! and yet,
*In the dark morrow that behind those hills
Lies sleeping now, who knows what horror lurks?*

The great force derivable from repetition of particular vowel sounds in verse, is little understood, or quite overlooked, even by those versifiers who dwell most upon what is commonly called “alliteration.” How richly melodious are these lines of Milton’s “Comus !”

May thy *brimmed* waves for *this*
Their full *tribute* never *miss* —
May thy *billows* roll *ashore*
The *beryl* and the *golden ore* !

¹ *Ramaseand ; or a Vocabulary of the peculiar language used by the Thugs, with an Introduction and Appendix descriptive of the System pursued by that Fraternity, and of the Measures adopted by the Supreme Government of India for its Suppression.* — Calcutta, 1836.

² “*The Bride of Fort Edward.*” Anonymous.

— and yet it seems especially singular that, with the full and noble volume of the long *ō* resounding in his ears, the poet should have written, in the last line, “beryl,” when he might so well have written “onyx.”

Moore has been noted for the number and appositeness, as well as novelty of his similes ; and the renown thus acquired is indicial of his deficiency in that noble merit — the noblest of all. No poet thus distinguished was ever richly ideal. Pope and Cowper are instances. Direct similes are of too palpably artificial a character to be artistical. An artist will always contrive to weave his illustrations into the metaphorical form.

Moore has a peculiar facility in prosaically telling a poetical story. By this I mean that he preserves the tone and method of arrangement of a prose relation, and thus obtains great advantage, in important points, over his more stilted compeers. His is no poetical *style* (such as the French have — a distinct style for a distinct purpose) but an easy and ordinary prose manner, which rejects the licenses because it does not require them, and is merely *ornamented into poetry*. By means of this manner he is enabled to encounter, effectually, details which would baffle any other versifier of the day ; and at which Lamartine would stand aghast. In “Alciphron” we see this exemplified. Here the minute and perplexed incidents of the descent into the pyramid, are detailed, in verse, with quite as much precision and intelligibility as could be attained even by the coolest prose of Mr. Jeremy Bentham.

Moore has vivacity ; verbal and constructive dexterity ; a musical ear not sufficiently cultivated ; a vivid fancy ; an epigrammatic spirit ; and a fine taste — *as far as it goes*.

The defenders of this pitiable stuff, uphold it on the ground of its truthfulness. Taking the thesis into question, this truthfulness is the one overwhelming defect. An original idea that — to laud the accuracy with which the stone is hurled that knocks us in the head. A little less accuracy might have left us more brains. And here are critics absolutely commending the truthfulness with which only the disagreeable is conveyed ! In my view, if an artist must paint decayed cheeses, his merit will lie in their looking as little like decayed cheeses as possible.

II.

[Text : *Democratic Review*, December, 1844.]

I AM not sure that Tennyson is not the greatest of poets. The uncertainty attending the public conception of the term “poet” alone prevents me from demonstrating that he *is*. Other bards produce effects which are, now and then, otherwise produced than by what we call poems ; but Tennyson an effect which only a poem does. His alone are idiosyncratic poems. By the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of the “Morte D’Arthur,” or of the “Ænone,” I would test any one’s ideal sense.

There are passages in his works which rivet a conviction I had long entertained, that the *indefinite* is an element in the true *ποίησις*. Why do some persons fatigue themselves in attempts to unravel such phantasy-pieces as the “Lady of Shalott” ? As well unweave the “*ventum textilem*.” If the author did not deliberately propose to himself a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning, with the view of bringing about a definitiveness of vague and therefore of spiritual *effect* — this, at

least, arose from the silent analytical promptings of that poetic genius which, in its supreme development, embodies all orders of intellectual capacity.

I *know* that indefinitiveness is an element of the true music — I mean of the true musical expression. Give to it any undue decision — imbue it with any very determinate tone — and you deprive it, at once, of its ethereal, its ideal, its intrinsic and essential character. You dispel its luxury of dream. You dissolve the atmosphere of the mystic upon which it floats. You exhaust it of its breath of færy. It now becomes a tangible and easily appreciable idea — a thing of the earth, earthy. It has not, indeed, lost its power to please, but all which I consider the distinctiveness of that power. And to the uncultivated talent, or to the unimaginative apprehension, this deprivation of its most delicate grace will be, not unfrequently, a recommendation. A determinateness of expression is sought — and often by composers who should know better — is sought as a beauty rather than rejected as a blemish. Thus we have, even from high authorities, attempts at absolute *imitation* in music. Who can forget the silliness of the “Battle of Prague”? What man of taste but must laugh at the interminable drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, and thunder? “*Vocal music*,” says L’Abbate Gravina, who would have said the same thing of instrumental, “ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions, rather than the warblings of Canary birds, which our singers, now-a-days, affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadences.” This is true only so far as the “rather” is concerned. If any music must imitate anything, it were assuredly better to limit the imitation as Gravina suggests.

Tennyson’s shorter pieces abound in minute rhyth-

mical lapses sufficient to assure me that — in common with all poets living or dead — he has neglected to make precise investigation of the principles of metre ; but, on the other hand, so perfect is his rhythmical instinct in general, that, like the present Viscount Canterbury, he seems *to see with his ear*.

A man of genius, if not permitted to choose his own subject, will do worse, in letters, than if he had talents none at all. And *here* how imperatively is he controlled ! To be sure, he can write to suit himself — but in the same manner his publishers print. From the nature of our Copy-right laws, he has no individual powers. As for his free agency, it is about equal to that of the dean and chapter of the see-cathedral, in a British election of Bishops — an election held by virtue of the king's writ of *congé d'élire*, and specifying the person to be elected.

It may well be doubted whether a single paragraph of merit can be found either in the “Koran” of Laurence Sterne, or in the “Lacon” of Colton, of which paragraph the origin, or at least the germ, may not be traced to Seneca, to Plutarch, (through Machiavelli) to Machiavelli himself, to Bacon, to Burdon, to Burton, to Bolingbroke, to Rochefoucault, to Balzac, the author of “*La Manière de Bien Penser*,” or to Bielfeld, the German, who wrote, in French, “*Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle*.”

We might give two plausible derivations of the epithet “weeping” as applied to the willow. We might say that the word has its origin in the pendulous character

of the long branches, which suggest the idea of water dripping; or we might assert that the term comes from a fact in the Natural History of the tree. It has a vast insensible perspiration, which, upon sudden cold, condenses, and sometimes is precipitated in a shower. Now, one might very accurately determine the bias and value of a man's powers of causality, by observing which of these two derivations he would adopt. The former is, beyond question, the true; and, for this reason — that common or vulgar epithets are universally suggested by common or immediately obvious things, without strict regard of any exactitude in application: — but the latter would be greedily seized by nine philologists out of ten, for no better cause than its *epigrammatism* — than the pointedness with which the singular fact seems to touch the occasion.

Here, then, is a subtle source of error which Lord Bacon has neglected. It is an Idol of the Wit.

I believe that odors have an altogether peculiar force, in affecting us through association; a force differing *essentially* from that of objects addressing the touch, the taste, the sight, or the hearing.

It would have been becoming, I think, in Bulwer, to have made at least a running acknowledgment of that extensive indebtedness to Arnay's "Private Life of the Romans,"¹ which he had so little scruple about incurring, during the composition of "The Last Days of Pompeii." He acknowledges, I believe, what he owes to Sir William Gell's "Pompeiana." Why this? — why not that?

¹ 1764.

La Harpe, (who was no critic) has, nevertheless, done little more than strict justice to the fine taste and precise finish of Racine, in all that regards the Minor Morals of Literature. In these he as far excels Pope, as Pope the veriest dolt in his own "Dunciad."

"That evil predominates over good, becomes evident, when we consider that there can be found no aged person who would be willing to re-live the life he has already lived." — VOLNEY.

The idea here, is not distinctly made out ; for unless through the context, we cannot be sure whether the author means merely this : — that every aged person fancies he might, in a different course of life, have been happier than in the one actually lived, and, for this reason, would not be willing to live *his* life over again, *but some other life* ; — or, whether the sentiment intended is this : — that if, upon the grave's brink, the choice were offered any aged person between the expected death and the re-living the old life, that person would prefer to die.

The first proposition is, perhaps, true ; but the last (which is the one designed) is not only doubtful, in point of mere fact, but is of no effect, even if granted to be true, in sustaining the original proposition — that evil predominates over good.

It is assumed that the aged person will not re-live his life, because he *knows* that its evil predominated over its good. The source of error lies in the word "knows" — in the assumption that we can ever be, really, in possession of the whole knowledge to which allusion is cloudily made. But there is a *seeming* — a fictitious knowledge ; and this very seeming knowledge it is, of what the life has been, which incapacitates the aged person from deciding the question upon its merits. He

blindly deduces a notion of the happiness of the original real life — a notion of its preponderating evil or good — from a consideration of the secondary or supposititious one. In his estimate he merely strikes a balance between *events*, and leaves quite out of the account that elastic *Hope* which is the Harbinger and the Eos of all. Man's real life is happy, chiefly because he is ever expecting that it soon will be so. But, in regarding the supposititious life, we paint to ourselves chill certainties for warm expectations, and grievances quadrupled in being foreseen. But because we cannot avoid doing this — strain our imaginative faculties as we will — because it is so very difficult — so nearly impossible a task, to fancy the known unknown — the done unaccomplished — and because (through our inability to fancy all this) we prefer death to a secondary life — does it, in any manner, follow that the evil of the properly-considered real existence *does* predominate over the good?

In order that a just estimate be made by Mr. Volney's "aged person," and from this estimate a judicious choice : — in order, again, that from this estimate and choice, we deduce any clear comparison of good with evil in human existence, it will be necessary that we obtain the opinion, or "choice," upon this point, from an aged person, who shall be in condition to appreciate, with precision, the hopes he is naturally led to leave out of question, but which reason tells us he would as strongly experience as ever, in the absolute re-living of the life. On the other hand, too, he must be in condition to dismiss from the estimate the fears which he actually feels, and which show him bodily the ills that are to happen, but which fears, again, reason assures us he would *not*, in the absolute secondary life, encounter. Now what mortal was ever in

condition to make these allowances?—to perform impossibilities in giving these considerations their due weight? What mortal, then, was ever in condition to make a well-grounded choice? How, from an ill-grounded one, are we to make deductions which shall guide us aright? How out of error shall we fabricate truth?

A remarkable work,¹ and one which I find much difficulty in admitting to be the composition of a woman. Not that many good and glorious things have not been the composition of women—but, because, here, the severe precision of style, the *thoroughness*, and the luminousness, are points never observable, in even the most admirable of their writings. Who is Lady Georgiana Fullerton? Who is that Countess of Dacre, who edited “Ellen Wareham,”—the most passionate of fictions—approached, only in some particulars of passion, by this?

The great defect of “Ellen Middleton” lies in the disgusting sternness, captiousness, and bullet-headedness of her husband. We cannot sympathize with her love for him. And the intense selfishness of the rejected lover precludes that compassion which is designed. Alice is a *creation* of true genius. The imagination, throughout, is of a lofty order, and the snatches of original verse would do honor to any poet living. But the chief merit, after all, is that of the *style*—about which it is difficult to say too much in the way of praise, although it has, now and then, an odd Gallicism—such as “she lost her head,” meaning she grew crazy. There is much, in the whole manner of this book, which puts me in mind of “Caleb Williams.”

¹ “Ellen Middleton.”

The God-abstractions of the modern polytheism are nearly in as sad a state of perplexity and promiscuity as were the more substantial deities of the Greeks. Not a quality named that does not impinge upon some one other ; and Porphyry admits that Vesta, Rhea, Ceres, Themis, Proserpina, Bacchus, Attis, Adonis, Silenus, Priapus, and the Satyrs, were merely different terms for the same thing. Even gender was never precisely settled. Servius on Virgil mentions a Venus with a beard. In Macrobius, too, Calvus talks of her as if she were a man : while Valerius Soranus expressly calls Jupiter “ the Mother of the Gods.”

Von Raumer says that Enslen, a German optician, conceived the idea of throwing a shadowy figure, by optical means, into the chair of Banquo ; and that the thing was readily done. Intense effect was produced ; and I do not doubt that an American audience might be electrified by the feat. But our managers not only have no invention of their own, but no energy to avail themselves of that of others.

It is observable that, in his brief account of the Creation, Moses employs the words, *Bara Elohim* (the *Gods* created), no less than thirty times ; using the noun in the plural with the verb in the singular. Elsewhere, however, — in Deuteronomy, for example — he employs the singular, *Eloah*.

Among the moralists who keep themselves erect by the perpetual swallowing of pokers, it is the fashion to decry the “ fashionable ” novels. These works have their demerits ; but a vast influence which they exert for an undeniable good, has never yet been duly

considered. “*Ingenuos didicisse fideliter libros, emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*” Now, the fashionable novels are just the books which most do circulate among the class *unfashionable*; and their effect in softening the worst callosities—in smoothing the most disgusting asperities of vulgarism, is prodigious. With the herd, to admire and to attempt imitation are the same thing. What if, in this case, the manners imitated are frippery; better frippery than brutality—and, after all, there is little danger that the intrinsic value of the sturdiest iron will be impaired by a coating of even the most diaphanous gilt.

The ancients had at least half an idea that we travelled on horseback to heaven. See a passage of Passeri, “*de animæ transvectione*”—quoted by Caylus. See, also, old tombs.

A corrupt and impious heart—a merely prurient fancy—a Saturnian brain in which invention has only the phosphorescent glimmer of rottenness.¹ Worthless, body and soul. A foul reproach to the nation that engendered and endures him. A fetid battener upon the garbage of thought. No man. A beast. A pig. Less scrupulous than a carrion-crow, and not very much less filthy than a Wilmer.

In reading some books we occupy ourselves chiefly with the thoughts of the author; in perusing others, exclusively with our own. And this² is one of the “others”—a suggestive book. But there are two classes of suggestive books—the positively and the

¹ Michel Masson, author of “*Le Cœur d'une Jeune Fille.*”

² Mercier's “*L'an deux mille quatre cent quarante.*”

negatively suggestive. The former suggest by what they say ; the latter by what they might and should have said. It makes little difference, after all. In either case the true book-purpose is answered.

Sallust, too. He had much the same free-and-easy idea, and Metternich himself could not have quarrelled with his "*Impune quæ libet facere, id est esse regem.*"

The *first* periodical moral essay ! Mr. Macaulay forgets the "Courtier of Baldazzar Castiglione—1528."

For my part I agree with Joshua Barnes : — nobody but Solomon could have written the Iliad. The catalogue of ships was the work of Robins.

The *à priori* reasoners upon government are, of all plausible people, the most preposterous. They only argue too cleverly to permit my thinking them silly enough to be themselves deceived by their own arguments. Yet even this is possible ; for there is something in the vanity of logic which addles a man's brains. Your true logician gets, in time, to be logicalized, and then, so far as regards himself, the universe is one *word*. A thing, for him, no longer exists. He deposits upon a sheet of paper a certain assemblage of syllables, and fancies that their meaning is riveted by the act of deposition. I am serious in the opinion that some such process of thought passes through the mind of the "practised" logician, as he makes note of the thesis proposed. He is not aware that he thinks in this way — but, unwittingly, he so thinks. The syllables deposited acquire, in his view, a new character. While afloat in his brain, he might have been brought to admit the possibility that these syllables were variable expo-

nents of various phases of thought; but he will not admit this if he once gets them upon the paper.

In a single page of "Mill," I find the word "force" employed four times; and each employment varies the idea. The fact is that *à priori* argument is much worse than useless except in the mathematical sciences, where it is possible to obtain *precise* meanings. If there is any one subject in the world to which it is utterly and radically inapplicable, that subject is Government. The *identical* arguments used to sustain Mr. Bentham's positions, might, with little exercise of ingenuity, be made to overthrow them; and, by ringing small changes on the words "leg-of-mutton," and "turnip" (changes so *gradual* as to escape detection), I could "*demonstrate*" that a turnip was, is, and of right ought to be a leg-of-mutton.

Has any one observed the excessively close resemblance in subject, thought, general manner and particular point, which this clever composition¹ bears to the "Hudibras" of Butler?

The concord of sound-and-sense principle was never better exemplified than in these lines²: —

Ast amans charæ thalamum puellæ
Deserit flens, et tibi verba dicit
Aspera amplexu teneræ cupito a —
— vulsus amicæ.

Miss Gould has much in common with *Mary Howitt*; — the characteristic trait of each being a sportive, quaint, epigrammatic grace, that keeps clear

¹ The "Satyre *Ménippée*."

² By *M. Anton Flaminius*.

of the absurd by never employing itself upon very exalted topics. The verbal style of the two ladies is identical. Miss Gould has the more talent of the two, but is somewhat the less original. She has occasional flashes of a far higher order of merit than appertains to her ordinary manner. Her "Dying Storm" might have been written by Campbell.

Cornelius Webbe is one of the best of that numerous school of extravaganzists who sprang from the ruins of Lamb. We must be in perfect good humor, however, with ourselves and all the world, to be much pleased with such works as "The Man about Town," in which the harum-scarum, hyperexcursive mannerism is carried to an excess which is frequently fatiguing.

Nearly, if not quite the best "Essay on a Future State."¹ The arguments called "Deductions from our Reason," are, rightly enough, addressed more to the *feelings* (a vulgar term not to be done without), than to our reason. The arguments deduced from Revelation are (also rightly enough) brief. The pamphlet proves nothing, of course; its theorem is not to be proved.

Not so: — a gentleman with a pug nose is a contradiction in terms. — "Who can live idly and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge and *countenance* of a gentleman, he alone should be called master and be taken for a gentleman." — *Sir Thomas Smith's "Commonwealth of England."*

¹ *A sermon on a Future State, combating the opinion that "Death is an Eternal Sleep."* By Gilbert Austin, London, 1794.

It is the curse of a certain order of mind, that it can never rest satisfied with the consciousness of its ability to do a thing. Still less is it content with doing it. It must both know and show how it was done.

Here is something at which I find it impossible not to laugh ;¹ and yet, I laugh without knowing why. That incongruity is the principle of all nonconvulsive laughter, is to my mind as clearly demonstrated as any problem in the “*Principia Mathematica* ;” but here I cannot trace the incongruous. It is there, I know. Still I do not see it. In the meantime let me laugh.

The “*British Spy*” of Wirt seems an imitation of the “*Turkish Spy*,” upon which Montesquieu’s “*Persian Letters*” are also based. Marana’s work was in *Italian* — Doctor Johnson errs.

The style is so involute,² that one cannot help fancying it must be falsely constructed. If the use of language is to convey ideas, then it is nearly as much a demerit that our words seem to be, as that they are, indefensible. A man’s grammar, like Cæsar’s wife, must not only be pure, but above suspicion of impurity.

“It was a pile of the oyster, which yielded the precious pearls of the South, and the artist had judiciously painted some with their lips parted, and show-

¹ Translation of the Book of Jonah into German Hexameters. By J. G. A. Müller. Contained in the “*Memorabilien von Paulus*.”

² *Night and Morning*.

ing within the large precious fruit in the attainment of which Spanish cupidity had already proved itself capable of every peril, as well as every crime. At once true and poetical, no comment could have been more severe, &c." — MR. SIMMS' "*Damsel of Darien*." Body of Bacchus ! — only think of poetical beauty in the countenance of a gaping oyster !

"And how natural, in an age so fanciful, to believe that the stars and starry groups beheld in the new world for the first time by the native of the old were especially assigned for its government and protection." Now, if by the Old World be meant the East, and by the New World the West, I am at a loss to know what *are* the stars seen in the one which cannot be equally seen in the other.

Mr. Simms has abundant faults — or had ; — among which inaccurate English, a proneness to revolting images, and pet phrases, are the most noticeable. Nevertheless, leaving out of the question Brockden Brown and Hawthorne, (who are each a *genus*,) he is immeasurably the best writer of fiction in America. He has more vigor, more imagination, more movement and more general capacity than all our novelists (save Cooper), combined.

This "species of nothingness" is quite as reasonable, at all events, as any "kind of something-ness." See Cowley's "Creation," where

An unshaped kind of something first appeared.

Here is an edition,¹ which, so far as microscopical excellence and absolute accuracy of typography are concerned, might well be prefaced with the phrase of

¹ *Camōens — Genoa — II. 32.*

the Koran — “There is *no* error in this book.” We cannot call a single inverted *o* an error — *can* we? But I am really as glad of having found that inverted *o*, as ever was a Columbus or an Archimedes. What, after all, are continents discovered, or silver-smiths exposed? Give us a good *o* turned upside-down, and a whole herd of bibliomaniac Arguses overlooking it for years.

“That sweet smile and serene — that smile never seen but upon the face of the dying and the dead” — *Ernest Maltravers*. Bulwer is not the man to look a stern fact in the face. He would rather sentimentalize upon a vulgar although picturesque error. Who ever *really* saw anything but horror in the smile of the dead? We so earnestly *desire* to fancy it “sweet” — that is the source of the mistake; if, indeed, there ever was a mistake in the question.

This misapplication of quotations is clever, and has a capital effect when well done; but Lord Brougham has not exactly that kind of capacity which the thing requires. One of the best hits in this way is made by Tieck, and I have lately seen it appropriated, with interesting complacency, in an English Magazine. The author of the “Journey into the Blue Distance,” is giving an account of some young ladies, not very beautiful, whom he caught *in mediis rebus*, at their toilet. “They were curling their monstrous heads,” says he, “as Shakespeare says of the waves in a storm.”

Mr. Hawthorne is one of the very few American story-tellers whom the critic can commend with the

hand upon the heart. He is not always original in his entire theme — (I am not quite sure, even, that he has not borrowed an idea or two from a gentleman whom I know very well, and who is honored in the loan) — but, then, his handling is always thoroughly original. His style, although never vigorous, is purity itself. His imagination is rich. His sense of art is exquisite, and his executive ability great. He has little or no variety of tone. He handles all subjects in the same subdued, misty, dreamy, suggestive, innuendo way, and although I think him the truest genius, upon the whole, which our literature possesses, I cannot help regarding him as the most desperate mannerist of his day.

P. S. The chief — not the *leading* idea in this story (“Drowne’s Wooden Image”), is precisely that of Michael Angelo’s couplet, borrowed from Socrates :

*Non ha l’ottimo artista alcun concetto
Che non marmo solo in se non circonscriva.*

Here are both Dickens and Bulwer perpetually using the adverb “directly” in the sense of “as soon as.” “Directly he came I did so and so” — “Directly I knew it I said this and that.” But observe! — “Grammar is hardly taught” [in the United States], “being thought an unnecessary basis for other learning.” I quote “*America and her Resources*,” by the British Counsellor at law, John Bristed.

At Ermenonville, too, there is a striking instance of the Gallic rhythm with which a Frenchman regards the English verse. There Gerardin has the following inscription to the memory of Shenstone :

This plain stone
 To William Shenstone.
 In his writings he displayed
 A mind natural ;
 At Leasowes he laid
 Arcadian greens rural.

There are few Parisians, speaking English, who would find anything *particularly* the matter with this epitaph.

Here is a plot which, with all its complexity, has no adaptation — no dependency ; — it is involute and nothing more — having all the air of G——’s wig, or the cycles and epicycles in Ptolemy’s “Almagest.”

“Accursed be the heart that does not wildly throb, and palsied be the eye that will not weep over the woes of the wanderer of Switzerland.” — *Monthly Register*, 1807.

This is “dealing damnation round the land” to some purpose ; — upon the reader, and not upon the author as usual. For my part I shall be one of the damned ; for I have in vain endeavoured to see even a shadow of merit in anything ever written by either of the Montgomeries.

Strange — that I should here¹ find the only non-execrable *barbarian* attempts at imitation of the Greek and Roman measures !

Upon her [Malibran] was lavished the enthusiastic applause of the most correct taste, and of the deepest sensibility. Human triumph, in all that is most exciting and delicious, never went beyond that which she experienced — or never but in the case of Taglioni. For what

¹ *Forelaesninger over det Danske Sprog, eller resonneret Dansk Grammatik, ved Jacob Baden.*

are the extorted adulations that fall to the lot of the conqueror? — what even are the extensive honors of the popular author — his far-reaching fame — his high influence — or the most devout public appreciation of his works — to that rapturous approbation of the personal woman — that spontaneous, instant, present, and palpable applause — those irrepressible acclamations — those eloquent sighs and tears which the idolized Malibran at once heard, and saw, and deeply felt that she deserved? Her brief career was one gorgeous dream — for even the many sad intervals of her grief were but dust in the balance of her glory. In this book¹ I read much about the causes which curtailed her existence; and there seems to hang around them, as here given, an indistinctness which the fair memorialist tries in vain to illumine. She seems never to approach the full truth. She seems never to reflect that the speedy decease was but a condition of the rapturous life. No thinking person, hearing Malibran sing, could have doubted that she would die in the spring of her days. She crowded ages into hours. She left the world at twenty-five, having existed her thousands of years.

Were I to consign these volumes,² altogether, to the hands of any very young friend of mine, I could not, in conscience, describe them otherwise than as “*tam multi, tam grandes, tam pretiosi codices;*” and it would grieve me much to add the “*incendite omnes illas membranas.*”³

This reasoning is about as convincing as would be

¹ “*Memoirs and Letters of Madame Malibran,*” by the Countess of Merlin.

² Voltaire.

³ St. Austin *de libris Manichæis.*

that of a traveller who, going from Maryland to New York without entering Pennsylvania, should advance this feat as an argument against Leibnitz' *Law of Continuity* — according to which nothing passes from one *state* to another without passing through all the intermediate states.

Not so : — The first number of the "Gentleman's Magazine" was published on the first of January, 1731 ; but long before this — in 1681 — there appeared the "Monthly Recorder" with all the Magazine features. I have a number of the "London Magazine," dated 1760 ; — commenced 1732, at least, but I have reason to think much earlier.

Stolen, body and soul (and spoilt in the stealing), from a paper *of the same title* in the "European Magazine" for December, 1817. Blunderingly done throughout, and must have cost more trouble than an original thing. This makes paragraph 33 of my "*Chapter on American Cribbage.*" The beauty of these *exposés* must lie in the precision and unanswerability with which they are given — in day and date — in chapter and verse — and, above all, in an unveiling of the minute trickeries by which the thieves hope to disguise their stolen wares.

I must soon a tale unfold, and an astonishing tale it will be. The C—— bears away the bell. The ladies, however, should positively not be guilty of these tricks ; — for one has never the heart to unmask or deplume them.

After all, there is this advantage in purloining one's Magazine papers ; — we are never forced to dispose of them under prime cost.

"*Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur*," as the acute Seneca well observes.

However acute might be Seneca, still he was not sufficiently acute to say this. The sentence is often attributed to him, but it is not to be found in his works. "*Semel insanavimus omnes*," a phrase often quoted, is invariably placed to the account of Horace, and with equal error. It is from the "*De Honesto Amore*" of the Italian Mantuanus, who has

Id commune malum ; semel insani vimus omnes.

In the title "*De Honesto Amore*," by the way, Mantuanus misconceives the force of *honestus* — just as Dryden does in his translation of Virgil's

Et quocunque Deus circum caput egit honestum ;

which he renders

On whate'er side he turns his *honest* face.

"Jehovah" is *not* Hebrew.

Macaulay, in his just admiration of Addison, overrates Tickell, and does not seem to be aware how much the author of the "Elegy" is indebted to French models. Boileau, especially, he robbed without mercy, and without measure. A flagrant example is here. Boileau has the lines :

*En vain contre "Le Cid" un ministre se ligue ;
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.*

Tickell thus appropriates them :

While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

No ; — he fell by his own Fame. Like Richmann,

he was blasted by the fires himself had sought, and obtained, from the Heavens.

I have at length attained the last page, which is a thing to thank God for ; and all this may be logic, but I am sure it is nothing more. Until I get the means of refutation, however, I must be content to say, with the Jesuits, Le Sueur and Jacquier, that " I acknowledge myself obedient to the decrees of the Pope against the motion of the Earth." _____

How overpowering a style is that of Curran ! I use "overpowering" in the sense of the English exquisite. I can imagine nothing more distressing than the extent of his eloquence. _____

"With all his faults, however, this author is a man of respectable powers."

Thus discourses, of *William Godwin*, the "London Monthly Magazine:" May, 1818.

"Rhododaphne" is brim-full of music : — *e.g.*

By living streams, in sylvan shades,
Where wind and wave symphonious make
Rich melody, the youths and maids,
No more with choral music wake
Lone Echo from her tangled brake.

How thoroughly — how radically — how wonderfully has "Undine" been misunderstood ! Beneath its obvious meaning there runs an under-current, simple, quite intelligible, artistically managed, and richly philosophical.

From internal evidence afforded by the book itself, I gather that the author suffered from the ills of a

mal-arranged marriage — the bitter reflections thus engendered inducing the fable.

In the contrast between the artless, thoughtless, and careless character of Undine before possessing a soul, and her serious, enwrapped, and anxious yet happy condition after possessing it, — a condition which, with all its multiform disquietudes, she still feels to be preferable to her original state, — Fouqué has beautifully painted the difference between the heart unused to *love*, and the heart which has received its inspiration.

The jealousies which follow the marriage, arising from the conduct of Bertalda, are but the natural troubles of love; but the persecutions of Kühleborn and the other water-spirits who take umbrage at Huldbrand's treatment of his wife, are meant to picture certain difficulties from the interference of relations in conjugal matters — difficulties which the author has himself experienced. The warning of Undine to Huldbrand — “Reproach me not upon the waters, or we part for ever” — is intended to embody the truth that quarrels between man and wife are seldom or never irremediable unless when taking place in the presence of third parties. The second wedding of the knight with his gradual forgetfulness of Undine, and Undine's intense grief beneath the waters — are dwelt upon so pathetically — so passionately — that there can be no doubt of the author's personal opinions on the subject of second marriages — no doubt of his deep personal interest in the question. How thrillingly are these few and simple words made to convey his belief that the mere death of a beloved wife does not imply a separation so final or so complete as to justify an union with another! — “The fisherman had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to

his mind that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death." — This is where the old man is endeavoring to dissuade the knight from wedding Bertalda.

I cannot say whether the novelty of the conception of "Undine," or the loftiness and purity of its ideality, or the intensity of its pathos, or the rigor of its simplicity, or the high artistical ability with which all are combined into a well-kept, well-*motivirt* whole of absolute unity of effect — is the particular chiefly to be admired.

How delicate and graceful are the transitions from subject to subject ! — a point severely testing the authorial power — as, when, for the purposes of the story, it becomes necessary that the knight, with Undine and Bertalda, shall proceed down the Danube. An ordinary novelist would have here tormented both himself and his readers, in his search for a sufficient motive for the voyage. But, in a fable such as "Undine," how all-sufficient — how well in keeping — appears the simple motive assigned ! — "In this grateful union of friendship and affection winter came and passed away ; and spring, with its foliage of tender green, and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded to gladden the hearts of the three inmates of the castle. *What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel?*"

How exquisitely artistic is the *management of imagination*, so visible in the passages where the brooks are water-spirits and the water-spirits brooks — neither distinctly either ! What can be more ethereally ideal than the frequent indeterminate glimpses caught of Kühleborn ? — or than his wild lapses into shower and foam ? — or than the vanishing of the

white wagoner and his white horses into the shrieking and devouring flood? — or than the gentle melting of the passionately weeping bride into the crystal waters of the Danube? What can be more divine than the character of the soulless Undine? — what more august than the transition into the soul-possessing wife? What can be more purely beautiful than the whole book? Fictitious literature has nothing superior, in loftiness of conception, or in felicity of execution, to those final passages which embody the uplifting of the stone from the fount by the order of Bertalda — the silent and sorrowful re-advent of Undine — and the rapturous death of Sir Huldbrand in the embraces of his spiritual wife.

These twelve Letters¹ are occupied, in part, with minute details of such atrocities on the part of the British, during their sojourn in Charleston, as the quizzing of Mrs. Wilkinson and the pilfering of her shoe-buckles — the remainder being made up of the indignant comments of Mrs. Wilkinson herself.

It is very true, as the Preface assures us, that “few records exist of American women either before or during the war of the Revolution, and that those perpetu-

¹ “*Letters of Eliza Wilkinson, during the invasion and possession of Charleston, S.C., by the British, in the Revolutionary War.*” Arranged by Caroline Gilman.

ated by History want the charm of personal narration," — but then we are well delivered from such charms of personal narration as we find here. The only supposable merit in the compilation is that dogged air of truth with which the fair authoress relates the lamentable story of her misadventures. I look in vain for that "useful information" about which I have heard — unless, indeed, it is in the passage where we are told that the letter-writer "was a young and beautiful widow; that her hand-writing is clear and feminine; and that the letters were copied by herself into a blank quarto book, on which the extravagant sale-price marks one of the features of the times:" — there are other extravagant sale-prices, however, besides that; — it was seventy-five cents that I paid for these "Letters." Besides, they are silly, and I cannot conceive why Miss Gilman thought the public wished to read them. It is really too bad for her to talk at a body, in this style, about "gathering relics of past history," and "floating down streams of time."

As for Mrs. Wilkinson, I am really rejoiced that she lost her shoe-buckles.

A rather bold and quite unnecessary plagiarism — from a book too well known to promise impunity.

"It is now full time to begin to brush away the insects of literature, whether creeping or fluttering, which have too long crawled over and soiled the intellectual ground of this country. It is high time to shake the little sickly stems of many a puny plant, and make its

fading flowerets fall." — "*Monthly Register*," — p. 243, — Vol. 2, — N. York, 1807.

On the other hand — "I have brushed away the insects of Literature, whether fluttering or creeping ; I have shaken the little stems of many a puny plant, and the flowerets have fallen." — *Preface to the "Pursuits of Literature."*

Had John Bernouilli lived to have experience of G——'s occiput and sinciput, he would have abandoned, in dismay, his theory on the non-existence of hard bodies.

As to this last term ("high-binder") which is so confidently quoted as modern ("not in use, *certainly*, before 1819"), I can refute all that is said by referring to a journal in my own possession — "The Weekly Inspector," for December 27, 1806 — published in New York :

"On Christmas Eve, a party of banditti, amounting, it is stated, to forty or fifty members of an association, calling themselves '*High-Binders*,' assembled in front of St. Peter's Church, in Barclay-street, expecting that the Catholic ritual would be performed with a degree of pomp and splendor which has usually been omitted in this city. These ceremonies, however, not taking place, the High-Binders manifested great displeasure."

In a subsequent number the association are called "Hide-Binders." They were Irish.

Perhaps Mr. Barrow is right after all, and the dearth of genius in America *is* owing to the con-

tinual teasing of the musquitoes. See "*Voyage to Cochin-China.*"

Mrs. Amelia Welby has nearly all the imagination of *Maria del Occidente*, with more refined taste; and all the passion of *Mrs. Norton*, with a nicer ear, and (what is surprising) equal art. Very few American poets are at all comparable with her in the true poetic qualities. As for our *poetesses* (an absurd but necessary word), none of them approach her.

With some modifications, this little poem would do honor to any one living or dead.

The moon within our casement beams,
 Our blue-eyed babe hath dropped to sleep,
 And I have left it to its dreams
 Amid the shadows deep,
 To muse beside the silver tide
 Whose waves are rippling at thy side.

It is a still and lovely spot
 Where they have laid thee down to rest;
 The white-rose and forget-me-not
 Bloom sweetly on thy breast,
 And birds and streams with liquid lull
 Have made the stillness beautiful.

And softly thro' the forest bars
 Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
 Float ever in, like wingèd stars,
 Amid the purpling glooms:
 Their sweet songs, borne from tree to tree,
 Thrill the light leaves with melody.

Alas! the very path I trace,
 In happier hours thy footsteps made;
 This spot was once thy resting-place;
 Within the silent shade
 Thy white hand trained the fragrant bough
 That drops its blossoms o'er me now.

'Twas here at eve we used to rove ;
 'Twas here I breathed my whispered vows,
 And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
 Beneath the apple-boughs.
 Our hearts had melted into one,
 But Death undid what Love had done.

Alas ! too deep a weight of thought
 Had fill'd thy heart in youth's sweet hour ;
 It seem'd with love and bliss o'erfraught ;
 As fleeting passion-flower
 Unfolding 'neath a southern sky,
 To blossom soon and soon to die.

Yet in these calm and blooming bowers,
 I seem to see thee still,
 Thy breath seems floating o'er the flowers,
 Thy whisper on the hill ;
 The clear faint star-light and the sea
 Are whispering to my heart of thee.

No more thy smiles my heart rejoice —
 Yet still I start to meet thine eye,
 And call upon the low sweet voice
 That gives me no reply —
 And list within my silent door
 For the light feet that come no more.

In a critical mood I would speak of these stanzas thus : — The subject has *nothing* of originality : — A widower muses by the grave of his wife. Here then is a great demerit ; for originality of theme, if not absolutely first sought, should be sought among the first. Nothing is more clear than this proposition, although denied by the chlorine critics (the grass-green). The desire of the new is an element of the soul. The most exquisite pleasures grow dull in repetition. A strain of music enchants. Heard a second time it pleases. Heard a tenth, it does not displease. We hear it a twentieth, and ask ourselves

why we admired. At the fiftieth it induces ennui — at the hundredth disgust.

Mrs. Welby's theme is, therefore, radically faulty so far as originality is concerned ; — but of common themes, it is one of the very best among the class *passionate*. True passion is prosaic — homely. Any strong mental emotion stimulates *all* the mental faculties ; thus grief the imagination : — but in proportion as the effect is strengthened, the cause surceases. The excited fancy triumphs — the grief is subdued — chastened, — is no longer grief. In this mood we are poetic, and it is clear that a poem now written will be poetic in the exact ratio of its dispassion. A passionate poem is a contradiction in terms. When I say, then, that Mrs. Welby's stanzas are good among the class *passionate* (using the term commonly and falsely applied), I mean that her tone is properly subdued, and is not so much the tone of passion, as of a gentle and melancholy regret, interwoven with a pleasant sense of the natural loveliness surrounding the lost in the tomb, and a memory of her human beauty while alive. — Elegiac poems should either assume this character, or dwell purely on the beauty (moral or physical) of the departed — or, better still, utter the notes of triumph. I have endeavored to carry out this latter idea in some verses which I have called “ Lenore.”

Those who object to the proposition — that poetry and passion are discordant — would, thus, cite Mrs. Welby's poem as an instance of a passionate one. It is precisely similar to the hundred others which have been cited for like purpose. But it is *not* passionate ; and for this reason (with others having regard to her fine genius) it is poetical. The critics upon this topic display an amusing *ignoratio elenchi*.

Dismissing originality and tone, I pass to the general handling, than which nothing could be more pure, more natural, or more judicious. The perfect keeping of the various points is admirable — and the result is entire unity of impression, or effect. The time, a moonlight night ; the locality of the grave ; the passing thither from the cottage, and the conclusion of the theme with the return to “the silent door ;” the babe left, meanwhile, “to its dreams ;” the “white rose and forget-me-not” upon the breast of the entombed ; the “birds and streams, with liquid lull, that make the stillness beautiful ;” the birds whose songs “thrill the light leaves with melody ;” — all these are appropriate and lovely conceptions : — only quite unoriginal ; — and (be it observed) the higher order of genius should, and will, combine the original with that which is *natural* — not in the vulgar sense, (ordinary) — but in the artistic sense which has reference to the *general intention of Nature*. — We have this combination well effected in the lines :

And softly through the forest bars
 Light lovely shapes, on glossy plumes,
 Float ever in, like wingèd stars,
 Amid the purpling glooms —

which are, unquestionably, the finest in the poem.

The reflections suggested by the scene — commencing :

Alas ! the very path I trace,

are, also, something more than merely natural, and are richly ideal ; especially the cause assigned for the early death, and “the fragrant bough”

That drops its blossoms o’er me now.

The two concluding stanzas are remarkable examples of common fancies rejuvenated, and etherealised by grace of expression, and melody of rhythm.

The "light lovely shapes" in the third stanza (however beautiful in themselves), are defective, when viewed in reference to the "birds" of the stanza preceding. The topic "birds" is dismissed in the one paragraph to be resumed in the other.

"Drops," in the last line of the fourth stanza, is improperly used in an active sense. *To drop* is a neuter verb. An apple drops; we let the apple fall.

The repetition ("seemed," "seem," "seems,") in the sixth and seventh stanzas, is ungraceful; so also that of "heart," in the last line of the seventh, and the first of the eighth. The words "breathed" and "whispered," in the second line of the fifth stanza, have a force too nearly identical. "*Neath*" just below, is an awkward contraction. *All* contractions are awkward. It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of verse, the better. *Inversions* should be dismissed. The most forcible lines are the most direct. Mrs. Welby owes three-fourths of her power (so far as style is concerned), to her freedom from these vulgar and particularly English errors — elision and inversion. *O'er* is, however, too often used by her in place of *over*, and *'twas* for *it was*. We see instances here. The only inversions, strictly speaking, are

The moon within our casement beams,

and — "Amid the shadows deep."

The versification throughout, is unusually good. Nothing can excel

And birds and streams with liquid lull
Have made the stillness beautiful;

or

And sealed them on thy lips, my love,
Beneath the apple-boughs ;

or the whole of the concluding stanza, if we leave out of view the unpleasant repetition of "*And*," at the commencement of the third and fifth lines. "*Thy white hand trained*" (see stanza the fourth) involves four consonants, that unite with difficulty — *ndtr* — and the harshness is rendered more apparent, by the employment of the spondee, "*hand trained*," in place of an iambus. "*Melody*" is a feeble termination of the third stanza's last line. The syllable *dy* is not full enough to sustain the rhyme. All these endings, liberty, property, happily, and the like, however justified by authority, are grossly objectionable. Upon the whole, there are some poets in America (Bryant and Sprague, for example), who equal Mrs. Welby in the negative merits of that limited versification which they chiefly affect — the iambic pentameter — but none equal her in the richer and positive merits of rhythmical variety, conception — invention. They, in the old routine, rarely err. She often surprises, and always delights, by novel, rich and accurate combination of the ancient musical expressions.¹

How thoroughly comprehensive is the account of Adam, as given at the bottom of the old picture in the Vatican ! — "*Adam, divinitus edoctus, primus scientiarum et literarum inventor.*"

A ballad entitled "*Indian Serenade*," and put into the mouth of the hero, Vasco Nunez, is, perhaps, the most really meritorious portion of Mr. Simms' "*Damsel of Darien.*" This stanza is full of music :

¹ Printed by Griswold as a separate paper. — Ed.

And their wild and mellow voices
 Still to hear along the deep
 Every brooding star rejoices,
 While the billow, on its pillow,
 Lulled to silence seems to sleep.

And also this :

'Tis the wail for life they waken
 By Samana's yielding shore —
 With the tempest it is shaken ;
 The wild ocean is in motion,
 And the song is heard no more.

Talking of conundrums : — Why will a geologist put no faith in the Fable of the Fox that lost his tail ? Because he knows that no animal remains have ever been found in trap.

Twenty years ago credulity was the characteristic trait of the mob, incredulity the distinctive feature of the philosophic ; *now* the case is conversed. The wise are wisely averse from disbelief. To be sceptical is no longer evidence either of information or of wit.

The title of this book¹ deceives us. It is by no means "talk" as men understand it — not that true talk of which Boswell has been the best historiographer. In a word it is not *gossip* which has been never better defined than by Basil, who calls it "talk for talk's sake," nor more thoroughly comprehended than by Horace Walpole and Mary Wortley Montague, who made it a profession and a purpose. Embracing all things, it has neither beginning, middle, nor end. Thus of the gossip it was not properly said that

¹ "*Coleridge's Table Talk.*"

“he commences his discourse by jumping *in medias res*.” For, clearly, your gossip commences not at all. He is begun. He is already begun. He is always begun. In the matter of end he is indeterminate. And by these extremes shall ye know him to be of the Cæsars — *porphyrogenitus* — of the right vein — of the true blood — of the blue blood — of the *sangre azul*. As for laws, he is cognizant of but one, the invariable absence of all. And for his road, were it as straight as the Appia and as broad as that “which leadeth to destruction,” nevertheless would he be malcontent without a frequent hop-skip-and-jump, over the hedges, into the tempting pastures of digression beyond. Such is the gossip, and of such alone is the true *talk*. But when Coleridge asked Lamb if he had ever heard him *preach*, the answer was quite happy — “I have never heard you do anything else.” The truth is that “Table Discourse” *might* have answered as a title to this book; but its character can be fully conveyed only in “Post-Prandian Sub-Sermons,” or “Three-Bottle Sermonoids.”

Dickens is a man of higher *genius* than Bulwer. The latter is thoughtful, industrious, patient, pains-taking, educated, analytic, artistical (using the three last epithets with much mental reserve); and therefore will write the better book upon the whole: — but the former rises, at times, to an unpremeditated elevation altogether beyond the flight, and even beyond the appreciation of his cotemporary. Dickens, with care and culture, *might* have produced “The Last of the Barons,” but nothing short of mortal Voltaism could have spirited Bulwer into the conception of the concluding passages of the “Curiosity Shop.”

“Advancing briskly with a rapier, *he did the business* for him at a blow.” — *Smollett*. This vulgar colloquialism had its type among the Romans. *Et ferro subitus grassatus, agit rem.* — *Juvenal*.

We may safely grant that the *effects* of the oratory of Demosthenes were vaster than those wrought by the eloquence of any modern, and yet not controvert the idea that the modern eloquence, itself, is superior to that of the Greek. The Greeks were an excitable, *unread* race, for they had no printed books. *Vivâ voce* exhortations carried with them, to their quick apprehensions, all the gigantic force of *the new*. They had much of that vivid interest which the first fable has upon the dawning intellect of the child — an interest which is worn away by the frequent perusal of similar things — by the frequent inception of similar fancies. The suggestions, the arguments, the incitements of the ancient rhetorician were, when compared with those of the modern, absolutely novel; possessing thus an immense adventitious force — a force which has been, oddly enough, left out of sight in all estimates of the eloquence of the two eras.

The finest Philippic of the Greek would have been hooted at in the British House of Peers, while an impromptu of Sheridan, or of Brougham, would have carried by storm all the hearts and all the intellects of Athens.

The author of “*Miserrimus*” *might have been* W. G. Simms (whose “*Martin Faber*” is just such a work) — but *is*¹ G. M. W. Reynolds, an English-

¹ [Mr. Poe was wrong. “*Miserrimus*” was written by W. M. Reynolds, who died at Fontainebleau in 1850. — Griswold’s note.]

man, who wrote, also, "*Albert de Rosann*," and "Pickwick Abroad" — both excellent things in their way.

Mr. Grattan, who, in general, writes well, has a bad habit of loitering — of toying with his subject, as a cat with a mouse, instead of grasping it firmly at once, and devouring it without ado. He takes up too much time in the ante-room. He has never done with his introductions. Sometimes one introduction is merely the vestibule to another; so that by the time he arrives at his main theme, there is none of it left. He is afflicted with a perversity common enough even among otherwise good talkers — an irrepressible desire of tantalizing by circumlocution.

If the greasy print here¹ exhibited is, indeed, like Mr. Grattan, then is Mr. Grattan like nobody else — for who else ever thrust forth, from beneath a wig of wire, the countenance of an over-done apple-dumpling?

It is said in Isaiah, respecting Idumea, that "none shall pass through thee for ever and ever." Dr. Keith here² insists, as usual, upon understanding the passage in its most strictly literal sense. He attempts to prove that neither Burckhardt nor Irby passed *through* the country — merely penetrating to Petra, and returning. And our Mr. John Stephens entered Idumea with the deliberate design of putting the question to test. He wished to see whether it was meant that Idumea should not be passed through, and "accordingly," says he, "I passed through it from one end to the other." Here is error on all sides. In the first place, he was

¹ "*Highb-Ways and By-Ways*."

² "Literal Fulfilment of the Prophecies."

not sufficiently informed in the Ancient Geography to know that the Idumea which he certainly did pass through, is *not* the Idumea, or Edom, intended in the prophecy — the latter lying much farther eastward. In the next place, whether he did or did not pass through the true Idumea — or whether anybody, of late days, did or did not pass through it — is a point of no consequence either to the proof or to the disproof of the literal fulfilment of the Prophecies. For it is quite a mistake on the part of Dr. Keith — his supposition that travelling through Idumea is prohibited at all.

The words conceived to embrace the prohibition, are found in Isaiah 34—10, and are *Lenetsach netsachim ēin over bab*: — literally — *Lenetsach*,¹ for an eternity; *netsachim*,² of eternities; *ēin*,³ not; *over*,⁴ moving about; *bab*, in it. That is to say; for an eternity of eternities, (there shall) not (be any one) moving about *in it* — not *through* it. The participle *over* refers to one moving to and fro, or up and down, and is the same term which is translated “current” as an epithet of money, in Genesis 23, 16. The prophet means only that there shall be no mark of life in the land — no living being there — no one moving up and down in it. He refers merely to its general abandonment and desolation.

In the same way we have received an erroneous idea of the meaning of Ezekiel 35, 7, where the same region is mentioned. The common version runs; — “Thus will I make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth” — a sentence which Dr. Keith views as he does the one

[¹ *Lenētsach*, for an eternity of. ² *netsāchīm*, eternities.
³ *ēyn*. ⁴ *ovēr*, passing over or through. — Ed.]

from Isaiah ; that is, he supposes it to forbid any travelling in Idumea under penalty of death ; instancing Burckhardt's death shortly after his return, as confirming this supposition, on the ground that he died in consequence of the rash attempt.

Now the words of Ezekiel are : — *Venathati*¹ *eth-har Sēir leshimmanah*² *ushemamah, vehichrati*³ *mimmennu over vasal* :⁴ — literally — *Venathati*, and I will give ; *eth-har*, the mountain ; *Sēir*, Seir ; *leshimmanah*, for a desolation ; *ushemamah*, and a desolation ; *vehichrati*, and I will cut off ; *mimmennu*, from it ; *over*, him that goeth ; *vasal*,⁵ and him that returneth : — And I will give Mount Seir for an utter desolation, and I will cut off from it him that *passeth and repasseth* therein. The reference here is as in the preceding passage ; allusion is made to the inhabitants of the land, as moving about in it, and actively employed in the business of life. I am sustained in the translation of *over vasal* by Gesenius S. 5 — vol. 2 — p. 570, *Leo's Trans.* : Compare, also, *Zachariah* 7, 14 and 9, 8. There is something analogous in the Hebrew Greek phrase, at Acts, 9, 28 — *καὶ ἦν μετ' αὐτῶν εἰσπορευόμενος καὶ ἐκπορευόμενος ἐν Ἱερουσαλὴμ* — And he was

[NOTE: *Ezek.* 35 : 7 should be

wēnāthāttī 'ēth-hār sē'ir leshimēmāh
ūshēmāmāh wē hīkrāttī mimmēnnū 'ōbhēr
wāshābh.

Is. 34 : 10 should be

le'nēcāh ne'cāhīm 'ēn 'ōbhēr bāh

'ōbhēr does not mean moving to and fro or up and down, but simply passing over or through. The Revised Version is correct.

¹ wenathatti. ² leshimmamah. ³ wehikratti.

⁴ washabh.

⁵ washabh.—Ed.]

with them in Jerusalem, coming in and going out. The Latin *versatus est* is precisely paraphrastic. The meaning is that Saul, the new convert, was on intimate terms with the true believers in Jerusalem; moving about among them to and fro, or in and out.¹

The author of "Cromwell" does better as a writer of ballads than of prose. He has fancy, and a fine conception of rhythm. But his romantico-histories have all the effervescence of his verse, without its flavor. Nothing worse than his *tone* can be invented: — turgid sententiousness, involute, spasmodically straining after effect. And to render matters worse, he is as thorough an unistylist as Cardinal Chigi, who boasted that he wrote with the same pen for half a century.

III.

[Text: *Godey's Lady's Book*, August, 1845.]²

THE merely mechanical style of "Athens" is far better than that of any of Bulwer's previous books. In general he is atrociously involute — this is his main defect. He wraps one sentence in another *ad infinitum* — very much in the fashion of those "nests of boxes" sold in our wooden-ware shops, or like the islands within lakes, within islands within lakes, within islands within lakes, of which we read so much in the "Periplus" of Hanno. _____

Men of genius are far more abundant than is supposed. In fact, to appreciate thoroughly the work of

¹ [Cf. Professor Anthon's letter, Vol. XVII. — Ed.]

² [Poë's title for this installment of "Marginalia" was: "Marginal Notes . . . No. I. A Sequel to the 'Marginalia' of the 'Democratic Review.'" — Ed.]

what we call genius, is to possess all the genius by which the work was produced. But the person appreciating may be utterly incompetent to reproduce the work, or any thing similar, and this solely through lack of what may be termed the constructive ability — a matter quite independent of what we agree to understand in the term “genius” itself. This ability is based, to be sure, in great part, upon the faculty of analysis, enabling the artist to get full view of the machinery of his proposed effect, and thus work it and regulate it at will; but a great deal depends also upon properties strictly moral.— for example, upon patience, upon concentrativeness, or the power of holding the attention steadily to the one purpose, upon self-dependence and contempt for all opinion which is opinion and no more—in especial, upon energy or industry. So vitally important is this last, that it may well be doubted if any thing to which we have been accustomed to give the title of a “work of genius” was ever accomplished without it; and it is chiefly because this quality and genius are nearly incompatible, that “works of genius” are few, while mere men of genius are, as I say, abundant. The Romans, who excelled us in acuteness of *observation*, while falling below us in induction from facts observed, seem to have been so fully aware of the inseparable connection between industry and a “work of genius” as to have adopted the error that industry, in great measure, was genius itself. The highest compliment is intended by a Roman when, of an epic, or any thing similar, he says that it is written *industriâ mirabili* or *incredibili industriâ*.

All true men must rejoice to perceive the decline of the miserable rant and cant against originality, which

was so much in vogue a few years ago among a class of microscopical critics, and which at one period threatened to degrade all American literature to the level of Flemish art.

Of puns it has been said that those most dislike who are least able to utter them ; but with far more of truth may it be asserted that invectives against originality proceed only from persons at once hypocritical and common-place. I say hypocritical — for the love of novelty is an indisputable element of the moral nature of man ; and since to be original is merely to be novel, the dolt who professes a distaste for originality, in letters or elsewhere, proves in no degree his aversion for the thing itself, but merely that uncomfortable hatred which ever arises in the heart of an envious man for an excellence he cannot hope to attain.

When I call to mind the preposterous “asides” and soliloquies of the drama among civilized nations, the shifts employed by the Chinese playwrights appear altogether respectable. If a general, on a Pekin or Canton stage, is ordered on an expedition, “he brandishes a whip,” says Davis, “or takes in his hand the reins of a bridle, and striding three or four times around a platform, in the midst of a tremendous crash of gongs, drums and trumpets, finally stops short and tells the audience where he has arrived.”

It would sometimes puzzle an European stage hero in no little degree to “tell an audience where he has arrived.” Most of them seem to have a very imperfect conception of their whereabouts. In the “Mort de César,” for example, Voltaire makes his populace rush to and fro, exclaiming, “*Courons au Capitole !*” Poor fellows — they are in the capitol

all the time ;—in his scruples about unity of place, the author has never once let them out of it.

It is certainly very remarkable that although destiny is the ruling idea of the Greek drama, the word Τύχη (Fortune) does not appear once in the whole Iliad.

“Here is a man who is a scholar and an artist, who knows precisely how every effect has been produced by every great writer, and who is resolved to reproduce them. But the heart passes by his pitfalls and traps, and carefully-planned springs, to be taken captive by some simple fellow who expected the event as little as did his prisoner.”¹

Perhaps I err in quoting these words as the author's own—they are in the mouth of one of his interlocutors—but whoever claims them, they are poetical and no more. The error is exactly that common one of separating practice from the theory which includes it. In all cases, if the practice fail, it is because the theory is imperfect. If Mr. Lowell's heart be not caught in the pitfall or trap, then the pitfall is ill-concealed and the trap is not properly baited or set. One who has *some artistical ability* may know how to do a thing, and even show how to do it, and yet fail in doing it after all ; but the artist and the man of some artistic ability must not be confounded. He only is the former who can carry his most shadowy precepts into successful application. To say that a critic could not have written the work which he criticises, is to put forth a contradiction in terms.

The farce of this big book is equaled only by the

¹ Lowell's “Conversations.”

farce of the rag-tag-and-bobtail "embassy from the whole earth" introduced by the crazy Prussian into the hall of the French National Assembly. The author is the Anacharsis Clootz of American letters.

Mill says that he has "demonstrated" his propositions. Just in the same way Anaxagoras demonstrated snow to be black, (which, perhaps, it is, if we could see the thing in the proper light,) and just in the same way the French advocate, Linguet, with Hippocrates in his hand, demonstrated bread to be a slow poison. The worst of the matter is that propositions such as these seldom *stay* demonstrated long enough to be thoroughly understood.

"Contempt," says an eastern proverb, "pierces even through the shell of the tortoise;" but there are some human skulls which would feel themselves insulted by a comparison, in point of impermeability, with the shell of a Gallipago turtle.

We might contrive a very poetical and very suggestive, although, perhaps, no very tenable philosophy, by supposing that the virtuous live while the wicked suffer annihilation, hereafter; and that the danger of the annihilation (which would be in the ratio of the sin) might be indicated nightly by slumber, and occasionally, with more distinctness, by a swoon. In proportion to the dreamlessness of the sleep, for example, would be the degree of the soul's liability to annihilation. In the same way, to swoon and awake in utter unconsciousness of any lapse of time during the syncope, would demonstrate the soul to be

then in such condition that, had death occurred, annihilation would have followed. On the other hand, when the revival is attended with remembrance of visions, (as is now and then the case, in fact,) then the soul to be considered in such condition as would insure its existence after the bodily death — the bliss or wretchedness of the existence to be indicated by the character of the visions.

The United States' motto, *E pluribus unum*, may possibly have a sly allusion to Pythagoras' definition of beauty — the reduction of many into one.

Here is a book of "amusing travels," which is full enough of statistics to have been the joint composition of Messieurs Busching, Hassel, Cannabitch, Gaspari, Gutschmuth and company.

Spun out like Wollaston's wires, or the world in the Peutingerian Tables.¹

The Swedenborgians inform me that they have discovered all that I said in a magazine article, entitled "Mesmeric Revelation," to be absolutely true, although at first they were very strongly inclined to doubt my veracity — a thing which, in that particular instance, I never dreamed of not doubting myself. The story is a pure fiction from beginning to end.

The drama, as the chief of the imitative arts, has a tendency to beget and keep alive in its votaries the imitative propensity. This might be supposed *à priori*, and experience confirms the supposition. Of all

¹ "The Palais Royal," by Mancur.

imitators, dramatists are the most perverse, the most unconscionable, or the most unconscious, and have been so time out of mind. Euripides and Sophocles were merely echoes of Æschylus, and not only was Terence Menander and nothing beyond, but of the sole Roman tragedies extant, (the ten attributed to Seneca,) nine are on Greek subjects. Here, then, is cause enough for the “decline of the drama,” if we are to believe that the drama has declined. But it has not: on the contrary, during the last fifty years it has materially advanced. All other arts, however, have, in the same interval, advanced at a far greater rate — each very nearly in the direct ratio of its non-imitativeness — painting, for example, least of all — and the effect on the drama is, of course, that of apparent retrogradation.

It is James Montgomery who thinks proper to style McPherson’s “Ossian” a “collection of halting, dancing, lumbering, grating, nondescript paragraphs.”

I have never yet seen an English heroic verse on the proper model of the Greek — although there have been innumerable attempts, among which those of Coleridge are, perhaps, the most absurd, next to those of Sir Philip Sidney and Longfellow. The author of “The Vision of Rubeta” has done better, and Percival better yet; but no one has seemed to suspect that the natural preponderance of spondaic words in the Latin and Greek must, in the English, be supplied by art — that is to say, by a careful culling of the few spondaic words which the language affords — as, for example, here:

Man is a | complex, | compound, | compost, | yet is he | God-born.

This, to all intents, is a Greek hexameter, but then its spondees are spondees, and not mere trochees. The verses of Coleridge and others are dissonant, for the simple reason that there is no equality in time between a trochee and a dactyl. When Sir Philip Sidney writes,

So to the | woods Love | runnes as | well as | rides to the | palace,

he makes an heroic verse only to the eye; for "woods Love" is the only true spondee, "runs as," "well as," and "palace," have each the first syllable long and the second short—that is to say, they are all trochees, and occupy less time than the dactyls or spondee—hence the halting. Now, all this seems to be the simplest thing in the world, and the only wonder is how men professing to be scholars should attempt to engraft a verse, of which the spondee is an element, upon a stock which repels the spondee as antagonistical.

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight."¹

The single feather here is imperfectly illustrative of the omni-prevalent darkness; but a more especial objection is the likening of one feather to the falling of another. Night is personified as a bird, and darkness—the feather of this bird—falls from it, how?—as another feather falls from another bird. Why, it does this *of course*. The illustration is identical—that is to say, null. It has no more force than an identical proposition in logic.

¹ Præm to Longfellow's "Waif."

IV.

[Text : *Godey's Lady's Book*, September, 1845.]¹

WORDS — printed ones especially — are murderous things. Keats did (or did not) die of a criticism, Cromwell, of Titus' pamphlet "Killing no Murder," and Montfleury perished of the "Andromache." The author of the "Parnasse Réformé," makes him thus speak in Hades — "*L'homme donc qui voudrait savoir ce dont je suis mort, qu'il ne demande pas s'il fut de fièvre ou de podagre ou d'autre chose, mais qu'il entende que ce fut de L'Andromaque.*" As for myself, I am fast dying of the "*Sartor Resartus.*"

Since it has become fashionable to trundle houses about the streets, should there not be some remodeling of the legal definition of realty, as "that which is permanent, fixed, and immoveable, that cannot be carried out of its place?" According to this, a house is by no means real estate.

Voltaire, in his preface to "Brutus," actually *boasts* of having introduced the Roman senate on the stage in red mantles.

One of the most singular pieces of literary Mosaic is Mr. Longfellow's "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year." The general idea and manner are from Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year," several of the most prominent points are from the death scene of Cordelia in "Lear," and the line about the "hooded friars" is from the "Comus" of Milton.

Some approach to this patchwork may be found in these lines from Tasso —

¹ [Poe's title for this installment of "Marginalia" was : "Marginal Notes . . . No. II. A sequel to the 'Marginalia' of the 'Democratic Review.'"] — Ed.]

“ Giace l’ alta Cartago : à pena i segni
 De l’ alte sui ruine il lido serba :
 Muoino le città, muoino i regni ;
 Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed herba :
 E l’ huom d’ esser mortal par che si sdegni.”

This is entirely made up from Lucan and Sulpicius.
 The former says of Troy —

“ *Iam tota teguntur
 Pergama dumetis: etiam perire ruinae.*”

Sulpicius, in a letter to Cicero, says of Megara, Egina, and Corinth —

“ *Hem! nos homunculi indignamur si quid nostrum
 interiit, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco
 tot oppidorum cadavera projecta jaceant.*”

A few nuts from memory for Outis. Carey, in his
 “ Dante,” says —

“ And pilgrim newly on his road, with love
 Thrills if he hears the vesper bell from far
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day.”

Gray says —

“ The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

Milton says —

“ — forget thyself to marble.”

Pope says —

“ I have not yet forgot myself to stone.”

Blair says —

“ — its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between.”

Campbell says —

“ Like angel visits, few and far between.”

Butler says —

“ Each window a pillory appears,
 With heads thrust through nailed by the ears.”

Young says —

“An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down and expose our head.”

Young says —

“Man wants but little, nor that little long.”

Goldsmith says —

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Milton says —

“ — when the scourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour
Call us to penance.”

Gray says —

“Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright.”

Butler says —

“This hairy meteor did announce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns.”

Gray says —

“Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.”

Dryden says —

“David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.”

Pope says —

“Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.”

Boileau says —

“En vain contre ‘Le Cid’ un ministre se ligue,
Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.”

Tickell says —

“While the charmed reader with thy thought complies,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry’s eyes.”

Lucretius says —

“Et — terras —
Una dies dabit exitio.”

Ovid says —

“Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.”

Freneau says —

“The hunter and the deer a shade.”

Campbell says the same identically.

I would have no difficulty in filling two ordinary novel volumes with just such concise parallels as these. Nevertheless, I am clearly of opinion that of one hundred plagiarisms of this character, seventy-five would be, not accidental, but unintentional. The poetic sentiment implies an abnormally keen appreciation of poetic excellence, with an unconscious assimilation of it into the poetic entity, so that an admired passage, being forgotten and afterwards reviving through an exceedingly shadowy train of association, is supposed by the plagiarizing poet to be really the coinage of his own brain. An uncharitable world, however, will never be brought to understand all this, and the poet who commits a plagiarism is, if not criminal, at least unlucky; and equally in either case does critical justice

require the right of property to be traced home. Of two persons, one is to suffer—it matters not what—and there can be no question as to who should be the sufferer.

The question of international copyright has been overloaded with words. The right of property in a literary work is disputed merely for the sake of disputation, and no man should be at the trouble of arguing the point. Those who deny it, have made up their minds to deny every thing tending to further the law in contemplation. Nor is the question of expediency in any respect relevant. Expediency is only to be discussed where no rights interfere. It would no doubt be very expedient in any poor man to pick the pocket of his wealthy neighbour (and as the poor are the majority, the case is precisely parallel to the copyright case;) but what would the rich think if expediency were permitted to overrule their right?

But even the expediency is untenable, grossly so. The immediate advantage arising to the pockets of our people, in the existing condition of things, is no doubt sufficiently plain. We get more reading for less money than if the international law existed; but the remoter disadvantages are of infinitely greater weight. In brief, they are these: First, we have injury to our national literature by repressing the efforts of our men of genius; for genius, as a general rule, is poor in worldly goods and cannot write for nothing. Our genius being thus repressed, we are written *at* only by our “gentlemen of elegant leisure,” and mere gentlemen of elegant leisure have been noted, time out of mind, for the insipidity of their productions. In general, too, they are obstinately conservative, and this feeling leads

them into imitation of foreign, more especially of British models. This is one main source of the imitative-ness with which, as a people, we have been justly charged, although the first cause is to be found in our position as a colony. Colonies have always naturally aped the mother land.

In the second place, irreparable ill is wrought by the almost exclusive dissemination among us of foreign — that is to say, of monarchical or aristocratical sentiment in foreign books; nor is this sentiment less fatal to democracy because it reaches the people themselves directly in the gilded pill of the poem or the novel.

We have next to consider the impolicy of our committing, in the national character, an open and continuous wrong on the frivolous pretext of its benefiting ourselves.

The last and by far the most important consideration of all, however, is that sense of insult and injury aroused in the whole active intellect of the world, the bitter and fatal resentment excited in the universal heart of literature — a resentment which will not and which cannot make nice distinctions between the temporary perpetrators of the wrong and that democracy in general which permits its perpetration. The autorial body is the most autocratic on the face of the earth. How, then, can those institutions even hope to be safe which systematically persist in trampling it under foot?

The conclusion of the *Proëm* in Mr. Longfellow's late "Waif" is exceedingly beautiful. The whole poem is remarkable in this, that one of its principal excellences arises from what is, generically, a demerit. No error, for example, is more certainly fatal in poetry

than defective *rhythm*; but here the *slipshodiness* is so thoroughly in unison with the nonchalant air of the thoughts — which, again, are so capitally applicable to the thing done (a mere introduction of other people's fancies) — that the effect of the looseness of rhythm becomes palpable, and we see at once that here is a case in which to be *correct* would be inartistic. Here are three of the quatrains —

“I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes over me
 That my soul cannot resist —

“A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
As the mists resemble the rain.

* * * * *

“And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

Now these lines are not to be scanned. They are referable to no true principles of rhythm. The general idea is that of a succession of anapæsts; yet not only is this idea confounded with that of dactyls, but this succession is improperly interrupted at all points — improperly, because by unequivalent feet. The partial prosaicism thus brought about, however, (without any interference with the mere melody,) becomes a beauty solely through the nicety of its adaptation to the *tone* of the poem, and of this tone, again, to the matter in hand. In his keen sense of this adaptation, (which conveys the notion of what is vaguely termed “ease,”) the reader so far loses sight of the rhythmical imperfec-

tion that he can be convinced of its existence only by treating in the same rhythm (or, rather, lack of rhythm) a subject of different tone — a subject in which decision shall take the place of nonchalance.

Now, undoubtedly, I intend all this as complimentary to Mr. Longfellow; but it was for the utterance of these very opinions in the “New York Mirror” that I was accused, by some of the poet’s friends, of inditing what they think proper to call “strictures” on the author of “Outre-mer.”

When we attend less to “authority” and more to principles, when we look *less* at merit and *more* at demerit, (instead of the converse, as some persons suggest,) we shall then be better critics than we are. We must neglect our models and study our capabilities. The mad eulogies on what occasionally has, in letters, been well done, spring from our imperfect comprehension of what it is possible for us to do better. “A man who has never seen the sun,” says Calderon, “cannot be blamed for thinking that no glory can exceed that of the moon; a man who has seen neither moon nor sun, cannot be blamed for expatiating on the incomparable effulgence of the morning star.” Now, it is the business of the critic so to soar that he shall *see the sun*, even although its orb be far below the ordinary horizon.

In the sweet “Lily of Nithsdale,” we read —

“She’s gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie —
 She’s gane to dwell in heaven; —
 Ye’re ow’re pure, quo’ the voice of God,
 For dwelling out o’ heaven.”

The *ow're* and the *o'* of the two last verses should be Anglicized. The Deity, at least, should be supposed to speak so as to be understood—although I am aware that a folio has been written to demonstrate broad Scotch, as the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise.

The increase, within a few years, of the magazine literature, is by no means to be regarded as indicating what some critics would suppose it to indicate—a downward tendency in American taste or in American letters. It is but a sign of the times, an indication of an era in which men are forced upon the curt, the condensed, the well-digested in place of the voluminous—in a word, upon journalism in lieu of dissertation. We need now the light artillery rather than the peace-makers of the intellect. I will not be sure that men at present think more profoundly than half a century ago, but beyond question they think with more rapidity, with more skill, with more tact, with more of method and less of excrescence in the thought. Besides all this, they have a vast increase in the thinking material; they have more facts, more to think about. For this reason, they are disposed to put the greatest amount of thought in the smallest compass and disperse it with the utmost attainable rapidity. Hence the journalism of the age; hence, in especial, magazines. Too many we cannot have, as a general proposition; but we demand that they have sufficient merit to render them noticeable in the beginning, and that they continue in existence sufficiently long to permit us a fair estimation of their value.

Jack Birkenhead, *apud* Bishop Sprat, says that “a great wit’s great work is to refuse.” The apothegm

must be swallowed *cum grano salis*. His greatest work is to originate no matter that shall require refusal.

Scott, in his "Presbyterian Eloquence," speaks of "that ancient fable, not much known," in which a trial of skill in singing being agreed upon between the cuckoo and the nightingale, the ass was chosen umpire. When each bird had done his best, the umpire declared that the nightingale sang extremely well, but that "for a good plain song give him the cuckoo."

The judge with the long ears, in this case, is a fine type of the tribe of critics who insist upon what they call "quietude" as the supreme literary excellence — gentlemen who rail at Tennyson and elevate Addison into apotheosis. By the way, the following passage from Sterne's "Letter from France," should be adopted at once as a motto by the "Down-East Review": "As we rode along the valley, we saw a herd of asses on the top of one of the mountains. How they viewed and *reviewed* us!"

Of Berryer, somebody says "he is the man in whose description is the greatest possible consumption of antithesis." For "description" read "lectures," and the sentence would apply well to Hudson, the lecturer on Shakspeare. Antithesis is his end — he has no other. He does not employ it to enforce thought, but he gathers thought from all quarters with the sole view to its capacity for antithetical expression. His essays have thus only paragraphical effect; as wholes, they produce not the slightest impression.

No man living could say what it is Mr. Hudson proposes to demonstrate; and if the question were

propounded to Mr. H. himself, we can fancy how particularly embarrassed he would be for a reply. In the end, were he to answer honestly, he would say — “*Antithesis.*”

As for his reading, Julius Cæsar would have said of him that he sang ill, and undoubtedly he must have “gone to the dogs” for his experience in pronouncing the *r* as if his throat were bored like a rifle-barrel.¹

V.

[Text : *Graham's Magazine*, March, 1846.]

THE effect derivable from well-managed rhyme is very imperfectly understood. Conventionally “rhyme” implies merely close similarity of sound at the ends of verse, and it is really curious to observe how long mankind have been content with their limitation of the idea. What, in rhyme, first and principally pleases, may be referred to the human sense or appreciation of *equality* — the common element, as might be easily shown, of all the gratification we derive from music in its most extended sense — very especially in its modifications of metre and rhythm. We see, for example, a crystal, and are immediately interested by the equality between the sides and angles of one of its faces — but on bringing to view a second face, in all respects similar to our first, our pleasure seems to be *squared* — on bringing to view a third, it appears to be *cubed*, and so on : I have no doubt, indeed, that the delight experienced, if measurable, would be found to have exact mathematical

¹ “*Nec illi (Demostheni) turpe videbatur vel, optimis relictis magistris, ad canes se conferre, et ab illis et literæ vim et naturam petere, illorumque in sonando, quod satis est, morem imitari.*” — Ad Meker. de vet. Pron. Ling. Græcæ.

relations, such, or nearly such, as I suggest — that is to say, as far as a certain point, beyond which there would be a decrease, in similar relations. Now here, as the ultimate result of analysis, we reach the sense of mere *equality*, or rather the human delight in this sense ; and it was an instinct, rather than a clear comprehension of this delight as a principle, which, in the first instance, led the poet to attempt an increase of the effect arising from the mere similarity (that is to say equality) between two sounds — led him, I say, to attempt increasing this effect by making a secondary equalization, in placing the rhymes at equal distances — that is, at the ends of lines of equal length. In this manner, rhyme and the termination of the line grew connected in men's thoughts — grew into a conventionalism — the principle being lost sight of altogether. And it was simply because Pindaric verses had, before this epoch, existed — *i.e.* verses of unequal length — that rhymes were subsequently found at unequal distances. It was for this reason solely, I say — for none more profound — rhyme had come to be regarded as of right appertaining to the end of verse — and here we complain that the matter has finally rested.

But it is clear that there was much more to be considered. So far, the sense of equality alone, entered the effect ; or, if this equality was slightly varied, it was varied only through an accident — the accident of the existence of Pindaric metres. It will be seen that the rhymes were always anticipated. The eye, catching the end of a verse, whether long or short, expected, for the ear, a rhyme. The great element of unexpectedness was not dreamed of — that is to say, of novelty — of originality. “But,” says Lord Bacon, (how justly!) “there is no exquisite beauty without some strange-

ness in the proportions.” Take away this element of strangeness — of unexpectedness — of novelty — of originality — call it what we will — and all that is ethereal in loveliness is lost at once. We lose — we miss the unknown — the vague — the uncomprehended, because offered before we have time to examine and comprehend. We lose, in short, all that assimilates the beauty of earth with what we dream of the beauty of Heaven.

Perfection of rhyme is attainable only in the combination of the two elements, Equality and Unexpectedness. But as evil cannot exist without good, so unexpectedness must arise from expectedness. We do not contend for mere arbitrariness of rhyme. In the first place, we must have equi-distant or regularly recurring rhymes, to form the basis, expectedness, out of which arises the element, unexpectedness, by the introduction of rhymes, not arbitrarily, but with an eye to the greatest amount of unexpectedness. We should not introduce them, for example, at such points that the entire line is a multiple of the syllables preceding the points. When, for instance, I write —

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

I produce more, to be sure, but not remarkably more than the ordinary effect of rhymes regularly recurring at the end of lines ; for the number of syllables in the whole verse is merely a multiple of the number of syllables preceding the rhyme introduced at the middle, and there is still left, therefore, a certain degree of expectedness. What there is of the element unexpectedness, is addressed, in fact, to the eye only — for the ear divides the verse into two ordinary lines, thus —

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain.

I obtain, however, the whole effect of unexpectedness, when I write —

Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

N.B. It is very commonly supposed that rhyme, as it now ordinarily exists, is of modern invention — but see the “Clouds” of Aristophanes. Hebrew verse, however, did *not* include it — the terminations of the lines, where most distinct, never showing anything of the kind.

Talking of inscriptions — how admirable was the one circulated at Paris, for the equestrian statue of Louis XV., done by Pigal and Bouchardon — “*Statua Statuæ.*”

In the way of original, striking, and well-sustained metaphor, we can call to mind few finer things than this — to be found in James Puckle’s “Gray Cap for a Green Head”: “In speaking of the dead so fold up your discourse that their virtues may be outwardly shown, while their vices are wrapped up in silence.”

Some Frenchman — possibly Montaigne — says: “People talk about thinking, but for my part I never think, except when I sit down to write.” It is this never thinking, unless when we sit down to write, which is the cause of so much indifferent composition. But perhaps there is something more involved in the Frenchman’s observation than meets the eye. It is certain that the mere act of inditing, tends, in a great degree, to the logicalization of thought. Whenever, on account of its vagueness, I am dissatisfied with a conception of the brain, I resort forthwith to the pen, for

the purpose of obtaining, through its aid, the necessary form, consequence and precision.

How very commonly we hear it remarked, that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words ! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words, with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it :—as I have before observed, the thought is logicalized by the effort at (written) expression.

There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are *not* thoughts, and to which, *as yet*, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. I use the word *fancies* at random, and merely because I must use *some* word ; but the idea commonly attached to the term is not even remotely applicable to the shadows of shadows in question. They seem to me rather psychal than intellectual. They arise in the soul (alas, how rarely !) only at its epochs of most intense tranquility—when the bodily and mental health are in perfection—and at those mere points of time where the confines of the waking world blend with those of the world of dreams. I am aware of these “fancies” only when I am upon the very brink of sleep, with the consciousness that I am so. I have satisfied myself that this condition exists but for an inappreciable *point* of time—yet it is crowded with these “shadows of shadows” ; and for absolute *thought* there is demanded time’s *endurance*.

These “fancies” have in them a pleasurable ecstasy

as far beyond the most pleasurable of the world of wakefulness, or of dreams, as the Heaven of the Northman theology is beyond its Hell. I regard the visions, even as they arise, with an awe which, in some measure, moderates or tranquilizes the ecstasy — I so regard them, through a conviction (which seems a portion of the ecstasy itself) that this ecstasy, in itself, is of a character supernal to the Human Nature — is a glimpse of the spirit's outer world ; and I arrive at this conclusion — if this term is at all applicable to instantaneous intuition — by a perception that the delight experienced has, as its element, but *the absoluteness of novelty*. I say the absoluteness — for in these fancies — let me now term them psychal impressions — there is really nothing even approximate in character to impressions ordinarily received. It is as if the five senses were supplanted by five myriad others alien to mortality.

Now, so entire is my faith in the *power of words*, that, at times, I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescence of fancies such as I have attempted to describe. In experiments with this end in view, I have proceeded so far as, first, to control (when the bodily and mental health are good) the existence of the condition : — that is to say, I can now (unless when ill) be sure that the condition will supervene, if I so wish it, at the point of time already described : of its supervention, until lately, I could never be certain, even under the most favorable circumstances. I mean to say, merely, that now I can be sure, when all circumstances are favorable, of the supervention of the condition, and feel even the capacity of inducing or compelling it : — the favorable circumstances, however, are not the less rare — else had I compelled, already, the Heaven into the Earth.

I have proceeded so far, secondly, as to prevent the lapse from *the point* of which I speak — the point of blending between wakefulness and sleep — as to prevent at will, I say, the lapse from this border-ground into the dominion of sleep. Not that I can *continue* the condition — not that I can render the point more than a point — but that I can startle myself from the point into wakefulness — *and thus transfer the point itself into the realm of Memory* — convey its impressions, or more properly their recollections, to a situation where (although still for a very brief period) I can survey them with the eye of analysis.

For these reasons — that is to say, because I have been enabled to accomplish thus much — I do not altogether despair of embodying in words at least enough of the fancies in question to convey, to certain classes of intellect, a shadowy conception of their character.

In saying this I am not to be understood as supposing that the fancies, or psychal impressions, to which I allude, are confined to my individual self — are not, in a word, common to all mankind — for on this point it is quite impossible that I should form an opinion — but nothing can be more certain than that even a partial record of the impressions would startle the universal intellect of mankind, by the *supremeness of the novelty* of the material employed, and of its consequent suggestions. In a word — should I ever write a paper on this topic, the world will be compelled to acknowledge that, at last, I have done an original thing.

Mr. Hudson, among innumerable blunders, attributes to Sir Thomas Browne the paradox of Tertullian in his *De Carne Christi* — “*Mortuus est Dei filius, credi-*

bile est quia ineptum est ; et sepultus resurrexit, certum est quia impossibile est."

Bielfeld, the author of "*Les Premiers Traits de L'Erudition Universelle*," defines poetry as "*l'art d'exprimer les pensées par la fiction*." The Germans have two words, in full accordance with this definition, absurd as it is — the terms *Dichtkunst*, the art of fiction, and *Dichten*, to feign — which are generally used for poetry and to make verses.

Diana's Temple at Ephesus having been burnt on the night in which Alexander was born, some person observed that "it was no wonder, since, at the period of the conflagration, she was gossiping at Pella." Cicero commends this as a witty conceit — Plutarch condemns it as senseless — and this is the one point in which I agree with the biographer.

Brown, in his "Amusements," speaks of having transfused the blood of an ass into the veins of an astrological quack — and there can be no doubt that one of Hugo's progenitors was the man.

VI.

[Text : *Democratic Review*, April, 1846.]

In general, our first impressions are true ones — the chief difficulty is in making sure which *are* the first. In early youth we read a poem, for instance, and are enraptured with it. At manhood we are assured by our reason that we had no reason to be enraptured. But some years elapse, and we return to our primitive ad-

miration, just as a matured judgment enables us precisely to see what and why we admired.

Thus, as individuals, we think in cycles, and may, from the frequency or infrequency of our revolutions about the various thought-centres, form an accurate estimate of the advance of our thought toward maturity. It is really wonderful to observe how closely, in all the essentials of truth, the child-opinion coincides with that of the man proper — of the man at his best.

And as with individuals so, perhaps, with mankind. When the world begins to return, frequently, to its first impressions, we shall then be warranted in looking for the millennium — or whatever it is : — we may safely take it for granted that we are attaining our maximum of wit, and of the happiness which is thence to ensue. The indications of such a return are, at present, like the visits of angels — but we have them now and then — in the case, for example, of *credulity*. The philosophic, of late days, are distinguished by that very facility in belief which was the characteristic of the illiterate half a century ago. Skepticism in regard to apparent miracles, is not, as formerly, an evidence either of superior wisdom or knowledge. In a word, the wise now believe — yesterday they would not believe — and day before yesterday (in the time of Strabo, for example) they believed, exclusively, anything and everything : — here, then, is one of the indicative cycles completed — indicative of the world's approach to years of discretion. I mention Strabo merely as an exception to the rule of his epoch — (just as one in a hurry for an illustration, might describe Mr. So and So to be as witty or as amiable as Mr. This and That is *not* — for so rarely did men reject in Strabo's time, and so much more rarely did they *err* by rejection, that the skepti-

cism of this philosopher must be regarded as one of the most remarkable anomalies on record.

I can not help believing, with Gosselin, that Hanno proceeded only so far as Cape Nun.

The drugging system, in medical practice, seems to me to be a modification of the idea of *penance*, which has haunted the world since its infancy — the idea that the voluntary endurance of pain is atonement for sin. In this, the primary phase of the folly, there is at least a show of rationality. Man offends the Deity ; thus appears to arise a necessity for retribution, or more strictly, a desire, on the part of Deity, to punish. The *self-infliction* of punishment, then, seemed to include at once an acknowledgment of error, zeal in anticipating the will of God, and expiation of the wrong. The thought, thus stated, however absurd, is not unnatural ; but the principle being gradually left out of sight, mankind at length found itself possessed of the naked idea that, in general, the suffering of mankind is grateful to the Creator : — hence the Dervishes, the Simeons, the monastic hair-cloths and shoe-peas, the present Puritanism and cant about the “ mortification of the flesh.” From this point the conceit makes another lapse ; the fancy took root, that *in the voluntary endurance of ill there existed in the abstract a tendency to good* ; and it was but in pursuance of this fancy that, in sickness, remedies were selected in the ratio of their repulsiveness. How else shall we account for the fact, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the articles of *Materia Medica* are distasteful ?

Mr. Henry Cary is introduced to us, in the Appendix to "The Poets and the Poetry of America," as "Mr. Henry Carey, author of 'Poems by John Waters,' originally printed in the 'New York American' and the 'Knickerbocker Magazine.'" Mr. Cary's works have appeared *only* in the periodicals mentioned — that is, I believe they have not yet been collected in volume form. His poems (not so good as his prose by any means) are easily and pointedly written, neatly versified, and full of life and fancy. Doctor Griswold has made a mistake in attributing to *our* Mr. Cary the Anacreontic entitled "Old Wine to Drink," quoted in the Appendix of the "large book."

It is as an essayist that Mr. C. is best entitled to distinction. He has written some of the happiest Magazine papers of the Spectator class, in the language. All that he does evinces a keen relish for old English literature, and a scholastic taste. His style is pure, correct, and vigorous — a judicious mixture of the Swift and Addison manners — although he is by no means either Swift or Addison. In a well written memoir of him, furnished for "The Broadway Journal," the writer says : —

"His essays are all short, as essays should be, of the Addison dimensions and density of expression. His sentences are the most perfect in the language ; it would be a vain task to hunt through them all for a superfluous conjunction. They are too perfect to be peculiar, for writers are distinguished from each other more by their faults than by their excellencies. . . . He can endure nothing that wears a slovenly aspect. His lawns must be neatly trimmed and his gardens weeded. . . . He has not written much about flowers, but we should think that his favorite was a Camelia. He

is in some sort a Sam Rogers, but more particular. . . . His descriptions have a delicacy of finish like the carvings of Grinling Gibbons. They remind you as forcibly of Nature as anything short of Nature can ; but they never deceive you ; you know all the while that it is not a reality that affects you."

Of course in all this there is exaggeration. The commentator seems to have had in view the twofold object of writing, himself, a John Waterish essay, and doing full justice to his personal friend. The only trouble is, that the justice is a little *too* full. It will not quite do to say that Mr. Cary's sentences are the "most perfect" in the language — first, because "perfect" admits of no degree of comparison, and secondly, because the sentences in question are perfect by no means. For example — "It would be in vain," says the critic, "to hunt through them all for a superfluous conjunction" — immediately afterwards quoting from Mr. C. the following words :

"We paid our visit to the incomparable ruins of the castle, *and* then proceeded to retrace our steps, and examining our wheels at every post-house, reached the Hotel D'Angleterre. . . . It was well filled, *and* yet the number," etc.

Now the conjunctions which I have italicized are pleonastic. These things, however, are trifles ; John Waters deserves all the spirit if not the whole letter of his friend's commendation.

"So violent was the state of parties in England, that I was assured by several that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward and Pope a fool." — Voltaire.

Both propositions have since been very seriously

entertained, quite independently of all party feeling. That Pope was a fool, indeed, seems to be an established point, at present, with the Crazy-ites — what else shall I call them ?

Not long ago I pointed out in “The New-York Mirror,” and more fully, since, in “The Broadway Journal,” a very decided case of similarity between “*A Death-Bed*,” by Mr. Aldrich, and “*The Death-Bed*,” by Thomas Hood. The fact is I thought, and still think, that, in this instance, Mr. A. has been guilty of plagiarism in the first degree. A short piece of his headed “Lines” is not demonstrably plagiarism — because there seems scarcely any design of concealing the source — but I quote the poem as evidence of Mr. A.’s aptitude at imitation. Leaving the original out of sight, every one would admit the beauty of the parallel.

LINES.

Underneath this marble cold,
Lies a fair girl turned to mould ;
One whose life was like a star,
Without toil or rest to mar
Its divinest harmony —
Its God-given serenity.
One whose form of youthful grace,
One whose eloquence of face
Matched the rarest gems of thought
By the antique sculptors wrought :
Yet her outward charms were less
Than her winning gentleness —
Her maiden purity of heart —
Which without the aid of art,
Did in coldest hearts inspire
Love that was not all desire.
Spirit form with starry eyes
That seem to come from Paradise —

Beings of ethereal birth —
 Near us glide sometimes on earth,
 Like glimmering moonbeams dimly seen,
 Glancing down through alleys green;
 Of such was she who lies beneath
 This silent effigy of grief.
 Wo is me when I recall
 One sweet word by her let fall —
 One sweet word but half expressed —
 Downcast eyes told all the rest.
 To think beneath this marble cold
 Lies that fair girl turned to mould.

Imitators are not, necessarily, unoriginal — except at the exact points of the imitation. Mr. Longfellow, decidedly the most audacious imitator in America, is remarkably original, or, in other words, imaginative, upon the whole; and many persons have, from the latter branch of the fact, been at a loss to comprehend, and therefore to believe, the former.

Keen sensibility of appreciation — that is to say, the poetic *sentiment* (in distinction from the poetic power) leads almost inevitably to imitation. Thus all great poets have been gross imitators. It is, however, a mere *non distributio medii* hence to infer that all great imitators are poets. Still, what I mean to say is, that Mr. Aldrich's *penchant* for imitation does not show him to be incapable of poetry — as some have asserted. It is my own belief that, at some future day, he will distinguish himself as a lyrist.

There can be no doubt, that up to this period the Bushites have had the best of the battle. The “Anastasis”¹ is lucidly, succinctly, vigorously, and

¹ “Anastasis, or The Doctrine of the Resurrection; in which it is shown that the Doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body is not sanctioned by Reason or Revelation.”

logically written, and proves, in my opinion, everything that it attempts — provided that we omit the imaginary axioms from which it starts ; and this is as much as can be well said of any theological disquisition under the sun. It might be hinted, too, in reference as well to Professor Bush, as to his opponents, “*que la plupart des sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu’elles avancent, mais non pas en ce qu’elles nient.*”

Taylor, who wrote so ingeniously the “Natural History of Enthusiasm,” might have derived many a valuable hint from the study of Professor Bush.

A good title to a very respectable book.¹ The endeavor to convey Rome only by those impressions which would be naturally made upon an American, gives the work a certain air of originality — the rarest of all qualities in descriptions of the Eternal City. The style is pure and sparkling, although occasionally flippant and *dilettantesque*. The tone of remark is much the usual way — *selon les règles* — never very exceptionable, and certainly never very profound.

I never read a personally abusive paragraph in the newspapers, without calling to mind the pertinent query propounded by Johnson to Goldsmith : — “My dear Doctor, what harm does it do a man to call him Holofernes ?”

“The artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist — Novalis.”² In nine cases out of ten it is

¹ “Rome as seen by a New-Yorker,” by William M. Gillespie.

² The nom-de-plume of Von Hardenberg.

pure waste of time to attempt extorting sense from a German apothegm ; — or, rather, any sense and every sense may be extorted from all of them. If in the sentence above quoted, the intention is to assert that the artist is the slave of his theme, and must conform to it his thoughts, I have no faith in the idea, which appears to me that of an essentially prosaic intellect. In the hands of the *true* artist the theme, or “work,” is but a mass of clay, of which anything (within the compass of the mass and quality of clay) may be fashioned at will or according to the skill of the workman. The clay is, in fact, the slave of the artist. It belongs to him. His genius, to be sure, is manifested very distinctively in *the choice* of the clay. It should be neither fine nor coarse, abstractly — but just so fine or so coarse — just so plastic or so rigid — as may best serve the purposes of the thing to be wrought — of the idea to be made out, or, more exactly, of the impression to be conveyed. There *are* artists, however, who fancy only the *finest* material, and who, consequently, produce only the *finest* ware. It is generally very transparent and excessively brittle.

I have not the slightest faith in Carlyle. In ten years — possibly in five — he will be remembered only as a butt for sarcasm. His linguistic Euphuisms might very well have been taken as *prima facie* evidence of his philosophic ones ; they were the froth which indicated, first, the shallowness, and secondly, the confusion of the waters. I would blame no man of sense for leaving the works of Carlyle unread, merely on account of these Euphuisms ; for it might be shown *a priori* that no man capable of producing a definite impression upon

his age or race, could or would commit himself to such inanities and insanities. The book about "Hero-Worship" — is it possible that it ever excited a feeling beyond contempt? *No* hero-worshipper can possess anything within himself. That man is no man who stands in awe of his fellow-man. Genius regards genius with respect — with even enthusiastic admiration — but there is nothing of worship in the admiration, for it springs from a thorough cognizance of the one admired — from a perfect *sympathy*, the result of the cognizance ; and it is needless to say, that sympathy and worship are antagonistic. Your hero-worshippers, for example — what do they know about Shakspeare? They worship him — rant about him — lecture about him — about *him*, *bim*, and nothing else — for no other reason than that he is utterly beyond their comprehension. They have arrived at an idea of his greatness from the pertinacity with which men have called him great. As for their own opinion about him — they really have none at all. In general the very smallest of mankind are the class of men-worshippers. *Not one* out of this class have ever accomplished anything beyond a very contemptible mediocrity.

Carlyle, however, has rendered an important service (to posterity, at least) in pushing rant and cant to that degree of excess which inevitably induces reaction. Had he not appeared we might have gone on for yet another century, Emerson-izing in prose, Wordsworth-izing in poetry, and Fourier-izing in philosophy, Wilson-izing in criticism — Hudson-izing and Tom O'Bedlam-izing in everything. The author of the "Sartor Resartus," however, has overthrown the various arguments of his own order, by a personal *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet an Olympiad, perhaps, and the whole

horde will be swept bodily from the memory of man — or be remembered only when we have occasion to talk of such fantastic tricks as, erewhile, were performed by the Abderites.

I can not help thinking Doctor Cheever's¹ "Common-Place-Book of American Poetry" a most judicious selection — its taste tending entirely toward the didactic. It has the merit, however, of not belying its title, and is excessively common-place. Poets are by no means, necessarily, judges of poetry, but nothing is more certain than that, to be a judge of poetry, it is necessary at least to have the poetic sentiment, if not the poetic power — the "vision," if not the "faculty divine." Dr. Cheever, very evidently, has neither — I have now before me one of the most commendable pieces of verse which I have seen from his pen, and quote from it its best quatrain, which is undeniably forcible and pointed in expression :

A life all ease is all abused : —
 O, precious grace that made thee wise
 To know ; — affliction rightly used,
 Is mercy in disguise.

The greater part of the poem (which consists of thirty-eight quatrains) jogs along thus :

¹ The Reverend George B. Cheever, of New York ; author of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," (a *brochure*, which, at the epoch of its publication, produced much excitement), "God's Hand in America," "Travels in the East," and a "Defence of Capital Punishment." The last named has not long been published. In some respects it is well reasoned. Its chief *data*, however, (in common with all I have yet seen on this *vexata questio*) are the merest assumptions. Authority is absolutely insisted upon, which nine-tenths of the thinking portion of the civilized world deny, either openly or at heart, to be any authority at all.

Those duties were love's natural *sphere* :
 Our drooping flower I cherished *so*
 That still the more it asked my *care*
 The dearer still it grew.

As a descriptive poet, Mr. Street is to be highly commended. He not only describes with force and fidelity — giving us a clear conception of the thing described — but never describes what, to the poet should be nondescript. He appears however not at any time to have been aware that *mere* description is not poetry at all. We demand creation — *ποίησις*. About Mr. Street there seems to be no spirit. He is all matter — substance — what the chemist would call “simple substance” — and exceedingly simple it is.

As a commentator, Professor Anthon has evinced powers very unusual in men who devote their lives to the *hortus siccus* of classical lore. He has ventured to dismiss the pedant and looks *en homme du monde* upon some of the most valued of the literary monuments of antiquity. The abundant Notes to his Classics will do him lasting honor among all who are qualified to give an opinion of his labors, or whose good word and will he would be likely to consider as worth having. His accuracy is extreme. I would stand by his decision in any mere matter of classical fact, in preference to that of any man in Europe, or elsewhere. Some time ago, an attempt was made to injure his reputation by a charge of plagiarism, instituted in reference to his most important work, the Classical Dictionary ; and urged against such a book, the accusation, from its mere silliness, was not easily rebutted. The Classical Dictionary is little more than a summary of *facts*, and

these facts are the common property of mankind. Professor Anthon's accusers would have acted with equal wisdom in charging Legendre with robbing Euclid. The multitudinous quotations of the Classical Dictionary are made *verbatim* (unless where difference of opinion has induced alteration) without an attempt at giving the extracted matter an air of originality by merely re-writing it, which is but too common among compilers. And for this virtue he has been reviled. No doubt he would have given more satisfaction, in certain quarters, had he thought more of his own mere literary reputation, and kept his eye less steadily fixed on the true purpose of compilations such as he has undertaken — for the purpose of *making a useful book*. His talents, nevertheless, have long ago placed him in a position at which he is left free to pursue this good purpose in his own manner, without fear of injuring his character as an original writer, in the opinion of any one having sense enough to understand that there is a point at which originality ceases to be a matter of commendation.

The only noticeable demerit of Professor Anthon is diffuseness, sometimes running into Johnsonism, of style. The best specimen of his manner is to be found in an analysis of the Life and Writings of Cicero, prefacing an edition of the orator's Select Orations. This analysis occupies about forty pages of the book, and is so peculiarly Ciceronian, in point of fullness, and in other points, that I have sometimes thought it an intended imitation of the *Brutus, sive de Claris Oratoribus*.

With the aid of a lantern, I have been looking again at "Niagara and other Poems" (Lord only knows if that be the true title) — but "there's nothing in it :"

— at least nothing of Mr. Lord's own — nothing which is not stolen — or, (more delicately,) transfused — transmitted. By the way, Newton says a great deal about “fits of easy transmission and reflection,”¹ and I have no doubt that “Niagara” was put together in one of these identical fits.

VII.

[Text: *Graham's Magazine*, November, 1846.]

I HAVE just finished the “Mysteries of Paris” — a work of unquestionable power — a museum of novel and ingenious incident — a paradox of childish folly and consummate skill. It has this point in common with all the “convulsive” fictions — that the incidents are *consequential* from the premises, while the premises themselves are laughably incredible. Admitting, for instance, the possibility of such a man as Rodolphe, and of such a state of society as would tolerate his perpetual interference, we have no difficulty in agreeing to admit the possibility of his accomplishing all that is accomplished. Another point which distinguishes the Sue school, is the total want of the *ars celare artem*. In effect the writer is always saying to the reader, “Now — in one moment — you shall see what you shall see. I am about to produce on you a remarkable impression. Prepare to have your imagination, or your pity, greatly excited.” The wires are not only not concealed, but displayed as things to be admired, equally with the puppets they set in motion. The result is, that in perusing, for example, a pathetic chapter in “The Mysteries of Paris” we say to ourselves, with-

¹ Of the solar rays — in the “Optics.”

out shedding a tear — “ Now, here is something which will be sure to move every reader to tears.” The philosophical motives attributed to Sue are absurd in the extreme. His first, and in fact his sole object, is to make an exciting, and therefore a saleable book. The cant (implied or direct) about the amelioration of society, etc., is but a very usual trick among authors, whereby they hope to add such a tone of dignity or utilitarianism to their pages as shall gild the pill of their licentiousness. The *ruse* is even more generally employed by way of engrafting a meaning upon the otherwise unintelligible. In the latter case, however, this *ruse* is an afterthought, manifested in the shape of a moral, either appended (as in *Æsop*) or dovetailed into the body of the work, piece by piece, with great care, but never without leaving evidence of its after-insertion.

The translation (by C. H. Town) is very imperfect, and, by a too literal rendering of idioms, contrives to destroy the whole *tone* of the original. Or, perhaps, I should say a too literal rendering of *local peculiarities of phrase*. There is one point (never yet, I believe, noticed) which, obviously, should be considered in translation. We should so render the original that *the version should impress the people for whom it is intended, just as the original impresses the people for whom it (the original) is intended*. Now, if we rigorously translate mere local idiosyncrasies of phrase (to say nothing of idioms) we inevitably distort the author's designed impression. We are sure to produce a whimsical, at least, if not always a ludicrous, effect — for novelties, in a case of this kind, are incongruities — oddities. A distinction, of course, should be observed between those peculiarities of phrase which appertain to the nation and those which belong to the author him-

self—for these latter will have a similiar effect upon *all* nations, and should be literally translated. It is merely the general inattention to the principles here proposed, which has given rise to so much international depreciation, if not positive contempt, as regards literature. The English reviews, for example, have abundant allusions to what they call the “frivolousness” of French letters—an idea chiefly derived from the impression made by the French manner merely—this manner, again, having in it nothing *essentially* frivolous, but affecting all foreigners as such (the English especially) through that oddity of which I have already assigned the origin. The French return the compliment, complaining of the British *gaucherie* in style. The phraseology of every nation has a taint of *drollery* about it in the ears of every other nation speaking a different tongue. Now, to convey the true spirit of an author, this taint should be corrected in translation. We should pride ourselves less upon literality and more upon dexterity at paraphrase. Is it not clear that, by such dexterity, *a translation may be made to convey to a foreigner a juster conception of an original than could the original itself?*

The distinction I have made between mere idioms (which, *of course*, should never be literally rendered) and “local idiosyncrasies of *phrase*,” may be exemplified by a passage at page 291 of Mr. Town’s translation:

“Never mind! Go in there! You will take the cloak of
Calebasse.

You will wrap yourself in it,” etc., etc.

These are the words of a lover to his mistress, and are meant kindly, although imperatively. They

embody a local peculiarity — a *French* peculiarity of phrase, and (to French ears) convey nothing dictatorial. To our own, nevertheless, they sound like the command of a military officer to his subordinate, and thus produce an effect quite different from that intended. The translation, in such case, should be a bold paraphrase. For example : — “I must insist upon your wrapping yourself in the cloak of Calebasse.”

Mr. Town’s version of “The Mysteries of Paris,” however, is not objectionable on the score of excessive literality alone, but abounds in misapprehensions of the author’s meaning. One of the strangest errors occurs at page 368, where we read :

“From a wicked, brutal savage and riotous rascal, he has made me a kind of honest man by saying only two words to me ; but these words, ‘voyez-vous,’ were like magic.”

Here “voyez-vous” are made to be the two magical words spoken ; but the translation should run — “these words, do you see ? were like magic.” The actual words described as producing the magical effect are “heart” and “honor.”

Of similar character is a curious mistake at page 245.

“He is a *gueux fini* and an attack will not save him,” added Nicholas. “A — yes,” said the widow.

Many readers of Mr. Town’s translation have no doubt been puzzled to perceive the force or relevancy of the widow’s “A — yes” in this case. I have not the original before me, but take it for granted that it runs thus, or nearly so : — “*Il est un gueux fini et un assaut ne l’intimidera pas.*” “*un — oui !*” dit la *veuve*.

It must be observed that, in vivacious French col-

loquy, the *oui* seldom implies assent to the letter, but generally to the spirit of a proposition. Thus a Frenchman usually says "yes" where an Englishman would say "no." The latter's reply, for example, to the sentence "An attack will not intimidate him," would be "No" — that is to say, "I grant you that it would not." The Frenchman, however, answers "Yes" —, meaning, "I agree with what you say — it would not." Both replies, of course, reaching the same point, although by opposite routes. With this understanding, it will be seen that the true version of the widow's "*Un—oui!*" should be, "*One* attack, I grant you, might not," and that this *is* the version becomes apparent when we read the words immediately following — "*but every day—every day it is hell!*"

An instance of another class of even more reprehensible blunders is to be found on page 297, where Bras-Rouge is made to say to a police officer — "No matter; it is not of that I complain; every trade has its *disagreements*." Here, no doubt, the French is *désagréments* — inconveniences — disadvantages — unpleasantnesses. *Désagréments* conveys disagreements not even so nearly as, in Latin, *religio* implies religion.

I was not a little surprised, in turning over these pages, to come upon the admirable, thrice admirable story called "*Gringulet et Coupe en Deux*," which is related by *Pique-Vinaigre* to his companions in *La Force*. Rarely have I read anything of which the exquisite *skill* so delighted me. For my soul I could not suggest a fault in it — except, perhaps, that the intention of telling a *very* pathetic story is a little too transparent.

But I say I was *surprised* in coming upon this story

—and I *was* so, because one of its points has been suggested to M. Sue by a tale of my own. *Coupe en Deux* has an ape remarkable for its size, strength, ferocity, and propensity to imitation. Wishing to commit a murder so cunningly that discovery would be impossible, the master of this animal teaches it to imitate the functions of a barber, and incites it to cut the throat of a child, under the idea that, when the murder is discovered, it will be considered the uninstigated deed of the ape.

On first seeing this, I felt apprehensive that some of my friends would accuse me of plagiarising from it my “Murders in the Rue Morgue.” But I soon called to mind that this latter was first published in “Graham’s Magazine” for April, 1841. Some years ago, “The Paris Charivari” copied my story with complimentary comments; objecting, however, to the *Rue Morgue* on the ground that no such street (to the Charivari’s knowledge) existed in Paris. I do not wish, of course, to look upon M. Sue’s adaptation of my property in any other light than that of a compliment. The similarity *may* have been entirely accidental.

A hundred criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, I must regard “The Lady of Lyons” as one of the most successful dramatic efforts of modern times. It is popular, and justly so. It could not fail to be popular so long as the people have a heart. It abounds in sentiments which stir the soul as the sound of a trumpet. It proceeds rapidly and consequentially; the interest not for one moment being permitted to flag. Its incidents are admirably conceived and skillfully wrought into execution. Its *dramatis personæ*,

throughout, have the high merit of being natural, although, except in the case of Pauline, there is no marked individuality. She is a creation which would have done no dishonor to Shakspeare. She excites profound emotion. It has been sillily objected to her that she is weak, mercenary, and at points ignoble. She is ; and what then ? We are not dealing with *Clarissa Harlowe*. Bulwer has painted a woman. The chief defect of the play lies in the heroine's consenting to wed Beauseant while aware of the existence and even the continued love of Claude. As the plot runs, there is a question in Pauline's soul between a comparatively trivial (because merely worldly) injury to her father, and utter ruin and despair inflicted upon her husband. Here there should not have been an instant's hesitation. The audience have no sympathy with any. Nothing on earth should have induced the wife to give up the living Melnotte. Only the assurance of his death could have justified her in sacrificing herself to Beauseant. As it is, we hate her for the sacrifice. The effect is repulsive—but I must be understood as calling this effect objectionable solely on the ground of its being at war with the whole genius of the play.

One of the most singular styles in the world—certainly one of the most loose—is that of the elder D'Israeli. For example, he thus begins his Chapter on Bibliomania : “The preceding article [that on Libraries] is honorable to literature.” Here no self-praise is intended. The writer means to say merely that the facts narrated in the preceding article are honorable, etc. Three-fourths of his sentences are constructed in a similar manner. The blunders

evidently arise, however, from the author's preoccupation with his subject. His thought, or rather matter, outruns his pen, and drives him upon condensation at the expense of luminousness. The manner of D'Israeli has many of the traits of Gibbon — although little of the latter's precision.

If need were, I should have little difficulty, perhaps, in defending a certain apparent dogmatism to which I am prone, on the topic of versification.

“What is Poetry?” notwithstanding Leigh Hunt's rigmarolic attempt at answering it, is a query that, with great care and deliberate agreement before-hand on the exact value of certain leading words, *may*, possibly, be settled to the partial satisfaction of a few analytical intellects, but which, in the existing condition of metaphysics, never *can* be settled to the satisfaction of the majority; for the question is purely metaphysical, and the whole science of metaphysics is at present a chaos, through the impossibility of fixing the meanings of the words which its very nature compels it to employ. But as regards versification, this difficulty is only partial; for although one-third of the topic may be considered metaphysical, and thus may be mooted at the fancy of this individual or of that, still the remaining two-thirds belong, undeniably, to the mathematics. The questions ordinarily discussed with so much gravity in regard to rhythm, metre, etc., are susceptible of positive adjustment by demonstration. Their laws are merely a portion of the Median laws of form and quantity — of relation. In respect, then, to any of these ordinary questions — these sillily moot points which so often arise in common criticism — the

prosodist would speak as weakly in saying “this or that proposition is *probably* so and so, or *possibly* so and so,” as would the mathematician in admitting that, in his humble opinion, or if he were not greatly mistaken, any two sides of a triangle were, together, greater than the third side. I must add, however, as some palliation of the discussions referred to, and of the objections so often urged with a sneer to “particular theories of versification binding no one but their inventor” — that there is really extant no such work as a *Prosody Raisonnée*. The Prosodies of the schools are merely collections of vague *laws*, with their more vague exceptions, based upon no principles whatever, but extorted in the most speculative manner from the usages of the ancients, who had *no* laws beyond those of their ears and fingers. “And these were sufficient,” it will be said, “since ‘The Iliad’ is melodious and harmonious beyond any thing of modern times.” Admit this : — but neither do we write in Greek, nor has the invention of modern times been as yet exhausted. An analysis based on the natural laws of which the bard of Scios was ignorant, would suggest multitudinous improvements to the best passages of even “The Iliad” — nor does it in any manner follow from the supposititious fact that Homer found in his ears and fingers a satisfactory system of rules (the point which I have just denied) — nor does it follow, I say, from this, that the rules which *we* deduce from the Homeric *effects* are to supersede those immutable principles of time, quantity, etc. — the mathematics, in short, of music — which must have stood to these Homeric effects in the relation of *causes* — the *mediate* causes of which these “ears and fingers” are simply the *intermedia*.

A book¹ which puzzles me beyond measure, since, while agreeing with its general conclusions, (except where it discusses *prévision*,) I invariably find fault with the reasoning through which the conclusions are attained. I think the treatise grossly illogical throughout. For example : — the origin of the work is thus stated in an introductory chapter.

“About twelve months since, I was asked by some friends to write a paper against Mesmerism — and I was furnished with materials by a highly esteemed quondam pupil, which proved incontestably that under some circumstances the operator might be duped — that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived — and certainly went far to show that the pretended science was wholly a delusion — a system of fraud and jugglery by which the imaginations of the credulous were held in thralldom through the arts of the designing. Perhaps in an evil hour I assented to the proposition thus made — but on reflection I found that the facts before me only led to the *direct proof* that certain phenomena might be counterfeited ; and the existence of counterfeit coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated.”

This fallacy here lies in a mere variation of what is called “begging the question.” Counterfeit coin is said to prove the existence of genuine : — this, of course, is no more than the truism that there can be no counterfeit where there is no genuine — just as there can be no badness where there is no goodness —

¹ Human Magnetism : Its Claim to Dispassionate Inquiry. Being an Attempt to show the Utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newnham, M.R.S.L., Author of the Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind. Wiley & Putnam.

the terms being purely relative. But *because* there can be no counterfeit where there is no original, does it in any manner follow that any undemonstrated original exists? In seeing a spurious coin we know it to be such by comparison with coins *admitted* to be genuine; but were *no* coins admitted to be genuine, how should we establish the counterfeit, and what right should we have to talk of counterfeits at all? Now, in the case of Mesmerism, our author is merely *begging the admission*. In saying that the existence of counterfeit proves the existence of real Mesmerism, he demands that the real *be admitted*. Either he demands this or there is no shadow of force in his proposition — for it is clear that *we can pretend to be* that which is not. A man, for instance, may feign himself a sphynx or a griffin, but it would never do to regard as thus demonstrated the actual existence of either griffins or sphynxes. A word alone — the word “counterfeit” — has been sufficient to lead Mr. Newnham astray. People cannot properly be said to “counterfeit” *prévision*, etc., but to *feign* these phenomena.

Dr. Newnham's argument, of course, is by no means original with *him*, although he seems to pride himself on it as if it were. Dr. More says: “That there should be so universal a fame and fear of that which never was, nor is, nor can be ever in the world, is to me the greatest miracle of all. If there had not been, at some time or other, true miracles, it had not been so easy to impose on the people by false. The alchemist would never go about to sophisticate metals, to pass them off for true gold and silver, unless that such a thing was acknowledged as true gold and silver in the world.”

This is precisely the same idea as that of Dr. Newn-

ham, and belongs to that extensive class of argumentation which is *all point* — deriving its whole effect from epigrammatism. That the belief in ghosts, or in a Deity, or in a future state, or in anything else credible or incredible — that any such belief is universal, demonstrates nothing more than that which needs no demonstration — the human unanimity — the identity of construction in the human brain — an identity of which the inevitable result must be, upon the whole, similar deductions from similar *data*.

Most especially do I disagree with the author of this book in his (implied) disparagement of the work of Chauncey Hare Townshend — a work to be valued properly only in a day to come.

VIII.

[Text: *Graham's Magazine*, December, 1846.]

THIS book¹ could never have been popular out of Germany. It is too simple — too direct — too obvious — too *bald* — not sufficiently complex — to be relished by any people who have *thoroughly* passed the first (or impulsive) epoch of literary civilization. The Germans have not yet passed this first epoch. It must be remembered that *during the whole of the middle ages they lived in utter ignorance of the art of writing*. From so total a darkness, of so late a date, they could not, *as a nation*, have as yet fully emerged into the second or critical epoch. Individual Germans have been critical in the best sense — but the masses are unleavened. Literary Germany thus presents the

¹ "Thiodolf, the Iclander and Aslauga's Knight." No. 60 of Wiley & Putnam's Foreign Series of "The Library of Choice Reading."

singular spectacle of the impulsive spirit surrounded by the critical, and, of course, in some measure influenced thereby. England, for example, has advanced far, and France much farther, into the critical epoch; and their effect on the German mind is seen in the wildly anomalous condition of the German literature at large. That this latter will be improved by age, however, should never be maintained. As the impulsive spirit subsides, and the critical uprises, there will appear the polished insipidity of the later England, or that ultimate *throe* of taste which has found its best exemplification in Sue. At present the German literature resembles no other on the face of the earth—for it is the result of certain conditions which, before this individual instance of their fulfillment, have never been fulfilled. And this anomalous state to which I refer is the source of our anomalous criticism upon what that state produces—is the source of the grossly conflicting opinions about German letters. For my own part, I admit the German vigor, the German directness, boldness, imagination, and some other qualities of impulse, just as I am willing to admit and admire these qualities in the first (or impulsive) epochs of British and French letters. At the German criticism, however, I cannot refrain from laughing all the more heartily, all the more seriously I hear it praised. Not that, in detail, it affects me as an absurdity—but in the adaptation of its details. It abounds in brilliant bubbles of *suggestion*, but these rise and sink and jostle each other, until the whole vortex of thought in which they originate is one indistinguishable chaos of froth. The German criticism is *unsettled*, and can only be settled by time. At present it suggests without demonstrating, or convincing, or effecting any definite purpose under the

sun. We read it, rub our foreheads, and ask "What then?" I am not ashamed to say that I prefer even Voltaire to Goethe, and hold Macaulay to possess more of the true critical spirit than Augustus William and Frederick Schlegel combined.

"Thiodolf" is called by Fouqué his "most *successful* work." He would not have spoken thus had he considered it his *best*. It is admirable of its kind — but its kind can *never* be appreciated by Americans. It will affect them much as would a grasp of the hand from a man of ice. Even the exquisite "Undine" is too chilly for our people, and, generally, for our epoch. We have less imagination and warmer sympathies than the age which preceded us. It would have done Fouqué more ready and fuller justice than ours.

Has any one remarked the striking similarity in tone between "Undine" and the "Libussa" of Musæus?

Whatever may be the merits or demerits, generally, of the Magazine Literature of America, there can be no question as to its extent or influence. The topic — Magazine Literature — is therefore an important one. In a few years its importance will be found to have increased in geometrical ratio. The whole tendency of the age is Magazine-ward. The Quarterly Reviews have *never* been popular. Not only are they too stilted, (by way of keeping up a due dignity,) but they make a point, with the same end in view, of discussing only topics which are *caviare* to the many, and which, for the most part, have only a conventional interest even with the few. Their issues, also, are at too long intervals; their subjects get cold before being served up. In a word, their ponderosity is quite out

of keeping with the *rush* of the age. We now demand the light artillery of the intellect ; we need the curt, the condensed, the pointed, the readily diffused — in place of the verbose, the detailed, the voluminous, the inaccessible. On the other hand, the lightness of the artillery should not degenerate into popgunnery — by which term we may designate the character of the greater portion of the newspaper press — their sole legitimate object being the discussion of ephemeral matters in an ephemeral manner. Whatever talent may be brought to bear upon our daily journals, (and in many cases this talent is very great,) still the imperative necessity of catching, *currente calamo*, each topic as it flits before the eye of the public, must of course materially narrow the limits of their power. The bulk and the period of issue of the monthly magazines seem to be precisely adapted, if not to all the literary wants of the day, at least to the largest and most imperative, as well as the most consequential portion of them.

The chief portion of Professor Espy's theory has been anticipated by Roger Bacon.

It is a thousand pities that the puny witticisms of a few professional objectors should have power to prevent, even for a year, the adoption of a name for our country. At present we have, clearly none. There should be no hesitation about "Appalachia." In the first place, it is distinctive. "America"¹ is not, and can never be made so. *We* may legislate as much as

¹ Mr. Field, in a meeting of "The New York Historical Society," proposed that we take the name of "America," and bestow "Columbia" upon the continent.

we please, and assume for our country whatever name we think right — but to us it will be no name, to any purpose for which a name is needed, unless we can take it away from the regions which employ it at present. South America is “America,” and will insist upon remaining so. In the second place, “Appalachia” is indigenous, springing from one of the most magnificent and distinctive features of the country itself. Thirdly, in employing this word we do honor to the Aborigines, whom, hitherto, we have at all points unmercifully despoiled, assassinated and dishonored. Fourthly, the name is the suggestion of, perhaps, the most deservedly eminent among all the pioneers of American literature. It is but just that Mr. Irving should name the land for which, in letters, he first established a name. The last, and by far the most truly important consideration of all, however, is the music of “Appalachia” itself; nothing could be more sonorous, more liquid, or of fuller volume, while its length is just sufficient for dignity. How the guttural “Alleghania” could ever have been preferred for a moment is difficult to conceive. I yet hope to find “Appalachia” assumed.

That man is not truly brave who is afraid either to seem or to be, when it suits him, a coward.

About the “Antigone,” as about all the ancient plays, there seems to me a certain *baldness*, the result of inexperience in art, but which pedantry would force us to believe the result of a studied and supremely artistic simplicity. Simplicity, indeed, is a very important feature in all true art — but *not* the simplicity

which we see in the Greek drama. That of the Greek sculpture is every thing that can be desired, because here the art in itself is simplicity in itself and in its elements. The Greek sculptor chiseled his forms from what he saw before him every day, in a beauty nearer to perfection than any work of any Cleomenes in the world. But in the drama, the direct, straightforward, *un-German* Greek had no Nature so immediately presented from which to make copy. He did what he could — but I do not hesitate to say that that was exceedingly little worth. The profound sense of one or two tragic, or rather, melo-dramatic elements (such as the idea of inexorable Destiny) — this sense gleaming at intervals from out the darkness of the ancient stage, serves, in the very imperfection of its development, to show, not the dramatic ability, but the dramatic *inability* of the ancients. In a word, the simple arts spring into perfection at their origin; the complex as inevitably demand the long and painfully progressive experience of ages. To the Greeks, beyond doubt, their drama *seemed* perfection — it fully answered, to them, the dramatic end, excitement — and this fact is urged as proof of their drama's perfection in itself. It need only be said, in reply, that their art and their sense of art were, necessarily, on a level.

The more there are great excellences in a work, the less am I surprised at finding great demerits. When a book is said to have many faults, nothing is decided, and I cannot tell, by this, whether it is excellent or execrable. It is said of another that it is without fault; if the account be just, the work *cannot* be excellent. —
Trublet.

The “*cannot*” here is much too positive. The opinions of Trublet are wonderfully prevalent, but they are none the less demonstrably false. It is merely the *indolence* of genius which has given them currency. The truth seems to be that genius of the highest order lives in a state of perpetual vacillation between ambition and *the scorn of it*. The ambition of a great intellect is at best negative. It struggles — it labors — it creates — not because excellence is desirable, but because to be excelled where there exists a sense of the power to excel, is unendurable. Indeed I cannot help thinking that the *greatest* intellects (since these most clearly perceive the laughable absurdity of human ambition) remain contentedly “mute and inglorious.” At all events, the *vacillation* of which I speak is the prominent feature of genius. Alternately inspired and depressed, its inequalities of mood are stamped upon its labors. This is the truth, generally — but it is a truth very different from the assertion involved in the “cannot” of Trublet. Give to genius a sufficiently enduring *motive*, and the result will be harmony, proportion, beauty, perfection — all, in this case, synonymous terms. Its supposed “inevitable” irregularities shall not be found : — for it is clear that the susceptibility to impressions of beauty — that susceptibility which is the most important element of genius — implies an equally exquisite sensitiveness and aversion to deformity. The motive — the *enduring* motive — has indeed, hitherto, fallen *rarely* to the lot of genius ; but I could point to several compositions which, “without any fault,” are yet “excellent” — supremely so. The world, too, is on the threshold of an epoch, wherein, with the aid of a calm philosophy, such compositions shall be ordinarily the work of that genius which is *true*. One of the first

and most essential steps, in overpassing this threshold, will serve to kick out of the world's way this very idea of Trublet — this untenable and paradoxical idea of the incompatibility of genius with *art*.

When I consider the true talent — the real force of Mr. Emerson, I am lost in amazement at finding in him little more than a respectful imitation of Carlyle. Is it impossible that Mr. E. has ever seen a copy of Seneca? Scarcely — or he would have long ago abandoned his model in utter confusion at the parallel between his own worship of the author of “Sartor Resartus” and the aping of Sallust by Aruntius, as described in the 114th Epistle. In the writer of the “History of the Punic Wars” Emerson is portrayed to the life. The parallel is close; for not only is the imitation of the same character, but the things imitated are identical.

Undoubtedly it is to be said of Sallust, far more plausibly than of Carlyle, that his obscurity, his un-usuality of expression, and his Laconism (which had the effect of diffuseness, since the time gained in the mere perusal of his pithiness is trebly lost in the necessity of cogitating them out) — it may be said of Sallust, more truly than of Carlyle, that these qualities bore the impress of his genius, and were but a portion of his unaffected thought.

If there is any difference between Aruntius and Emerson, this difference is clearly in favor of the former, who was in some measure excusable, on the ground that he was as great a fool as the latter *is not*.

IX.

[Text : *Graham's Magazine*, January, 1848.]

WE mere men of the world, with no principle — a very old-fashioned and cumbersome thing — should be on our guard lest, fancying him on his last legs, we insult, or otherwise maltreat some poor devil of a genius at the very instant of his putting his foot on the top round of his ladder of triumph. It is a common trick with these fellows, when on the point of attaining some long-cherished end, to sink themselves into the deepest possible abyss of seeming despair, for no other purpose than that of increasing the space of success through which they have made up their minds immediately to soar.

All that the man of genius demands for his exaltation is moral matter in motion. It makes no difference *whither* tends the motion — whether for him or against him — and it is absolutely of no consequence “*what* is the matter.”

In Colton's “*American Review*” for October, 1845, a gentleman, well known for his scholarship, has a forcible paper on “*The Scotch School of Philosophy and Criticism.*” But although the paper is “*forcible,*” it presents the most singular admixture of error and truth — the one dove-tailed into the other, after a fashion which is novel, to say the least of it. Were I to designate in a few words what the whole article demonstrated, I should say “*the folly of not beginning at the beginning — of neglecting the giant Moulineau's advice to his friend Ram.*” Here is a passage from the essay in question :

“The Doctors (Campbell and Johnson) both charge Pope with error and inconsistency : — error in supposing that *in English*, of metrical lines unequal in the number of syllables and pronounced in equal times, the longer suggests celerity (this being the principle of the Alexandrine) — inconsistency, in that Pope himself uses the same contrivance to convey the contrary idea of slowness. But why in English ? It is not and cannot be disputed that, in the Hexameter verse of the Greeks and Latins — which is the model in this matter — what is distinguished as the ‘dactylic line’ was uniformly applied to express velocity. How was it to do so ? Simply from the fact of being pronounced in an equal time with, while containing a greater number of syllables or ‘bars’ than the ordinary or average measure ; as, on the other hand, the spondaic line, composed of the minimum number, was, upon the same principle, used to indicate slowness. So, too, of the Alexandrine in English versification. No, says Campbell, there is a difference : the Alexandrine is not in fact, like the dactylic line, pronounced in the common time. But does this alter the principle ? What is the rationale of Metre, whether the classical hexameter or the English heroic ?”

I have written an essay on the “Rationale of Verse,” in which the whole topic is surveyed *ab initio*, and with reference to general and immutable principles. To this essay (which will soon appear) I refer Mr. Bristed. In the meantime, without troubling myself to ascertain whether Doctors Johnson and Campbell are wrong, or whether Pope is wrong, or whether the reviewer is right or wrong, at this point or at that, let me succinctly state what is *the truth* on the topics at issue.

And first ; the same principles, in *all* cases, govern *all* verse. What is true in English is true in Greek.

Secondly ; in a series of lines, if one line contains more syllables than the law of the verse demands, and if, nevertheless, this line is pronounced in the same time, upon the whole, as the rest of the lines, then this line suggests celerity — on account of the increased rapidity of enunciation required. Thus in the Greek Hexameter the dactylic lines — those most abounding in dactyls — serve best to convey the idea of rapid motion. The spondaic lines convey that of slowness.

Thirdly ; it is a gross mistake to suppose that the Greek dactylic line is “the model in this matter” — the matter of the English Alexandrine. The Greek dactylic line is of the same number of feet — bars — beats — pulsations — as the ordinary dactylic-spondaic lines among which it occurs. But the Alexandrine is longer by one foot — by one pulsation — than the pentameters among which it arises. For its pronunciation it demands *more time*, and therefore, *ceteris paribus*, it would well serve to convey the impression of length, or duration, and thus, indirectly, of slowness. I say *ceteris paribus*. But, by varying conditions, we can effect a total change in the impression conveyed. When the idea of slowness is conveyed by the Alexandrine, it is not conveyed by any slower enunciation of syllables — that is to say, it is not *directly* conveyed — but indirectly, through the idea of *length* in the whole line. Now, if we wish to convey, by means of an Alexandrine, the impression of velocity, we readily do so by giving rapidity to our enunciation of the syllables composing the several feet. To effect this, however, we must have *more* syllables, or we

shall get through the whole line too quickly for the intended time. To get more syllables, all we have to do, is to use in place of iambuses, what our prosodies call anapæsts.¹ Thus, in the line,

Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main,
the syllables "*the unbend*" form an anapæst and, demanding unusual rapidity of enunciation, in order that we may get them in in the ordinary time of an iambus, serve to suggest celerity. By the elision of *e* in *the*, as is customary, the whole of the intended effect is lost; for *tb' unbend* is nothing more than the usual iambus. In a word, wherever an Alexandrine expresses celerity, we shall find it to contain one or more anapæsts — the more anapæsts, the more decided the impression. But the tendency of the Alexandrine consisting merely of the usual iambuses, is to convey slowness — although it conveys this idea feebly, on account of conveying it indirectly. It follows, from what I have said, that the common pentameter, interspersed with anapæsts, would better convey celerity than the Alexandrine interspersed with them in a similar degree; — and it unquestionably does.

To converse well, we need the cool tact of talent — to talk well the glowing *abandon* of genius. Men of *very* high genius, however, talk at one time *very* well,

¹ I use the prosodial word "anapæst," merely because here I have no space to show what the reviewer will admit I have distinctly shown in the essay referred to — viz: that the additional syllable introduced, does *not* make the foot an anapæst, or the equivalent of an anapæst, and that, if it did, it would spoil the line. On this topic, and on all topics connected with verse, there is not a prosody in existence which is not a mere jumble of the grossest error.

at another *very* ill : — well, when they have full time, full scope, and a sympathetic listener : — ill, when they fear interruption and are annoyed by the impossibility of exhausting the topic during that particular talk. The partial genius is flashy — scrappy. The true genius shudders at incompleteness — imperfection — and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not every thing that should be said. He is so filled with his theme that he is dumb, first from not knowing how to begin, where there seems eternally beginning behind beginning, and secondly from perceiving his true end at so infinite a distance. Sometimes, dashing into a subject, he blunders, hesitates, stops short, sticks fast, and, because he has been overwhelmed by the rush and multiplicity of his thoughts, his hearers sneer at his inability to think. Such a man finds his proper element in those “great occasions” which confound and prostrate the general intellect.

Nevertheless, by his conversation, the influence of the conversationist upon mankind in general, is more decided than that of the talker by his talk : — the latter invariably talks to best purpose with his pen. And good conversationists are more rare than respectable talkers. I know many of the latter ; and of the former only five or six : — among whom I can call to mind, just now, Mr. Willis, Mr. J. T. S. S.¹ — of Philadelphia, Mr. W. M. R. — of Petersburg, Va., and Mrs. S — — d, formerly of New York. Most people, in conversing, force us to curse our stars that our lot was not cast among the African nation mentioned by Eudoxus — the savages who, having no mouths, never opened them, as a matter of course. And yet, if denied mouth, some persons whom I have in my eye would con-

¹ Sullivan. — GRISWOLD.

trive to chatter on still — as they do now — through the nose.

All in a hot and copper sky
 The bloody sun at noon
 Just up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the moon. — COLERIDGE.

Is it possible that the poet did not know the apparent diameter of the moon to be greater than that of the sun?

If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own — the road to immortal renown lies straight, open, and unencumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple — a few plain words — “My Heart Laid Bare.” But — this little book must be *true to its title*.

Now, is it not very singular that, with the rabid thirst for notoriety which distinguishes so many of mankind — so many, too, who care not a fig what is thought of them after death, there should not be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book? To *write*, I say. There are ten thousand men who, if the book were once written, would laugh at the notion of being disturbed by its publication during their life, and who could not even conceive *why* they should object to its being published after their death. But to write it — *there* is the rub. No man dare write it. No man ever will dare write it. No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen.

For all the rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name the tools. — HUDIBRAS.

What these oft-quoted lines go to show is, that a falsity in verse will travel faster and endure longer than a falsity in prose. The man who would sneer or stare at a silly proposition nakedly put, will admit that "there is a good deal in that" when "*that*" is the point of an epigram shot in the ear. The rhetorician's rules — if they *are* rules — teach him not only to name his tools, but to use his tools, the capacity of his tools — their extent — their limit; and from an examination of the nature of the tools (an examination forced on him by their constant presence) — force him, also, into scrutiny and comprehension of the material on which the tools are employed, and thus, finally, suggest and give birth to new material for new tools.

Among his *eidola* of the den, the tribe, the forum, the theatre, etc., Bacon might well have placed the great *eidolon* of the parlor (or of the wit, as I have termed it in one of the previous Marginalia) — the idol whose worship blinds man to truth by dazzling him with the *apposite*. But what title could have been invented for *that* idol which has propagated, perhaps, more of gross error than all combined? — the one, I mean, which demands from its votaries that they reciprocate cause and effect — reason in a circle — lift themselves from the ground by pulling up their pantaloons — and carry themselves on their own heads, in hand-baskets, from Beersheba to Dan.

All — absolutely all the argumentation which I have seen on the nature of the soul, or of the Deity, seems to me nothing but worship of his unnameable idol.

Pour savoir ce qu'est Dieu, says Bielfeld, although nobody listens to the solemn truth, *il faut être Dieu même* — and to reason about the reason is of all things the most unreasonable. At least, he alone is fit to discuss the topic who perceives at a glance the insanity of its discussion.

X.

[Text: *Graham's Magazine*, February, 1848.]

THAT punctuation is important all agree; but how few comprehend the extent of its importance! The writer who neglects punctuation, or mis-punctuates, is liable to be misunderstood — this, according to the popular idea, is the sum of the evils arising from heedlessness or ignorance. It does not seem to be known that, even where the sense is perfectly clear, a sentence may be deprived of half its force — its spirit — its point — by improper punctuation. For the want of merely a comma, it often occurs that an axiom appears a paradox, or that a sarcasm is converted into a sermonoid.

There is *no* treatise on the topic — and there is no topic on which a treatise is more needed. There seems to exist a vulgar notion that the subject is one of pure conventionality, and cannot be brought within the limits of intelligible and consistent *rule*. And yet, if fairly looked in the face, the whole matter is so plain that its *rationale* may be read as we run. If not anticipated, I shall, hereafter, make an attempt at a magazine paper on “The Philosophy of Point.”

In the meantime let me say a word or two of *the dash*. Every writer for the press, who has any sense of the accurate, must have been frequently mortified and vexed at the distortion of his sentences by the printer's

now general substitution of a semi-colon, or comma, for the dash of the MS. The total or nearly total disuse of the latter point, has been brought about by the revulsion consequent upon its excessive employment about twenty years ago. The Byronic poets were *all* dash. John Neal, in his earlier novels, exaggerated its use into the grossest abuse — although his very error arose from the philosophical and self-dependent spirit which has always distinguished him, and which will even yet lead him, if I am not greatly mistaken in the man, to do something for the literature of the country which the country “will not willingly,” and cannot possibly, “let die.”

Without entering now into the *why*, let me observe that the printer may always ascertain when the dash of the MS. is properly and when improperly employed, by bearing in mind that this point represents *a second thought* — *an emendation*. In using it just above I have exemplified its use. The words “an emendation” are, speaking with reference to grammatical construction, put in *apposition* with the words “a second thought.” Having written these latter words, I reflected whether it would not be possible to render their meaning more distinct by certain other words. Now, instead of erasing the phrase “a second thought,” which is of *some* use — which *partially* conveys the idea intended — which advances me *a step toward* my full purpose — I suffer it to remain, and merely put a dash between it and the phrase “an emendation.” The dash gives the reader a choice between two, or among three or more expressions, one of which may be more forcible than another, but all of which help out the idea. It stands, in general, for these words — “*or, to make my meaning more distinct.*” This force *it has* — and this

force no other point can have ; since all other points have well-understood uses quite different from this. Therefore, the dash *cannot* be dispensed with.

It has its phases — its variation of the force described ; but the one principle — that of second thought or emendation — will be found at the bottom of all.

In a reply to a letter signed “ Outis,” and defending Mr. Longfellow from certain charges supposed to have been made against him by myself, I took occasion to assert that “ of the class of willful plagiarists nine out of ten are authors of established reputation who plunder recondite, neglected, or forgotten books.” I came to this conclusion *à priori* ; but experience has confirmed me in it. Here is a plagiarism from Channing ; and as it is perpetrated by an anonymous writer in a Monthly Magazine, the theft seems at war with my assertion — until it is seen that the Magazine in question is Campbell’s New Monthly for *August*, 1828. Channing, at that time, was comparatively unknown ; and, besides, the plagiarism appeared in a foreign country, where there was little probability of detection.

Channing, in his essay on Bonaparte, says :

“ We would observe that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. . . . Still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force — to remove physical obstructions — to avail himself of physical aids and advantages — to act on matter — to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles ; and these are not the highest objects of mind,

nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order : — and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul — in imagination and taste — in the capacity of enjoying works of genius — in large views of human nature — in the moral sciences — in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings.”

The thief in “The New Monthly,” says :

“Military talent, even of the highest *grade*, is *very* far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is *never made* conversant with the *more delicate and abstruse of mental operations*. It is used to apply physical force ; to remove physical force ; to remove physical obstructions ; to avail itself of physical aids and advantages ; and all these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest *and rarest* order. Nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in the science and practice of war, *wholly* wanting in the nobler energies of the soul ; in imagination, in taste, in *enlarged* views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society ; or in original conceptions on the great subjects which have *occupied and* absorbed the most glorious *of human* understandings.”

The article in “The New Monthly” is on “The State of Parties.” The italics are mine.

Apparent plagiarisms frequently arise from an author’s self-repetition. He finds that something he has already published has fallen dead — been overlooked —

or that it is peculiarly *à-propos* to another subject now under discussion. He therefore introduces the passage; often without allusion to his having printed it before; and sometimes he introduces it into an anonymous article. An anonymous writer is thus, now and then, unjustly accused of plagiarism — when the sin is merely that of self-repetition.

In the present case, however, there has been a deliberate plagiarism of the silliest as well as meanest species. Trusting to the obscurity of his original, the plagiarist has fallen upon the idea of killing two birds with one stone — of dispensing with all disguise but that of *decoration*.

Channing says “order” — the writer in the *New Monthly* says “grade.” The former says that this order is “far from holding,” etc. — the latter says it is “*very far from holding.*” The one says that military talent is “*not conversant,*” and so on — the other says “it is *never made conversant.*” The one speaks of “the highest and richest objects” — the other of “the more delicate and abstruse.” Channing speaks of “thought” — the thief of “mental operations.” Channing mentions “intelligence of the *highest order*” — the thief will have it of “the highest *and rarest.*” Channing observes that military talent is often “*almost wholly wanting,*” etc. — the thief maintains it to be “*wholly wanting.*” Channing alludes to “*large views of human nature*” — the thief can be content with nothing less than “enlarged” ones. Finally, the American having been satisfied with a reference to “subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings,” the Cockney puts him to shame at once by discoursing about “subjects which have *occupied and absorbed the most glorious of human understandings*” — and if one could be absorbed, without being occu-

pied, by a subject — as if “*of*” were here any thing more than two superfluous letters — and as if there were any chance of the reader supposing that the understandings in question were the understandings of frogs, or jackasses, or Johnny Bulls.

By the way, in a case of this kind, whenever there is a question as to who is the original and who the plagiarist, the point may be determined, almost invariably, by observing which passage is amplified, or exaggerated, in tone. To disguise his stolen horse, the uneducated thief cuts off the tail; but the educated thief prefers tying on a new tail at the end of the old one, and painting them both sky blue.

After reading all that has been written, and after thinking all that can be thought, on the topics of God and the soul, the man who has a right to say that he thinks at all, will find himself face to face with the conclusion that, on these topics, the most profound thought is that which can be the least easily distinguished from the most superficial sentiment.

XI.

[Text : *Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1849.¹]

I do not believe that the whole world of Poetry can produce a more intensely energetic passage, of equal

¹ Some years since Mr. Poe wrote for several of the Northern magazines a series of critical brevities under the title of “Marginalia.” They attracted great attention at that time and since, as characteristic of the author, and we are sure that our readers will be gratified at his resuming them in the *Messenger*. By way of introduction, we republish the original preface from the *Democratic Review*. [See Introduction to “Marginalia.”] — [Ed. Mess.]

length, than the following, from Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile." The picturesque vigor of the lines italicized is much more than Homeric :

————— On a mountain peak
 Half sheathed in primal woods and glittering
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
 A Lion couched, part raised upon his paws
 With his calm massive face turned full on mine
And his mane listening. When the ended curse
 Left silence in the world, right suddenly
 He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,
As if the new reality of Death
Were dashed against his eyes, and roared so fierce —
(Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear)
 And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills
 Such fast keen *echoes crumbling down the vales*
To distant silence — that the forest beasts,
 One after one, did mutter a response
 In savage and in sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges.

There are few cases in which mere popularity should be considered a proper test of merit ; but the case of song-writing is, I think, one of the few. In speaking of song-writing, I mean, of course, the composition of brief poems with an eye to their adaptation for music in the vulgar sense. In this ultimate destination of the song proper, lies its essence — its genius. It is the strict reference to music — it is the dependence upon modulated expression — which gives to this branch of letters a character altogether *unique*, and separates it, in great measure and in a manner not sufficiently considered, from ordinary literature ; rendering it independent of merely ordinary proprieties ; allowing it, and in fact demanding for it, a wide latitude of Law ; absolutely, insisting upon a certain wild license and *indefiniteness*

—an indefinitiveness recognized by every musician who is not a mere fiddler, as an important point in the philosophy of his science — as the *soul*, indeed, of the sensations derivable from its practice — sensations which bewilder while they enthrall — and which would *not* so enthrall if they did not so bewilder.

The sentiments deducible from the conception of sweet sound simply, are out of the reach of analysis — although referable, possibly, in their last result, to that merely mathematical recognition of *equality* which seems to be *the root of all Beauty*. Our impressions of harmony and melody in conjunction, are more readily analyzed; but one thing is certain — that the *sentimental* pleasure derivable from music, is nearly in the ratio of its indefinitiveness. Give to music any undue *decision* — imbue it with any very *determinate* tone — and you deprive it, at once, of its ethereal, its ideal, and, I sincerely believe, of its intrinsic and essential character. You dispel its dream-like luxury : — you dissolve the atmosphere of the mystic in which its whole nature is bound up : — you exhaust it of its breath of faëry. It then becomes a tangible and easily appreciable thing — a conception of the earth, earthy. It will not, to be sure, lose *all* its power to please, but all that I consider the *distinctiveness* of that power. And to the *over*-cultivated talent, or to the unimaginative apprehension, this deprivation of its more delicate *nare* will be, not unfrequently, a recommendation. A *determinateness* of expression is sought — and sometimes by composers who should know better — is sought as a beauty, rather than rejected as a blemish. Thus we have, even from high authorities, attempts at absolute *imitation* in musical sounds. Who can forget, or cease to regret, the many errors of this kind into which some

great minds have fallen, simply through over-estimating the triumphs of *skill*. Who can help lamenting the Battles of Prague? What man of taste is not ready to laugh, or to weep, over their "guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbusses and thunder"? "Vocal music," says L'Abbate Gravina, "ought to imitate the natural language of the human feelings and passions, rather than the warblings of Canary birds, which our singers, now-a-days, affect so vastly to mimic with their quaverings and boasted cadences." This is true only so far as the "rather" is concerned. If *any* music must imitate *any thing*, it were, undoubtedly, better that the imitation should be limited as Gravina suggests.

That *indefinitiveness* which is, at least, *one* of the essentials of true music, must, of course, be kept in view by the song-writer; while, by the critic, it should always be considered in his estimate of the *song*. It is, in the author, a consciousness — sometimes merely an instinctive appreciation, of this necessity for the indefinite, which imparts to all songs, rightly conceived, that free, affluent, and *heartly* manner, little scrupulous about niceties of phrase, which cannot be better expressed than by the hackneyed French word *abandonnement*, and which is so strikingly exemplified in both the serious and joyous ballads and carols of our old English progenitors. Wherever verse has been found most strictly married to music, this feature prevails. It is thus the essence of all antique song. It is the soul of Homer. It is the spirit of Anacreon. It is even the genius of Æschylus. Coming down to our own times, it is the vital principle in De Béranger. Wanting this quality, no song-writer was ever truly popular, and, for the reasons assigned, no song-writer need ever expect to be so.

These views properly understood, it will be seen

how baseless are the ordinary objections to songs proper, on the score of "conceit," (to use Johnson's word,) or of hyperbole, or on various other grounds tenable enough in respect to poetry not designed for music. The "conceit," for example, which some envious rivals of *Morris* have so much objected to —

Her heart and morning broke together
In the storm —

this "conceit" is merely in keeping with the essential spirit of the song proper. To all reasonable persons it will be sufficient to say that the fervid, hearty, free-spoken songs of Cowley and of Donne — more especially of Cunningham, of Harrington and of Carew — abound in precisely similar things; and that they are to be met with, plentifully, in the polished pages of Moore and of Béranger, who introduce them with thought and retain them after mature deliberation.

Morris is, very decidedly, our best writer of songs — and, in saying this, I mean to assign him a high rank as *poet*. For my own part, I would much rather have written the best *song* of a nation than its noblest *epic*. One or two of Hoffman's songs have merit — but they are sad echoes of Moore, and even if this were not so (everybody knows that it *is* so) they are totally deficient in the real song-essence. "*Woodman spare that Tree*" and "*By the Lake where droops the Willow*" are compositions of which any poet, living or dead, might justly be proud. By these, if by nothing else, Morris is *immortal*. It is quite impossible to put down such things by sneers. The affectation of contemning them is of no avail — unless to render manifest the envy of those who affect the contempt. As mere *poems*, there are several of Morris's composi-

tions equal, if not superior, to either of those just mentioned, but as *songs* I much doubt whether these latter have ever been surpassed. In quiet grace and unaffected tenderness, I know no American poem which excels the following :

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sand

Winds through the hills afar,

Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,

Crowned with a single star.

And there, amid the billowy swells

Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,

My fair and gentle Ida dwells,

A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives —

The diamonds of the showers —

Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves —

The sisterhood of flowers —

Morn's early beam — eve's balmy breeze —

Her purity define : —

But Ida's dearer far than these

To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills ; the shades

Of night are on my brow.

Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades

My soul is with you now.

I bless the star-crowned Highlands where

My Ida's footsteps roam : —

Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear —

To bear me to my home.

A capital book, generally speaking ;¹ but Mr. Grat-tan has a bad habit — that of loitering in the road — of dallying and toying with his subjects, as a kitten with a mouse — instead of grasping it firmly at once and eating it up without more ado. He takes up too much time in the ante-room. He has never done

¹ "Highways and By-ways."

with his introductions. Occasionally, one introduction is but the vestibule to another ; so that by the time he arrives at his main incidents there is nothing more to tell. He seems afflicted with that curious yet common perversity observed in garrulous old women — the desire of tantalizing by circumlocution. Mr. G.'s circumlocution, however, is by no means like that which Albany Fonblanque describes as “a style of about and about and all the way round to nothing and nonsense.” . . . If the greasy-looking lithograph here given as a frontispiece, be meant for Mr. Grattan, then is Mr. Grattan like nobody else : — for the fact is, I never yet knew an individual with a wire wig, or the countenance of an under-done apple dumpling. . . . As a general rule, no man should put his own face in his own book. In looking at the author's countenance the reader is seldom in condition to keep his own.

In a “Hymn for Christmas,” by Mrs. Hemans, we find the following stanza : —

Oh, lovely voices of the sky
 Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
 Are ye not singing still on high,
 Ye that sang “Peace on Earth” ?
 To us yet speak the strains
 Wherewith, in times gone by,
 Ye blessed the Syrian swains.
 Oh, voices of the sky !

And at page 305 of “The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1840” — a Philadelphian Annual — we find “A Christmas Carol,” by Richard W. Dodson : — the first stanza running thus : —

Angel voices of the sky !
 Ye that hymned Messiah's birth,

Sweetly singing from on high
 "Peace, Goodwill to all on earth !"
 Oh, to us impart those strains !
 Bid our doubts and fears to cease !
 Ye that cheered the Syrian swains,
 Cheer us with that song of peace !

A book¹ remarkable for its artistic unity. It is to be commended, also, on higher grounds. I do not think, indeed, that a better novel of its kind has been composed by an American. To be sure, it is not precisely the work to place in the hands of a lady, but its incidents are striking and original, its scenes of passion nervously wrought, and its philosophy, if not at all times tenable, at least admirable on the important scores of suggestiveness and audacity. In a word, it is that rare thing, a fiction of *power* without rudeness. Its spirit, in general, resembles that of Reynolds' "Miserrimus."

Had the "George Balcombe" of Professor Beverley Tucker been the work of any one born North of Mason and Dixon's line, it would have been long ago recognized as one of the very noblest fictions ever written by an American. It is almost as good as "Caleb Williams." The manner in which the cabal of the "North American Review" first write all our books and then review them, puts me in mind of the fable about the Lion and the Painter. It is high time that the literary South took its own interests into its own charge.

Here is a good thing for a Magazine paper : — let somebody "work it up" : — A flippant pretender to universal acquirement — a would-be Crichton — en-

¹ "Confessions of a Poet."

grosses, for an hour or two perhaps, the attention of a large company — most of whom are profoundly impressed by his knowledge. He is very witty, in especial, at the expense of a modest young gentleman, who ventures to make no reply, and who, finally, leaves the room as if overwhelmed with confusion ; — the Crichton greeting his exit with a laugh. Presently he returns, followed by a footman carrying an armfull of books. These are deposited on the table. The young gentleman, now, referring to some pencilled notes which he had been secretly taking during the Crichton's display of erudition, pins the latter to his statements, each by each, and refutes them all in turn, by reference to the very authorities cited by the egotist himself — whose ignorance at all points is thus made apparent.

A long time ago — twenty-three or four years at least — *Edward C. Pinckney*, of Baltimore, published an exquisite poem entitled “A Health.” It was profoundly admired by the critical few, but had little circulation : — this for no better reason than that the author was born *too far South*. I quote a few lines :

Affections are as *thoughts* to her,
The measures of her hours —
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers.
 To her the better elements
 And kindlier stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of Earth than Heaven.

Now, in 1842, *Mr. George Hill* published “The Ruins of Athens and Other Poems” — and from one of the “Other Poems” I quote what follows :

And thoughts go sporting through her mind
 Like children among *flowers* ;
 And deeds of gentle goodness are
The measures of her hours.
 In soul or face she bears no trace
 Of one from Eden driven,
But like the rainbow seems, though born
Of Earth, a part of Heaven.

Is this plagiarism or is it *not* ? — I merely ask for information.

“*Grace*,” says Horace Walpole, “will save any book, and without it none can live long.” I can never read Mrs. Osgood’s poetry without a strong propensity to ring the changes upon this indefinite word “*grace*” and its derivatives. About every thing she writes we perceive this indescribable charm ; of which, perhaps, the elements are a vivid fancy and a quick sense of the proportionate. “*Grace*,” however, may be most satisfactorily defined, at least for the present, as “a term applied, in despair, to that class of the impressions of Beauty which admit of no analysis.” Mrs. O. has lately evinced a *true* imagination with a “*movement*” (as Schlegel has it) or energy, of which I have been considering her incapable. *Beyond all question the first of American poetesses* : — and yet we must judge her less by what she has done than by what she shows ability to do. A happy refinement — an instinctive sense of the pure and delicate — is one of her most noticeable merits. She *could* accomplish much — *very* much.

One of our truest poets is *Thomas Buchanan Read*. His most distinctive features are, first, “tenderness,” or subdued passion, and secondly, fancy. His sin is

imitativeness. *At present*, although evincing high capacity, he is but a copyist of Longfellow — that is to say, but the echo of an echo. Here is a beautiful thought which is *not* the property of Mr. Read :

And, where the spring-time sun had longest shone,
A violet looked up and found itself alone.

Here again : a Spirit

Slowly through the lake descended,
 Till from her hidden form below
 The waters took a golden glow,
*As if the star which made her forehead bright
 Had burst and filled the lake with light.*

Lowell has some lines very similar, ending with

As if a star had burst within his brain.

I cannot say that I ever fairly comprehended the force of the term “*insult*,” until I was given to understand, one day, by a member of the “*North American Review*” clique, that this journal was “not only willing but anxious to render me that justice which had been already rendered me by the ‘*Revue Française*’ and the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*’” — but was “restrained from so doing” by my “invincible spirit of antagonism.” I wish the “*North American Review*” to express *no* opinion of me whatever — for I have none of it. In the meantime, as I see no motto on its title-page, let me recommend it one from Sterne’s “*Letter from France*.” Here it is : — “As we rode along the valley we saw a herd of asses on the top of one of the mountains — how they viewed and *reviewed* us !”

I blush to see, in the ———, an invidious notice of

Bayard Taylor's "Rhymes of Travel." What makes the matter *worse*, the *critique* is from the pen of one who, although undeservedly, holds, himself, some position as a poet:—and what makes the matter *worst*, the attack is anonymous, and (while ostensibly commending) most zealously endeavors to damn the young writer "with faint praise." In his whole life, the author of the criticism never published a poem, long or short, which could compare, either in the higher merits, or in the minor morals of the Muse, with *the worst* of Mr. Taylor's compositions.

Observe the generalizing, disingenuous, patronizing tone:—

"It is the empty charlatan, to whom all things are alike impossible, who attempts everything. He can do one thing as well as another; for he can really do nothing. . . . Mr. Taylor's volume, as we have intimated, is an advance upon his previous publication. We could have wished, indeed, something more of restraint in the rhetoric, *but*," &c., &c., &c.

The concluding sentence, here, is an excellent example of one of the most ingeniously malignant of critical *ruses*—that of condemning an author, in especial, for what the world, in general, *feel* to be his principal merit. In fact, the "rhetoric" of Mr. Taylor, in the sense intended by the critic, is Mr. Taylor's *distinguishing excellence*. He is, unquestionably, the most terse, glowing, and vigorous of all our poets, young or old—in point, I mean, of *expression*. His sonorous, well-balanced rhythm puts me often in mind of Campbell (in spite of our anonymous friend's *implied* sneer at "mere jingling of rhymes, brilliant and successful for the moment,") and his rhetoric in general is of the highest order:—By "rhetoric" I intend the *mode*

generally in which thought is presented. Where shall we find more magnificent passages than these?

First queenly Asia, from the fallen thrones
Of twice three thousand years,
Came *with the woe a grieving Goddess owns*
Who longs for mortal tears.
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung
And dimmed her crown of gold,
While *the majestic sorrows of her tongue*
From Tyre to Indus rolled.

Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of woe
Whose only glory streams
From its lost childhood like the Arctic glow
Which sunless winter dreams.
In the red desert moulders Babylon
And the wild serpent's hiss
Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone
And waste Persepolis.

Then from her seat, *amid the palms embowered*
That shade the Lion-land,
Swart Africa in dusky aspect towered,
The fetters on her hand.
Backward she saw, from out the drear eclipse,
The mighty Theban years,
And the deep anguish of her mournful lips
Interpreted her tears.

I copy these passages first, because the critic in question has copied them, without the slightest appreciation of their grandeur — for they *are* grand; and secondly, to put the question of “rhetoric” at rest. No artist who reads them will deny that they are the perfection of *skill* in their way. But thirdly, I wish to call attention to the glowing *imagination* evinced in the lines italicized. My very soul revolts at *such* efforts, (as the one I refer to,) to depreciate *such* poems as Mr. Taylor's. Is there *no* honor — no chivalry left in the land? Are our most deserving writers to be *forever*

sneered down, or hooted down, or damned down with faint praise, by a set of men who possess little other ability than that which assures temporary success to *them*, in common with Swaim's Panacea or Morrison's Pills? The fact is, some person should write, at once, a Magazine paper exposing — *rutlessly* exposing, the *dessous de cartes* of our literary affairs. He should show how and why it is that the ubiquitous quack in letters can always "succeed," while *genius*, (which implies self-respect, with a scorn of creeping and crawling,) must inevitably succumb. He should point out the "easy arts" by which any one, base enough to do it, can get himself placed at the very head of American Letters by an article in that magnanimous journal, "The Review." He should explain, too, how readily the same work can be induced (in the case of Simms,) to vilify, and vilify *personally*, any one not a Northerner, for a trifling "consideration." In fact, our criticism needs a thorough regeneration, *and must have it*.¹

XII.

[Text : *Southern Literary Messenger*, May, 1849.]

If ever mortal "wreaked his thoughts upon expression," it was *Shelley*. If ever poet sang — as a bird sings — earnestly — impulsively — with utter abandonment — to himself solely — and for the mere joy of his own song — that poet was the author of "The Sensitive Plant." Of Art — beyond that which is instinctive with Genius — he either had little or disdained all. He *really* disdained that Rule which is an emanation from Law, because his own soul was Law in itself. His rhapsodies are but the rough notes — the stenographic memoranda of poems — memoranda

¹ Printed by Griswold as a separate paper. — Ed.

which, because they were all-sufficient for his own intelligence, he cared not to be at the trouble of writing out in full for mankind. In all his works we find no conception thoroughly wrought. For this reason he is the most fatiguing of poets. Yet he wearies in saying too little rather than too much. What, in him, seems the diffuseness of one idea, is the conglomerate concision of many : and this species of concision it is, which renders him obscure. With such a man, to imitate was out of the question. It would have served no purpose ; for he spoke to his own spirit alone, which would have comprehended no alien tongue. Thus he was profoundly original. His quaintness arose from intuitive perception of that truth to which Bacon alone has given distinct utterance : — “ There is no exquisite Beauty which has not some strangeness in its proportions.” But whether obscure, original, or quaint, Shelley had no *affectations*. He was at all times sincere.

From his *ruins*, there sprang into existence, affronting the Heavens, a tottering and fantastic *pagoda*, in which the salient angles, tipped with mad jangling bells, were the idiosyncratic *faults* of the original — faults which cannot be considered such in view of his purposes, but which are monstrous when we regard his works as addressed to mankind. A “ school ” arose — if that absurd term must still be employed — a school — a system of *rules* — upon the basis of the Shelley who had none. Young men innumerable, dazzled with the glare and bewildered by the *bizarrerie* of the lightning that flickered through the clouds of “ Alastor,” had no trouble whatever in heaping up imitative vapors, but, for the lightning, were forced to be content with its *spectrum*, in which the *bizarrerie*

appeared without the fire. Nor were mature minds unimpressed by the contemplation of a greater and more mature ; and thus, gradually, into this school of all Lawlessness, — or obscurity, quaintness and exaggeration — were interwoven the out-of-place didacticism of Wordsworth, and the more anomalous metaphysicianism of Coleridge. Matters were now fast verging to their worst ; and at length, in *Tennyson* poetic inconsistency attained its extreme. But it was precisely this extreme (for the greatest truth and the greatest error are scarcely two points in a circle) which, following the law of all extremes, wrought in him (*Tennyson*) a natural and inevitable revulsion ; leading him first to contempt, and secondly to investigate, his early manner, and finally to winnow, from its magnificent elements, the truest and purest of all poetical styles. But not even yet is the process complete ; and for this reason in part, but chiefly on account of the mere fortuitousness of that mental and moral combination which shall unite in one person (if *ever* it shall) the Shelleyan *abandon* and the Tennysonian poetic sense, with the most profound Art (based both in Instinct and *Analysis*) and the sternest Will properly to blend and rigorously to control all — chiefly, I say, because such combination of seeming antagonisms will be only a “happy chance” — the world has never yet seen the noblest poem which, possibly, *can* be composed.

In my ballad called “Lenore” I have these lines :

Avaunt ! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise —
But waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days.

Mr. *William W. Lord*, author of “Niagara,” &c., has it thus :

— They, albeit with inward pain,
Who thought to sing thy dirge, must sing thy Paean.

The commencement of my “*Haunted Palace*” is as follows :

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace !) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought’s dominion —
It stood there.
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.
Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow —
This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago.

Mr. Lord writes : —

On the old and haunted mountain —
(There in dreams I dared to climb,)
Where the clear Castalian fountain
(Silver fountain !) ever tinkling,
All the green around it sprinkling,
Makes perpetual rhyme —
To my dream, enchanted, golden,
Came a vision of the olden
Long-forgotten time.

This ¹ is a thin pamphlet of thirty-two pages ; each containing about a hundred and forty words. The hero, Alla-Ad-Deen, is the son of Alladdin of wonderful lamp memory ; and the story is in the “*Vision of Mirza*” or “*Rasselas*” way. The design is to reconcile us with evil on the ground that, compara-

¹The Dream of Alla-Ad-Deen, from the Romance of “*Anastasia*” by Charles Erskine White, D.D. “Charles Erskine White” is Laughton Osborn, author of “*The Vision of Rubeta*,” “*Confessions of a Poet*,” “*Adventures of Jeremy Levis*,” and several other works — among which I must not forget “*Arthur Carryl*.”

tively, we are of little importance in the scale of creation. This scale, however, the author himself assumes as infinite ; and thus his argument proves too much ; for if evil is to be regarded by men as unimportant because, comparatively, *he* is so, it must be regarded as unimportant by the angels for a similar reason — and so on in a never-ending ascent. In other words, nothing is proved beyond the bullish proposition that evil is no evil at all. —

I hardly know how to account for the repeated failures of John Neal as regards the *construction* of his works. His art is great and of a high character — but it is massive and undetailed. He seems to be either deficient in a sense of completeness, or unstable in temperament ; so that he becomes wearied with his work before getting it done. He always begins well — vigorously — startlingly — proceeds by fits — much at random — now prosing, now gossiping, now running away with his subject, now exciting vivid interest ; but his conclusions are sure to be hurried and indistinct ; so that the reader, perceiving a falling-off where he expects a climax, is pained, and, closing the book with dissatisfaction, is in no mood to give the author credit for the vivid sensations which have been aroused *during the progress* of perusal. Of all literary foibles the most fatal, perhaps, is that of defective climax. Nevertheless, I should be inclined to rank John Neal first, or at all events second, among our men of indisputable *genius*. Is it, or is it not a fact, that the air of a Democracy agrees better with mere Talent than with Genius ?

It is not *proper* (to use a gentle word), nor does it seem courageous, to attack our foe by name in spirit

and in effect, so that all the world shall know whom we mean, while we say to ourselves, “I have not attacked this man by name in the eye, and according to the *letter*, of the law” — yet how often are men who call themselves gentlemen, guilty of this meanness! We need reform at this point of our Literary Morality: — very sorely, too, at another — the system of anonymous reviewing. Not one respectable word can be said in defence of this most unfair — this most despicable and cowardly practice.

There lies a deep and sealéd well
 Within yon leafy forest hid,
 Whose pent and lonely waters swell
Its confines chill and drear amid.

This putting the adjective after the noun is, merely, an inexcusable Gallicism ; but the putting the preposition after the noun is alien to all language and in opposition to all its principles. Such things, in general, serve only to betray the versifier's poverty of resource ; and, when an inversion of this kind occurs, we say to ourselves, “Here the poet lacked the skill to make out his line without distorting the natural or colloquial order of the words.” Now and then, however, we must refer the error not to deficiency of skill, but to something far less defensible — to an idea that such things belong to the essence of poetry — that it needs them to distinguish it from prose — that we are poetical, in a word, very much in the ratio of our unprosaicalness at these points. Even while employing the phrase “poetic license,” — a phrase which has to answer for an infinity of sins — people who think in this way seem to have an indistinct conviction that the license in question *involves a necessity of being adopted.* The true artist

will avail himself of no "license" whatever. The very word will disgust him ; for it says — " Since you seem unable to manage without these peccadillo advantages, you must have them, I suppose ; and the world, half-shutting its eyes, will do its best not to see the awkwardness which they stamp upon your poem."

Few things have greater tendency than inversion, to render verse feeble and ineffective. In most cases where a line is spoken of as " forcible," the force may be referred to directness of expression. A vast majority of the passages which have become household through frequent quotation, owe their popularity either to this directness, or, in general, to the scorn of " poetic license." In short as regards verbal construction, *the more prosaic* a poetical style is, the better. Through this species of prosaicism, Cowper, with scarcely one of the higher poetical elements, came very near making his age fancy him the equal of Pope ; and to the same cause are attributable three-fourths of that unusual point and force for which Thomas Moore is distinguished. It is the *prosaicism* of these two writers to which is owing their especial *quotability*.

" The Reverend Arthur Coxe's ' Saul, a Mystery,' having been condemned in no measured terms by Poe, of ' The Broadway Journal,' and Green of ' The Emporium,' a writer in the ' Hartford Columbian ' retorts as follows : —

An entertaining history,
Entitled ' Saul, A Mystery,
Has recently been published by the Reverend Arthur Coxe.
The poem is dramatic,
And the wit of it is attic,
And its teachings are emphatic of the doctrines orthodox.

But Mr. Poe, the poet,
 Declares he cannot go it —
 That the book is very stupid, or something of that sort :
 And Green, of the Empori-
 Um, tells a kindred story,
 And swears like any tory that it isn't worth a groat.
 But maugre all the croaking
 Of the Raven and the joking
 Of the verdant little fellow of the used to be review,
 The People, in derision
 Of their impudent decision,
 Have declared, without division, that the Mystery will do."

The *truth*, of course, rather injures an epigram than otherwise ; and nobody will think the worse of the one above, when I say that, at the date of its first appearance, I had expressed *no opinion whatever* of the poem to which it refers. "Give a dog a bad name," &c. Whenever a book is abused, people take it for granted that it is *I* who have been abusing it.

Latterly I *have* read "Saul," and agree with the epigrammatist, that it "will do" — whoever attempts to wade through it. It will do, also, for trunk-paper. The author is right in calling it "A Mystery" : — for a most unfathomable mystery it is. When I got to the end of it I found it more mysterious than ever — and it was really a mystery how I ever did get to the end — which I half fancied that somebody had cut off, in a fit of ill-will to the critics. I have heard not a syllable about the "Mystery," of late days. "The People" seem to have forgotten it ; and Mr. Coxe's friends should advertise it under the head of "Mysterious Disappearance" — that is to say, the disappearance of a Mystery.

The *pure Imagination* chooses, from *either Beauty or Deformity*, only the most combinable things hitherto

uncombined ; the compound, as a general rule, partaking, in character, of beauty, or sublimity, in the ratio of the respective beauty or sublimity of the things combined — which are themselves still to be considered as atomic — that is to say, as previous combinations. But, as often analogously happens in physical chemistry, so not unfrequently does it occur in this chemistry of the intellect, that the admixture of two elements results in a something that has nothing of the qualities of one of them, or even nothing of the qualities of either. . . . Thus, the range of Imagination is unlimited. Its materials extend throughout the universe. Even out of deformities it fabricates that *Beauty* which is at once its sole object and its inevitable test. But, in general, the richness or force of the matters combined ; the facility of discovering combinable novelties worth combining ; and, especially the absolute “chemical combination” of the completed mass — are the particulars to be regarded in our estimate of Imagination. It is this thorough harmony of an imaginative work which so often causes it to be undervalued by the thoughtless, through the character of *obviousness* which is superinduced. We are apt to find ourselves asking *why* it is that these combinations have never been imagined before.

“He (Bulwer) is the most accomplished writer of the most accomplished era of English Letters ; practising all styles and classes of composition, and eminent in all — novelist, dramatist, poet, historian, moral philosopher, essayist, critic, political pamphleteer ; — in each superior to all others, and only rivalled in each by himself.” — WARD — *author of* “*Tremaine*.”

The "only rivalled in each by himself," here, puts me in mind of

None but himself can be his parallel.

But surely Mr. Ward (who, although he did write "De Vere," is by no means a fool) could never have put to paper, in his sober senses, anything so absurd as the paragraph quoted above, without stopping at every third word to hold his sides, or thrust his pocket-handkerchief into his mouth. If the serious intention be insisted upon, however, I have to remark that the opinion is the *mere* opinion of a writer remarkable for no other good trait than his facility at putting his readers to sleep according to rules Addisonian and with the least possible loss of labor and time. But as the *mere* opinion of even a Jeffrey or a Macaulay, I have an inalienable right to meet it with another.

As a novelist, then, Bulwer is far more than respectable; although *generally* inferior to Scott, Godwin, D'Israeli, Miss Burney, Sue, Dumas, Dickens, the author of "Ellen Wareham," the author of "Jane Eyre," and several others. From the list of foreign novels I could select a hundred which he could neither have written nor conceived. As a dramatist, he deserves more credit, although he receives less. His "Richelieu," "Money," and "Lady of Lyons" have done much in the way of opening the public eyes to the true value of what is superciliously termed "stage-effect" in the hands of one able to manage it. But if commendable at this point, his dramas fail egregiously in points more important; so that, upon the whole, he can be said to have written a good play, only when we think of him in connexion with the still more contemptible "old-dramatist" imitators who are

his contemporaries and friends. As historian, he is sufficiently dignified, sufficiently ornate, and more than sufficiently self-sufficient. His "Athens" would have received an Etonian prize, and has all the happy air of an Etonian prize-essay re-vamped. His political pamphlets are very good as political pamphlets and very disreputable as anything else. His essays leave no doubt upon anybody's mind that, with the writer, they have been essays indeed. His criticism is really beneath contempt. His moral philosophy is the most ridiculous of all the moral philosophies that ever have been imagined upon earth.

"The men of sense," says Helvetius, "those idols of the unthinking, are very far inferior to the men of passions. It is the strong passions which, rescuing us from sloth, can alone impart to us that continuous and earnest attention necessary to great intellectual efforts."

When the Swiss philosopher here speaks of "inferiority," he refers to inferiority in worldly success:—by "men of sense" he intends indolent men of genius. And Bulwer is, emphatically, one of the "men of passions" contemplated in the apophthegm. His passions, with opportunities, have made him what he is. Urged by a rabid ambition to do much, in doing nothing he would merely have proved himself an idiot. Something he has done. In aiming at Crichton, he has hit the target an inch or two above Harrison Ainsworth. Not to such intellects belong the honors of universality. His works bear about them the unmistakable indications of mere talent—talent, I grant, of an unusual order and nurtured to its extreme of development with a very tender and elaborate care. Nevertheless, it is talent still. Genius it is not. And the proof is, that while we often fancy ourselves about to be

enkindled beneath its influence, fairly enkindled we never are. That Bulwer is no *poet*, follows as a corollary from what has been already said : — for to speak of a poet without genius, is merely to put forth a flat contradiction in terms.

Quaintness, within reasonable limits, is not only *not* to be regarded as affectation, but has its proper uses, in aiding a fantastic effect. Miss Barrett will afford me two examples. In some lines to a Dog, she says :

Leap ! thy broad tail waves a light.
 Leap ! thy slender feet are bright,
 Canopied in fringes.
 Leap ! those tasselled ears of thine
 Flicker strangely fair and fine
 Down their golden inches.

And again — in the “ Song of a Tree-Spirit.”

The Divine impulsion cleaves
 In dim movements to the leaves
Dropt and lifted — dropt and lifted —
 In the sun-light greenly sifted —
In the sun-light and the moon-light
Greenly sifted through the trees.
Ever wave the Eden trees
In the night-light and the moon-light
 With a ruffling of green branches
Shaded off to resonances
 Never stirred by rain or breeze.

The thoughts here belong to a high order of poetry, but could not have been wrought into effective expression, without the aid of those repetitions — those unusual phrases — those *quaintnesses*, in a word, which it has been too long the fashion to censure, indiscriminately, under the one general head of “ affectation.” No poet will fail to be pleased with the two extracts I

have here given ; but no doubt there are some who will find it hard to reconcile the psychal impossibility of refraining from admiration, with the too-hastily attained mental conviction that, critically, there is nothing to admire.

XIII.

[Text : *Southern Literary Messenger*, June, 1849.]

PURE Diabolism is but Absolute Insanity. Lucifer was merely unfortunate in having been created without brains.

When a man of genius speaks of "the difficult" he means, simply, "the impossible."

We, of the nineteenth century, need some worker of miracles for our regeneration ; but so degraded have we become that the only prophet, or preacher, who could render us much service, would be the St. Francis who converted the beasts.

The nose of a mob is its imagination. By this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

Samuel Butler, of Hudibrastic memory, must have had a prophetic eye to the American Congress when he defined a *rabble* as — "A congregation or assembly of the States-General — every one being of a several judgment concerning whatever business be under consideration." . . . "They meet only to quarrel," he adds, "and then return home full of satisfaction and narrative."

The Romans worshipped their standards ; and the Roman standard happened to be an eagle. Our standard is only one-tenth of an Eagle — a Dollar — but we make all even by adoring it with ten-fold devotion.

“He that is born to be a man,” says Wieland in his “Peregrinus Proteus,” “should nor can be anything nobler, greater, or better than a man.” The fact is, that in efforts to soar above our nature, we invariably fall below it. Your reformist demigods are merely devils turned inside out.

It is only the philosophical lynxeye that, through the indignity-mist of Man’s life, can still discern the dignity of Man.

It is by no means an irrational fancy that, in a future existence, we shall look upon what we think our present existence, as a dream.

In drawing a line of distinction between a people and a mob, we shall find that a people aroused to action are a mob ; and that a mob, trying to think, subside into a people.

Tell a scoundrel, three or four times a day, that he is the pink of probity, and you make him at least the perfection of “respectability” in good earnest. On the other hand, accuse an honorable man, too pertinaciously, of being a villain, and you fill him with a perverse ambition to show you that you are not altogether in the wrong.

With how unaccountable an obstinacy even our best writers persist in talking about "moral courage —" as if there could be any courage that was *not* moral. The adjective is improperly applied to the subject instead of the object. The energy which overcomes fear — whether fear of evil threatening the person or threatening the impersonal circumstances amid which we exist — is, of course, simply a mental energy — is, of course, simply "moral." But, in speaking of "*moral* courage" we *imply* the existence of physical. Quite as reasonable an expression would be that of "bodily thought" or of "muscular imagination."

In looking at the world *as it is*, we shall find it folly to deny that, to worldly success, a surer path is Villainy than Virtue. What the Scriptures mean by the "*leaven of unrighteousness*" is that leaven by which men *rise*.

I have now before me a book in which the most noticeable thing is the pertinacity with which "Monarch" and "King" are printed with a capital M and a capital K. The author, it seems, has been lately presented at Court. He will employ a small *g* in future, I presume, whenever he is so unlucky as to have to speak of his God.

"A little learning," in the sense intended by the poet, *is*, beyond all question, "a dangerous thing" : — but, in regard to *that* learning which we call "knowledge of the world," it is *only* a little that is *not* dangerous. To be *thoroughly* conversant with Man's heart, is to take our final lesson in the iron-clasped volume of Despair.

Not only do I think it paradoxical to speak of a man of *genius* as personally ignoble, but I confidently maintain that the *highest* genius is but the loftiest moral nobility.

The phrase of which our poets, and more especially our orators, are so fond — the phrase “music of the spheres” — has arisen simply from a misconception of the Platonic word *μουσική* — which, with the Athenians, included not merely the harmonies of tune and time, but *proportion* generally. In recommending the study of “music” as “the best education for the soul,” Plato referred to the cultivation of the Taste, in contradistinction from that of the Pure Reason. By the “music of the spheres” is meant the agreements — the adaptations — in a word, the proportions — developed in the astronomical laws. He had *no* allusion to music in *our* understanding of the term. The word “mosaic,” which we derive from *μουσική*, refers, in like manner, to the proportion, or harmony of *color*, observed — or which should be observed — in the department of Art so entitled.

A pumpkin has more angles than C——, and is altogether a cleverer thing. He is remarkable at one point only — at that of being remarkable for nothing.

Not long ago, to call a man “a great wizzard,” was to invoke for him fire and faggot ; but now, when we wish to run our *protégé* for President, we just dub him “a *little* magician.” The fact is, that, on account of the curious modern *bouleversement* of old opinion, one cannot be too cautious of the *grounds* on which he lauds a friend or vituperates a foe.

It is laughable to observe how easily any system of Philosophy can be proved false : — but then is it not mournful to perceive the impossibility of even fancying any particular system to be true ?

Were I called on to define, *very* briefly, the term “Art,” I should call it “the reproduction of what the Senses perceive in Nature through the veil of the soul.” The mere imitation, however accurate, of what *is* in Nature, entitles no man to the sacred name of “Artist.” Denner was no artist. The grapes of Zeuxis were *in-artistic* — unless in a bird’s-eye view ; and not even the curtain of Parrhasius could conceal his deficiency in point of genius. I have mentioned “the *veil* of the soul.” Something of the kind appears indispensable in Art. We can, at any time, double the true beauty of an actual landscape by half closing our eyes as we look at it. The naked Senses sometimes see too little — but then *always* they see too much.

A clever French writer of “Memoirs” is quite right in saying that “if the *Universities* had been willing to permit it, the disgusting old *débauché* of Teos, with his eternal Batyllis, would long ago have been buried in the darkness of oblivion.”

“Philosophy,” says Hegel, “is utterly useless and fruitless, and, *for this very reason*, is the sublimest of all pursuits, the most deserving attention, and the most worthy of our zeal.” This jargon was suggested, no doubt, by Tertullian’s *Mortuus est Dei filius ; credibile est quia ineptum — et sepultus resurrexit ; certum est quia impossibile.*

I have great faith in fools : — self-confidence my friends will call it : —

Si demain, oubliant d'éclorre,
Le jour manquait, eh bien ! demain
Quelque fou trouverait encore
Un flambeau pour le genre humain.

By the way, what with the new electric light and other matters, De Béranger's idea is not so *very* extravagant.

I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of any individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority ; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of *all* mankind — that he would be considered a madman, is evident. How horribly painful such a condition ! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

In like manner, nothing can be clearer than that a *very* generous spirit — *truly* feeling what all merely profess — must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction — its motives misinterpreted. Just as extremeness of intelligence would be thought fatuity, so excess of chivalry could not fail of being looked upon as meanness in its last degree : — and so on with other virtues. This subject is a painful one indeed. That individuals *have* so soared above the plane of their race, is scarcely to be questioned ; but, in looking back through history for traces of their existence, we should

pass over all biographies of "the good and the great," while we search carefully the slight records of wretches who died in prison, in Bedlam, or upon the gallows.

My friend, —, can never commence what he fancies a poem, (he *is* a fanciful man, after all) without first elaborately "invoking the Muses." Like so many she-dogs of John of Nivelles, however, the more he invokes them, the more they decline obeying the invocation.

The German "*Schwärmerei*" — not exactly "humbug," but "sky-rocketing" — seems to be the only term by which we can conveniently designate that peculiar style of criticism which has lately come into fashion, through the influence of certain members of the *Fabian* family — people who live (upon beans) about Boston.

"This is right," says Epicurus, "precisely because the people are displeased with it."

"*Il y a à parier,*" says Chamfort — one of the *Kankars* of Mirabeau — "*que toute idée publique — toute convention reçue — est une sottise ; car elle a convenu au plus grand nombre.*"

"*Si proficere cupis,*" says the great African bishop, "*primo id verum puta quod sana mens omnium hominum attestatur.*"

Now,

"Who shall decide where Doctors disagree?"

To me, it appears that, in all ages, the *most* preposterous falsities have been received as truths by at least the *mens omnium hominum*. As for the *sana mens* — how are we ever to determine what that is?

There are moments when, even to the sober eye of Reason, the world of our sad humanity must assume the aspect of Hell ; but the Imagination of Man is no Carathis, to explore with impunity its every cavern. Alas ! the grim legion of sepulchral terrors *cannot* be regarded as altogether fanciful ; but like the Demons in whose company Afrasiab made his voyage down the Oxus, they must sleep, or they will devour us — they must be suffered to slumber, or we perish.

What can be more soothing, at once to a man's Pride and to his Conscience, than the conviction that, in taking vengeance on his enemies for injustice done him, he is simply to do them *justice* in return ?

Talking of puns : — “ Why do they not give us quail for dinner, as usual ? ” demanded Count Fessis, the other day, of H——, the classicist and sportsman.

“ Because at this season,” replied H——, who was dozing, “ *qualis sopor fessis.* ” (Quail is so poor, Fessis.)

An infinity of error makes its way into our Philosophy, through Man's habit of considering himself a citizen of a world solely — of an individual planet — instead of at least occasionally contemplating his position as cosmopolite proper — as a denizen of the universe.

The Carlyle-ists should adopt, as a motto, the inscription on the old bell from whose metal were cast the Great Tom, of Oxford : — “ In *Thomæ* laude resono ‘ Bim ! Bom ! ’ sine fraude : ” — and “ Bim ! Bom,” in such case, would be a marvellous “ echo of sound to sense.”

Paulus Jovius, living in those benighted times when diamond-pointed styluses were as yet unknown, thought proper, nevertheless, to speak of his goosequill as "*aliquando ferreus, aureus aliquando*" — intending, of course, a mere figure of speech ; and from the class of modern authors who use really nothing to write with but steel and gold, some, no doubt, will let their pens, *vice versâ*, descend to posterity under the designation of "anserine" — of course, intending always a mere figure of speech.

XIV.

[Text : *Southern Literary Messenger*, July, 1849.]

THE fishes described by Athenæus as ἀθανатоῖσι θεοῖσι φυῆν καὶ εἶδος οἰμοῖσι, were, beyond doubt, a shoal of Preserved Fish, like the one who spoke up so boldly for President Tyler.

The eloquence of the Honorable G—— strikes me as being of that class which, "*si absit*," as Cicero says, speaking generally of eloquence in a philosopher, "*non magnopere desideranda*."

In saying that "grace will save any book and without it none can live long," Horace Walpole had reference, I fancy, to that especial grace which managed to save so many books of his own — his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Until we analyze a religion, or a philosophy, in respect of its inducements, independently of its rationality, we shall never be in condition to estimate that religion,

or that philosophy, by the mere *number* of its adherents : — unluckily,

“ No Indian Prince has to his palace
More followers than a thief to the gallows.”

In omitting to envelop our Gothic architecture in *foliage*, we omit, in fact, an essential point in the Gothic architecture itself. Of a Gothic *church*, especially, trees are as much a portion as the pointed arch. “ Ubi *tres*, ecclesia,” says Tertullian ; — but no doubt he meant that “ ubi ecclesia, *tres*.”

“ If, in any point,” says Lord Bacon, “ I have receded from what is commonly received, it hath been for the purpose of proceeding *melius* and not *in aliud* ” — but the character assumed, in general, by modern “ Reform ” is, simply, that of Opposition.

A strong argument for the religion of Christ is this — that offences against *Charity* are about the only ones which men on their death-beds can be made — not to understand — but to *feel* — as *crime*.

That Demosthenes “ turned out very badly,” appears, beyond dispute, from a passage in “ *Meker de vet. et rect. Pron. Ling. Græcæ*,” where we read “ Nec illi (*Demostheni*) turpe videbatur, optimis relictis magistris, ad canes se conferre,” etc. etc. — that is to say, Demosthenes was not ashamed to quit good society and “ go to the dogs.”

When — and — *pavoneggiarsi* about the celebrated personages whom they have “ seen ” in their

travels, we shall not be far wrong in inferring that these celebrated personages were seen ἔκας — as Pindar says he “saw” Archilochus, who died ages before the former was born.

To see distinctly the machinery — the wheels and pinions — of any work of Art is, unquestionably, of itself, a pleasure, but one which we are able to enjoy only just in proportion as we do *not* enjoy the legitimate effect designed by the artist : — and, in fact, it too often happens that to reflect analytically upon Art, is to reflect after the fashion of the mirrors in the temple of Smyrna, which represent the fairest images as deformed.

The modern reformist Philosophy which annihilates the individual by way of aiding the mass ; and the late reformist Legislation, which prohibits pleasure with the view of advancing happiness, seem to be chips of that old block of a French feudal law which, to prevent young partridges from being disturbed, imposed penalties upon hoeing and weeding.

I cannot help thinking that romance-writers, in general, might, now and then, find their account in taking a hint from the Chinese, who, in spite of building their houses downwards, have still sense enough *to begin their books at the end*.

Surely M—— cannot complain of the manner in which his book has been received ; for the Public, in regard to it, has given him just such an assurance as Polyphemus pacified Ulysses with, while his com-

panions were being eaten up before his eyes. “Your book, Mr. M——,” says the Public, “shall be — I pledge you my word — the very last that I devour.”

In examining trivial details, we are apt to overlook essential generalities. Thus M——, in making a to-do about the “typographical mistakes” in his book, has permitted the printer to escape a scolding which he *did* richly deserve — a scolding for a “typographical mistake” of really vital importance — the mistake of having printed the book at all.

Mozart declared, on his death-bed, that he “began to see what *may* be done in music ;” and it is to be hoped that DeMeyer and the rest of the spasmodists will, eventually, begin to understand what may *not* be done in this particular branch of the Fine Arts.

Nicholas Ferrar, were he now living, would be not a little astonished to find thoroughly established here, by our Magazine poets, that very “perpetual chant” which he so unsuccessfully struggled to establish in the village of Little Gidding.

In the tale proper — where there is no space for development of character or for great profusion and variety of incident — mere *construction* is, of course, far more imperatively demanded than in the novel. Defective plot, in this latter, may escape observation, but in the tale, never. Most of our tale-writers, however, neglect the distinction. They seem to begin their stories without knowing how they are to end ; and their ends, gen-

erally, — like so many governments of Trinculo — appear to have forgotten their beginnings.

It has been well said of the French orator, Dupin, that “he spoke, as nobody else, the language of every body ;” and thus his manner seems to be exactly conversed in that of the Frogpondian Euphuists, who, on account of the familiar tone in which they lisp their *outré* phrases, may be said to speak, as every body, the language of nobody — that is to say, a language emphatically their own.

The *vox populi*, so much talked about to so little purpose, is, possibly, that very *vox et preterea nihil* which the countryman, in Catullus, mistook for a nightingale.

It is folly to assert, as some at present are fond of asserting, that the Literature of any nation or age was ever injured by plain speaking on the part of the Critics. As for American Letters, plain-speaking about *them* is, simply, the one thing needed. They are in a condition of absolute quagmire — a quagmire, to use the words of Victor Hugo, *d'où on ne peut se tirer par des périphrases — par des quemadmodums et des verum-enimveros*.

I believe it is Montaigne who says — “People talk about thinking, but, for my part, I never begin to think until I sit down to write.” A better plan for him would have been, never to sit down to write until he had made an end of thinking.

There is an old German chronicle about Reynard the Fox, when crossed in love — about how he desired to turn hermit, but could find no spot in which he could be “thoroughly alone,” until he came upon the desolate fortress of Malapart. He should have taken to reading the “American Drama” of——. I fancy he would have found himself “thoroughly alone” in that.

Alas ! how many American critics neglect the happy suggestion of M. Timon — “*que le ministre de L'Instruction Publique doit lui-même savoir parler Français.*”

I cannot tell how it happens, but, unless, now and then, in a case of portrait-painting, very few of our artists can justly be held guilty of the crime imputed by Apelles to Protogenes — that of “being too natural.”

M——, as a matter of course, would rather be abused by the critics than not be noticed by them at all ; but he is hardly to be blamed for growling a little, now and then, over their criticisms — just as a dog might do if pelted with bones.

To vilify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The Crab might never have become a Constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel.

Our “blues” are increasing in number at a great rate ; and should be decimated, at the very least. Have we no critic with nerve enough to hang a dozen

or two of them, *in terrorem*? He must use a silk cord, of course—as they do, in Spain, with all grandees of the *blue* blood—of the “*sangre azul*.”

No doubt, the association of idea is somewhat singular—but I never can hear a crowd of people singing and gesticulating all together, at an Italian opera, without fancying myself at Athens, listening to that particular tragedy, by Sophocles, in which he introduces a full chorus of turkeys, who set about bewailing the death of Meleager. It is noticeable in this connexion, by the way, that there is not a goose in the world who, in point of sagacity, would not feel itself insulted in being compared with a turkey. The French seem to feel this. In Paris, I am sure, no one would think of saying to Mr. F——, “What a goose you are!”—“*Quel dindon tu es!*” would be the phrase employed as equivalent.

They have ascertained, in China, that the abdomen is the seat of the soul; and the acute Greeks considered it a waste of words to employ more than a single term, *φρένες* for the expression both of the mind and of the diaphragm.

Let us be charitable and account for M——’s repeated literary failures by the supposition that like Lelius in the “*Arcadia*” he wishes to evince his skill rather in missing than in hitting his mark.

L—— is busy in attempting to prove that his Play was not fairly d——d—that it is only “scotched, not killed;” but if the poor Play could speak from the

tomb, I fancy it would sing with the Opera heroine :

“ The flattering error cease to prove !
Oh, *let me be deceased !* ”

“ What does a man learn by travelling ? ” demanded Doctor Johnson, one day, in a great rage — “ What did Lord Charlemont learn in his travels, except that there was a snake in one of the pyramids of Egypt ? ” — but had Doctor Johnson lived in the days of the Silk Buckinghams, he would have seen that, so far from thinking anything of finding a snake in a pyramid, your traveller would take his oath, at a moment’s notice, of having found a pyramid in a snake.

The next work of Carlyle will be entitled “ Bow-Wow,” and the title-page will have a motto from the opening chapter of the Koran : “ There is *no* error in this Book.”

XV.

[Text : *Southern Literary Messenger*, September, 1849.]

AMONG our men of genius whom, because they *are* men of genius, we neglect, let me not fail to mention *William Wallace*, of Kentucky. Had Mr. W. been born under the wings of that ineffable buzzard, “ The North American Review,” his unusual merits would long ago have been blazoned to the world — as the far inferior merits of Sprague, Dana, and others of like calibre, have already been blazoned. Neither of these gentlemen has written a poem worthy to be compared with “ The Chaunt of a Soul,” published in “ The Union Magazine ” for November, 1848. It is a noble

composition throughout — imaginative, eloquent, full of dignity, and well sustained. It abounds in detached images of high merit — for example :

Your early splendor's gone
Like stars into a cloud withdrawn —
Like music laid asleep
In dried up fountains.

Enough, I *am*, and shall not choose to die.
No matter *what* our future Fate may be
To live is in itself a majesty.

And Truth, arising from yon deep,
Is plain as a *white statue on a tall, dark step*.

— Then

The Earth and Heaven were fair,
While only less than Gods seemed all my fellow men.
Oh, the delight — the gladness —
The sense, yet love, of madness —
The glorious choral exultations —
The far-off sounding of the banded nations —
The wings of angels in melodious sweeps
Upon the mountain's hazy steeps —
The very dead astir within their coffined deeps —
The dreamy veil that wrapt the star and sod —
A swathe of purple, gold, and amethyst —
And, luminous behind the billowy mist,
Something that looked to my young eyes like God.

I admit that the defect charged, by an envious critic, upon Bayard Taylor — the sin of excessive rhetoricianism — *is*, in some measure, chargeable to Wallace. He, now and then, permits enthusiasm to hurry him into bombast ; but at this point, he is rapidly improving ; and, if not disheartened by the cowardly neglect of those who *dare* not praise a poetical aspirant *with*

genius and *without* influence, will soon rank as one of the very noblest of American poets. In fact, he is so *now*.¹

“Frequently since his recent death,” says the American Editor of Hood, “he has been called a great author — a phrase used not inconsiderately or in vain.” Yet, if we adopt the conventional idea of “a great author,” there has lived, perhaps, no writer of the last half century who, with equal notoriety, was less entitled than Hood to be so called. In fact, he was a literary merchant, whose main stock in trade was *littleness*; for, during the larger portion of his life, he seemed to breathe only for the purpose of perpetrating puns — things of so despicable a platitude that the man who is capable of habitually committing them, is seldom found capable of anything else. Whatever merit *may* be discovered in a pun, arises altogether from *unexpectedness*. This is the pun’s element and is two-fold. First, we demand that the *combination* of the pun be unexpected; and, secondly, we require the most entire unexpectedness in the pun *per se*. A rare pun, rarely appearing, is, to a certain extent, a pleasurable effect; but to no mind, however debased in taste, is a continuous effort at punning otherwise than unendurable. The man who maintains that he derives gratification from any such chapters of punnage as Hood was in the daily practice of committing to paper, should not be credited upon oath.

The puns of the author of “Fair Inez,” however, are to be regarded as the weak points of the man. Independently of their ill effect, in a literary view, as mere puns, they leave upon us a painful impression; for too evidently they are the hypochondriac’s struggles at mirth — the grinnings of the death’s head. No one

¹ Griswold printed this as a separate paper. — Ed.

can read his "Literary Reminiscences" without being convinced of his habitual despondency — and the species of false wit in question is precisely of that character which would be adopted by an author of Hood's temperament and cast of intellect, when compelled to write at an emergency. That his heart had no interest in these *niaiseries*, is clear. I allude, of course, to his *mere* puns for the pun's sake — a class of letters by which he attained his widest renown. That he did *more* in this way than in any other, is but a corollary from what I have already said, for, generally, he was unhappy, and almost continually he wrote *invita Minerva*. But his true province was a very rare and ethereal *humor*, in which the mere pun was left out of sight, or took the character of the richest *grotesquerie*; impressing the imaginative reader with remarkable force, as if by a new phase of the ideal. It is in this species of brilliant, or, rather, *glowing* grotesquerie, uttered with a rushing *abandon* vastly heightening its effect, that Hood's marked originality mainly consisted: — and it is this which entitles him, at times, to the epithet "great": — for *that* undeniably may be considered great (of whatever seeming littleness in itself) which is capable of inducing intense emotion in the minds, or hearts, of those who are themselves undeniably great.

The field in which Hood is *distinctive* is a borderland between Fancy and Fantasy. In this region he reigns supreme. Nevertheless, he has made successful and frequent incursions, although vacillatingly, into the domain of the true Imagination. I mean to say that he is never truly or purely imaginative for more than a paragraph at a time. In a word, his peculiar genius was the result of vivid *Fancy* impelled by Hypochondriasis.

EUREKA

A PROSE POEM

BY

EDGAR A. POE

NEW YORK

GEO. P. PUTNAM

OF LATE FIRM OF "WILEY & PUTNAM"

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MDCCCXLVIII

THE

OF THE

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OF THE

WITH VERY PROFOUND RESPECT,
THIS WORK IS DEDICATED
TO
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME LXXV. PART 1. 1945

PREFACE.

To the few who love me and whom I love—to those who feel rather than to those who think—to the dreamers and those who put faith in dreams as in the only realities—I offer this Book of Truths, not in its character of Truth-Teller, but for the Beauty that abounds in its Truth; constituting it true. To these I present the composition as an Art-Product alone:—let us say as a Romance; or, if I be not urging too lofty a claim, as a Poem.

What I here propound is true:—therefore it cannot die:—or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will “rise again to the Life Everlasting.”

Nevertheless it is as a Poem only that I wish this work to be judged after I am dead.

E. A. P.

EUREKA :

AN ESSAY ON

THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE.

It is with humility really unassumed — it is with a sentiment even of awe — that I pen the opening sentence of this work : for of all conceivable subjects I approach the reader with the most solemn — the most comprehensive — the most difficult — the most august.

What terms shall I find sufficiently simple in their sublimity — sufficiently sublime in their simplicity — for the mere enunciation of my theme ?

I design to speak of the *Physical, Metaphysical and Mathematical* — of the *Material and Spiritual Universe* : — of its *Essence, its Origin, its Creation, its Present Condition and its Destiny*. — I shall be so rash, moreover, as to challenge the conclusions, and thus, in effect, to question the sagacity, of many of the greatest and most justly revered of men.

In the beginning, let me as distinctly as possible announce — not the theorem which I hope to demonstrate — for, whatever the mathematicians may assert, there is, in this world at least, *no such thing* as demonstration — but the ruling idea which, throughout this volume, I shall be continually endeavoring to suggest.

My general proposition, then, is this : — *In the Original Unity of the First Thing lies the Secondary*

Cause of All Things, with the Germ of their Inevitable Annihilation.

In illustration of this idea, I propose to take such a survey of the Universe that the mind may be able really to receive and to perceive an individual impression.

He who from the top of *Ætna* casts his eyes leisurely around, is affected chiefly by the *extent* and *diversity* of the scene. Only by a rapid whirling on his heel could he hope to comprehend the panorama in the sublimity of its *oneness*. But as, on the summit of *Ætna*, no man has thought of whirling on his heel, so no man has ever taken into his brain the full uniqueness of the prospect; and so, again, whatever considerations lie involved in this uniqueness, have as yet no practical existence for mankind.

I do not know a treatise in which a survey of the *Universe* — using the word in its most comprehensive and only legitimate acceptance — is taken at all: — and it may be as well here to mention that by the term “Universe,” wherever employed without qualification in this essay, I mean to designate *the utmost conceivable expanse of space, with all things, spiritual and material, that can be imagined to exist within the compass of that expanse*. In speaking of what is ordinarily implied by the expression, “Universe,” I shall take a phrase of limitation — “the Universe of stars.” Why this distinction is considered necessary, will be seen in the sequel.

But even of treatises on the really limited, although always assumed as the *unlimited*, Universe of *stars*, I know none in which a survey, even of this limited Universe, is so taken as to warrant deductions from its *individuality*. The nearest approach to such a work is made in the “Cosmos” of Alexander Von Hum-

boldt. He presents the subject, however, *not* in its individuality but in its generality. His theme, in its last result, is the law of *each* portion of the merely physical Universe, as this law is related to the laws of *every other* portion of this merely physical Universe. His design is simply syncretical. In a word, he discusses the universality of material relation, and discloses to the eye of Philosophy whatever inferences have hitherto lain hidden *behind* this universality. But however admirable be the succinctness with which he has treated each particular point of his topic, the mere multiplicity of these points occasions, necessarily, an amount of detail, and thus an involution of idea, which preclude all *individuality* of impression.

It seems to me that, in aiming at this latter effect, and, through it, at the consequences — the conclusions — the suggestions — the speculations — or, if nothing better offer itself, the mere guesses which may result from it — we require something like a mental gyration on the heel. We need so rapid a revolution of all things about the central point of sight that, while the minutiae vanish altogether, even the more conspicuous objects become blended into one. Among the vanishing minutiae, in a survey of this kind, would be all exclusively terrestrial matters. The Earth would be considered in its planetary relations alone. A man, in this view, becomes mankind; mankind a member of † the cosmical family of Intelligences.

And now, before proceeding to our subject proper, let me beg the reader's attention to an extract or two from a somewhat remarkable letter, which appears to have been found corked in a bottle and floating on the *Mare Tenebrarum* — an ocean well described by the Nubian geographer, Ptolemy Hephestion, but little fre-

quented in modern days unless by the Transcendentalists and some other divers for crotchets. The date of this letter, I confess, surprises me even more particularly than its contents; for it seems to have been written in the year *two* thousand eight hundred and forty-eight. As for the passages I am about to transcribe, they, I fancy, will speak for themselves.

“Do you know, my dear friend,” says the writer, addressing, no doubt, a contemporary — “Do you know that it is scarcely more than eight or nine hundred years ago since the metaphysicians first consented to relieve the people of the singular fancy that there exist *but two practicable roads to Truth?* Believe it if you can! It appears, however, that long, long ago, in the night of Time, there lived a Turkish philosopher called Aries and surnamed Tottle.” [Here, possibly, the letter-writer means Aristotle; the best names are wretchedly corrupted in two or three thousand years.] “The fame of this great man depended mainly upon his demonstration that sneezing is a natural provision, by means of which over-profound thinkers are enabled to expel superfluous ideas through the nose; but he obtained a scarcely less valuable celebrity as the founder, or at all events as the principal propagator, of what was termed the *deductive* or *à priori* philosophy. He started with what he maintained to be axioms, or self-evident truths:—and the now well-understood fact that *no* truths are *self*-evident, really does not make in the slightest degree against his speculations:—it was sufficient for his purpose that the truths in question were evident at all. From axioms he proceeded, logically, to results. His most illustrious disciples were one Tuclid, a geometrician,” [meaning Euclid] “and one Kant, a Dutchman, the originator

of that species of Transcendentalism which, with the change merely of a C for a K, now bears his peculiar name.

“ Well, Aries Tottle flourished supreme, until the advent of one Hog, surnamed ‘ the Ettrick shepherd,’ who preached an entirely different system, which he called the *à posteriori* or *inductive*. His plan referred altogether to sensation. He proceeded by observing, analyzing, and classifying facts — *instantiæ Naturæ*, as they were somewhat affectedly called — and arranging them into general laws. In a word, while the mode of Aries rested on *noumena*, that of Hog depended on *phenomena*; and so great was the admiration excited by this latter system that, at its first introduction, Aries fell into general disrepute. Finally, however, he recovered ground, and was permitted to divide the empire of Philosophy with his more modern rival: — the savans contenting themselves with proscribing all *other* competitors, past, present, and to come; putting an end to all controversy on the topic by the promulgation of a Median law, to the effect that the Aristotelian and Baconian roads are, and of right ought to be, the sole possible avenues to knowledge: — ‘ Baconian,’ you must know, my dear friend,” adds the letter-writer at this point, “ was an adjective invented as equivalent to Hog-ian, and at the same time more dignified and euphonious.

“ Now I do assure you most positively ” — proceeds the epistle — “ that I represent these matters fairly; and you can easily understand how restrictions so absurd on their very face must have operated, in those days, to retard the progress of true Science, which makes its most important advances — as all History will show — by seemingly intuitive *leaps*. These

ancient ideas confined investigation to crawling ; and I need not suggest to you that crawling, among varieties of locomotion, is a very capital thing of its kind ; — but because the tortoise is sure of foot, for this reason must we clip the wings of the eagles ? For many centuries, so great was the infatuation, about Hog especially, that a virtual stop was put to all thinking, properly so called. No man dared utter a truth for which he felt himself indebted to his soul alone. It mattered not whether the truth was even demonstrably such ; for the dogmatizing philosophers of that epoch regarded only *the road* by which it professed to have been attained. The end, with them, was a point of no moment, whatever : — ‘ the means ! ’ they vociferated — ‘ let us look at the means ! ’ — and if, on scrutiny of the means, it was found to come neither under the category Hog, nor under the category Aries (which means ram), why then the savans went no farther, but, calling the thinker a fool and branding him a ‘ theorist,’ would never, thenceforward, have any thing to do either with *bim* or with his truths.

“ Now, my dear friend,” continues the letter-writer, “ it cannot be maintained that by the crawling system, exclusively adopted, men would arrive at the maximum amount of truth, even in any long series of ages ; for the repression of imagination was an evil not to be counterbalanced even by *absolute* certainty in the snail processes. But their certainty was very far from absolute. The error of our progenitors was quite analogous with that of the wiseacre who fancies he must necessarily see an object the more distinctly, the more closely he holds it to his eyes. They blinded themselves, too, with the impalpable, titillating Scotch snuff of *detail* ; and thus the boasted facts of the Hog-ites

were by no means always facts — a point of little importance but for the assumption that they always *were*. The vital taint, however, in Baconianism — its most lamentable fount of error — lay in its tendency to throw power and consideration into the hands of merely perceptive men — of those inter-Tritonic minnows, the microscopical savans — the diggers and pedlers of minute *facts*, for the most part in physical science — facts all of which they retailed at the same price upon the highway; their value depending, it was supposed, simply upon the *fact of their fact*, without reference to their applicability or inapplicability in the development of those ultimate and only legitimate facts, called Law.

“Than the persons” — the letter goes on to say — “than the persons thus suddenly elevated by the Hogian philosophy into a station for which they were unfitted — thus transferred from the sculleries into the parlors of Science — from its pantries into its pulpits — than these individuals a more intolerant — a more intolerable set of bigots and tyrants never existed on the face of the earth. Their creed, their text and their sermon were, alike, the one word ‘*fact*’ — but, for the most part, even of this one word, they knew not even the meaning. On those who ventured to *disturb* their facts with the view of putting them in order and to use, the disciples of Hog had no mercy whatever. All attempts at generalization were met at once by the words ‘theoretical,’ ‘theory,’ ‘theorist’ — all *thought*, to be brief, was very properly resented as a personal affront to themselves. Cultivating the natural sciences to the exclusion of Metaphysics, the Mathematics, and Logic, many of these Bacon-engendered philosophers — one-idead, one-sided and lame of a leg — were more wretchedly helpless — more miserably ignorant, in view

of all the comprehensible objects of knowledge, than the veriest unlettered hind who proves that he knows something at least, in admitting that he knows absolutely nothing.

“Nor had our forefathers any better right to talk about *certainty*, when pursuing, in blind confidence, the *à priori* path of axioms, or of the Ram. At innumerable points this path was scarcely as straight as a ram’s-horn. The simple truth is, that the Aristotelians erected their castles upon a basis far less reliable than air; *for no such things as axioms ever existed or can possibly exist at all.* This they must have been very blind, indeed, not to see, or at least to suspect; for, even in their own day, many of their long-admitted ‘axioms’ had been abandoned: — ‘*ex nihilo nihil fit,*’ for example, and a ‘thing cannot act where it is not,’ and ‘there cannot be antipodes,’ and ‘darkness cannot proceed from light.’ These and numerous similar propositions formerly accepted, without hesitation, as axioms, or undeniable truths, were, even at the period of which I speak, seen to be altogether untenable: — how absurd in these people, then, to persist in relying upon a basis, as immutable, whose mutability had become so repeatedly manifest!

“But, even through evidence afforded by themselves against themselves, it is easy to convict these *à priori* reasoners of the grossest unreason — it is easy to show the futility — the impalpability of their axioms in general. I have now lying before me” — it will be observed that we still proceed with the letter — “I have now lying before me a book printed about a thousand years ago. Pundit assures me that it is decidedly the cleverest ancient work on its topic, which is ‘Logic.’ The author, who was much esteemed in his day, was

one Miller or Mill ; and we find it recorded of him, as a point of some importance, that he rode a mill-horse whom he called Jeremy Bentham : — but let us glance at the volume itself !

“ Ah ! — ‘ Ability or inability to conceive,’ says Mr. Mill very properly, ‘ is *in no case* to be received as a criterion of axiomatic truth.’ Now, that this is a palpable truism no one in his senses will deny. *Not* to admit the proposition, is to insinuate a charge of variability in Truth itself, whose very title is a synonym of the Steadfast. If ability to conceive be taken as a criterion of Truth, then a truth to *David* Hume would very seldom be a truth to *Joe* ; and ninety-nine hundredths of what is undeniable in Heaven would be demonstrable falsity upon Earth. The proposition of Mr. Mill, then, is sustained. I will not grant it to be an *axiom* ; and this merely because I am showing that *no* axioms exist ; but, with a distinction which could not have been cavilled at even by Mr. Mill himself, I am ready to grant that, *if* an axiom *there be*, then the proposition of which we speak has the fullest right to be considered an axiom — that no *more* absolute axiom *is* — and, consequently, that any subsequent proposition which shall conflict with this one primarily advanced, must be either a falsity in itself — that is to say no axiom — or, if admitted axiomatic, must at once neutralize both itself and its predecessor.

“ And now, by the logic of their own propounder, let us proceed to test any one of the axioms propounded. Let us give Mr. Mill the fairest of play. We will bring the point to no ordinary issue. We will select for investigation no common-place axiom — no axiom of what, not the less preposterously because only impliedly, he terms his secondary class — as if a positive truth by

definition could be either more or less positively a truth : — we will select, I say, no axiom of an unquestionability so questionable as is to be found in Euclid. We will not talk, for example, about such propositions as that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, or that the whole is greater than any one of its parts. We will afford the logician *every* advantage. We will come at once to a proposition which he regards as the acme of the unquestionable — as the quintessence of axiomatic undeniability. Here it is : — ‘ Contradictions cannot *both* be true — that is, cannot cöexist in nature.’ Here Mr. Mill means, for instance, — and I give the most forcible instance conceivable — that a tree must be either a tree or *not* a tree — that it cannot be at the same time a tree *and* not a tree : — all which is quite reasonable of itself and will answer remarkably well as an axiom, until we bring it into collation with an axiom insisted upon a few pages before — in other words — words which I have previously employed — until we test it by the logic of its own propounder. ‘ A tree,’ Mr. Mill asserts, ‘ must be either a tree or *not* a tree.’ Very well : — and now let me ask him, *why*. To this little query there is but one response : — I defy any man living to invent a second. The sole answer is this : — ‘ Because we find it *impossible to conceive* that a tree can be anything else than a tree or not a tree.’ This, I repeat, is Mr. Mill’s sole answer : — he will not *pretend* to suggest another : — and yet, by his own showing, his answer is clearly no answer at all ; for has he not already required us to admit, *as an axiom*, that ability or inability to conceive is *in no case* to be taken as a criterion of axiomatic truth ? Thus all — absolutely *all* his argumentation is at sea without a rudder. Let it not be urged that an exception from

the general rule is to be made, in cases where the 'impossibility to conceive' is so peculiarly great as when we are called upon to conceive a tree *both* a tree and *not* a tree. Let no attempt, I say, be made at urging this sotticism ; for, in the first place, there are no *degrees* of 'impossibility,' and thus no one impossible conception can be *more* peculiarly impossible than another impossible conception : — in the second place, Mr. Mill himself, no doubt after thorough deliberation, has most distinctly, and most rationally, excluded all opportunity for exception, by the emphasis of his proposition, that, *in no case*, is ability or inability to conceive, to be taken as a criterion of axiomatic truth : — in the third place, even were exceptions admissible at all, it remains to be shown how any exception is admissible *here*. That a tree can be both a tree and not a tree, is an idea which the angels, or the devils, *may* entertain, and which no doubt many an earthly Bedlamite, or Transcendentalist, *does*.

"Now I do not quarrel with these ancients," continues the letter-writer, "*so much* on account of the transparent frivolity of their logic — which, to be plain, was baseless, worthless and fantastic altogether — as on account of their pompous and infatuate proscription of all *other* roads to Truth than the two narrow and crooked paths — the one of creeping and the other of crawling — to which, in their ignorant perversity, they have dared to confine the Soul — the Soul which loves nothing so well as to soar in those regions of illimitable intuition which are utterly incognizant of '*path*.'"

"By the bye, my dear friend, is it not an evidence of the mental slavery entailed upon those bigoted people by their Hogs and Rams, that in spite of the eternal prating of their savans about *roads* to Truth, none

of them fell, even by accident, into what we now so distinctly perceive to be the broadest, the straightest and most available of all mere roads — the great thoroughfare — the majestic highway of the *Consistent*? Is it not wonderful that they should have failed to deduce from the works of God the vitally momentous consideration that *a perfect consistency can be nothing but an absolute truth*? How plain — how rapid our progress since the late announcement of this proposition! By its means, investigation has been taken out of the hands of the ground-moles, and given as a duty, rather than as a task, to the true — to the *only* true thinkers — to the generally-educated men of ardent imagination. These latter — our Keplers — our Laplaces — ‘speculate’ — ‘theorize’ — these are the terms — can you not fancy the shout of scorn with which they would be received by our progenitors, were it possible for them to be looking over my shoulders as I write? The Keplers, I repeat, speculate — theorize — and their theories are merely corrected — reduced — sifted — cleared, little by little, of their chaff of inconsistency — until at length there stands apparent an unencumbered *Consistency* — a consistency which the most stolid admit — because it *is* a consistency — to be an absolute and unquestionable *Truth*.

“I have often thought, my friend, that it must have puzzled these dogmaticians of a thousand years ago, to determine, even, by which of their two boasted roads it is that the cryptographist attains the solution of the more complicated cyphers — or by which of them Champollion guided mankind to those important and innumerable truths which, for so many centuries, have lain entombed amid the phonetical hieroglyphics of Egypt. In especial, would it not have given these

bigots some trouble to determine by which of their two roads was reached the most momentous and sublime of *all* their truths — the truth — the fact of *gravitation*? Newton deduced it from the laws of Kepler. Kepler admitted that these laws he *guessed* — these laws whose investigation disclosed to the greatest of British astronomers that principle, the basis of all (existing) physical principle, in going behind which we enter at once the nebulous kingdom of Metaphysics. Yes! — these vital laws Kepler *guessed* — that it is to say, he *imagined* them. Had he been asked to point out either the *deductive* or *inductive* route by which he attained them, his reply might have been — ‘I know nothing about *routes* — but I *do* know the machinery of the Universe. Here it is. I grasped it with *my soul* — I reached it through mere dint of *intuition*.’ Alas, poor ignorant old man! Could not any metaphysician have told him that what he called ‘intuition’ was but the conviction resulting from *deductions* or *inductions* of which the processes were so shadowy as to have escaped his consciousness, eluded his reason, or bidden defiance to his capacity of expression? How great a pity it is that some ‘moral philosopher’ had not enlightened him about all this! How it would have comforted him on his death-bed to know that, instead of having gone intuitively and thus unbecomingly, he had, in fact, proceeded decorously and legitimately — that is to say Hog-ishly, or at least Ram-ishly — into the vast halls where lay gleaming, untended, and hitherto untouched by mortal hand — unseen by mortal eye — the imperishable and priceless secrets of the Universe!

“Yes, Kepler was essentially a *theorist*; but this title, *now* of so much sanctity, was, in those ancient days, a designation of supreme contempt. It is only

now that men begin to appreciate that divine old man — to sympathize with the prophetic and poetical rhapsody of his ever-memorable words. For *my part*," continues the unknown correspondent, "I glow with a sacred fire when I even think of them, and feel that I shall never grow weary of their repetition : — in concluding this letter, let me have the real pleasure of transcribing them once again : — '*I care not whether my work be read now or by posterity. I can afford to wait a century for readers when God himself has waited six thousand years for an observer. I triumph. I have stolen the golden secret of the Egyptians. I will indulge my sacred fury.*' "

Here end my quotations from this very unaccountable and, perhaps, somewhat impertinent epistle ; and perhaps it would be folly to comment, in any respect, upon the chimerical, not to say revolutionary, fancies of the writer — whoever he is — fancies so radically at war with the well-considered and well-settled opinions of this age. Let us proceed, then, to our legitimate thesis, *The Universe*.

This thesis admits a choice between two modes of discussion : — We may *ascend* or *descend*. Beginning at our own point of view — at the Earth on which we stand — we may pass to the other planets of our system — thence to the Sun — thence to our system considered collectively — and thence, through other systems, indefinitely outwards ; or, commencing on high at some point as definite as we can make it or conceive it, we may come down to the habitation of Man. Usually — that is to say, in ordinary essays on Astronomy — the first of these two modes is, with certain reservation, adopted : — this for the obvious reason that astronomical *facts*, merely, and principles, being

the object, that object is best fulfilled in stepping from the known because proximate, gradually onward to the point where all certitude becomes lost in the remote. For my present purpose, however, — that of enabling the mind to take in, as if from afar and at one glance, a distant conception of the *individual* Universe — it is clear that a descent to small from great — to the outskirts from the centre (if we could establish a centre) — to the end from the beginning (if we could fancy a beginning) would be the preferable course, but for the difficulty, if not impossibility, of presenting, in this course, to the unastronomical, a picture at all comprehensible in regard to such considerations as are involved in *quantity* — that is to say, in number, magnitude and distance.

Now, distinctness — intelligibility, at all points, is a primary feature in my general design. On important topics it is better to be a good deal prolix than even a very little obscure. But abstruseness is a quality appertaining to no subject *per se*. All are alike, in facility of comprehension, to him who approaches them by properly graduated steps. It is merely because a stepping-stone, here and there, is heedlessly left unsupplied in our road to the Differential Calculus, that this latter is not altogether as simple a thing as a sonnet by Mr. Solomon Seesaw.

By way of admitting, then, no *chance* for misapprehension, I think it advisable to proceed as if even the more obvious facts of Astronomy were unknown to the reader. In combining the two modes of discussion to which I have referred, I propose to avail myself of the advantages peculiar to each — and very especially of the *iteration in detail* which will be unavoidable as a consequence of the plan. Commencing with

a descent, I shall reserve for the return upwards those indispensable considerations of *quantity* to which allusion has already been made.

Let us begin, then, at once, with that merest of words, "Infinity." This, like "God," "spirit," and some other expressions of which the equivalents exist in all languages, is by no means the expression of an idea—but of an effort at one. It stands for the possible attempt at an impossible conception. Man needed a term by which to point out the *direction* of this effort—the cloud behind which lay, forever invisible, the *object* of this attempt. A word, in fine, was demanded, by means of which one human being might put himself in relation at once with another human being and with a certain *tendency* of the human intellect. Out of this demand arose the word, "Infinity;" which is thus the representative but of the *thought of a thought*.

As regards *that* infinity now considered—the infinity of space—we often hear it said that "its idea is admitted by the mind—is acquiesced in—is entertained—on account of the greater difficulty which attends the conception of a limit." But this is merely one of those *phrases* by which even profound thinkers, time out of mind, have occasionally taken pleasure in deceiving *themselves*. The quibble lies concealed in the word "difficulty." "The mind," we are told, "entertains the idea of *limitless*, through the greater *difficulty* which it finds in entertaining that of *limited*, space." Now, were the proposition but fairly *put*, its absurdity would become transparent at once. Clearly, there is no mere *difficulty* in the case. The assertion intended, if presented *according* to its intention and without sophistry, would run thus:—"The mind

admits the idea of limitless, through the greater *impossibility* of entertaining that of limited, space."

It must be immediately seen that this is not a question of two statements between whose respective credibilities — or of two arguments between whose respective validities — the *reason* is called upon to decide : — it is a matter of two conceptions, directly conflicting, and each avowedly impossible, one of which the *intellect* is supposed to be capable of entertaining, on account of the greater *impossibility* of entertaining the other. The choice is *not* made between two difficulties; — it is merely *fancied* to be made between two impossibilities. Now of the former, there *are* degrees, — but of the latter, none : — just as our impertinent letter-writer has already suggested. A task *may* be more or less difficult ; but it is either possible or not possible : — there are no gradations. It *might* be more *difficult* to overthrow the Andes than an ant-hill ; but it *can* be no more *impossible* to annihilate the matter of the one than the matter of the other. A man may jump ten feet with less *difficulty* than he can jump twenty, but the *impossibility* of his leaping to the moon is not a whit less than that of his leaping to the dog-star.

Since all this is undeniable : since the choice of the mind is to be made between *impossibilities* of conception : since one impossibility cannot be greater than another : and since, thus, one cannot be preferred to another : the philosophers who not only maintain, on the grounds mentioned, man's *idea* of infinity but, on account of such supposititious idea, *infinity itself* — are plainly engaged in demonstrating one impossible thing to be possible by showing how it is that some one other thing — is impossible too. This, it will be said, is nonsense ; and perhaps it is : — indeed I think it

very capital nonsense — but forego all claim to it as nonsense of mine.

The readiest mode, however, of displaying the fallacy of the philosophical argument on this question, is by simply adverting to a *fact* respecting it which has been hitherto quite overlooked — the fact that the argument alluded to both proves and disproves its own proposition. “The mind is impelled,” say the theologians and others, “to admit a *First Cause*, by the superior difficulty it experiences in conceiving cause beyond cause without end.” The quibble, as before, lies in the word “difficulty” — but *here* what is it employed to sustain? A First Cause. And what is a First Cause? An ultimate termination of causes. And what is an ultimate termination of causes? Finiteness — the Finite. Thus the one quibble, in two processes, by God knows how many philosophers, is made to support now Finiteness and now Infinity — could it not be brought to support something besides? As for the quibblers — *they*, at least, are insupportable. But — to dismiss them: — what they prove in the one case is the identical nothing which they demonstrate in the other.

Of course, no one will suppose that I here contend for the absolute impossibility of *that* which we attempt to convey in the word “Infinity.” My purpose is but to show the folly of endeavoring to prove Infinity itself, or even our conception of it, by any such blundering ratiocination as that which is ordinarily employed.

Nevertheless, as an individual, I may be permitted to say that I *cannot* conceive Infinity, and am convinced that no human being can. A mind not thoroughly self-conscious — not accustomed to the introspective analysis of its own operations — will, it is

true, often deceive itself by supposing that it *has* entertained the conception of which we speak. In the effort to entertain it, we proceed step beyond step — we fancy point still beyond point ; and so long as we *continue* the effort, it may be said, in fact, that we are *tending* to the formation of the idea designed ; while the strength of the impression that we actually form or have formed it, is in the ratio of the period during which we keep up the mental endeavor. But it is in the act of discontinuing the endeavor — of fulfilling (as we think) the idea — of putting the finishing stroke (as we suppose) to the conception — that we overthrow at once the whole fabric of our fancy by resting upon some one ultimate and therefore definite point. This fact, however, we fail to perceive, on account of the absolute coincidence, in time, between the settling down upon the ultimate point and the act of cessation in thinking. — In attempting, on the other hand, to frame the idea of a *limited* space, we merely converse the processes which involve the impossibility.

We *believe* in a God. We may or may not *believe* in finite or in infinite space ; but our belief, in such cases, is more properly designated as *faith*, and is a matter quite distinct from that belief proper — from that *intellectual* belief — which presupposes the mental conception.

The fact is, that, upon the enunciation of any one of that class of terms to which “Infinity” belongs — the class representing *thoughts of thought* — he who has a right to say that he thinks *at all*, feels himself called upon, *not* to entertain a conception, but simply to direct his mental vision toward some given point, in the intellectual firmament, where lies a nebula never to be resolved. To solve it, indeed, he makes no effort ;

for with a rapid instinct he comprehends, not only the impossibility, but, as regards all human purposes, the *inessentiality*, of its solution. He perceives that the Deity has not *designed* it to be solved. He sees, at once, that it lies *out* of the brain of man, and even *how*, if not exactly *why*, it lies out of it. There *are* people, I am aware, who, busying themselves in attempts at the unattainable, acquire very easily, by dint of the jargon they emit, among those thinkers-that-they-think with whom darkness and depth are synonymous, a kind of cuttle-fish reputation for profundity; but the finest quality of Thought is its self-cognizance; and, with some little equivocation, it may be said that no fog of the mind can well be greater than that which, extending to the very boundaries of the mental domain, shuts out even these boundaries themselves from comprehension.

It will now be understood that, in using the phrase, "Infinity of Space," I make no call upon the reader to entertain the impossible conception of an *absolute* infinity. I refer simply to the "*utmost conceivable expanse*" of space—a shadowy and fluctuating domain, now shrinking, now swelling, in accordance with the vacillating energies of the imagination.

Hitherto, the Universe of stars has always been considered as coincident with the Universe proper, as I have defined it in the commencement of this Discourse. It has been always either directly or indirectly assumed—at least since the dawn of intelligible Astronomy—that, were it possible for us to attain any given point in space, we should still find, on all sides of us, an interminable succession of stars. This was the untenable idea of Pascal when making perhaps the most successful attempt ever made, at paraphrasing the conception

for which we struggle in the word "Universe." "It is a sphere," he says, "of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference, nowhere." But although this intended definition is, in fact, *no* definition of the Universe of *stars*, we may accept it, with some mental reservation, as a definition (rigorous enough for all practical purposes) of the Universe *proper* — that is to say, of the Universe of *space*. This latter, then, let us regard as "*a sphere of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.*" In fact, while we find it impossible to fancy an *end* to space, we have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves any one of an infinity of *beginnings*.

As our starting point, then, let us adopt the *Godhead*. Of this Godhead, *in itself*, he alone is not imbecile — he alone is not impious who propounds — nothing. "*Nous ne connaissons rien,*" says the Baron de Bielfeld — "*Nous ne connaissons rien de la nature ou de l'essence de Dieu: — pour savoir ce qu'il est, il faut être Dieu même.*" — "We know absolutely *nothing* of the nature or essence of God: — in order to comprehend what he is, we should have to be God ourselves."

"*We should have to be God ourselves!*" — With a phrase so startling as this yet ringing in my ears, I nevertheless venture to demand if this our present ignorance of the Deity is an ignorance to which the soul is *everlastingly* condemned.

By *Him*, however — *now*, at least, the Incomprehensible — by *Him* — assuming him as *Spirit* — that is to say, as *not Matter* — a distinction which, for all intelligible purposes, will stand well instead of a definition — by *Him*, then, existing as *Spirit*, let us content ourselves, to-night, with supposing to have been *cre-*

ated, or made out of Nothing, by dint of his Volition — at some point of Space which we will take as a centre — at some period into which we do not pretend to inquire, but at all events immensely remote — by Him, then again, let us suppose to have been created — *what?* This is a vitally momentous epoch in our considerations. *What* is it that we are justified — that alone we are justified in supposing to have been, primarily and solely, *created?*

We have attained a point where only *Intuition* can aid us : — but now let me recur to the idea which I have already suggested as that alone which we can properly entertain of intuition. It is but *the conviction arising from those inductions or deductions of which the processes are so shadowy as to escape our consciousness, elude our reason, or defy our capacity of expression.* With this understanding, I now assert — that an intuition altogether irresistible, although inexpressible, forces me to the conclusion that what God originally created — that that Matter which, by dint of his Volition, he first made from his Spirit, or from Nihility, *could* have been nothing but Matter in its utmost conceivable state of — *what?* — of *Simplicity?*

This will be found the sole absolute *assumption* of my Discourse. I use the word “assumption” in its ordinary sense; yet I maintain that even this my primary proposition, is very, very far indeed, from being really a mere assumption. Nothing was ever more certainly — no human conclusion was ever, in fact, more regularly — more rigorously *deduced* : — but, alas ! the processes lie out of the human analysis — at all events are beyond the utterance of the human tongue.

Let us now endeavor to conceive what Matter must

be, when, or if, in its absolute extreme of *Simplicity*. Here the Reason flies at once to Imparticularity — to a particle — to *one* particle — a particle of *one* kind — of *one* character — of *one* nature — of *one* size — of one form — a particle, therefore, “*without* form and void” — a particle positively a particle at all points — a particle absolutely unique, individual, undivided, and not indivisible only because He who *created* it, by dint of his Will, can by an infinitely less energetic exercise of the same Will, as a matter of course, divide it.

Oneness, then, is all that I predicate of the originally created Matter; but I propose to show that this *Oneness* is a principle abundantly sufficient to account for the constitution, the existing *phænomena* and the plainly inevitable annihilation of at least the material Universe.

The willing into being the primordial particle, has completed the act, or more properly the *conception*, of Creation. We now proceed to the ultimate purpose for which we are to suppose the Particle created — that is to say, the ultimate purpose so far as our considerations *yet* enable us to see it — the constitution of the Universe from it, the Particle.

This constitution has been effected by *forcing* the originally and therefore normally *One* into the abnormal condition of *Many*. An action of this character implies *réaction*. A diffusion from Unity, under the conditions, involves a tendency to return into Unity — a tendency ineradicable until satisfied. But on these points I will speak more fully hereafter.

The assumption of absolute Unity in the primordial Particle includes that of infinite divisibility. Let us conceive the Particle, then, to be only not totally exhausted by diffusion into Space. From the one Particle, as a centre, let us suppose to be irradiated spherically

— in all directions — to immeasurable but still to definite distances in the previously vacant space — a certain inexpressibly great yet limited number of unimaginably yet not infinitely minute atoms.

Now, of these atoms, thus diffused, or upon diffusion, what conditions are we permitted — not to assume, but to infer, from consideration as well of their source as of the character of the design apparent in their diffusion? *Unity* being their source, and *difference from Unity* the character of the design manifested in their diffusion, we are warranted in supposing this character to be at least *generally* preserved throughout the design, and to form a portion of the design itself: — that is to say, we shall be warranted in conceiving continual differences at all points from the unicity and simplicity of the origin. But, for these reasons, shall we be justified in imagining the atoms heterogeneous, dissimilar, unequal, and inequidistant? More explicitly — are we to consider no two atoms as, at their diffusion, of the same nature, or of the same form, or of the same size? — and, after fulfilment of their diffusion into Space, is absolute inequidistance, each from each, to be understood of all of them? In such arrangement, under such conditions, we most easily and immediately comprehend the subsequent most feasible carrying out to completion of any such design as that which I have suggested — the design of variety out of unity — diversity out of sameness — heterogeneity out of homogeneity — complexity out of simplicity — in a word, the utmost possible multiplicity of *relation* out of the emphatically irrelative *One*. Undoubtedly, therefore, we *should* be warranted in assuming all that has been mentioned, but for the reflection, first, that supererogation is not presumable of any Divine Act; and, secondly, that the

object supposed in view, appears as feasible when some of the conditions in question are dispensed with, in the beginning, as when all are understood immediately to exist. I mean to say that some are involved in the rest, or so instantaneous a consequence of them as to make the distinction inappreciable. Difference of *size*, for example, will at once be brought about through the tendency of one atom to a second, in preference to a third, on account of particular inequidistance; which is to be comprehended as *particular inequidistances between centres of quantity, in neighboring atoms of different form*—a matter not at all interfering with the generally-equable distribution of the atoms. Difference of *kind*, too, is easily conceived to be merely a result of differences in size and form, taken more or less conjointly:—in fact, since the *Unity* of the Particle Proper implies absolute homogeneity, we cannot imagine the atoms, at their diffusion, differing in kind, without imagining, at the same time, a special exercise of the Divine Will, at the emission of each atom, for the purpose of effecting, in each, a change of its essential nature:—so fantastic an idea is the less to be indulged, as the object proposed is seen to be thoroughly attainable without such minute and elaborate interposition. We perceive, therefore, upon the whole, that it would be supererogatory, and consequently unphilosophical, to predicate of the atoms, in view of their purposes, any thing more than *difference of form* at their dispersion, with particular inequidistance after it—all other differences arising at once out of these, in the very first processes of mass-constitution:—We thus establish the Universe on a purely *geometrical* basis. Of course, it is by no means necessary to assume absolute difference, even of form, among *all* the atoms irra-

diated — any more than absolute particular inequidistance of each from each. We are required to conceive merely that no *neighboring* atoms are of similar form — no atoms which can ever approximate, until their inevitable réunion at the end.

Although the immediate and perpetual *tendency* of the disunited atoms to return into their normal Unity, is implied, as I have said, in their abnormal diffusion ; still it is clear that this tendency will be without consequence — a tendency and no more — until the diffusive energy, in ceasing to be exerted, shall leave *it*, the tendency, free to seek its satisfaction. The Divine Act, however, being considered as determinate, and discontinued on fulfilment of the diffusion, we understand, at once, a *réaction* — in other words, a *satisfiable* tendency of the disunited atoms to return into *One*.

But the diffusive energy being withdrawn, and the *réaction* having commenced in furtherance of the ultimate design — *that of the utmost possible Relation* — this design is now in danger of being frustrated, in detail, by reason of that very tendency to return which is to effect its accomplishment in general. *Multiplicity* is the object ; but there is nothing to prevent proximate atoms, from lapsing *at once*, through the now satisfiable tendency — *before* the fulfilment of any ends proposed in multiplicity — into absolute oneness among themselves : — there is nothing to impede the aggregation of various *unique* masses, at various points of space : — in other words, nothing to interfere with the accumulation of various masses, each absolutely *One*.

For the effectual and thorough completion of the general design, we thus see the necessity for a repulsion of limited capacity — a separate *something* which, on withdrawal of the diffusive Volition, shall at the same

time allow the approach, and forbid the junction, of the atoms; suffering them infinitely to approximate, while denying them positive contact; in a word, having the power — *up to a certain epoch* — of preventing their *coalition*, but no ability to interfere with their *coalescence* in any respect or degree. The repulsion, already considered as so peculiarly limited in other regards, must be understood, let me repeat, as having power to prevent absolute coalition, *only up to a certain epoch*. Unless we are to conceive that the appetite for Unity among the atoms is doomed to be satisfied *never*; — unless we are to conceive that what had a beginning is to have no end — a conception which cannot *really* be entertained, however much we may talk or dream of entertaining it — we are forced to conclude that the repulsive influence imagined, will, finally — under pressure of the *Uni-tendency collectively* applied, but never and in no degree *until*, on fulfilment of the Divine purposes, such collective application shall be naturally made — yield to a force which, at that ultimate epoch, shall be the superior force precisely to the extent required, and thus permit the universal subsidence into the inevitable, because original and therefore normal, *One*. — The conditions here to be reconciled are difficult indeed: — we cannot even comprehend the possibility of their conciliation; — nevertheless, the apparent impossibility is brilliantly suggestive.

That the repulsive something actually exists, *we see*. Man neither employs, nor knows, a force sufficient to bring two atoms into contact. This is but the well-established proposition of the impenetrability of matter. All Experiment proves — all Philosophy admits it. The *design* of the repulsion — the necessity for its existence — I have endeavored to show; but from all

attempt at investigating its nature have religiously abstained ; this on account of an intuitive conviction that the principle at issue is strictly spiritual — lies in a recess impervious to our present understanding — lies involved in a consideration of what now — in our human state — is *not* to be considered — in a consideration of *Spirit in itself*. I feel, in a word, that here the God has interposed, and here only, because here and here only the knot demanded the interposition of the God.

In fact, while the tendency of the diffused atoms to return into Unity, will be recognized, at once, as the principle of the Newtonian Gravity, what I have spoken of as a repulsive influence prescribing limits to the (immediate) satisfaction of the tendency, will be understood as *that* which we have been in the practice of designating now as heat, now as magnetism, now as *electricity* ; displaying our ignorance of its awful character in the vacillation of the phraseology with which we endeavor to circumscribe it.

Calling it, merely for the moment, electricity, we know that all experimental analysis of electricity has given, as an ultimate result, the principle, or seeming principle, *heterogeneity*. *Only* where things differ is electricity apparent ; and it is presumable that they *never* differ where it is not developed at least, if not apparent. Now, this result is in the fullest keeping with that which I have reached unempirically. The design of the repulsive influence I have maintained to be that of preventing immediate Unity among the diffused atoms ; and these atoms are represented as different each from each. *Difference* is their character — their essentiality — just as *no-difference* was the essentiality of their course. When we say, then, that an

attempt to bring any two of these atoms together would induce an effort, on the part of the repulsive influence, to prevent the contact, we may as well use the strictly convertible sentence that an attempt to bring together any two differences will result in a development of electricity. All existing bodies, of course, are composed of these atoms in proximate contact, and are therefore to be considered as mere assemblages of more or fewer differences; and the resistance made by the repulsive spirit, on bringing together any two such assemblages, would be in the ratio of the two sums of the differences in each: — an expression which, when reduced, is equivalent to this: — *The amount of electricity developed on the approximation of two bodies, is proportional to the difference between the respective sums of the atoms of which the bodies are composed.* That *no* two bodies are absolutely alike, is a simple corollary from all that has been here said. Electricity, therefore, existing always, is *developed* whenever *any* bodies, but *manifested* only when bodies of appreciable difference, are brought into approximation.

To electricity — so, for the present, continuing to call it — we *may* not be wrong in referring the various physical appearances of light, heat and magnetism; but far less shall we be liable to err in attributing to this strictly spiritual principle the more important phænomena of vitality, consciousness and *Thought*. On this topic, however, I need pause *here* merely to suggest that these phænomena, whether observed generally or in detail, seem to proceed *at least in the ratio of the heterogeneous*.

Discarding now the two equivocal terms, “gravitation” and “electricity,” let us adopt the more definite expressions, “*attraction*” and “*repulsion*.” The

former is the body ; the latter the soul : the one is the material ; the other the spiritual, principle of the Universe. *No other principles exist. All phænomena are referable to one, or to the other, or to both combined.* So rigorously is this the case — so thoroughly demonstrable is it that attraction and repulsion are the *sole* properties through which we perceive the Universe — in other words, by which Matter is manifested to Mind — that, for all merely argumentative purposes, we are fully justified in assuming that matter *exists* only as attraction and repulsion — that attraction and repulsion *are* matter : — there being no conceivable case in which we may not employ the term “matter” and the terms “attraction” and “repulsion,” taken together, as equivalent, and therefore convertible, expressions in Logic.

I said, just now, that what I have described as the tendency of the diffused atoms to return into their original unity, would be understood as the principle of the Newtonian law of gravity : and, in fact, there can be but little difficulty in such an understanding, if we look at the Newtonian gravity in a merely general view, as a force impelling matter to seek matter ; that is to say, when we pay no attention to the known *modus operandi* of the Newtonian force. The general coincidence satisfies us ; but, upon looking closely, we see, in detail, much that appears *incoincident*, and much in regard to which no coincidence, at least, is established. For example ; the Newtonian gravity, when we think of it in certain moods, does *not* seem to be a tendency to *oneness* at all, but rather a tendency of all bodies in all directions — a phrase apparently expressive of a tendency to diffusion. Here, then, is an *incoincidence*. Again ; when we reflect on the mathematical *law* gov-

erning the Newtonian tendency, we see clearly that no coincidence has been made good, in respect of the *modus operandi*, at least, between gravitation as known to exist and that seemingly simple and direct tendency which I have assumed.

In fact, I have attained a point at which it will be advisable to strengthen my position by reversing my processes. So far, we have gone on *à priori*, from an abstract consideration of *Simplicity*, as that quality most likely to have characterized the original action of God. Let us now see whether the established facts of the Newtonian Gravitation may not afford us, *à posteriori*, some legitimate inductions.

What does the Newtonian law declare? — That all bodies attract each other with forces proportional to their quantities of matter and inversely proportional to the squares of their distances. Purposely, I have here given, in the first place, the vulgar version of the law; and I confess that in this, as in most other vulgar versions of great truths, we find little of a suggestive character. Let us now adopt a more philosophical phraseology: — *Every atom, of every body, attracts every other atom, both of its own and of every other body, with a force which varies inversely as the squares of the distances between the attracting and attracted atom.* — Here, indeed, a flood of suggestion bursts upon the mind.

But let us see distinctly what it was that Newton *proved* — according to the grossly irrational definitions of *proof* prescribed by the metaphysical schools. He was forced to content himself with showing how thoroughly the motions of an imaginary Universe, composed of attracting and attracted atoms obedient to the law he announced, coincide with those of the actually existing Universe so far as it comes under our observation. This

was the amount of his *demonstration* — that is to say, this was the amount of it, according to the conventional cant of the “philosophies.” His successes added proof multiplied by proof — such proof as a sound intellect admits — but the *demonstration* of the law itself, persist the metaphysicians, had not been strengthened in any degree. “*Ocular, physical proof*,” however, of attraction, here upon Earth, in accordance with the Newtonian theory, was, at length, much to the satisfaction of some intellectual grovellers, afforded. This proof arose collaterally and incidentally (as nearly all important truths have arisen) out of an attempt to ascertain the mean density of the Earth. In the famous Maskelyne, Cavendish and Baily experiments for this purpose, the attraction of the mass of a mountain was seen, felt, measured, and found to be mathematically consistent with the immortal theory of the British astronomer.

But in spite of this confirmation of that which needed none — in spite of the so-called corroboration of the “theory” by the so-called “ocular and physical proof” — in spite of the *character* of this corroboration — the ideas which even really philosophical men cannot help imbibing of gravity — and, especially, the ideas of it which ordinary men get and contentedly maintain, are *seen* to have been derived, for the most part, from a consideration of the principle as they find it developed — *merely in the planet upon which they stand*.

Now, to what does so partial a consideration tend — to what species of error does it give rise? On the Earth we *see* and *feel*, only that gravity impels all bodies towards the *centre* of the Earth. No man in the common walks of life could be *made* to see or feel anything else — could be made to perceive that anything, any-

where, has a perpetual, gravitating tendency in any *other* direction than to the centre of the Earth ; yet (with an exception hereafter to be specified) it is a fact that every earthly thing (not to speak now of every heavenly thing) has a tendency not *only* to the Earth's centre but in every conceivable direction besides.

Now, although the philosophic cannot be said to *err with* the vulgar in this matter, they nevertheless permit themselves to be influenced, without knowing it, by the *sentiment* of the vulgar idea. “Although the Pagan fables are not believed,” says Bryant, in his very erudite “Mythology,” “yet we forget ourselves continually and make inferences from them as from existing realities.” I mean to assert that the merely *sensitive perception* of gravity as we experience it on Earth, beguiles mankind into the fancy of *concentralization* or *especiality* respecting it — has been continually biasing towards this fancy even the mightiest intellects — perpetually, although imperceptibly, leading them away from the *real* characteristics of the principle ; thus preventing them, up to this date, from ever getting a glimpse of that vital truth which lies in a diametrically opposite direction — behind the principle's *essential* characteristics — those, *not* of *concentralization* or *especiality* — but of *universality* and *diffusion*. This “vital truth” is *Unity* as the *source* of the phænomenon.

Let me now repeat the definition of gravity : — *Every atom, of every body, attracts every other atom, both of its own and of every other body, with a force which varies inversely as the squares of the distances of the attracting and attracted atom.*

Here let the reader pause with me, for a moment, in contemplation of the miraculous — of the ineffable — of the altogether unimaginable complexity of rela-

tion involved in the fact that *each atom attracts every other atom* — involved merely in this fact of the attraction, without reference to the law or mode in which the attraction is manifested — involved *merely* in the fact that each atom attracts every other atom *at all*, in a wilderness of atoms so numerous that those which go to the composition of a cannon-ball, exceed, probably, in mere point of number, all the stars which go to the constitution of the Universe.

Had we discovered, simply, that each atom tended to some one favorite point — to some especially attractive atom — we should still have fallen upon a discovery which, in itself, would have sufficed to overwhelm the mind : — but what is it that we are actually called upon to comprehend ? That each atom attracts — sympathizes with the most delicate movements of every other atom, and with each and with all at the same time, and forever, and according to a determinate law of which the complexity, even considered by itself solely, is utterly beyond the grasp of the imagination of man. • If I propose to ascertain the influence of one mote in a sunbeam upon its neighboring mote, I cannot accomplish my purpose without first counting and weighing all the atoms in the Universe and defining the precise positions of all at one particular moment. If I venture to displace, by even the billionth part of an inch, the microscopical speck of dust which lies now upon the point of my finger, what is the character of that act upon which I have adventured ? I have done a deed which shakes the Moon in her path, which causes the Sun to be no longer the Sun, and which alters forever the destiny of the multitudinous myriads of stars that roll and glow in the majestic presence of their Creator. •

These ideas — conceptions such as *these* — unthought-

like thoughts — soul-reveries rather than conclusions or even considerations of the intellect : — ideas, I repeat, such as these, are such as we can alone hope profitably to entertain in any effort at grasping the great principle, *Attraction*.

But now, — *with* such ideas — with such a *vision* of the marvellous complexity of Attraction fairly in his mind — let any person competent of thought on such topics as these, set himself to the task of imagining a *principle* for the phænomena observed — a condition from which they sprang.

Does not so evident a brotherhood among the atoms point to a common parentage ? Does not a sympathy so omniprevalent, so ineradicable, and so thoroughly irrespective, suggest a common paternity as its source ? Does not one extreme impel the reason to the other ? Does not the infinitude of division refer to the utterness of individuality ? Does not the entireness of the complex hint at the perfection of the simple ? It is *not* that the atoms, as we see them, are divided or that they are complex in their relations — but that they are inconceivably divided and unutterably complex : — it is the extremeness of the conditions to which I now allude, rather than to the conditions themselves. In a word, not because the atoms were, at some remote epoch of time, even *more than together* — is it not because originally, and therefore normally, they were *One* — that now, in all circumstances — at all points — in all directions — by all modes of approach — in all relations and through all conditions — they struggle *back* to this absolutely, this irrelatively, this unconditionally *one* ? /

Some person may here demand : — “ Why — since it is to the *One* that the atoms struggle back — do we not find and define Attraction ‘a merely general

tendency to a centre ?' — why, in especial, do not *your* atoms — the atoms which you describe as having been irradiated from a centre — proceed at once, rectilinearly, back to the central point of their origin ?''

I reply that *they do* ; as will be distinctly shown ; but that the cause of their so doing is quite irrespective of the centre *as such*. They all tend rectilinearly towards a centre, because of the sphericity with which they have been irradiated into space. Each atom, forming one of a generally uniform globe of atoms, finds more atoms in the direction of the centre, of course, than in any other, and in that direction, therefore, is impelled — but is *not* thus impelled because the centre is *the point of its origin*. It is not to any *point* that the atoms are allied. It is not any *locality*, either in the concrete or in the abstract, to which I suppose them bound. Nothing like *location* was conceived as their origin. Their source lies in the principle, *Unity*. *This* is their lost parent. *This* they seek always — immediately — in all directions — wherever it is even partially to be found ; thus appeasing, in some measure, the ineradicable tendency, while on the way to its absolute satisfaction in the end. It follows from all this, that any principle which shall be adequate to account for the *law*, or *modus operandi*, of the attractive force in general, will account for this law in particular : — that is to say, any principle which will show why the atoms should tend to their *general centre of irradiation* with forces inversely proportional to the squares of the distances, will be admitted as satisfactorily accounting, at the same time, for the tendency, according to the same law, of these atoms each to each : — *for* the tendency to the centre *is* merely the tendency each to each, and not any tendency to a centre as such.

— Thus it will be seen, also, that the establishment of my propositions would involve no *necessity* of modification in the terms of the Newtonian definition of Gravity, which declares that each atom attracts each other atom and so forth, and declares this merely ; but (always under the supposition that what I propose be, in the end, admitted) it seems clear that some error might occasionally be avoided, in the future processes of Science, were a more ample phraseology adopted : — for instance : — “ Each atom tends to every other atom &c. with a force &c. : *the general result being a tendency of all, with a similar force, to a general centre.* ”

The reversal of our processes has thus brought us to an identical result ; but, while in the one process *intuition* was the starting-point, in the other it was the goal. In commencing the former journey I could only say that, with an irresistible intuition, I *felt* Simplicity to have been the characteristic of the original action of God : — in ending the latter I can only declare that, with an irresistible intuition, I perceive Unity to have been the source of the observed phænomena of the Newtonian gravitation. Thus, according to the schools, I *prove* nothing. So be it : — I design but to suggest — and to *convince* through the suggestion. I am proudly aware that there exist many of the most profound and cautiously discriminative human intellects which cannot *help* being abundantly content with my — suggestions. To these intellects — as to my own — there is no mathematical demonstration which *could* bring the least additional *true proof* of the great *Truth* which I have advanced — *the truth of Original Unity as the source — as the principle of the Universal Phænomena.* For my part, I am not sure that I speak and see — I

am not so sure that my heart beats and that my soul lives : — of the rising of to-morrow's sun — a probability that as yet lies in the Future — I do not pretend to be one thousandth part as sure — as I am of the irretrievably by-gone *Fact* that All Things and All Thoughts of Things, with all their ineffable Multiplicity of Relation, sprang at once into being from the primordial and irrelative *One*.

Referring to the Newtonian Gravity, Dr. Nichol, the eloquent author of "The Architecture of the Heavens," says : — "In truth we have no reason to suppose this great Law, as now revealed, to be the ultimate or simplest, and therefore the universal and all-comprehensive, form of a great Ordinance. The mode in which its intensity diminishes with the element of distance, has not the aspect of an ultimate *principle*; which always assumes the simplicity and self-evidence of those axioms which constitute the basis of Geometry."

Now, it is quite true that "ultimate principles," in the common understanding of the words, always assume the simplicity of geometrical axioms — (as for "self-evidence," there is no such thing) — but these principles are clearly *not* "ultimate;" in other terms what we are in the habit of calling principles are no principles, properly speaking — since there can be but one *principle*, the Volition of God. We have no right to assume, then, from what we observe in rules that we choose foolishly to name "principles," anything at all in respect to the characteristics of a principle proper. The "ultimate principles" of which Dr. Nichol speaks as having geometrical simplicity, may and do have this geometrical turn, as being part and parcel of a vast geometrical system,

and thus a system of simplicity itself—in which, nevertheless, the *truly* ultimate principle is, *as we know*, the consummation of the complex—that is to say, of the unintelligible—for is it not the Spiritual Capacity of God?

I quoted Dr. Nichol's remark, however, not so much to question its philosophy, as by way of calling attention to the fact that, while all men have admitted *some* principle as existing behind the Law of Gravity, no attempt has been yet made to point out what this principle in particular *is*:—if we except, perhaps, occasional fantastic efforts at referring it to Magnetism, or Mesmerism, or Swedenborgianism, or Transcendentalism, or some other equally delicious *ism* of the same species, and invariably patronized by one and the same species of people. The great mind of Newton, while boldly grasping the Law itself, shrank from the principle of the Law. The more fluent and comprehensive at least, if not the more patient and profound, sagacity of Laplace, had not the courage to attack it. But hesitation on the part of these two astronomers it is, perhaps, not so very difficult to understand. They, as well as all the first class of mathematicians, were mathematicians *solely*:—their intellect, at least, had a firmly-pronounced mathematico-physical tone. What lay not distinctly within the domain of Physics, or of Mathematics, seemed to them either Non-Entity or Shadow. Nevertheless, we may well wonder that Leibnitz, who was a marked exception to the general rule in these respects, and whose mental temperament was a singular admixture of the mathematical with the physico-metaphysical, did not at once investigate and establish the point at issue. Either Newton or Laplace, seeking a principle and discovering

none *physical*, would have rested contentedly in the conclusion that there was absolutely none; but it is almost impossible to fancy, of Leibnitz, that, having exhausted in his search the physical dominions, he would not have stepped at once, boldly and hopefully, amid his old familiar haunts in the kingdom of Metaphysics. Here, indeed, it is clear that he *must* have adventured in search of the treasure:—that he did not find it after all, was, perhaps, because his fairy guide, Imagination, was not sufficiently well-grown, or well-educated, to direct him aright.

I observed, just now, that, in fact, there had been certain vague attempts at referring Gravity to some very uncertain *isms*. These attempts, however, although considered bold and justly so considered, looked no farther than to the generality—the merest generality—of the Newtonian Law. Its *modus operandi* has never, to my knowledge, been approached in the way of an effort at explanation. It is, therefore, with no unwarranted fear of being taken for a madman at the outset, and before I can bring my propositions fairly to the eye of those who alone are competent to decide upon them, that I here declare the *modus operandi* of the Law of Gravity to be an exceedingly simple and perfectly explicable thing—that is to say, when we make our advances towards it in just gradations and in the true direction—when we regard it from the proper point of view.

Whether we reach the idea of absolute *Unity* as the source of All Things, from a consideration of Simplicity as the most probable characteristic of the original action of God;—whether we arrive at it from an inspection of the universality of relation in the gravitating phenomena;—or whether we attain it as a result of the

mutual corroboration afforded by both processes;—still, the idea itself, if entertained at all, is entertained in inseparable connection with another idea—that of the condition of the Universe of stars as we *now* perceive it—that is to say, a condition of immeasurable *diffusion* through space. Now a connection between these two ideas—unity and diffusion—cannot be established unless through the entertainment of a third idea—that of *irradiation*. Absolute Unity being taken as a centre, then the existing Universe of stars is the result of *irradiation* from that centre.

Now, the laws of irradiation are *known*. They are part and parcel of the *sphere*. They belong to the class of *indisputable geometrical properties*. We say of them, “they are true—they are evident.” To demand *why* they are true, would be to demand why the axioms are true upon which their demonstration is based. *Nothing* is demonstrable, strictly speaking; but *if* anything *be*, then the properties—the laws in question are demonstrated.

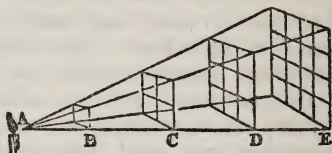
But these laws—what do they declare? Irradiation—how—by what steps does it proceed outwardly from a centre?

From a *luminous* centre, *Light* issues by irradiation; and the quantities of light received upon any given plane, supposed to be shifting its position so as to be now nearer the centre and now farther from it, will be diminished in the same proportion as the squares of the distances of the plane from the luminous body, are increased; and will be increased in the same proportion as these squares are diminished.

The expression of the law may be thus generalized:—the number of light-particles (or, if the phrase be preferred, the number of light-impressions) received

upon the shifting plane, will be *inversely* proportional with the squares of the distances of the plane. Generalizing yet again, we may say that the diffusion—the scattering—the irradiation, in a word—is *directly* proportional with the squares of the distances.

For example: at the distance B, from the luminous centre A, a certain number of particles are so diffused as to occupy the surface B. Then at double the distance—that is to say



at C—they will be so much farther diffused as to occupy four such surfaces:—at treble the distance, or at D, they will be so much farther separated as to occupy nine such surfaces:—while, at quadruple the distance, or at E, they will have become so scattered as to spread themselves over sixteen such surfaces—and so on forever.

In saying, generally, that the irradiation proceeds in direct proportion with the squares of the distances, we use the term irradiation to express *the degree of the diffusion* as we proceed outwardly from the centre. Conversing the idea, and employing the word “centralization” to express *the degree of the drawing together* as we come back toward the centre from an outward position, we may say that centralization

proceeds *inversely* as the squares of the distances. In other words, we have reached the conclusion that, on the hypothesis that matter was originally irradiated from a centre and is now returning to it, the centralization, in the return, proceeds *exactly as we know the force of gravitation to proceed*.

Now here, if we could be permitted to assume that centralization exactly represented the *force of the tendency to the centre* — that the one was exactly proportional to the other, and that the two proceeded together — we should have shown all that is required. The sole difficulty existing, then, is to establish a direct proportion between “centralization” and the *force* of centralization; and this is done, of course, if we establish such proportion between “irradiation” and the *force* of irradiation.

A very slight inspection of the Heavens assures us that the stars have a certain general uniformity, equability, or equidistance, of distribution through that region of space in which, collectively, and in a roughly globular form, they are situated : — this species of very general, rather than absolute, equability, being in full keeping with my deduction of inequidistance, within certain limits, among the originally diffused atoms, as a corollary from the evident design of infinite complexity of relation out of irrelation. I started, it will be remembered, with the idea of a generally uniform but particularly *un*uniform distribution of the atoms; — an idea, I repeat, which an inspection of the stars, as they exist, confirms.

But even in the merely general equability of distribution, as regards the atoms, there appears a difficulty which, no doubt, has already suggested itself to those

among my readers who have borne in mind that I suppose this equability of distribution effected through *irradiation from a centre*. The very first glance at the idea, irradiation, forces us to the entertainment of the hitherto unseparated and seemingly inseparable idea of agglomeration about a centre, with dispersion as we recede from it — the idea, in a word, of *inequability* of distribution in respect to the matter irradiated.

Now, I have elsewhere¹ observed that it is by just such difficulties as the one now in question — such roughnesses — such peculiarities — such protuberances above the plane of the ordinary — that Reason feels her way, if at all, in her search for the True. By the difficulty — the “peculiarity” — now presented, I leap at once to *the* secret — a secret which I might never have attained *but* for the peculiarity and the inferences which, *in its mere character of peculiarity*, it affords me.

The process of thought, at this point, may be thus roughly sketched: — I say to myself — “Unity, as I have explained it, is a truth — I feel it. Diffusion is a truth — I see it. Irradiation, by which alone these two truths are reconciled, is a consequent truth — I perceive it. *Equability* of diffusion, first deduced *à priori* and then corroborated by the inspection of phænomena, is also a truth — I fully admit it. So far all is clear around me: — there are no clouds behind which *the* secret — the great secret of the gravitating *modus operandi* — can possibly lie hidden; — but this secret lies *hereabouts*, most assuredly; and *were* there but a cloud in view, I should be driven to suspicion of that cloud.” And now, just as I say this, there actually comes a cloud into view. This cloud is the seem-

¹ “*Murders in the Rue Morgue.*”

ing impossibility of reconciling my truth, *irradiation*, with my truth, *equability of diffusion*. I say now : — “ Behind this *seeming* impossibility is to be found what I desire.” I do not say “ *real* impossibility ; ” for invincible faith in my truths assures me that it is a mere difficulty after all — but I go on to say, with unflinching confidence, that, *when* this *difficulty* shall be solved, we shall find, *wrapped up in the process of solution*, the key to the secret at which we aim. Moreover — I *feel* that we shall discover *but one* possible solution of the difficulty ; this for the reason that, were there two, one would be supererogatory — would be fruitless — would be empty — would contain no key — since no duplicate key can be needed to any secret of Nature.

And now, let us see : — Our usual notions of irradiation — in fact *all* our distinct notions of it — are caught merely from the process as we see it exemplified in *Light*. Here there is a *continuous* outpouring of *ray-streams*, and *with a force which we have at least no right to suppose varies at all*. Now, in any such irradiation *as this* — continuous and of unvarying force — the regions nearer the centre must *inevitably* be always more crowded with the irradiated matter than the regions more remote. But I have assumed *no* such irradiation *as this*. I assumed no *continuous* irradiation ; and for the simple reason that such an assumption would have involved, first, the necessity of entertaining a conception which I have shown no man *can* entertain, and which (as I will more fully explain hereafter) all observation of the firmament refutes — the conception of the absolute infinity of the Universe of stars — and would have involved, secondly, the impossibility of understanding a *réaction* — that is, gravitation — as existing now — since, while an act is continued, no *réac-*

tion, of course, can take place. My assumption, then, or rather my inevitable deduction from just premises — was that of a *determinate* irradiation — one finally discontinued.

Let me now describe the sole possible mode in which it is conceivable that matter could have been diffused through space, so as to fulfil the conditions at once of irradiation and of generally equable distribution.

For convenience of illustration, let us imagine, in the first place, a hollow sphere of glass, or of anything else, occupying the space throughout which the universal matter is to be thus equally diffused, by means of irradiation, from the absolute, irrelative, unconditional particle, placed in the centre of the sphere.

Now, a certain exertion of the diffusive power (presumed to be the Divine Volition) — in other words, a certain *force* — whose measure is the quantity of matter — that is to say, the number of atoms — emitted; emits, by irradiation, this certain number of atoms; forcing them in all directions outwardly from the centre — their proximity to each other diminishing as they proceed — until, finally, they are distributed, loosely, over the interior surface of the sphere.

When these atoms have attained this position, or while proceeding to attain it, a second and inferior exercise of the same force — or a second and inferior force of the same character — emits, in the same manner — that is to say, by irradiation as before — a second stratum of atoms which proceeds to deposit itself upon the first; the number of atoms, in this case as in the former, being of course the measure of the force which emitted them; in other words the force being precisely adapted to the purpose it effects — the force and the number of atoms sent out by the force, being *directly proportional*.

When this second stratum has reached its destined position—or while approaching it—a third still inferior exertion of the force, or a third inferior force of a similar character—the number of atoms emitted being in *all* cases the measure of the force—proceeds to deposit a third stratum upon the second:—and so on, until these concentric strata, growing gradually less and less, come down at length to the central point; and the diffusive matter, simultaneously with the diffusive force, is exhausted.

We have now the sphere filled, through means of irradiation, with atoms equably diffused. The two necessary conditions—those of irradiation and of equable diffusion—are satisfied; and by the *sole* process in which the possibility of their simultaneous satisfaction is conceivable. For this reason, I confidently expect to find, lurking in the present condition of the atoms as distributed throughout the sphere,¹ the secret of which I am in search—the all-important principle of the *modus operandi* of the Newtonian law. Let us examine, then, the actual condition of the atoms.

They lie in a series of concentric strata. They are equably diffused throughout the sphere. They have been irradiated into these states.

The atoms being *equably* distributed, the greater the superficial extent of any of these concentric strata, or spheres, the more atoms will lie upon it. In other words, the number of atoms lying upon the surface of any one of the concentric spheres, is directly proportional with the extent of that surface.

*But, in any series of concentric spheres, the surfaces are directly proportional with the squares of the distances from the centre.*²

¹ See Notes, page 326. — Ed.

² Succinctly—The surfaces of spheres are as the squares of their radii.

Therefore the number of atoms in any stratum is directly proportional with the square of that stratum's distance from the centre.

But the number of atoms in any stratum is the measure of the force which emitted that stratum — that is to say, is *directly proportional* with the force.

Therefore the force which irradiated any stratum is directly proportional with the square of that stratum's distance from the centre: — or, generally,

The force of the irradiation has been directly proportional with the squares of the distances.

Now, Réaction, as far as we know any thing of it, is Action conversed. The *general* principle of Gravity being, in the first place, understood as the réaction of an act — as the expression of a desire on the part of Matter, while existing in a state of diffusion, to return into the Unity whence it was diffused; and, in the second place, the mind being called upon to determine the *character* of the desire — the manner in which it would, naturally, be manifested; in other words, being called upon to conceive a probable law, or *modus operandi*, for the return; could not well help arriving at the conclusion that this law of return would be precisely the converse of the law of departure. That such would be the case, any one, at least, would be abundantly justified in taking for granted, until such time as some person should suggest something like a plausible reason why it should *not* be the case — until such a period as a law of return shall be imagined which the intellect can consider as preferable.

Matter, then, irradiated into space with a force varying as the squares of the distances, might, *à priori*, be supposed to return towards its centre of irradiation with a force varying *inversely* as the squares of the

distances : and I have already shown¹ that any principle which will explain why the atoms should tend, according to any law, to the general centre, must be admitted as satisfactorily explaining, at the same time, why, according to the same law, they should tend each to each. For, in fact, the tendency to the general centre is not to a centre as such, but because of its being a point in tending towards which each atom tends most directly to its real and essential centre, *Unity* — the absolute and final Union of all.

The consideration here involved presents to my own mind no embarrassment whatever — but this fact does not blind me to the possibility of its being obscure to those who may have been less in the habit of dealing with abstractions : — and, upon the whole, it may be as well to look at the matter from one or two other points of view.

The absolute, irrelative particle primarily created by the Volition of God, must have been in a condition of positive *normality*, or rightfulness — for wrongfulness implies *relation*. Right is positive ; wrong is negative — is merely the negation of right ; as cold is the negation of heat — darkness of light. That a thing may be wrong, it is necessary that there be some other thing in *relation* to which it *is* wrong — some condition which it fails to satisfy ; some law which it violates ; some being whom it aggrieves. If there be no such being, law, or condition, in respect to which the thing is wrong — and, still more especially, if no beings, laws, or conditions exist at all — then the thing *cannot* be wrong and consequently must be *right*. Any deviation from normality involves a tendency to return to it. A difference from the normal —

¹ Page 220.

from the right — from the just — can be understood as effected only by the overcoming a difficulty; and if the force which overcomes the difficulty be not infinitely continued, the ineradicable tendency to return will at length be permitted to act for its own satisfaction. Upon withdrawal of the force, the tendency acts. This is the principle of *r  action* as the inevitable consequence of finite action. Employing a phraseology of which the seeming affectation will be pardoned for its expressiveness, we may say that *R  action* is the return from the condition of *as it is and ought not to be* into the condition of *as it was, originally, and therefore ought to be*:— and let me add here that the *absolute* force of *R  action* would no doubt be always found in direct proportion with the reality — the truth — the absoluteness — of the *originality* — if ever it were possible to measure this latter:— and, consequently, the greatest of all conceivable *r  actions* must be that produced by the tendency which we now discuss — the tendency to return into the *absolutely original* — into the *supremely* primitive. Gravity, then, *must be the strongest of forces* — an idea reached *   priori* and abundantly confirmed by induction. What use I make of the idea, will be seen in the sequel.

The atoms, now, having been diffused from their normal condition of Unity, seek to return to — what? Not to any particular *point*, certainly; for it is clear that if, upon the diffusion, the whole Universe of matter had been projected, collectively, to a distance from the point of irradiation, the atomic tendency to the general centre of the sphere would not have been disturbed in the least:— the atoms would not have sought the point *in absolute space* from which they

were originally impelled. It is merely the *condition*, and not the point or locality at which this condition took its rise, that these atoms seek to re-establish ; — it is merely *that condition which is their normality*, that they desire. “But they seek a centre,” it will be said, “and a centre is a point.” True ; but they seek this point not in its character of point — (for, were the whole sphere moved from its position, they would seek, equally, the centre ; and the centre *then* would be a *new* point) — but because it so happens, on account of the form in which they collectively exist — (that of the sphere) — that only *through* the point in question — the sphere’s centre — they can attain their true object, Unity. In the direction of the centre each atom perceives more atoms than in any other direction. Each atom is impelled towards the centre because along the straight line joining it and the centre and passing on to the circumference beyond, there lie a greater number of atoms than along any other straight line — a greater number of objects that seek it, the individual atom — a greater number of tendencies to Unity — a greater number of satisfactions for its own tendency to Unity — in a word, because in the direction of the centre lies the utmost possibility of satisfaction, generally, for its own individual appetite. To be brief, the *condition*, Unity, is all that is really sought ; and if the atoms *seem* to seek the centre of the sphere, it is only impliedly, through implication — because such centre happens to imply, to include, or to involve, the only essential centre, Unity. But *on account of* this implication or involution, there is no possibility of practically separating the tendency to Unity in the abstract, from the tendency to the concrete centre. Thus the tendency of the atoms to the

general centre *is*, to all practical intents and for all logical purposes, the tendency each to each ; and the tendency each to each *is* the tendency to the centre ; and the one tendency may be assumed *as* the other ; whatever will apply to the one must be thoroughly applicable to the other ; and, in conclusion, whatever principle will satisfactorily explain the one, cannot be questioned as an explanation of the other.

In looking carefully around me for rational objection to what I have advanced, I am able to discover *nothing* ; — but of that class of objections usually urged by the doubters for Doubt's sake, I very readily perceive *three* ; and proceed to dispose of them in order.

It may be said, first: "The proof that the force of irradiation (in the case described) is directly proportional to the squares of the distances, depends upon an unwarranted assumption — that of the number of atoms in each stratum being the measure of the force with which they are emitted."

I reply, not only that I am warranted in such assumption, but that I should be utterly *unwarranted* in any other. What I assume is, simply, that an effect is the measure of its cause — that every exercise of the Divine Will will be proportional to that which demands the exertion — that the means of Omnipotence, or of Omniscience, will be exactly adapted to its purposes. Neither can a deficiency nor an excess of cause bring to pass any effect. Had the force which irradiated any stratum to its position, been either more or less than was needed for the purpose — that is to say, not *directly proportional* to the purpose — then to its position that stratum could not have been irradiated. Had the force which, with a view to general equability of distribution, emitted the proper number of atoms for

each stratum, been not *directly proportional* to the number, then the number would *not* have been the number demanded for the equable distribution.

The second supposable objection is somewhat better entitled to an answer.

It is an admitted principle in Dynamics that every body, on receiving an impulse, or disposition to move, will move onward in a straight line, in the direction imparted by the impelling force, until deflected, or stopped, by some other force. How then, it may be asked, is my first or external stratum of atoms to be understood as discontinuing their movement at the circumference of the imaginary glass sphere, when no second force, of more than an imaginary character, appears, to account for the discontinuance?

I reply that the objection, in this case, actually does arise out of “an unwarranted assumption” — on the part of the objector — the assumption of a principle, in Dynamics, at an epoch when *no* “principles,” in *anything*, exist : — I use the word “principle,” of course, in the objector’s understanding of the word.

“In the beginning” we can admit — indeed we can comprehend — but one *First Cause* — the truly ultimate *Principle* — the Volition of God. The primary *act* — that of Irradiation from Unity — must have been independent of all that which the world now calls “principle” — because all that we so designate is but a consequence of the reaction of that primary act : — I say “*primary*” act ; for the creation of the absolute material particle is more properly to be regarded as a *conception* than as an “*act*” in the ordinary meaning of the term. Thus, we must regard the primary act as an act for the establishment of what we now call “principles.” But this primary act itself is to be con-

sidered as *continuous Volition*. The Thought of God is to be understood as originating the Diffusion — as proceeding with it — as regulating it — and, finally, as being withdrawn from it upon its completion. *Then* commences Réaction, and through Réaction, “Principle,” as we employ the word. It will be advisable, however, to limit the application of this word to the two *immediate* results of the discontinuance of the Divine Volition — that is, to the two agents, *Attraction* and *Repulsion*. Every other Natural agent depends, either more or less immediately, upon these two, and therefore would be more conveniently designated as *sub-principle*.

It may be objected, thirdly, that, in general, the peculiar mode of distribution which I have suggested for the atoms, is “an hypothesis and nothing more.”

Now, I am aware that the word hypothesis is a ponderous sledge-hammer, grasped immediately, if not lifted, by all very diminutive thinkers, upon the first appearance of any proposition wearing, in any particular, the garb of *a theory*. But “hypothesis” cannot be wielded *here* to any good purpose, even by those who succeed in lifting it — little men or great.

I maintain, first, that *only* in the mode described is it conceivable that Matter could have been diffused so as to fulfil at once the conditions of irradiation and of generally equable distribution. I maintain, secondly, that these conditions themselves have been imposed upon me, as necessities, in a train of ratiocination *as rigorously logical as that which establishes any demonstration in Euclid*; and I maintain, thirdly, that even if the charge of “hypothesis” were as fully sustained as it is, in fact, unsustained and untenable, still the validity and indisputability of my result would not, even in the slightest particular, be disturbed.

To explain: — The Newtonian Gravity — a law of Nature — a law whose existence as such no one out of Bedlam questions — a law whose admission as such enables us to account for nine-tenths of the Universal phænomena — a law which, merely because it does so enable us to account for these phænomena, we are perfectly willing, without reference to any other considerations, to admit, and cannot help admitting, as a law — a law, nevertheless, of which neither the principle nor the *modus operandi* of the principle, has ever yet been traced by the human analysis — a law, in short, which, neither in its detail nor in its generality, has been found susceptible of explanation *at all* — is at length seen to be at every point thoroughly explicable, provided we only yield our assent to — what? To an hypothesis? Why *if* an hypothesis — if the merest hypothesis — if an hypothesis for whose assumption — as in the case of that *pure* hypothesis the Newtonian law itself — no shadow of *à priori* reason could be assigned — if an hypothesis, even so absolute as all this implies, would enable us to perceive a principle for the Newtonian law — would enable us to understand as satisfied, conditions so miraculously — so ineffably complex and seemingly irreconcilable as those involved in the relations of which Gravity tells us, — what rational being *could* so expose his fatuity as to call even this absolute hypothesis an hypothesis any longer — unless, indeed, he were to persist in so calling it, with the understanding that he did so, simply for the sake of consistency *in words*?

But what is the true state of our present case? What is *the fact*? Not only that it is *not* an hypothesis which we are required *to adopt*, in order to admit the principle at issue explained, but that it *is* a logical conclusion

which we are requested *not* to adopt if we can avoid it — which we are simply invited to *deny if we can* : — a conclusion of so accurate a logicality that to dispute it would be the effort — to doubt its validity beyond our power : — a conclusion from which we see no mode of escape, turn as we will ; a result which confronts us either at the end of an *inductive* journey from the phænomena of the very Law discussed, or at the close of a *deductive* career from the most rigorously simple of all conceivable assumptions — *the assumption, in a word, of Simplicity itself.*

And if here, for the mere sake of cavilling, it be urged, that although my starting-point is, as I assert, the assumption of absolute Simplicity, yet Simplicity, considered merely in itself, is no axiom ; and that only deductions from axioms are indisputable — it is thus that I reply : —

Every other science than Logic is the science of certain concrete relations. Arithmetic, for example, is the science of the relations of number — Geometry, of the relations of form — Mathematics in general, of the relations of quantity in general — of whatever can be increased or diminished. Logic, however, is the science of Relation in the abstract — of absolute Relation — of Relation considered solely in itself. An axiom in any particular science other than Logic is, thus, merely a proposition announcing certain concrete relations which seem to be too obvious for dispute — as when we say, for instance, that the whole is greater than its part : — and, thus again, the principle of the *Logical* axiom — in other words, of an axiom in the abstract — is, simply, *obviousness of relation.* Now, it is clear, not only that what is obvious to one mind may not be obvious to another, but that what is obvious to one

mind at one epoch, may be anything but obvious, at another epoch, to the same mind. It is clear, moreover, that what, to-day, is obvious even to the majority of mankind, or to the majority of the best intellects of mankind, may to-morrow be, to either majority, more or less obvious, or in no respect obvious at all. It is seen, then, that the *axiomatic principle* itself is susceptible of variation, and of course that axioms are susceptible of similar change. Being mutable, the “truths” which grow out of them are necessarily mutable too ; or, in other words, are never to be positively depended upon as truths at all — since Truth and Immutability are one.

It will now be readily understood that no axiomatic idea — no idea founded in the fluctuating principle, obviousness of relation — can possibly be so secure — so reliable a basis for any structure erected by the Reason, as *that* idea — (whatever it is, wherever we can find it, or *if* it be practicable to find it anywhere) — which is *irrelative* altogether — which not only presents to the understanding *no obviousness* of relation, either greater or less, to be considered, but subjects the intellect, not in the slightest degree, to the necessity of even looking at *any relation at all*. If such an idea be not what we too heedlessly term “an axiom,” it is at least preferable, as a Logical basis, to any axiom ever propounded, or to all imaginable axioms combined : — and such, precisely, is the idea with which my deductive process, so thoroughly corroborated by induction, commences. My *particle proper* is but *absolute Irrelation*. To sum up what has been advanced : — As a starting point I have taken it for granted, simply, that the Beginning had nothing behind it or before it — that it was a Beginning in fact — that it was a beginning

and nothing different from a beginning — in short, that this Beginning was — *that which it was*. If this be a “mere assumption” then a “mere assumption” let it be.

To conclude this branch of the subject : — I am fully warranted in announcing that *the Law which we have been in the habit of calling Gravity exists on account of Matter's having been irradiated, at its origin, atomically, into a limited¹ sphere of Space, from one, individual, unconditional, irrelative, and absolute Particle Proper, by the sole process in which it was possible to satisfy, at the same time, the two conditions, irradiation, and generally-equable distribution throughout the sphere — that is to say, by a force varying in direct proportion with the squares of the distances between the irradiated atoms, respectively, and the Particular centre of Irradiation.*

I have already given my reasons for presuming Matter to have been diffused by a determinate rather than by a continuous or infinitely continued force. Supposing a continuous force, we should be unable, in the first place, to comprehend a réaction at all ; and we should be required, in the second place, to entertain the impossible conception of an infinite extension of Matter. Not to dwell upon the impossibility of the conception, the infinite extension of Matter is an idea which, if not positively disproved, is at least not in any respect warranted by telescopic observation of the stars — a point to be explained more fully hereafter ; and this empirical reason for believing in the original finity of Matter is unempirically confirmed. For example : — Admitting, for the moment, the possibility of under-

¹ “ Limited sphere ” — A sphere is *necessarily* limited. I prefer tautology to a chance of misconception.

standing Space *filled* with the irradiated atoms — that is to say, admitting, as well as we can, for argument's sake, that the succession of the irradiated atoms had absolutely *no end* — then it is abundantly clear that, even when the Volition of God had been withdrawn from them, and thus the tendency to return into Unity permitted (abstractly) to be satisfied, this permission would have been nugatory and invalid — practically valueless and of no effect whatever. No Rëaction could have taken place ; no movement toward Unity could have been made ; no Law of Gravity could have obtained.

To explain : — Grant the *abstract* tendency of any one atom to any one other as the inevitable result of diffusion from the normal Unity : — or, what is the same thing, admit any given atom as *proposing* to move in any given direction — it is clear that, since there is an *infinity* of atoms on all sides of the atom proposing to move, it never can actually move toward the satisfaction of its tendency in the direction given, on account of a precisely equal and counter-balancing tendency in the direction diametrically opposite. In other words, exactly as many tendencies to Unity are behind the hesitating atom as before it ; for it is a mere sotticism to say that one infinite line is longer or shorter than another infinite line, or that one infinite number is greater or less than another number that is infinite. Thus the atom in question must remain stationary forever. Under the impossible circumstances which we have been merely endeavoring to conceive for argument's sake, there could have been no aggregation of Matter — no stars — no worlds — nothing but a perpetually atomic and inconsequential Universe. In fact, view it as we will, the whole idea of unlimited

Matter is not only untenable, but impossible and preposterous.

With the understanding of a *sphere* of atoms, however, we perceive, at once, a *satisfiable* tendency to union. The general result of the tendency each to each, being a tendency of all to the centre, the *general* process of condensation, or approximation, commences immediately, by a common and simultaneous movement, on withdrawal of the Divine Volition; the *individual* approximations, or coalescences — *not* cöalitions — of atom with atom, being subject to almost infinite variations of time, degree, and condition, on account of the excessive multiplicity of relation, arising from the differences of form assumed as characterizing the atoms at the moment of their quitting the Particle Proper; as well as from the subsequent particular inequidistance, each from each.

What I wish to impress upon the reader is the certainty of there arising, at once, (on withdrawal of the diffusive force, or Divine Volition,) out of the condition of the atoms as described, at innumerable points throughout the Universal sphere, innumerable agglomerations, characterized by innumerable specific differences of form, size, essential nature, and distance each from each. The development of Repulsion (Electricity) must have commenced, of course, with the very earliest particular efforts at Unity, and must have proceeded constantly in the ratio of Coalescence — that is to say, *in that of Condensation*, or, again, of Heterogeneity.

Thus the two Principles Proper, *Attraction* and *Repulsion* — the Material and the Spiritual — accompany each other, in the strictest fellowship, forever. Thus *The Body and The Soul walk hand in hand*.

If now, in fancy, we select *any one* of the agglomerations considered as in their primary stages throughout the Universal sphere, and suppose this incipient agglomeration to be taking place at that point where the centre of our Sun exists — or rather where it *did* exist originally; for the Sun is perpetually shifting his position — we shall find ourselves met, and borne onward for a time at least, by the most magnificent of theories — by the Nebular Cosmogony of Laplace: — although “Cosmogony” is far too comprehensive a term for what he really discusses — which is the constitution of our solar system alone — of one among the myriad of similar systems which make up the Universe Proper — that Universal sphere — that all-inclusive and absolute *Kosmos* which forms the subject of my present Discourse.

Confining himself to an *obviously limited* region — that of our solar system with its comparatively immediate vicinity — and *merely* assuming — that is to say, assuming without any basis whatever, either deductive or inductive — *much* of what I have been just endeavoring to place upon a more stable basis than assumption; assuming, for example, matter as diffused (without pretending to account for the diffusion) throughout, and somewhat beyond, the space occupied by our system — diffused in a state of heterogeneous nebulosity and obedient to that omniprevalent law of Gravity at whose principle he ventured to make no guess; — assuming all this (which is quite true, although he had no logical right to its assumption) Laplace has shown, dynamically and mathematically, that the results in such case necessarily ensuing, are those and those alone which we find manifested in the actually existing condition of the system itself.

To explain: — Let us conceive *that* particular ag-

glomeration of which we have just spoken — the one at the point designated by our Sun's centre — to have so far proceeded that a vast quantity of nebulous matter has here assumed a roughly globular form ; its centre being, of course, coincident with what is now, or rather was originally, the centre of our Sun ; and its periphery extending out beyond the orbit of Neptune, the most remote of our planets :—in other words, let us suppose the diameter of this rough sphere to be some 6000 millions of miles. For ages, this mass of matter has been undergoing condensation, until at length it has become reduced into the bulk we imagine ; having proceeded gradually, of course, from its atomic and imperceptible state, into what we understand of visible, palpable, or otherwise appreciable nebulosity.

Now, the condition of this mass implies a rotation about an imaginary axis—a rotation which, commencing with the absolute incipency of the aggregation, has been ever since acquiring velocity. The very first two atoms which met, approaching each other from points not diametrically opposite, would, in rushing partially past each other, form a nucleus for the rotary movement described. How this would increase in velocity, is readily seen. The two atoms are joined by others :—an aggregation is formed. The mass continues to rotate while condensing. But any atom at the circumference has, of course, a more rapid motion than one nearer the centre. The outer atom, however, with its superior velocity, approaches the centre ; carrying this superior velocity with it as it goes. Thus every atom, proceeding inwardly, and finally attaching itself to the condensed centre, adds something to the original velocity of that centre—that is to say, increases the rotary movement of the mass.

Let us now suppose this mass so far condensed that it occupies *precisely* the space circumscribed by the orbit of Neptune, and that the velocity with which the surface of the mass moves, in the general rotation, is precisely that velocity with which Neptune now revolves about the Sun. At this epoch, then, we are to understand that the constantly increasing centrifugal force, having gotten the better of the non-increasing centripetal, loosened and separated the exterior and least condensed stratum, or a few of the exterior and least condensed strata, at the equator of the sphere, where the tangential velocity predominated; so that these strata formed about the main body an independent ring encircling the equatorial regions: — just as the exterior portion thrown off, by excessive velocity of rotation, from a grindstone, would form a ring about the grindstone, but for the solidity of the superficial material: were this caoutchouc, or anything similar in consistency, precisely the phænomenon I describe would be presented.

The ring thus whirled from the nebulous mass, *revolved*, of course, *as* a separate ring, with just that velocity with which, while the surface of the mass, it *rotated*. In the meantime, condensation still proceeding, the interval between the discharged ring and the main body continued to increase, until the former was left at a vast distance from the latter.

Now, admitting the ring to have possessed, by some seemingly accidental arrangement of its heterogeneous materials, a constitution nearly uniform, then this ring, *as* such, would never have ceased revolving about its primary; but, as might have been anticipated, there appears to have been enough irregularity in the disposition of the materials, to make them cluster about cen-

tres of superior solidity ; and thus the annular form was destroyed.¹ No doubt, the band was soon broken up into several portions, and one of these portions, predominating in mass, absorbed the others into itself ; the whole settling, spherically, into a planet. That this latter, *as* a planet, continued the revolutionary movement which characterized it while a ring, is sufficiently clear ; and that it took upon itself, also, an additional movement in its new condition of sphere, is readily explained. The ring being understood as yet unbroken, we see that its exterior, while the whole revolves about the parent body, moves more rapidly than its interior. When the rupture occurred, then, some portion in each fragment must have been moving with greater velocity than the others. The superior movement prevailing, must have whirled each fragment round — that is to say, have caused it to rotate ; and the direction of the rotation must, of course, have been the direction of the revolution whence it arose. *All* the fragments having become subject to the rotation described, must, in coalescing, have imparted it to the one planet constituted by their coalescence. — This planet was Neptune. Its material continuing to undergo condensation, and the centrifugal force generated in its rotation getting, at length, the better of the centripetal, as before in the case of the parent orb, a ring was whirled also from the equatorial surface of this planet: this ring, having been ununiform in its con-

¹ Laplace assumed his nebulosity heterogeneous, merely that he might be thus enabled to account for the breaking up of the rings ; for had the nebulosity been homogeneous, they would not have broken. I reach the same result — heterogeneity of the secondary masses immediately resulting from the atoms — purely from an *à priori* consideration of their general design — *Relation*.

stitution, was broken up, and its several fragments, being absorbed by the most massive, were collectively spherified into a moon. Subsequently, the operation was repeated, and a second moon was the result. We thus account for the planet Neptune, with the two satellites which accompany him.

In throwing off a ring from its equator, the Sun re-established that equilibrium between its centripetal and centrifugal forces which had been disturbed in the process of condensation ; but, as this condensation still proceeded, the equilibrium was again immediately disturbed, through the increase of rotation. By the time the mass had so far shrunk that it occupied a spherical space just that circumscribed by the orbit of Uranus, we are to understand that the centrifugal force had so far obtained the ascendancy that new relief was needed : a second equatorial band was, consequently, thrown off, which, proving ununiform, was broken up, as before in the case of Neptune ; the fragments settling into the planet Uranus ; the velocity of whose actual revolution about the Sun indicates, of course, the rotary speed of that Sun's equatorial surface at the moment of the separation. Uranus, adopting a rotation from the collective rotations of the fragments composing it, as previously explained, now threw off ring after ring ; each of which, becoming broken up, settled into a moon : — three moons, at different epochs, having been formed, in this manner, by the rupture and general spherification of as many distinct ununiform rings.

By the time the Sun had shrunk until it occupied a space just that circumscribed by the orbit of Saturn, the balance, we are to suppose, between its centripetal and centrifugal forces had again become so far disturbed, through increase of rotary velocity, the result of con-

densation, that a third effort at equilibrium became necessary ; and an annular band was therefore whirled off, as twice before ; which, on rupture through ununiformity, became consolidated into the planet Saturn. This latter threw off, in the first place, seven uniform bands, which, on rupture, were spherified respectively into as many moons ; but, subsequently, it appears to have discharged, at three distinct but not very distant epochs, three rings whose equability of constitution was, by apparent accident, so considerable as to present no occasion for their rupture ; thus they continue to revolve as rings. I use the phrase “ *apparent accident* ; ” for of accident in the ordinary sense there was, of course, nothing : — the term is properly applied only to the result of indistinguishable or not immediately traceable *law*.

Shrinking still farther, until it occupied just the space circumscribed by the orbit of Jupiter, the Sun now found need of farther effort to restore the counterbalance of its two forces, continually disarranged in the still continued increase of rotation. Jupiter, accordingly, was now thrown off ; passing from the annular to the planetary condition ; and, on attaining this latter, threw off in its turn, at four different epochs, four rings, which finally resolved themselves into so many moons.

Still shrinking, until its sphere occupied just the space defined by the orbit of the Asteroids, the Sun now discarded a ring which appears to have had *eight* centres of superior solidity, and, on breaking up, to have separated into eight fragments no one of which so far predominated in mass as to absorb the others. All therefore, as distinct although comparatively small planets, proceeded to revolve in orbits whose distances, each from each, may be considered as in some

degree the measure of the force which drove them asunder : — all the orbits, nevertheless, being so closely coincident as to admit of our calling them *one*, in view of the other planetary orbits.

Continuing to shrink, the Sun, on becoming so small as just to fill the orbit of Mars, now discharged this planet — of course by the process repeatedly described. Having no moon, however, Mars could have thrown off no ring. In fact, an epoch had now arrived in the career of the parent body, the centre of the system. The *decrease* of its nebulosity, which is the *increase* of its density, and which again is the *decrease* of its condensation, out of which latter arose the constant disturbance of equilibrium — must, by this period, have attained a point at which the efforts for restoration would have been more and more ineffectual just in proportion as they were less frequently needed. Thus the processes of which we have been speaking would everywhere show signs of exhaustion — in the planets, first, and secondly, in the original mass. We must not fall into the error of supposing the decrease of interval observed among the planets as we approach the Sun, to be in any respect indicative of an increase of frequency in the periods at which they were discarded. Exactly the converse is to be understood. The longest interval of time must have occurred between the discharges of the two interior ; the shortest, between those of the two exterior, planets. The decrease of the interval of space is, nevertheless, the measure of the density, and thus inversely of the condensation, of the Sun, throughout the processes detailed.

Having shrunk, however, so far as to fill only the orbit of our Earth, the parent sphere whirled from itself still one other body — the Earth — in a condition

so nebulous as to admit of this body's discarding, in its turn, yet another, which is our Moon; — but here terminated the lunar formations.

Finally, subsiding to the orbits first of Venus and then of Mercury, the Sun discarded these two interior planets; neither of which has given birth to any moon.

Thus from his original bulk — or, to speak more accurately, from the condition in which we first considered him — from a partially spherified nebular mass, *certainly* much more than 5,600 millions of miles in diameter — the great central orb and origin of our solar-planetary-lunar system, has gradually descended, by condensation, in obedience to the law of Gravity, to a globe only 882,000 miles in diameter; but it by no means follows, either that its condensation is yet complete, or that it may not still possess the capacity of whirling from itself another planet.

✓ I have here given — in outline of course, but still with all the detail necessary for distinctness — a view of the Nebular Theory as its author himself conceived it. From whatever point we regard it, we shall find it *beautifully true*. It is by far too beautiful, indeed, *not* to possess Truth as its essentiality — and here I am very profoundly serious in what I say. ✓ In the revolution of the satellites of Uranus, there does appear something seemingly inconsistent with the assumptions of Laplace; but that *one* inconsistency can invalidate a theory constructed from a million of intricate consistencies, is a fancy fit only for the fantastic. In prophesying, confidently, that the apparent anomaly to which I refer, will, sooner or later, be found one of the strongest possible corroborations of the general hypothesis, I pretend to no especial spirit of divination. It is

a matter which the only difficulty seems *not* to foresee.¹

The bodies whirled off in the processes described, would exchange, it has been seen, the superficial *rotation* of the orbs whence they originated, for a *revolution* of equal velocity about these orbs as distant centres ; and the revolution thus engendered must proceed, so long as the centripetal force, or that with which the discarded body gravitates toward its parent, is neither greater nor less than that by which it was discarded ; that is, than the centrifugal, or, far more properly, than the tangential, velocity. From the unity, however, of the origin of these two forces, we might have expected to find them as they are found—the one accurately counterbalancing the other. It has been shown, indeed, that the act of whirling-off is, in every case, merely an act for the preservation of the counter-balance.

After referring, however, the centripetal force to the omniprevalent law of Gravity, it has been the fashion with astronomical treatises, to seek beyond the limits of mere Nature—that is to say, of *Secondary Cause*—a solution of the phænomenon of tangential velocity. This latter they attribute directly to a *First Cause*—to God. The force which carries a stellar body around its primary they assert to have originated in an impulse given immediately by the finger—this is the childish phraseology employed—by the finger of Deity itself. In this view, the planets, fully formed, are conceived to have been hurled from the Divine hand, to a position in the

¹ I am prepared to show that the anomalous revolution of the satellites of Uranus is a simply perspective anomaly arising from the inclination of the axis of the planet.

vicinity of the suns, with an impetus mathematically adapted to the masses, or attractive capacities, of the suns themselves. An idea so grossly unphilosophical, although so supinely adopted, could have arisen only from the difficulty of otherwise accounting for the absolutely accurate adaptation, each to each, of two forces so seemingly independent, one of the other, as are the gravitating and tangential. But it should be remembered that, for a long time, the coincidence between the moon's rotation and her sidereal revolution—two matters seemingly far more independent than those now considered—was looked upon as positively miraculous; and there was a strong disposition, even among astronomers, to attribute the marvel to the direct and continual agency of God—who, in this case, it was said, had found it necessary to interpose, specially, among his general laws, a set of subsidiary regulations, for the purpose of forever concealing from mortal eyes the glories, or perhaps the horrors, of the other side of the Moon—of that mysterious hemisphere which has always avoided, and must perpetually avoid, the telescopic scrutiny of mankind. The advance of Science, however, soon demonstrated—what to the philosophical instinct needed *no* demonstration—that the one movement is but a portion—something more, even, than a consequence—of the other.

For my part, I have no patience with fantasies at once so timorous, so idle, and so awkward. They belong to the veriest *cowardice* of thought. That Nature and the God of Nature are distinct, no thinking being can long doubt. By the former we imply merely the laws of the latter. But with the very idea of God, omnipotent, omniscient, we entertain, also,

the idea of *the infallibility* of his laws. With Him there being neither Past nor Future—with Him all being *Now*—do we not insult him in supposing his laws so contrived as not to provide for every possible contingency?—or, rather, what idea *can* we have of *any* possible contingency, except that it is at once a result and a manifestation of his laws? He who, divesting himself of prejudice, shall have the rare courage to think absolutely for himself, cannot fail to arrive, in the end, at the condensation of *laws* into *Law*—cannot fail of reaching the conclusion that *each law of Nature is dependent at all points upon all other laws*, and that all are but consequences of one primary exercise of the Divine Volition. Such is the principle of the Cosmogony which, with all necessary deference, I here venture to suggest and to maintain.

In this view, it will be seen that, dismissing as frivolous, and even impious, the fancy of the tangential force having been imparted to the planets immediately by “the finger of God,” I consider this force as originating in the rotation of the stars:—this rotation as brought about by the in-rushing of the primary atoms, towards their respective centres of aggregation:—this in-rushing as the consequence of the law of Gravity:—this law as but the mode in which is necessarily manifested the tendency of the atoms to return into impartiality:—this tendency to return as but the inevitable reaction of the first and most sublime of Acts—that act by which a God, self-existing and alone existing, became all things at once, through dint of his volition, while all things were thus constituted a portion of God.

The radical assumptions of this Discourse suggest to me, and in fact imply, certain important *modifications*

of the Nebular Theory as given by Laplace. The efforts of the repulsive power I have considered as made for the purpose of preventing contact among the atoms, and thus as made in the ratio of the approach to contact—that is to say, in the ratio of condensation.¹ In other words, *Electricity*, with its involute phænomena, heat, light and magnetism, is to be understood as proceeding as condensation proceeds, and, of course, inversely as density proceeds, or the *cessation to condense*. Thus the Sun, in the process of its aggregation, must soon, in developing repulsion, have become excessively heated—perhaps incandescent: and we can perceive how the operation of discarding its rings must have been materially assisted by the slight incrustation of its surface consequent on cooling. Any common experiment shows us how readily a crust of the character suggested, is separated, through heterogeneity, from the interior mass. But, on every successive rejection of the crust, the new surface would appear incandescent as before; and the period at which it would again become so far encrusted as to be readily loosened and discharged, may well be imagined as exactly coincident with that at which a new effort would be needed, by the whole mass, to restore the equilibrium of its two forces, disarranged through condensation. In other words:—by the time the electric influence (Repulsion) has prepared the surface for rejection, we are to understand that the gravitating influence (Attraction) is precisely ready to reject it. Here, then, as everywhere, *the Body and the Soul walk hand in hand*.

These ideas are empirically confirmed at all points. Since condensation can never, in any body, be consid-

¹ See page 244.

ered as absolutely at an end, we are warranted in anticipating that, whenever we have an opportunity of testing the matter, we shall find indications of resident luminosity in *all* the stellar bodies — moons and planets as well as suns. That our Moon is strongly self-luminous, we see at her every total eclipse, when, if not so, she would disappear. On the dark part of the satellite, too, during her phases, we often observe flashes like our own Auroras; and that these latter, with our various other so-called electrical phænomena, without reference to any more steady radiance, must give our Earth a certain appearance of luminosity to an inhabitant of the Moon, is quite evident. In fact, we should regard all the phænomena referred to, as mere manifestations, in different moods and degrees, of the Earth's feebly-continued condensation.

If my views are tenable, we should be prepared to find the newer planets — that is to say, those nearer the Sun — more luminous than those older and more remote: — and the extreme brilliancy of Venus (on whose dark portions, during her phases, the Auroras are frequently visible) does not seem to be altogether accounted for by her mere proximity to the central orb. She is no doubt vividly self-luminous, although less so than Mercury: while the luminosity of Neptune may be comparatively nothing.

Admitting what I have urged, it is clear that, from the moment of the Sun's discarding a ring, there must be a continuous diminution both of his heat and light, on account of the continuous encrustation of his surface; and that a period would arrive — the period immediately previous to a new discharge — when a *very material* decrease of both light and heat, must become apparent. Now, we know that tokens of such changes

are distinctly recognizable. On the Melville islands — to adduce merely one out of a hundred examples — we find traces of *ultra-tropical* vegetation — of plants that never could have flourished without immensely more light and heat than are at present afforded by our Sun to any portion of the surface of the Earth. Is such vegetation referable to an epoch immediately subsequent to the whirling-off of Venus? At this epoch must have occurred to us our greatest access of solar influence; and, in fact, this influence must then have attained its maximum: — leaving out of view, of course, the period when the Earth itself was discarded — the period of its mere organization.

Again: — we know that there exist *non-luminous suns* — that is to say, suns whose existence we determine through the movements of others, but whose luminosity is not sufficient to impress us. Are these suns invisible merely on account of the length of time elapsed since their discharge of a planet? And yet again: — may we not — at least in certain cases — account for the sudden appearances of suns where none had been previously suspected, by the hypothesis that, having rolled with encrusted surfaces throughout the few thousand years of our astronomical history, each of these suns, in whirling off a new secondary, has at length been enabled to display the glories of its still incandescent interior? — To the well-ascertained fact of the proportional increase of heat as we descend into the Earth, I need of course, do nothing more than refer: — it comes in the strongest possible corroboration of all that I have said on the topic now at issue.

In speaking, not long ago, of the repulsive or electrical influence, I remarked that “the important phænomena of vitality, consciousness, and thought, whether

we observe them generally or in detail, seem to proceed *at least in the ratio of the heterogeneous.*”¹ I mentioned, too, that I would recur to the suggestion: — and this is the proper point at which to do so. Looking at the matter, first, in detail, we perceive that not merely the *manifestation* of vitality, but its importance, consequences, and elevation of character, keep pace, very closely, with the heterogeneity, or complexity, of the animal structure. Looking at the question, now, in its generality, and referring to the first movements of the atoms towards mass-constitution, we find that heterogeneousness, brought about directly through condensation, is proportional with it forever. We thus reach the proposition that *the importance of the development of the terrestrial vitality proceeds equably with the terrestrial condensation.*

Now this is in precise accordance with what we know of the succession of animals on the Earth. As it has proceeded in its condensation, superior and still superior races have appeared. Is it impossible that the successive geological revolutions which have attended, at least, if not immediately caused, these successive elevations of vitalic character — is it improbable that these revolutions have themselves been produced by the successive planetary discharges from the Sun — in other words, by the successive variations in the solar influence on the Earth? Were this idea tenable, we should not be unwarranted in the fancy that the discharge of yet a new planet, interior to Mercury, may give rise to yet a new modification of the terrestrial surface — a modification from which may spring a race both materially and spiritually superior to Man. These thoughts impress me with all the force of truth — but I throw them

¹ Page 213.

out, of course, merely in their obvious character of suggestion.

The Nebular Theory of Laplace has lately received far more confirmation than it needed, at the hands of the philosopher, Compté.¹ These two have thus together shown — *not*, to be sure, that Matter at any period actually existed as described, in a state of nebular diffusion, but that, admitting it so to have existed throughout the space and much beyond the space now occupied by our solar system, *and to have commenced a movement towards a centre* — it must gradually have assumed the various forms and motions which are now seen, in that system, to obtain. A demonstration such as this — a dynamical and mathematical demonstration, as far as demonstration can be — unquestionable and unquestioned — unless, indeed, by that unprofitable and disreputable tribe, the professional questioners — the mere madmen who deny the Newtonian law of Gravity on which the results of the French mathematicians are based — a demonstration, I say, such as this, would to most intellects be conclusive — and I confess that it is so to mine — of the validity of the nebular hypothesis upon which the demonstration depends.

That the demonstration does not *prove* the hypothesis, according to the common understanding of the word “proof,” I admit, of course. To show that certain existing results — that certain established facts — may be, even mathematically, accounted for by the assumption of a certain hypothesis, is by no means to establish the hypothesis itself. In other words : — to show that, certain data being given, a certain existing result might, or even *must*, have ensued, will fail to prove that this result *did* ensue, *from the data*, until such time as it shall be also shown that there are, *and*

¹ See Notes. — Ed.

can be, no other data from which the result in question might *equally* have ensued. But, in the case now discussed, although all must admit the deficiency of what we are in the habit of terming "proof," still there are many intellects, and those of the loftiest order, to which *no* proof could bring one iota of additional *conviction*. Without going into details which might impinge upon the Cloud-Land of Metaphysics, I may as well here observe that the force of conviction, in cases such as this, will always, with the right-thinking, be proportional to the amount of *complexity* intervening between the hypothesis and the result. To be less abstract : — The greatness of the complexity found existing among cosmical conditions, by rendering great in the same proportion the difficulty of accounting for all these conditions *at once*, strengthens, also in the same proportion, our faith in that hypothesis which does, in such manner, satisfactorily account for them: — and as *no* complexity can well be conceived greater than that of the astronomical conditions, so no conviction can be stronger — to *my* mind at least — than that with which I am impressed by an hypothesis that not only reconciles these conditions, with mathematical accuracy, and reduces them into a consistent and intelligible whole, but is, at the same time, the *sole* hypothesis by means of which the human intellect has been ever enabled to account for them *at all*.

A most unfounded opinion has been latterly current in gossiping and even in scientific circles — the opinion that the so-called Nebular Cosmogony has been overthrown. This fancy has arisen from the report of late observations made, among what hitherto have been termed the "nebulæ," through the large telescope of Cincinnati, and the world-renowned instrument of Lord

Rosse. Certain spots in the firmament which presented, even to the most powerful of the old telescopes, the appearance of nebulosity, or haze, had been regarded for a long time as confirming the theory of Laplace. They were looked upon as stars in that very process of condensation which I have been attempting to describe. Thus it was supposed that we “had ocular evidence” — an evidence, by the way, which has always been found very questionable — of the truth of the hypothesis; and, although certain telescopic improvements, every now and then, enabled us to perceive that a spot, here and there, which we had been classing among the nebulae, was, in fact, but a cluster of stars deriving its nebular character only from its immensity of distance — still it was thought that no doubt could exist as to the actual nebulosity of numerous other masses, the strong-holds of the nebulists, bidding defiance to every effort at segregation. Of these latter the most interesting was the great “nebulae” in the constellation Orion: — but this, with innumerable other miscalled “nebulae,” when viewed through the magnificent modern telescopes, has become resolved into a simple collection of stars. Now this fact has been very generally understood as conclusive against the Nebular Hypothesis of Laplace; and, on announcement of the discoveries in question, the most enthusiastic defender and most eloquent popularizer of the theory, Dr. Nichol, went so far as to “admit the necessity of abandoning” an idea which had formed the material of his most praiseworthy book.¹

¹ “*Views of the Architecture of the Heavens.*” A letter, purporting to be from Dr. Nichol to a friend in America, went the rounds of our newspapers, about two years ago, I think, admitting “the necessity” to which I refer. In a subsequent Lecture, how-

Many of my readers will no doubt be inclined to say that the result of these new investigations *has* at least a strong *tendency* to overthrow the hypothesis ; while some of them, more thoughtful, will suggest that, although the theory is by no means disproved through the segregation of the particular “*nebulæ*” alluded to, still a *failure* to segregate them, with such telescopes, might well have been understood as a triumphant *corroboration* of the theory : — and this latter class will be surprised, perhaps, to hear me say that even with *them* I disagree. If the propositions of this Discourse have been comprehended, it will be seen that, in my view, a failure to segregate the “*nebulæ*” would have tended to the refutation, rather than to the confirmation, of the Nebular Hypothesis.

Let me explain : — The Newtonian Law of Gravity we may, of course, assume as demonstrated. This law, it will be remembered, I have referred to the réaction of the first Divine Act — to the réaction of an exercise of the Divine Volition temporarily overcoming a difficulty. This difficulty is that of forcing the normal into the abnormal — of impelling that whose originality, and therefore whose rightful condition, was *One*, to take upon itself the wrongful condition of *Many*. It is only by conceiving this difficulty as *temporarily* overcome, that we can comprehend a réaction. There could have been no réaction had the act been infinitely continued. So long as the act *lasted*, no réaction, of course, could commence ; in other words,

ever, Dr. N. appears in some manner to have gotten the better of the necessity, and does not quite *renounce* the theory, although he seems to wish that he could sneer at it as “a purely hypothetical one.” What else was the Law of Gravity before the Maskelyne experiments ? and who questioned the Law of Gravity, even then ?

no *gravitation* could take place — for we have considered the one as but the manifestation of the other. But gravitation *has* taken place ; therefore the act of Creation has ceased : and gravitation has long ago taken place ; therefore the act of Creation has long ago ceased. We can no more expect, then, to observe *the primary processes* of Creation ; and to these primary processes the condition of nebulosity has already been explained to belong.

Through what we know of the propagation of light, we have direct proof that the more remote of the stars have existed, under the forms in which we now see them, for an inconceivable number of years. So far back *at least*, then, as the period when these stars underwent condensation, must have been the epoch at which the mass-constitutive processes began. That we may conceive these processes, then, as still going on in the case of certain “*nebulæ*,” while in all other cases we find them thoroughly at an end, we are forced into assumptions for which we have really *no* basis whatever — we have to thrust in, again, upon the revolting Reason, the blasphemous idea of special interposition — we have to suppose that, in the particular instances of these “*nebulæ*,” an unerring God found it necessary to introduce certain supplementary regulations — certain improvements of the general law — certain retouchings and emendations, in a word, which had the effect of deferring the completion of these individual stars for centuries of centuries beyond the *æra* during which all the other stellar bodies had time, not only to be fully constituted, but to grow hoary with an unspeakable old age.

Of course, it will be immediately objected that since the light by which we recognize the *nebulæ* now, must

be merely that which left their surfaces a vast number of years ago, the processes at present observed, or supposed to be observed, are, in fact, *not* processes now actually going on, but the phantoms of processes completed long in the Past — just as I maintain all these mass-constitutive processes *must* have been.

To this I reply that neither is the now-observed condition of the condensed stars their actual condition, but a condition completed long in the Past ; so that my argument drawn from the *relative* condition of the stars and the “nebulæ,” is in no manner disturbed. Moreover, those who maintain the existence of nebulæ, do *not* refer the nebulosity to extreme distance ; they declare it a real and not merely a perspective nebulosity. That we may conceive, indeed, a nebular mass as visible at all, we must conceive it as *very near us* in comparison with the condensed stars brought into view by the modern telescopes. In maintaining the appearances in question, then, to be really nebulous, we maintain their comparative vicinity to our point of view. Thus, their condition, as we see them now, must be referred to an epoch *far less remote* than that to which we may refer the now-observed condition of at least the majority of the stars. — In a word, should Astronomy ever demonstrate a “nebula,” in the sense at present intended, I should consider the Nebular Cosmogony — *not*, indeed, as corroborated by the demonstration — but as thereby irretrievably overthrown.

By way, however, of rendering unto Cæsar *no more* than the things that are Cæsar’s, let me here remark that the assumption of the hypothesis which led him to so glorious a result, seems to have been suggested to Laplace in great measure by a misconception — by the very misconception of which we have just been speak-

ing — by the generally prevalent misunderstanding of the character of the *nebulæ*, so mis-named. These he supposed to be, in reality, what their designation implies. The fact is, this great man had, very properly, an inferior faith in his own merely *perceptive* powers. In respect, therefore, to the actual existence of *nebulæ* — an existence so confidently maintained by his telescopic contemporaries — he depended less upon what he saw than upon what he heard.

It will be seen that the only valid objections to his theory, are those made to its hypothesis *as such* — to what suggested it — not to what it suggests ; to its propositions rather than to its results. His most unwarranted assumption was that of giving the atoms a movement towards a centre, in the very face of his evident understanding that these atoms, in unlimited succession, extended throughout the Universal space. I have already shown that, under such circumstances, there could have occurred no movement at all ; and Laplace, consequently, assumed one on no more philosophical ground than that something of the kind was necessary for the establishment of what he intended to establish.

His original idea seems to have been a compound of the true Epicurean atoms with the false *nebulæ* of his contemporaries ; and thus his theory presents us with the singular anomaly of absolute truth deduced, as a mathematical result, from a hybrid datum of ancient imagination intertangled with modern inaccuracy. Laplace's real strength lay, in fact, in an almost miraculous mathematical instinct : — on this he relied ; and in no instance did it fail or deceive him : — in the case of the Nebular Cosmogony, it led him, blindfolded, through a labyrinth of Error, into one of the most luminous and stupendous temples of Truth.

Let us now fancy, for the moment, that the ring first thrown off by the Sun—that is to say, the ring whose breaking-up constituted Neptune—did not, in fact, break up until the throwing-off of the ring out of which Uranus arose; that this latter ring, again, remained perfect until the discharge of that out of which sprang Saturn; that this latter, again, remained entire until the discharge of that from which originated Jupiter—and so on. Let us imagine, in a word, that no dissolution occurred among the rings until the final rejection of that which gave birth to Mercury. We thus paint to the eye of the mind a series of cœexistent concentric circles; and looking as well at *them* as at the processes by which, according to Laplace's hypothesis, they were constructed, we perceive at once a very singular analogy with the atomic strata and the process of the original irradiation as I have described it. Is it impossible that, on measuring the *forces*, respectively, by which each successive planetary circle was thrown off—that is to say, on measuring the successive excesses of rotation over gravitation which occasioned the successive discharges—we should find the analogy in question more decidedly confirmed? *Is it improbable that we should discover these forces to have varied—as in the original radiation—proportionally to the squares of the distances?*

Our solar system, consisting, in chief, of one sun, with sixteen planets certainly, and possibly a few more, revolving about it at various distances, and attended by seventeen moons assuredly, but *very* probably by several others—is now to be considered as *an example* of the innumerable agglomerations which proceeded to take place throughout the Universal Sphere of atoms on withdrawal of the Divine Voli-

tion. I mean to say that our solar system is to be understood as affording a *generic instance* of these agglomerations, or, more correctly, of the ulterior conditions at which they arrived. If we keep our attention fixed on the idea of *the utmost possible Relation* as the Omnipotent design, and on the precautions taken to accomplish it through difference of form, among the original atoms, and particular inequidistance, we shall find it impossible to suppose for a moment that even any two of the incipient agglomerations reached precisely the same result in the end. We shall rather be inclined to think that *no two* stellar bodies in the Universe — whether suns, planets or moons — are particularly, while *all* are generally, similar. Still less, then, can we imagine any two *assemblages* of such bodies — any two “systems” — as having more than a general resemblance.¹ Our telescopes, at this point, thoroughly confirm our deductions. Taking our own solar system, then, as merely a loose or general type of all, we have so far proceeded in our subject as to survey the Universe under the aspect of a spherical space, throughout which, dispersed with merely general equability, exist a number of but generally similar *systems*.

Let us now, expanding our conceptions, look upon each of these systems as in itself an atom; which in fact it is, when we consider it as but one of the countless myriads of systems which constitute the Universe.

¹ It is not *impossible* that some unlooked-for optical improvement may disclose to us, among innumerable varieties of systems, a luminous sun, encircled by luminous and non-luminous rings, within and without and between which, revolve luminous and non-luminous planets, attended by moons having moons — and even these latter again having moons.

Regarding all, then, as but colossal atoms, each with the same ineradicable tendency to Unity which characterizes the actual atoms of which it consists — we enter at once upon a new order of aggregations. The smaller systems, in the vicinity of a larger one, would, inevitably, be drawn into still closer vicinity. A thousand would assemble here; a million there — perhaps here, again, even a billion — leaving, thus, immeasurable vacancies in space. And if, now, it be demanded why, in the case of these systems — of these merely Titanic atoms — I speak, simply, of an “assemblage,” and not, as in the case of the actual atoms, of a more or less consolidated agglomeration: — if it be asked, for instance, why I do not carry what I suggest to its legitimate conclusion, and describe, at once, these assemblages of system-atoms as rushing to consolidation in spheres — as each becoming condensed into one magnificent sun — my reply is that μέλλοντα ταῦτα — I am but pausing, for a moment, on the awful threshold of *the Future*. For the present, calling these assemblages “clusters,” we see them in the incipient stages of their consolidation. Their *absolute* consolidation is *to come*.

We have now reached a point from which we behold the Universe as a spherical space, interspersed, *unequally*, with *clusters*. It will be noticed that I here prefer the adverb “unequally” to the phrase “with a merely general equability,” employed before. It is evident, in fact, that the equability of distribution will diminish in the ratio of the agglomerative processes — that is to say, as the things distributed diminish in number. Thus the increase of *inequability* — an increase which must continue until, sooner or later, an epoch will arrive at which the largest agglom-

eration will absorb all the others — should be viewed as, simply, a corroborative indication of the *tendency to One*.

And here, at length, it seems proper to inquire whether the ascertained *facts* of Astronomy confirm the general arrangement which I have thus, deductively, assigned to the Heavens. Thoroughly, they *do*. Telescopic observation, guided by the laws of perspective, enables us to understand that the perceptible Universe exists as *a cluster of clusters, irregularly disposed*.

The “clusters” of which this Universal “*cluster of clusters*” consists, are merely what we have been in the practice of designating “*nebulæ*” — and, of these “*nebulæ*,” *one* is of paramount interest to mankind. I allude to the Galaxy, or Milky Way. This interests us, first and most obviously, on account of its great superiority in apparent size, not only to any one other cluster in the firmament, but to all the other clusters taken together. The largest of these latter occupies a mere point, comparatively, and is distinctly seen only with the aid of a telescope. The Galaxy sweeps throughout the Heaven and is brilliantly visible to the naked eye. But it interests man chiefly, although less immediately, on account of its being his home; the home of the Earth on which he exists; the home of the Sun about which this Earth revolves; the home of that “system” of orbs of which the Sun is the centre and primary — the Earth one of sixteen secondaries, or planets — the Moon one of seventeen tertiaries, or satellites. The Galaxy, let me repeat, is but one of the *clusters* which I have been describing — but one of the mis-called “*nebulæ*” revealed to us — by the telescope alone, sometimes —

as faint hazy spots in various quarters of the sky. We have no reason to suppose the Milky Way *really* more extensive than the least of these “*nebulae*.” Its vast superiority in size is but an apparent superiority arising from our position in regard to it — that is to say, from our position in its midst. However strange the assertion may at first appear to those unversed in Astronomy, still the astronomer himself has no hesitation in asserting that we are *in the midst* of that inconceivable host of stars — of suns — of systems — which constitute the Galaxy. Moreover, not only have *we* — not only has *our* Sun a right to claim the Galaxy as its own especial cluster, but, with slight reservation, it may be said that all the distinctly visible stars of the firmament — all the stars visible to the naked eye — have equally a right to claim it as *their* own.

There has been a great deal of misconception in respect to the *shape* of the Galaxy; which, in nearly all our astronomical treatises, is said to resemble that of a capital Y. The cluster in question has, in reality, a certain general — *very* general resemblance to the planet Saturn, with its encompassing triple ring. Instead of the solid orb of that planet, however, we must picture to ourselves a lenticular star-island, or collection of stars; our Sun lying excentrically — near the shore of the island — on that side of it which is nearest the constellation of the Cross and farthest from that of Cassiopeia. The surrounding ring, where it approaches our position, has in it a longitudinal *gash*, which does, in fact, cause *the ring, in our vicinity*, to assume, loosely, the appearance of a capital Y.

We must not fall into the error, however, of conceiving the somewhat indefinite girdle as at all *remote*, comparatively speaking, from the also indefinite len-

ticular cluster which it surrounds ; and thus, for mere purpose of explanation, we may speak of our Sun as actually situated at that point of the Y where its three component lines unite ; and, conceiving this letter to be of a certain solidity — of a certain thickness, very trivial in comparison with its length — we may even speak of our position as *in the middle* of this thickness. Fancying ourselves thus placed, we shall no longer find difficulty in accounting for the phænomena presented — which are perspective altogether. When we look upward or downward — that is to say, when we cast our eyes in the direction of the letter's *thickness* — we look through fewer stars than when we cast them in the direction of its *length*, or *along* either of the three component lines. Of course, in the former case, the stars appear scattered — in the latter, crowded. — To reverse this explanation : — An inhabitant of the Earth, when looking, as we commonly express ourselves, *at* the Galaxy, is then beholding it in some of the directions of its length — is looking *along* the lines of the Y — but when, looking out into the general Heaven, he turns his eyes *from* the Galaxy, he is then surveying it in the direction of the letter's thickness ; and on this account the stars seem to him scattered ; while, in fact, they are as close together, on an average, as in the mass of the cluster. *No* consideration could be better adapted to convey an idea of this cluster's stupendous extent.

If, with a telescope of high space-penetrating power, we carefully inspect the firmament, we shall become aware of a *belt of clusters* — of what we have hitherto called “*nebulae*” — a *band*, of varying breadth, stretching from horizon to horizon, at right angles to the general course of the Milky Way. This band is

the ultimate *cluster of clusters*. This belt is *The Universe*. Our Galaxy is but one, and perhaps one of the most inconsiderable, of the clusters which go to the constitution of this ultimate, Universal *belt* or *band*. The appearance of this cluster of clusters, to our eyes, as a belt or band, is altogether a perspective phænomenon of the same character as that which causes us to behold our own individual and roughly-spherical cluster, the Galaxy, under guise also of a belt, traversing the Heavens at right angles to the Universal one. The shape of the all-inclusive cluster is, of course *generally*, that of each individual cluster which it includes. Just as the scattered stars which, on looking *from* the Galaxy, we see in the general sky, are, in fact, but a portion of that Galaxy itself, and as closely intermingled with it as any of the telescopic points in what seems the densest portion of its mass — so are the scattered “*nebulae*” which, on casting our eyes *from* the Universal *belt*, we perceive at all points of the firmament — so, I say, are these scattered “*nebulae*” to be understood as only perspectively scattered, and as part and parcel of the one supreme and Universal *sphere*.

No astronomical fallacy is more untenable, and none has been more pertinaciously adhered to, than that of the absolute *illimitation* of the Universe of Stars. The reasons for limitation, as I have already assigned them, *à priori*, seem to me unanswerable ; but, not to speak of these, *observation* assures us that there is, in numerous directions around us, certainly, if not in all, a positive limit — or, at the very least, affords us no basis whatever for thinking otherwise. Were the succession of stars endless, then the background of the sky would present us an uniform luminosity, like that displayed by the Galaxy — *since there could be absolutely no point,*

in all that background, at which would not exist a star. The only mode, therefore, in which, under such a state of affairs, we could comprehend the *voids* which our telescopes find in innumerable directions, would be by supposing the distance of the invisible background so immense that no ray from it has yet been able to reach us at all. That this *may* be so, who shall venture to deny? I maintain, simply, that we have not even the shadow of a reason for believing that it *is* so.

When speaking of the vulgar propensity to regard all bodies on the Earth as tending merely to the Earth's centre, I observed that, "with certain exceptions to be specified hereafter, every body on the Earth tended not only to the Earth's centre, but in every conceivable direction besides."¹ The "exceptions" refer to those frequent gaps in the Heavens, where our utmost scrutiny can detect not only no stellar bodies, but no indications of their existence:—where yawning chasms, blacker than Erebus, seem to afford us glimpses, through the boundary walls of the Universe of Stars, into the illimitable Universe of Vacancy, beyond. Now as any body, existing on the Earth, chances to pass, either through its own movement or the Earth's, into a line with any one of these voids, or cosmical abysses, it clearly is no longer attracted *in the direction of that void*, and for the moment, consequently, is "heavier" than at any period, either after or before. Independently of the consideration of these voids, however, and looking only at the generally unequable distribution of the stars, we see that the absolute tendency of bodies on the Earth to the Earth's centre, is in a state of perpetual variation.

We comprehend, then, the insulation of our Universe.

¹ Page 217.

We perceive the isolation of *that* — of *all* that which we grasp with the senses. We know that there exists one *cluster of clusters* — a collection around which, on all sides, extend the immeasurable wildernesses of a Space *to all human perception* untenanted. But *because* upon the confines of this Universe of Stars we are compelled to pause, through want of farther evidence from the senses, is it right to conclude that, in fact, there *is* no material point beyond that which we have thus been permitted to attain? Have we, or have we not, an analogical right to the inference that this perceptible Universe — that this cluster of clusters — is but one of *a series* of clusters of clusters, the rest of which are invisible through distance — through the diffusion of their light being so excessive, ere it reaches us, as not to produce upon our retinas a light-impression — or from there being no such emanation as light at all, in these unspeakably distant worlds — or, lastly, from the mere interval being so vast, that the electric tidings of their presence in Space, have not yet — through the lapsing myriads of years — been enabled to traverse that interval?

Have we any right to inferences — have we any ground whatever for visions such as these? If we have a right to them in *any* degree, we have a right to their infinite extension.

The human brain has obviously a leaning to the “*Infinite*,” and fondles the phantom of the idea. It seems to long with a passionate fervor for this impossible conception, with the hope of intellectually believing it when conceived. What is general among the whole race of Man, of course no individual of that race can be warranted in considering abnormal; nevertheless, there *may* be a class of superior intelligences, to whom

the human bias alluded to may wear all the character of monomania.

My question, however, remains unanswered : — Have we any right to infer — let us say, rather, to imagine — an interminable succession of the “ clusters of clusters,” or of “ Universes ” more or less similar ?

I reply that the “ right,” in a case such as this, depends absolutely upon the hardihood of that imagination which ventures to claim the right. Let me declare, only, that, as an individual, I myself feel impelled to the *fancy* — without daring to call it more — that there *does* exist a *limitless* succession of Universes, more or less similar to that of which we have cognizance — to that of which *alone* we shall ever have cognizance — at the very least until the return of our own particular Universe into Unity. *If* such clusters of clusters exist, however — *and they do* — it is abundantly clear that, having had no part in our origin, they have no portion in our laws. They neither attract us, nor we them. Their material — their spirit is not ours — is not that which obtains in any part of our Universe. They could not impress our senses or our souls. Among them and us — considering all, for the moment, collectively — there are no influences in common. Each exists, apart and independently, *in the bosom of its proper and particular God*.

In the conduct of this Discourse, I am aiming less at physical than at metaphysical order. The clearness with which even material phænomena are presented to the understanding, depends very little, I have long since learned to perceive, upon a merely natural, and almost altogether upon a moral, arrangement. If then I seem to step somewhat too discursively from point to point of my topic, let me suggest that I do so in the

hope of thus the better keeping unbroken that chain of *graduated impression* by which alone the intellect of Man can expect to encompass the grandeurs of which I speak, and, in their majestic totality, to comprehend them.

So far, our attention has been directed, almost exclusively, to a general and relative grouping of the stellar bodies in space. Of specification there has been little ; and whatever ideas of *quantity* have been conveyed — that is to say, of number, magnitude, and distance — have been conveyed incidentally and by way of preparation for more definitive conceptions. These latter let us now attempt to entertain.

Our solar system, as has been already mentioned, consists, in chief, of one sun and sixteen planets certainly, but in all probability a few others, revolving around it as a centre, and attended by seventeen moons of which we know, with possibly several more of which as yet we know nothing. These various bodies are not true spheres, but oblate spheroids — spheres flattened at the poles of the imaginary axes about which they rotate : — the flattening being a consequence of the rotation. Neither is the Sun absolutely the centre of the system ; for this Sun itself, with all the planets, revolves about a perpetually shifting point of space, which is the system's general centre of gravity. Neither are we to consider the paths through which these different spheroids move — the moons about the planets, the planets about the Sun, or the Sun about the common centre — as circles in an accurate sense. They are, in fact, *ellipses* — *one of the foci being the point about which the revolution is made*. An ellipse is a curve, returning into itself, one of whose diameters is longer than the other. In the longer diameter are two points,

equidistant from the middle of the line, and so situated otherwise that if, from each of them a straight line be drawn to any one point of the curve, the two lines, taken together, will be equal to the longer diameter itself. Now let us conceive such an ellipse. At one of the points mentioned, which are the *foci*, let us fasten an orange. By an elastic thread let us connect this orange with a pea; and let us place this latter on the circumference of the ellipse. Let us now move the pea continuously around the orange — keeping always on the circumference of the ellipse. The elastic thread, which, of course, varies in length as we move the pea, will form what in geometry is called a *radius vector*. Now, if the orange be understood as the Sun, and the pea as a planet revolving about it, then the revolution should be made at such a rate — with a velocity so varying — that the *radius vector* may pass over *equal areas of space in equal times*. The progress of the pea *should be* — in other words, the progress of the planet *is*, of course, — slow in proportion to its distance from the Sun — swift in proportion to its proximity. Those planets, moreover, move the more slowly which are the farther from the Sun; *the squares of their periods of revolution having the same proportion to each other, as have to each other the cubes of their mean distances from the Sun*.

The wonderfully complex laws of revolution here described, however, are not to be understood as obtaining in our system alone. They *everywhere* prevail where Attraction prevails. They control *the Universe*. Every shining speck in the firmament is, no doubt, a luminous sun, resembling our own, at least in its general features, and having in attendance upon it a greater or less number of planets, greater or less, whose still

lingering luminosity is not sufficient to render them visible to us at so vast a distance, but which, nevertheless, revolve, moon-attended, about their starry centres, in obedience to the principles just detailed — in obedience to the three omniprevalent laws of revolution — the three immortal laws *guessed* by the imaginative Kepler, and but subsequently demonstrated and accounted for by the patient and mathematical Newton. Among a tribe of philosophers who pride themselves excessively upon matter-of-fact, it is far too fashionable to sneer at all speculation under the comprehensive *sobriquet*, “guess-work.” The point to be considered is, *who* guesses. In guessing with Plato, we spend our time to better purpose, now and then, than in hearkening to a demonstration by Alcmaëon.

In many works on Astronomy I find it distinctly stated that the laws of Kepler are *the basis* of the great principle, Gravitation. This idea must have arisen from the fact that the suggestion of these laws by Kepler, and his proving them *à posteriori* to have an actual existence, led Newton to account for them by the hypothesis of Gravitation, and, finally, to demonstrate them *à priori*, as necessary consequences of the hypothetical principle. Thus so far from the laws of Kepler being the basis of Gravity, Gravity is the basis of these laws — as it is, indeed, of all the laws of the material Universe which are not referable to Repulsion alone.

The mean distance of the Earth from the Moon — that is to say, from the heavenly body in our closest vicinity — is 237,000 miles. Mercury, the planet nearest the Sun, is distant from him 37 millions of miles. Venus, the next, revolves at a distance of 68 millions : — the Earth, which comes next, at a dis-

tance of 95 millions : — Mars, then, at a distance of 144 millions. Now come the eight Asteroids (Ceres, Juno, Vesta, Pallas, Astræa, Flora, Iris, and Hebe) at an average distance of about 250 millions. Then we have Jupiter, distant 490 millions ; then Saturn, 900 millions ; then Uranus, 19 hundred millions ; finally Neptune, lately discovered, and revolving at a distance, say of 28 hundred millions. Leaving Neptune out of the account — of which as yet we know little accurately and which is, possibly, one of a system of Asteroids — it will be seen that, within certain limits, there exists an *order of interval* among the planets. Speaking loosely, we may say that each outer planet is twice as far from the Sun as is the next inner one. May not the *order* here mentioned — *may not the law of Bode* — *be deduced from consideration of the analogy suggested by me as having place between the solar discharge of rings and the mode of the atomic irradiation?*

The numbers hurriedly mentioned in this summary of distance, it is folly to attempt comprehending, unless in the light of abstract arithmetical facts. They are not practically tangible ones. They convey no precise ideas. I have stated that Neptune, the planet farthest from the Sun, revolves about him at a distance of 28 hundred millions of miles. So far good : — I have stated a mathematical fact ; and, without comprehending it in the least, we may put it to use — mathematically. But in mentioning, even, that the Moon revolves about the Earth at the comparatively trifling distance of 237,000 miles, I entertained no expectation of giving any one to understand — to know — to feel — how far from the Earth the Moon actually *is*. 237,000 *miles!* There are, perhaps, few of my readers who have not crossed the Atlantic ocean ; yet

how many of them have a distinct idea of even the 3,000 miles intervening between shore and shore? I doubt, indeed, whether the man lives who can force into his brain the most remote conception of the interval between one milestone and its next neighbor upon the turnpike. We are in some measure aided, however, in our consideration of distance, by combining this consideration with the kindred one of velocity. Sound passes through 1100 feet of space in a second of time. Now were it possible for an inhabitant of the Earth to see the flash of a cannon discharged in the Moon, and to hear the report, he would have to wait, after perceiving the former, more than 13 entire days and nights before getting any intimation of the latter.

However feeble be the impression, even thus conveyed, of the Moon's real distance from the Earth, it will, nevertheless, effect a good object in enabling us more clearly to see the futility of attempting to grasp such intervals as that of the 28 hundred millions of miles between our Sun and Neptune; or even that of the 95 millions between the Sun and the Earth we inhabit. A cannon-ball, flying at the greatest velocity with which a ball has ever been known to fly, could not traverse the latter interval in less than 20 years; while for the former it would require 590.

Our Moon's real diameter is 2160 miles; yet she is comparatively so trifling an object that it would take nearly 50 such orbs to compose one as great as the Earth.

The diameter of our own globe is 7912 miles — but from the enunciation of these numbers what positive idea do we derive?

If we ascend an ordinary mountain and look around us from its summit, we behold a landscape stretching,

say 40 miles, in every direction ; forming a circle 250 miles in circumference ; and including an area of 5000 square miles. The extent of such a prospect, on account of the *successiveness* with which its portions necessarily present themselves to view, can be only very feebly and very partially appreciated : — yet the entire panorama would comprehend no more than one 40,000th part of the mere *surface* of our globe. Were this panorama, then, to be succeeded, after the lapse of an hour, by another of equal extent ; this again by a third, after the lapse of another hour ; this again by a fourth after lapse of another hour — and so on, until the scenery of the whole Earth were exhausted ; and were we to be engaged in examining these various panoramas for twelve hours of every day ; we should nevertheless, be 9 years and 48 days in completing the general survey.

But if the mere surface of the Earth eludes the grasp of the imagination, what are we to think of its cubical contents ? It embraces a mass of matter equal in weight to at least 2 sextillions, 200 quintillions of tons. Let us suppose it in a state of quiescence ; and now let us endeavor to conceive a mechanical force sufficient to set it in motion ! Not the strength of all the myriads of beings whom we may conclude to inhabit the planetary worlds of our system — not the combined physical strength of *all* these beings — even admitting all to be more powerful than man — would avail to stir the ponderous mass *a single inch* from its position.

What are we to understand, then, of the force, which under similar circumstances, would be required to move the *largest* of our planets, Jupiter ? This is 86,000 miles in diameter, and would include within its periphery more than a thousand orbs of the magnitude of our own. Yet this stupendous body is actually

flying around the Sun at the rate of 29,000 miles an hour — that is to say, with a velocity 40 times greater than that of a cannon-ball ! The thought of such a phænomenon cannot well be said to *startle* the mind : — it palsies and appals it. Not unfrequently we task our imagination in picturing the capacities of an angel. Let us fancy such a being at a distance of some hundred miles from Jupiter — a close eye-witness of this planet as it speeds on its annual revolution. Now *can* we, I demand, fashion for ourselves any conception so distinct of this ideal being's spiritual exaltation, as *that* involved in the supposition that, even by this immeasurable mass of matter, whirled immediately before his eyes, with a velocity so unutterable, he — an angel — angelic though he be — is not at once struck into nothingness and overwhelmed ?

At this point, however, it seems proper to suggest that, in fact, we have been speaking of comparative trifles. Our Sun — the central and controlling orb of the system to which Jupiter belongs, is not only greater than Jupiter, but greater by far than all the planets of the system taken together. This fact is an essential condition, indeed, of the stability of the system itself. The diameter of Jupiter has been mentioned : — it is 86,000 miles : — that of the Sun is 882,000 miles. An inhabitant of the latter, travelling 90 miles a day, would be more than 80 years in going round a great circle of its circumference. It occupies a cubical space of 681 quadrillions, 472 trillions of miles. The Moon, as has been stated, revolves about the Earth at a distance of 237,000 miles — in an orbit, consequently, of nearly a million and a half. Now, were the Sun placed upon the Earth, centre over centre, the body of the former

would extend, in every direction, not only to the line of the Moon's orbit, but beyond it, a distance of 200,000 miles.

And here, once again, let me suggest that, in fact, we have *still* been speaking of comparative trifles. The distance of the planet Neptune from the Sun has been stated : — it is 28 hundred millions of miles ; the circumference of its orbit, therefore, is about 17 billions. Let this be borne in mind while we glance at some one of the brightest stars. Between this and the star of *our* system, (the Sun,) there is a gulf of space, to convey any idea of which we should need the tongue of an archangel. From *our* system, then, and from *our* Sun, or star, the star at which we suppose ourselves glancing is a thing altogether apart : — still, for the moment, let us imagine it placed upon our Sun, centre over centre, as we just now imagined this Sun itself placed upon the Earth. Let us now conceive the particular star we have in mind, extending, in every direction, beyond the orbit of Mercury — of Venus — of the Earth : — still *on*, beyond the orbit of Mars — of Jupiter — of Uranus — until, finally, we fancy it filling the circle — *17 billions of miles in circumference* — which is described by the revolution of Leverrier's planet. When we have conceived all this, we shall have entertained no extravagant conception. There is the very best reason for believing that many of the stars are even far larger than the one we have imagined. I mean to say that we have the very best *empirical* basis for such belief : — and, in looking back at the original, atomic arrangements for *diversity*, which have been assumed as a part of the Divine plan in the constitution of the Universe, we shall be enabled easily to understand, and to credit, the existence of

even far vaster disproportions in stellar size than any to which I have hitherto alluded. The largest orbs, of course, we must expect to find rolling through the widest vacancies of Space.

I remarked, just now, that to convey an idea of the interval between our Sun and any one of the other stars, we should require the eloquence of an arch-angel. In so saying, I should not be accused of exaggeration; for, in simple truth, these are topics on which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate. But let us bring the matter more distinctly before the eye of the mind.

In the first place, we may get a general, *relative* conception of the interval referred to, by comparing it with the inter-planetary spaces. If, for example, we suppose the Earth, which is, in reality, 95 millions of miles from the Sun, to be only *one foot* from that luminary; then Neptune would be 40 feet distant; *and the star Alpha Lyræ, at the very least, 159.*

Now I presume that, in the termination of my last sentence, few of my readers have noticed anything especially objectionable — particularly wrong. I said that the distance of the Earth from the Sun being taken at *one foot*, the distance of Neptune would be 40 feet, and that of Alpha Lyræ, 159. The proportion between one foot and 159, has appeared, perhaps, to convey a sufficiently definite impression of the proportion between the two intervals — that of the Earth from the Sun and that of Alpha Lyræ from the same luminary. But my account of the matter should, in reality, have run thus:—The distance of the Earth from the Sun being taken at one foot, the distance of Neptune would be 40 feet, and that of Alpha Lyræ, 159 — *miles*:—that is

to say, I had assigned to Alpha Lyræ, in my first statement of the case, only the 5280th part of that distance which is the *least distance possible* at which it can actually lie.

To proceed:—However distant a mere *planet* is, yet when we look at it through a telescope, we see it under a certain form—of a certain appreciable size. Now I have already hinted at the probable bulk of many of the stars; nevertheless, when we view any one of them, even through the most powerful telescope, it is found to present us with *no form*, and consequently with *no magnitude* whatever. We see it as a point and nothing more.

Again;—Let us suppose ourselves walking, at night, on a highway. In a field on one side of the road, is a line of tall objects, say trees, the figures of which are distinctly defined against the background of the sky. This line of objects extends at right angles to the road, and from the road to the horizon. Now, as we proceed along the road, we see these objects changing their positions, respectively, in relation to a certain fixed point in that portion of the firmament which forms the background of the view. Let us suppose this fixed point—sufficiently fixed for our purpose—to be the rising moon. We become aware, at once, that while the tree nearest us so far alters its position in respect to the moon, as to seem flying behind us, the tree in the extreme distance has scarcely changed at all its relative position with the satellite. We then go on to perceive that the farther the objects are from us, the less they alter their positions; and the converse. Then we begin, unwittingly, to estimate the distances of individual trees by the degrees in which they evince the relative alteration. Finally, we

come to understand how it might be possible to ascertain the actual distance of any given tree in the line, by using the amount of relative alteration as a basis in a simple geometrical problem. Now this relative alteration is what we call “parallax;” and by parallax we calculate the distances of the heavenly bodies. Applying the principle to the trees in question, we should, of course, be very much at a loss to comprehend the distance of *that* tree, which, however far we proceeded along the road, should evince *no* parallax at all. This, in the case described, is a thing impossible; but impossible only because all distances on our Earth are trivial indeed: — in comparison with the vast cosmical quantities, we may speak of them as absolutely nothing.

Now, let us suppose the star Alpha Lyrae directly overhead; and let us imagine that, instead of standing on the Earth, we stand at one end of a straight road stretching through Space to a distance equalling the diameter of the Earth’s orbit—that is to say, to a distance of *190 millions of miles*. Having observed, by means of the most delicate micrometrical instruments, the exact position of the star, let us now pass along this inconceivable road, until we reach its other extremity. Now, once again, let us look at the star. It is *precisely* where we left it. Our instruments, however delicate, assure us that its relative position is absolutely — is identically the same as at the commencement of our unutterable journey. *No* parallax — none whatever — has been found.

The fact is, that, in regard to the distance of the fixed stars—of any one of the myriads of suns glistening on the farther side of that awful chasm which separates our system from its brothers in the cluster to

which it belongs — astronomical science, until very lately, could speak only with a negative certainty. Assuming the brightest as the nearest, we could say, even of *them*, only that there is a certain incomprehensible distance on the *hither* side of which they cannot be : — how far they are beyond it we had in no case been able to ascertain. We perceived, for example, that Alpha Lyrae cannot be nearer to us than 19 trillions, 200 billions of miles ; but, for all we knew, and indeed for all we now know, it may be distant from us the square, or the cube, or any other power of the number mentioned. By dint, however, of wonderfully minute and cautious observations, continued, with novel instruments, for many laborious years, *Bessel*, not long ago deceased, has lately succeeded in determining the distance of six or seven stars ; among others, that of the star numbered 61 in the constellation of the Swan. The distance in this latter instance ascertained, is 670,000 times that of the Sun ; which last it will be remembered, is 95 millions of miles. The star 61 Cygni, then, is nearly 64 trillions of miles from us — or more than three times the distance assigned, *as the least possible*, for Alpha Lyrae.

In attempting to appreciate this interval by the aid of any considerations of *velocity*, as we did in endeavoring to estimate the distance of the moon, we must leave out of sight, altogether, such nothings as the speed of a cannon ball, or of sound. Light, however, according to the latest calculations of Struve, proceeds at the rate of 167,000 miles in a second. Thought itself cannot pass through this interval more speedily — if, indeed, thought can traverse it at all. Yet, in coming from 61 Cygni to us, even at this inconceiv-

able rate, light occupies more than *ten years*; and, consequently, were the star this moment blotted out from the Universe, still, *for ten years*, would it continue to sparkle on, undimmed in its paradoxical glory.

Keeping now in mind whatever feeble conception we may have attained of the interval between our Sun and 61 Cygni, let us remember that this interval, however unutterably vast, we are permitted to consider as but the *average* interval among the countless host of stars composing that cluster, or “nebula,” to which our system, as well as that of 61 Cygni, belongs. I have, in fact, stated the case with great moderation:—we have excellent reason for believing 61 Cygni to be one of the *nearest* stars, and thus for concluding, at least for the present, that its distance from us is *less* than the average distance between star and star in the magnificent cluster of the Milky Way.

And here, once again and finally, it seems proper to suggest that even as yet we have been speaking of trifles. Ceasing to wonder at the space between star and star in our own or in any particular cluster, let us rather turn our thoughts to the intervals between cluster and cluster, in the all comprehensive cluster of the Universe.

I have already said that light proceeds at the rate of 167,000 miles in a second—that is, about 10 millions of miles in a minute, or about 600 millions of miles in an hour:—yet so far removed from us are some of the “*nebulae*” that even light, speeding with this velocity, could not and does not reach us, from those mysterious regions, in less than 3 *millions of years*. This calculation, moreover, is made by the elder Herschel, and in reference merely to those comparatively proximate clusters within the scope of his own tele-

scope. There *are* “nebulæ,” however, which, through the magical tube of Lord Rosse, are this instant whispering in our ears the secrets of *a million of ages* by-gone. In a word, the events which we behold now — at this moment — in those worlds — are the identical events which interested their inhabitants *ten hundred thousand centuries ago*. In intervals — in distances such as this suggestion forces upon the *soul* — rather than upon the mind — we find, at length, a fitting climax to all hitherto frivolous considerations of *quantity*.

Our fancies thus occupied with the cosmical distances, let us take the opportunity of referring to the difficulty which we have so often experienced, while pursuing *the beaten path* of astronomical reflection, *in accounting* for the immeasurable voids alluded to — in comprehending why chasms so totally unoccupied and therefore apparently so needless, have been made to intervene between star and star — between cluster and cluster — in understanding, to be brief, a sufficient reason for the Titanic scale, in respect of mere *Space*, on which the Universe is seen to be constructed. A rational cause for the phænomenon, I maintain that Astronomy has palpably failed to assign: — but the considerations through which, in this Essay, we have proceeded step by step, enable us clearly and immediately to perceive that *Space and Duration are one*. That the Universe might *endure* throughout an æra at all commensurate with the grandeur of its component material portions and with the high majesty of its spiritual purposes; it was necessary that the original atomic diffusion be made to so inconceivable an extent as to be only not infinite. It was required, in a word, that the stars should be gathered into visibility from invisible nebulousity — proceed from nebulousity to consolidation — and so grow

grey in giving birth and death to unspeakably numerous and complex variations of vitalic development : — it was required that the stars should do all this — should have time thoroughly to accomplish all these Divine purposes — *during the period* in which all things were effecting their return into Unity with a velocity accumulating in the inverse proportion of the squares of the distances at which lay the inevitable End.

Throughout all this we have no difficulty in understanding the absolute accuracy of the Divine *adaptation*. The density of the stars, respectively, proceeds, of course, as their condensation diminishes ; condensation and heterogeneity keep pace with each other ; through the latter, which is the index of the former, we estimate the vitalic and spiritual development. Thus, in the density of the globes, we have the measure in which their purposes are fulfilled. *As* density proceeds — *as* the divine intentions *are* accomplished — *as* less and still less remains *to be* accomplished — so — in the same ratio — should we expect to find an acceleration of *the End* : — and thus the philosophical mind will easily comprehend that the Divine designs in constituting the stars, advance *mathematically* to their fulfilment : — and more ; it will readily give the advance a mathematical expression ; it will decide that this advance is inversely proportional with the squares of the distances of all created things from the starting-point and goal of their creation.

✓ Not only is this Divine adaptation, however, mathematically accurate, but there is that about it which stamps it *as divine*, in distinction from that which is merely the work of human constructiveness. I allude to the complete *mutuality* of adaptation. For example ; in human constructions a particular cause has a particular

effect; a particular intention brings to pass a particular object; but this is all; we see no reciprocity. The effect does not re-act upon the cause; the intention does not change relations with the object. In Divine constructions the object is either design or object as we choose to regard it — and we may take at any time a cause for an effect, or the converse — so that we can never absolutely decide which is which.

To give an instance: — In polar climates the human frame, to maintain its animal heat, requires, for combustion in the capillary system, an abundant supply of highly azotized food, such as train-oil. But again: — in polar climates nearly the sole food afforded man is the oil of abundant seals and whales. Now, whether is oil at hand because imperatively demanded, or the only thing demanded because the only thing to be obtained? It is impossible to decide. There is an absolute *reciprocity of adaptation*.

The pleasure which we derive from any display of human ingenuity is in the ratio of *the approach* to this species of reciprocity. In the construction of *plot*, for example, in fictitious literature, we should aim at so arranging the incidents that we shall not be able to determine, of any one of them, whether it depends from any one other or upholds it. In this sense, of course, *perfection of plot* is really, or practically, unattainable — but only because it is a finite intelligence that constructs. The plots of God are perfect. The Universe is a plot of God. ♡

And now we have reached a point at which the intellect is forced, again, to struggle against its propensity for analogical inference — against its monomaniac grasping at the infinite. Moons have been seen *revolving* about planets; planets about stars; and the poetical in-

instinct of humanity — its instinct of the symmetrical, if the symmetry be but a symmetry of surface: — this *instinct*, which the Soul, not only of Man but of all created beings, took up, in the beginning, from the *geometrical* basis of the Universal irradiation — impels us to the fancy of an endless extension of this system of *cycles*. Closing our eyes equally to *deduction* and *induction*, we insist upon imagining a *revolution* of all the orbs of the Galaxy about some gigantic globe which we take to be the central pivot of the whole. Each cluster in the great cluster of clusters is imagined, of course, to be similarly supplied and constructed; while, that the “analogy” may be wanting at no point, we go on to conceive these clusters themselves, again, as *revolving* about some still more august sphere; — this latter, still again, *with* its encircling clusters, as but one of a yet more magnificent series of agglomerations, *gyrating* about yet another orb central *to them* — some orb still more unspeakably sublime — some orb, let us rather say, of infinite sublimity endlessly multiplied by the infinitely sublime. Such are the conditions, continued in perpetuity, which the voice of what some people term “analogy” calls upon the Fancy to depict and the Reason to contemplate, if possible, without becoming dissatisfied with the picture. Such, *in general*, are the interminable gyrations beyond gyration which we have been instructed by Philosophy to comprehend and to account for, at least in the best manner we can. Now and then, however, a philosopher proper — one whose frenzy takes a very determinate turn — whose genius, to speak more reverentially, has a strongly-pronounced washer-womanish bias, doing every thing up by the dozen — enables us to see *precisely* that point out of sight, at which the revolutionary

processes in question do, and of right ought to, come to an end.

It is hardly worth while, perhaps, even to sneer at the reveries of Fourrier — but much has been said, latterly, of the hypothesis of Mädler — that there exists, in the centre of the Galaxy, a stupendous globe about which all the systems of the cluster revolve. The *period* of our own, indeed, has been stated — 117 millions of years.

That our Sun has a motion in space, independently of its rotation, and revolution about the system's centre of gravity, has long been suspected. This motion, granting it to exist, would be manifested perspectively. The stars in that firmamental region which we were leaving behind us, would, in a very long series of years, become crowded; those in the opposite quarter, scattered. Now, by means of astronomical History, we ascertain, cloudily, that some such phænomena have occurred. On this ground it has been declared that our system is moving to a point in the heavens diametrically opposite the star Zeta Herculis: — but this inference is, perhaps, the maximum to which we have any logical right. Mädler, however, has gone so far as to designate a particular star, Alcyone in the Pleiades, as being at or about the very spot around which a general *revolution* is performed.

Now, since by “analogy” we are led, in the first instance, to these dreams, it is no more than proper that we should abide by analogy, at least in some measure, during their development; and that analogy which suggests the revolution, suggests at the same time a central orb about which it should be performed: — so far the astronomer was consistent. This central orb, however, should, dynamically, be greater

than all the orbs, taken together, which surround it. Of these there are about 100 millions. "Why, then," it was of course demanded, "do we not *see* this vast central sun — *at least equal* in mass to 100 millions of such suns as ours — why do we not *see* it — *we*, especially, who occupy the mid region of the cluster — the very locality *near* which, at all events, must be situated this incomparable star?" The reply was ready — "It must be non-luminous, as are our planets." Here, then, to suit a purpose, analogy is suddenly let fall. "Not so," it may be said — "we know that non-luminous suns actually exist." It is true that we have reason at least for supposing so; but we have certainly no reason whatever for supposing that the non-luminous suns in question are encircled by *luminous* suns, while these again are surrounded by non-luminous planets: — and it is precisely all this with which Mädler is called upon to find any thing analogous in the heavens — for it is precisely all this which he imagines in the case of the Galaxy. Admitting the thing to be so, we cannot help here picturing to ourselves how sad a puzzle the *why is it so* must prove to all *à priori* philosophers.

But granting, in the very teeth of analogy and of every thing else, the non-luminosity of the vast central orb, we may still inquire how this orb, so enormous, could fail of being rendered visible by the flood of light thrown upon it from the 100 millions of glorious suns glaring in all directions about it. Upon the urging of this question, the idea of an actually solid central sun appears, in some measure, to have been abandoned; and speculation proceeded to assert that the systems of the cluster perform their revolutions merely about an immaterial centre of gravity common

to all. Here again then, to suit a purpose, analogy is let fall. The planets of our system revolve, it is true, about a common centre of gravity ; but they do this in connexion with, and in consequence of, a material sun whose mass more than counterbalances the rest of the system.

The mathematical circle is a curve composed of an infinity of straight lines. But this idea of the circle — an idea which, in view of all ordinary geometry, is merely the mathematical, as contradistinguished from the practical, idea — is, in sober fact, the *practical* conception which alone we have any right to entertain in regard to the majestic circle with which we have to deal, at least in fancy, when we suppose our system revolving about a point in the centre of the Galaxy. Let the most vigorous of human imaginations attempt but to take a single step towards the comprehension of a sweep so ineffable ! It would scarcely be paradoxical to say that a flash of lightning itself, travelling *forever* upon the circumference of this unutterable circle, would still, *forever*, be travelling in a straight line. That the path of our Sun in such an orbit would, to any human perception, deviate in the slightest degree from a straight line, even in a million of years, is a proposition not to be entertained : — yet we are required to believe that a curvature has become apparent during the brief period of our astronomical history — during a mere point — during the utter nothingness of two or three thousand years.

It may be said that Mädler *has* really ascertained a curvature in the direction of our system's now well-established progress through Space. Admitting, if necessary, this fact to be in reality such, I maintain that nothing is thereby shown except the reality of this

fact — the fact of a curvature. For its *thorough* determination, ages will be required; and, when determined, it will be found indicative of some binary or other multiple relation between our Sun and some one or more of the proximate stars. I hazard nothing however, in predicting, that, after the lapse of many centuries, all efforts at determining the path of our Sun through Space, will be abandoned as fruitless. This is easily conceivable when we look at the infinity of perturbation it must experience, from its perpetually-shifting relations with other orbs, in the common approach of all to the nucleus of the Galaxy.

But in examining other “*nebulae*” than that of the Milky Way—in surveying, generally, the clusters which overspread the heavens—do we or do we not find confirmation of Mädler’s hypothesis? We do *not*. The forms of the clusters are exceedingly diverse when casually viewed; but on close inspection, through powerful telescopes, we recognize the sphere, very distinctly, as at least the proximate form of all:—their constitution, in general, being at variance with the idea of revolution about a common centre.

“It is difficult,” says Sir John Herschel, “to form any conception of the dynamical state of such systems. On one hand, without a rotary motion and a centrifugal force, it is hardly possible not to regard them as in a state of *progressive collapse*. On the other, granting such a motion and such a force, we find it no less difficult to reconcile their forms with the rotation of the whole system [meaning cluster] around any single axis, without which internal collision would appear to be inevitable.”

Some remarks lately made about the “*nebulae*” by Dr. Nichol, in taking quite a different view of the cos-

mical conditions from any taken in this Discourse — have a very peculiar applicability to the point now at issue. He says :

“ When our greatest telescopes are brought to bear upon them, we find that those which were thought to be irregular, are not so ; they approach nearer to a globe. Here is one that looked oval ; but Lord Rosse’s telescope brought it into a circle. . . . Now there occurs a very remarkable circumstance in reference to these comparatively sweeping circular masses of nebulæ. We find they are not entirely circular, but the reverse ; and that all around them, on every side, there are volumes of stars, *stretching out apparently as if they were rushing towards a great central mass in consequence of the action of some great power.*”¹

Were I to describe, in my own words, what must necessarily be the existing condition of each nebula on the hypothesis that all matter is, as I suggest, now returning to its original Unity, I should simply be going over, nearly verbatim, the language here employed by Dr. Nichol, without the faintest suspicion of that stupendous truth which is the key to these nebular phænomena.

And here let me fortify my position still farther, by the voice of a greater than Mädler — of one, moreover, to whom all the data of Mädler have long been familiar things, carefully and thoroughly considered. Referring to the elaborate calculations of Argelander — the very researches which form Mädler’s basis — *Hum-*

¹ I must be understood as denying, *especially*, only the *revolutionary* portion of Mädler’s hypothesis. Of course, if no great central orb exists *now* in our cluster, such will exist hereafter. Whenever existing, it will be merely the *nucleus* of the consolidation.

boldt, whose generalizing powers have never, perhaps been equalled, has the following observation :

“ When we regard the real, proper, or non-perspective motions of the stars, we find *many groups of them moving in opposite directions*; and the data as yet in hand render it not necessary, at least, to conceive that the systems composing the Milky Way, or the clusters, generally, composing the Universe, are revolving about any particular centre unknown, whether luminous or non-luminous. It is but Man’s longing for a fundamental First Cause, that impels both his intellect and fancy to the adoption of such an hypothesis.”¹

The phænomenon here alluded to — that of “ many groups moving in opposite directions ” — is quite inexplicable by Mädler’s idea ; but arises, as a necessary consequence, from that which forms the basis of this Discourse. While the *merely general direction* of each atom — of each moon, planet, star, or cluster — would, on my hypothesis, be, of course, absolutely rectilinear ; while the *general* path of all bodies would be a right line leading to the centre of all ; it is clear, nevertheless, that this general rectilinearity would be compounded of what, with scarcely any exaggeration, we may term an infinity of particular curves — an infinity of local deviations from rectilinearity — the result of

¹ Betrachtet man die nicht perspectivischen eigenen Bewegungen der Sterne, so scheinen viele gruppenweise in ihrer Richtung entgegengesetzt ; und die bisher gesammelten Thatsachen machen es auf’s wenigste nicht nothwendig, anzunehmen, dass alle Theile unserer Sternenschicht oder gar der gesammten Sterneninseln, welche den Weltraum füllen, sich um einen grossen, unbekannten, leuchtenden oder dunkeln Centralkörper bewegen. Das Streben nach den letzten und höchsten Grundursachen macht freilich die reflectirende Thätigkeit des Menschen, wie seine Phantasie, zu einer solchen Annahme geneigt.

continuous differences of relative position among the multitudinous masses, as each proceeded on its own proper journey to the End.

I quoted, just now, from Sir John Herschel, the following words, used in reference to the clusters : — “ On one hand, without a rotary motion and a centrifugal force, it is hardly possible not to regard them as in a state of *progressive collapse*.” The fact is, that, in surveying the “nebulæ” with a telescope of high power, we shall find it quite impossible, having once conceived this idea of “collapse,” not to gather, at all points, corroboration of the idea. A nucleus is always apparent, in the direction of which the stars seem to be precipitating themselves ; nor can these nuclei be mistaken for merely perspective phænomena : — the clusters are *really* denser near the centre — sparser in the regions more remote from it. In a word, we see every thing as we *should* see it were a collapse taking place ; but, in general, it may be said of these clusters, that we can fairly entertain, while looking at them, the idea of *orbital movement about a centre*, only by admitting the *possible* existence, in the distant domains of space, of dynamical laws with which *we* are unacquainted.

On the part of Herschel, however, there is evidently *a reluctance* to regard the nebulæ as in “ a state of progressive collapse.” But if facts — if even appearances justify the supposition of their being in this state, *why*, it may well be demanded, is he disinclined to admit it ? Simply on account of a prejudice ; — merely because the supposition is at war with a preconceived and utterly baseless notion — that of the endlessness — that of the eternal stability of the Universe.

If the propositions of this Discourse are tenable, the “ state of progressive collapse ” is *precisely* that state

in which alone we are warranted in considering All Things ; and, with due humility, let me here confess that, for my part, I am at a loss to conceive how any *other* understanding of the existing condition of affairs, could ever have made its way into the human brain. "The tendency to collapse" and "the attraction of gravitation" are convertible phrases. In using either, we speak of the reaction of the First Act. Never was necessity less obvious than that of supposing Matter imbued with an ineradicable *quality* forming part of its material nature—a quality, or instinct, *forever* inseparable from it, and by dint of which inalienable principle every atom is *perpetually* impelled to seek its fellow-atom. Never was necessity less obvious than that of entertaining this unphilosophical idea. Going boldly behind the vulgar thought, we have to conceive, metaphysically, that the gravitating principle appertains to Matter *temporarily*—only while diffused—only while existing as Many instead of as One—appertains to it by virtue of its state of irradiation alone—appertains, in a word, altogether to its *condition*, and not in the slightest degree to *itself*. In this view, when the irradiation shall have returned into its source—when the reaction shall be completed—the gravitating principle will no longer exist. And, in fact, astronomers, without at any time reaching the idea here suggested, seem to have been approximating it, in the assertion that "if there were but one body in the Universe, it would be impossible to understand how the principle, Gravity, could obtain" :—that is to say, from a consideration of Matter as they find it, they reach a conclusion at which I deductively arrive. That so pregnant a suggestion as the one quoted should have been permitted to remain so long unfruitful, is, nev-

ertheless, a mystery which I find it difficult to fathom.

✓ It is, perhaps, in no little degree, however, our propensity for the continuous — for the analogical — in the present case more particularly for the symmetrical — which has been leading us astray. • And, in fact, the sense of the symmetrical is an instinct which may be depended upon with an almost blindfold reliance. It is the poetical essence of the Universe — *of the Universe* which, in the supremeness of its symmetry, is but the most sublime of poems. Now symmetry and consistency are convertible terms : — thus Poetry and Truth are one. A thing is consistent in the ratio of its truth — true in the ratio of its consistency. *A perfect consistency, I repeat, can be nothing but an absolute truth.* We may take it for granted, then, that Man cannot long or widely err, if he suffer himself to be guided by his poetical, which I have maintained to be his truthful, in being his symmetrical, instinct. He must have a care, however, lest, in pursuing too heedlessly the superficial symmetry of forms and motions, he leave out of sight the really essential symmetry of the principles which determine and control them. —

That the stellar bodies would finally be merged in one — that, at last, all would be drawn into the substance of *one stupendous central orb already existing* — is an idea which, for some time past, seems, vaguely and indeterminately, to have held possession of the fancy of mankind. It is an idea, in fact, which belongs to the class of the *excessively obvious*. It springs, instantly, from a superficial observation of the cyclic and seemingly gyrating, or vorticial movements of those individual portions of the Universe which come most immediately and most closely under

our observation. There is not, perhaps, a human being, of ordinary education and of average reflective capacity, to whom, at some period, the fancy inquestion has not occurred, as if spontaneously, or intuitively, and wearing all the character of a very profound and very original conception. This conception, however, so commonly entertained, has never, within my knowledge, arisen out of any abstract considerations. Being, on the contrary, always suggested, as I say, by the vorticial movements about centres, a reason for it, also, — a *cause* for the ingathering of all the orbs into one, *imagined to be already existing*, was naturally sought in the same direction — among these cyclic movements themselves.

Thus it happened that, on announcement of the gradual and perfectly regular decrease observed in the orbit of Enck's¹ comet, at every successive revolution about our Sun, astronomers were nearly unanimous in the opinion that the cause in question was found — that a principle was discovered sufficient to account, physically, for that final, universal agglomeration which, I repeat, the analogical, symmetrical or poetical instinct of Man had predetermined to understand as something more than a simple hypothesis.

This cause — this sufficient reason for the final ingathering — was declared to exist in an exceedingly rare but still material medium pervading space ; which medium, by retarding, in some degree, the progress of the comet, perpetually weakened its tangential force ; thus giving a predominance to the centripetal ; which, of course, drew the comet nearer and nearer at each revolution, and would eventually precipitate it upon the Sun.

All this was strictly logical — admitting the medium

¹ See Notes. — Ed.

or ether; but this ether was assumed, most illogically, on the ground that no *other* mode than the one spoken of could be discovered, of accounting for the observed decrease in the orbit of the comet:—as if from the fact that we could *discover* no other mode of accounting for it, it followed, in any respect, that no other mode of accounting for it existed. It is clear that innumerable causes might operate, in combination, to diminish the orbit, without even a possibility of our ever becoming acquainted with one of them. In the meantime, it has never been fairly shown, perhaps, why the retardation occasioned by the skirts of the Sun's atmosphere, through which the comet passes at perihelion, is not enough to account for the phenomenon. That Enck's comet will be absorbed into the Sun, is probable; that all the comets of the system will be absorbed, is more than merely possible; but, in such case, the principle of absorption must be referred to eccentricity of orbit—to the close approximation to the Sun, of the comets at their perihelia; and is a principle not affecting, in any degree, the ponderous *spheres*, which are to be regarded as the true material constituents of the Universe. —Touching comets, in general, let me here suggest, in passing, that we cannot be far wrong in looking upon them as the *lightning-flashes of the cosmical Heaven*.

The idea of a retarding ether and, through it, of a final agglomeration of all things, seemed at one time, however, to be confirmed by the observation of a positive decrease in the orbit of the solid moon. By reference to eclipses recorded 2500 years ago, it was found that the velocity of the satellite's revolution *then* was considerably less than it is *now*; that on the hypothesis that its motions in its orbit is uniformly in

accordance with Kepler's law, and was accurately determined *then*—2500 years ago—it is now in advance of the position it *should* occupy, by nearly 9000 miles. The increase of velocity proved, of course, a diminution of orbit; and astronomers were fast yielding to a belief in an ether, as the sole mode of accounting for the phænomenon, when Lagrange came to the rescue. He showed that, owing to the configurations of the spheroids, the shorter axes of their ellipses are subject to variation in length; the longer axes being permanent; and that this variation is continuous and vibratory—so that every orbit is in a state of transition, either from circle to ellipse, or from ellipse to circle. In the case of the moon, where the shorter axis is *decreasing*, the orbit is passing from circle to ellipse, and, consequently, is *decreasing* too; but, after a long series of ages, the ultimate eccentricity will be attained; then the shorter axis will proceed to *increase*, until the orbit becomes a circle; when the process of shortening will again take place;—and so on forever. In the case of the Earth, the orbit is passing from ellipse to circle. The facts thus demonstrated do away, of course, with all necessity for supposing an ether, and with all apprehension of the system's instability—on the ether's account.

It will be remembered that I have myself assumed what we may term *an ether*. I have spoken of a subtle *influence* which we know to be ever in attendance upon matter, although becoming manifest only through matter's heterogeneity. To this *influence*—without daring to touch it at all in any effort at explaining its awful *nature*—I have referred the various phænomena of electricity, heat, light, mag-

netism ; and more — of vitality, consciousness, and thought — in a word, of spirituality. It will be seen, at once, then, that the ether thus conceived is radically distinct from the ether of the astronomers ; inasmuch as theirs is *matter* and mine *not*.

With the idea of material ether, seems, thus, to have departed altogether the thought of that universal agglomeration so long predetermined by the poetical fancy of mankind : — an agglomeration in which a sound Philosophy might have been warranted in putting faith, at least to a certain extent, if for no other reason than that by this poetical fancy it *had* been so predetermined. But so far as Astronomy — so far as mere Physics have yet spoken, the cycles of the Universe are perpetual — the Universe has no conceivable end. Had an end been demonstrated, however, from so purely collateral a cause as an ether, Man's instinct of the Divine *capacity to adapt*, would have rebelled against the demonstration. We should have been forced to regard the Universe with some such sense of dissatisfaction as we experience in contemplating an unnecessarily complex work of human art. ✓ Creation would have affected us as an imperfect *plot* in a romance, where the *dénoûment* is awkwardly brought about by interposed incidents external and foreign to the main subject ; instead of springing out of the bosom of the thesis — out of the heart of the ruling idea — instead of arising as a result of the primary proposition — as inseparable and inevitable part and parcel of the fundamental conception of the book. ✓

What I mean by the symmetry of mere surface will now be more clearly understood. It is simply by the blandishment of this symmetry that we have been beguiled into the general idea of which Mädler's

hypothesis is but a part — the idea of the vorticial indrawing of the orbs. ✓ Dismissing this nakedly physical conception, the symmetry of principle sees the end of all things metaphysically involved in the thought of a beginning ; seeks and finds in this origin of all things the *rudiment* of this end ; and perceives the impiety of supposing this end likely to be brought about less simply — less directly — less obviously — less artistically — than through *the réaction of the originating Act.* ✓

Recurring, then, to a previous suggestion, let us understand the systems — let us understand each star, with its attendant planets — as but a Titanic atom existing in space with precisely the same inclination for Unity which characterized, in the beginning, the actual atoms after their irradiation throughout the Universal sphere. As these original atoms rushed towards each other in generally straight lines, so let us conceive as at least generally rectilinear, the paths of the system-atoms towards their respective centres of aggregation : — and in this direct drawing together of the systems into clusters, with a similar and simultaneous drawing together of the clusters themselves while undergoing consolidation, we have at length attained the great *Now* — the awful Present — the Existing Condition of the Universe.

Of the still more awful Future a not irrational analogy may guide us in framing an hypothesis. The equilibrium between the centripetal and centrifugal forces of each system, being necessarily destroyed upon attainment of a certain proximity to the nucleus of the cluster to which it belongs, there must occur, at once, a chaotic or seemingly chaotic precipitation, of the moons upon the planets, of the planets upon

the suns, and of the suns upon the nuclei; and the general result of this precipitation must be the gathering of the myriad now-existing stars of the firmament into an almost infinitely less number of almost infinitely superior spheres. In being immeasurably fewer, the worlds of that day will be immeasurably greater than our own. Then, indeed, amid unfathomable abysses, will be glaring unimagined suns. But all this will be merely a climactic magnificence foreboding the great End. Of this End the new genesis described, can be but a very partial postponement. While undergoing consolidation, the clusters themselves, with a speed prodigiously accumulative, have been rushing towards their own general centre — and now, with a thousand-fold electric velocity, commensurate only with their material grandeur and with the spiritual passion of their appetite for oneness, the majestic remnants of the tribe of Stars flash, at length, into a common embrace. The inevitable catastrophe is at hand.

But this catastrophe — what is it? We have seen accomplished the ingathering of the orbs. Henceforward, are we not to understand *one material globe of globes* as constituting and comprehending the Universe? Such a fancy would be altogether at war with every assumption and consideration of this Discourse.

I have already alluded to that absolute *reciprocity of adaptation* which is the idiosyncrasy of the divine Art — stamping it divine. Up to this point of our reflections, we have been regarding the electrical influence as a something by dint of whose repulsion alone Matter is enabled to exist in that state of diffusion demanded for the fulfilment of its purposes : — so far, in a word, we have been considering the influence in question as ordained for Matter's sake — to subserve the objects of

matter. With a perfectly legitimate reciprocity, we are now permitted to look at Matter, as created *solely for the sake of this influence* — solely to serve the objects of this spiritual Ether. Through the aid — by the means — through the agency of Matter, and by dint of its heterogeneity — is this Ether manifested — is *Spirit individualized*. It is merely in the development of this Ether, through heterogeneity, that particular masses of Matter become animate — sensitive — and in the ratio of their heterogeneity ; — some reaching a degree of sensitiveness involving what we call *Thought* and thus attaining Conscious Intelligence. ✓

In this view, we are enabled to perceive Matter as a Means — not as an End. Its purposes are thus seen to have been comprehended in its diffusion ; and with the return into Unity these purposes cease. The absolutely consolidated globe of globes would be *objectless* : — therefore not for a moment could it continue to exist. Matter, created for an end, would unquestionably, on fulfilment of that end, be Matter no longer. Let us endeavor to understand that it would disappear, and that God would remain all in all.

That every work of Divine conception must cœexist and cœexpire with its particular design, seems to me especially obvious ; and I make no doubt that, on perceiving the final globe of globes to be *objectless*, the majority of my readers will be satisfied with my “ *therefore* it cannot continue to exist.” Nevertheless, as the startling thought of its instantaneous disappearance is one which the most powerful intellect cannot be expected readily to entertain on grounds so decidedly abstract, let us endeavor to look at the idea from some other and more ordinary point of view : — let us see how thoroughly and beautifully it is corroborated in an

à posteriori consideration of Matter as we actually find it.

I have before said that "Attraction and Repulsion being undeniably the sole properties by which Matter is manifested to Mind, we are justified in assuming that Matter *exists* only as Attraction and Repulsion — in other words that Attraction and Repulsion *are* Matter; there being no conceivable case in which we may not employ the term Matter and the terms 'Attraction' and 'Repulsion' taken together, as equivalent, and therefore convertible, expressions of Logic." ¹

Now the very definition of Attraction implies particularity — the existence of parts, particles, or atoms; for we define it as the tendency of "each atom &c. to every other atom," &c. according to a certain law. Of course where there are *no* parts — where there is absolute Unity — where the tendency to oneness is satisfied — there can be no Attraction: — this has been fully shown, and all Philosophy admits it. When, on fulfilment of its purposes, then, Matter shall have returned into its original condition of *One* — a condition which presupposes the expulsion of the separative ether, whose province and whose capacity are limited to keeping the atoms apart until that great day when, this ether being no longer needed, the overwhelming pressure of the finally collective Attraction shall at length just sufficiently predominate² and expel it: — when, I say, Matter, finally, expelling the Ether, shall have returned into absolute Unity, — it will then (to speak paradoxically for the moment) be Matter without Attraction and without Repulsion — in other words, Matter with-

¹ Page 214.

² "Gravity, therefore, must be the strongest of forces." — See page 217 *seq.*

out Matter — in other words, again, *Matter no more*. In sinking into Unity, it will sink at once into that Nothingness which, to all Finite Perception, Unity must be — into that Material Nihility from which alone we can conceive it to have been evoked — to have been *created* by the Volition of God.

✓ I repeat then — Let us endeavor to comprehend that the final globe of globes will instantaneously disappear, and that God will remain all in all. ✓

But are we here to pause? Not so. On the Universal agglomeration and dissolution, we can readily conceive that a new and perhaps totally different series of conditions may ensue — another creation and irradiation, returning into itself — another action and reaction of the Divine Will. Guiding our imaginations by that omniprevalent law of laws, the law of periodicity, are we not, indeed, more than justified in entertaining a belief — let us say, rather, in indulging a hope — that the processes we have here ventured to contemplate will be renewed forever, and forever, and forever; a novel Universe swelling into existence, and then subsiding into nothingness, at every throb of the Heart Divine?

And now — this Heart Divine — what is it? *It is our own.*

Let not the merely seeming irreverence of this idea frighten our souls from that cool exercise of consciousness — from that deep tranquillity of self-inspection — through which alone we can hope to attain the presence of this, the most sublime of truths, and look it leisurely in the face.

The *phænomena* on which our conclusions must at this point depend, are merely spiritual shadows, but not the less thoroughly substantial.

We walk about, amid the destinies of our world-

existence, encompassed by dim but ever present *Memo-ries* of a Destiny more vast — very distant in the by-gone time, and infinitely awful.

We live out a Youth peculiarly haunted by such dreams ; yet never mistaking them for dreams. As Memories we *know* them. *During our Youth* the distinction is too clear to deceive us even for a moment.

So long as this Youth endures, the feeling *that we exist*, is the most natural of all feelings. We understand it *thoroughly*. That there was a period at which we did *not* exist — or, that it might so have happened that we never had existed at all — are the considerations, indeed, which *during this youth*, we find difficulty in understanding. Why we should *not* exist, is, *up to the epoch of our Manhood*, of all queries the most unanswerable. Existence — self-existence — existence from all Time and to all Eternity — seems, up to the epoch of Manhood, a normal and unquestionable condition : — *seems, because it is*.

But now comes the period at which a conventional World-Reason awakens us from the truth of our dream. Doubt, Surprise and Incomprehensibility arrive at the same moment. ✓ They say : — ✓ You live and the time was when you lived not. You have been created. An Intelligence exists greater than your own ; and it is only through this Intelligence you live at all." These things we struggle to comprehend and cannot : — *cannot*, because these things, being untrue, are thus, of necessity, incomprehensible. ✓

No thinking being lives who, at some luminous point of his life of thought, has not felt himself lost amid the surges of futile efforts at understanding, or believing, that anything exists *greater than his own soul*. The utter impossibility of any one's soul feeling itself inferior to

another ; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought ; — these, with the omniprevalent aspirations at perfection, are but the spiritual, coincident with the material, struggles towards the original Unity — are, to my mind at least, a species of proof far surpassing what Man terms demonstration, that no one soul *is* inferior to another — that nothing is, or can be, superior to any one soul — that each soul is, in part, its own God — its own Creator : — in a word, that God — the material *and* spiritual God — *now* exists solely in the diffused Matter and Spirit of the Universe ; and that the regathering of this diffused Matter and Spirit will be but the re-constitution of the *purely* Spiritual and Individual God.

In this view, and in this view alone, we comprehend the riddles of Divine Injustice — of Inexorable Fate. In this view alone the existence of Evil becomes intelligible ; but in this view it becomes more — it becomes endurable. Our souls no longer rebel at a *Sorrow* which we ourselves have imposed upon ourselves, in furtherance of our own purposes — with a view — if even with a futile view — to the extension of our own *Joy*.

I have spoken of *Memories* that haunt us during our youth. They sometimes pursue us even in our Manhood : — assume gradually less and less indefinite shapes : — now and then speak to us with low voices, saying :

“ There was an epoch in the Night of Time, when a still-existent Being existed — one of an absolutely infinite number of similar Beings that people the absolutely infinite domains of the absolutely infinite space.¹

¹ See page 276, Paragraph commencing “ I reply that the right,” and ending “ proper and particular God.”

It was not and is not in the power of this Being—any more than it is in your own—to extend, by actual increase, the joy of his Existence; but just as it *is* in your power to expand or to concentrate your pleasures (the absolute amount of happiness remaining always the same) so did and does a similar capability appertain to this Divine Being, who thus passes his Eternity in perpetual variation of Concentrated Self and almost Infinite Self-Diffusion. What you call The Universe is but his present expansive existence. He now feels his life through an infinity of imperfect pleasures—the partial and pain-intertangled pleasures of those inconceivably numerous things which you designate as his creatures, but which are really but infinite individualizations of Himself. All these creatures—*all*—those which you term animate, as well as those to whom you deny life for no better reason than that you do not behold it in operation—*all* these creatures have, in a greater or less degree, a capacity for pleasure and for pain:—*but the general sum of their sensations is precisely that amount of Happiness which appertains by right to the Divine Being when concentrated within Himself.* These creatures are all too, more or less conscious Intelligences; conscious, first, of a proper identity; conscious, secondly and by faint indeterminate glimpses, of an identity with the Divine Being of whom we speak—of an identity with God. Of the two classes of consciousness, fancy that the former will grow weaker, the latter stronger, during the long succession of ages which must elapse before these myriads of individual Intelligences become blended—when the bright stars become blended—into One. Think that the sense of individual identity will be gradually merged in the general consciousness

—that Man, for example, ceasing imperceptibly to feel himself Man, will at length attain that awfully triumphant epoch when he shall recognize his existence as that of Jehovah. In the meantime bear in mind that all is Life — Life — Life within Life — the less within the greater, and all within the *Spirit Divine*.

NOTES.

POE'S NOTES TO "EUREKA."

THE following notes and emendations are from a copy of the first edition of "Eureka," now in the possession of Bishop Hurst. They are in Poe's handwriting, in the faint tracing of a pencil, and are the changes the poet had in mind to make in a second edition.

In these notes the phrase or sentence to the left of the lines of equality (=) is that of the text of the first edition (of which the present text is an exact reprint), the word or sentence to the right of the = mark includes Poe's revised reading.

Page	line	
185	3	this work : = this work ;
186	21	I mean to designate = I mean in most cases to designate
	25	I shall take = I shall in most cases, again take
	26	the Universe of stars = the Universe of Stars
	30	Universe of <i>stars</i> = Universe of <i>Stars</i>
187	27	mankind ; mankind = Mankind ; Mankind
188	20	depended mainly upon = depended mainly on
189	26, 27	Hog-ian, and at the same time more dignified = Hog-ian, while more dignified
190	4	because the tortoise is sure of foot = because the snail is sure of foot
	19	calling the thinker a fool = calling the thinker ' a fool '
191	9	the same price upon the highway = the same price on the highway

Page line

- 192 10 erected their castles upon a basis = erected their castles on a basis.
- 198 14, 15 very unaccountable and, perhaps, somewhat impertinent = very unaccountable if not impertinent
- 23 We may *ascend* or *descend* = We may ascend or descend
- 199 20 to no subject *per se* = to no subject in itself
- 200 7 the equivalents exist in all languages = the equivalents exist in nearly all languages
- 201 17 *might* be more *difficult* = might be more difficult
- 18 *can* be no more = can be no more
- 203 31 feels himself called upon = feels himself called on
- 34 a nebula never to be resolved = a nebula never to be solved
- 204 23 swelling, in accordance with the = swelling, with the
- 25 *Hitherto*, the Universe of stars = *Hitherto*, the Universe of Stars
- 205 5 definition of the Universe of *stars* = definition of the Universe of *Stars*
- 11 to fancy an *end* to space = to fancy an end to space
- 13 an infinity of *beginnings* = an infinity of beginnings
- 34 content ourselves to-night with supposing = content ourselves with supposing
- 206 9 to have been, primarily and solely, = to have been primarily
- 13 properly entertain of intuition = properly entertain of Intuition
- 23 what? — of *Simplicity*? = what? of Simplicity.
- 27 is very, very far indeed, = is very far indeed

Page	line	
206	33	the human tongue = the human tongue. If, however, in the course of this Essay, I succeed in showing that, out of Matter in its extreme of Simplicity, all things <i>might</i> have been constructed, we reach directly the inference that they <i>were</i> thus constructed, through the impossibility of attributing supererogation to Omnipotence
207	16	the primordial particle = the primordial Particle
	31	of infinite divisibility = of infinite divisibility *

* Show this in another edition

	34	suppose to be irradiated = suppose to be radiated
208	2	vacant space = vacant Space
	5	or upon diffusion = or on diffusion
	12	at least <i>generally</i> preserved = at least generally preserved
	27	design of variety out of unity = design of multiplicity out of unity
209	22	its essential nature : — = its essential nature : — and
	25	perceive, therefore, upon the whole = perceive, therefore, on the whole
	34	atoms irradiated — any = atoms radiated — any
210	31	the effectual and thorough completion = the effectual completion
211	17	the <i>Uni-tendency collectively</i> = the Uni-tendency <i>collectively</i>
	24	normal, <i>One</i> . — = normal, <i>One</i> .
212	29	have maintained to be = have suggested to be

Page line

- 213 15 *proportional to the difference = proportional with the difference.*
- 34 expressions, "*attraction*" and "*repulsion*." = expressions, "*Attraction*" and "*Repulsion*."
- 214 6 that attraction and repulsion are = that Attraction and Repulsion are
- 10 that matter *exists* = that Matter *exists*
- 11 only as attraction and repulsion = only as Attraction and Repulsion
- 11, 12 that attraction and repulsion *are* matter = that Attraction and Repulsion *are* matter
- 13, 14 "matter" and the terms "*attraction*" and "*repulsion*" = "Matter" and the terms "*Attraction*" and "*Repulsion*"
- 18 into their original unity = into their original Unity
- 19 Newtonian law of gravity = Newtonian law of Gravity
- 21 Newtonian gravity = Newtonian Gravity
- 22 matter to seek matter = Matter to seek Matter
- 24, 25 coincidence satisfies us; but, upon = cöincidence satisfies us; but, on
- 27 that appears *incoincident* = that appears *incöincident*
- 28 which no coincidence, = which no cöincidence
- 29 Newtonian gravity, when = Newtonian Gravity, when
- 33 is an *incoincidence* = is an *incöincidence*
- 215 2 no coincidence = no cöincidence
- 3 between gravitation = between Gravity
- 14, 16 That all bodies attract each other with forces proportional to their quantities of matter and inversely proportional to the squares

Page line

of their distances. = That all bodies attract each other with forces proportional with their quantities of matter and inversely proportional with the squares of their distances

- 216 3 His successes = His successors
 8 however, of attraction = however, of Attraction
 15 mass of a mountain was seen = mass of a mountain * was seen

* Schehallien, in Wales

- 17 with the immortal theory = with the theory
 24 imbibing of gravity = imbibing of Gravity
 28 *the planet upon which they = the planet on which they*
 31 only that gravity impels = only that Gravity impels
 217 15 *perception* of gravity = *perception* of Gravity
 27 definition of gravity = definition of Gravity
 218 2, 4 of the attraction . . . in which the attraction = of the Attraction . . . in which the Attraction
 10 each atom tended to some one favorite point — to some especially attractive atom — = each atom tends to some one point, a favorite with all
 14 called upon to comprehend = called on to comprehend
 20 grasp of the imagination of man = grasp of the imagination
 22 a sunbeam upon its neighboring = a sunbeam on its neighboring
 25 particular moment = particular moment.
 27 lies now upon the point = lies now on the point

Page	line	
219	31	this unconditionally <i>one</i> ? = this unconditionally <i>One</i> ?
	34	Attraction 'a merely general = Attraction 'as merely a general
220	3	been irradiated from a centre = been radiated from a centre
	8	because of the sphericity = because of the sphericity
	9	irradiated into space = radiated into space
	29	<i>centre of irradiation</i> = <i>centre of radiation</i>
	30	proportional to the squares = proportional with the squares
221	14	process <i>intuition</i> was = process <i>Intuition</i> was
	17	an irresistible intuition = an irresistible Intuition
	20	an irresistible intuition = an irresistible Intuition
	22	the Newtonian gravitation = the Newtonian Gravity
	26, 27	cautiously discriminative human intellects = cautiously discriminative intellects
224	23	decide upon them = decide on them
225	4	Universe of stars = Universe of Stars
	9	that of <i>irradiation</i> = that of <i>radiation</i>
	10, 11	Universe of stars is the result of <i>irradiation</i> = Universe of Stars is the result of <i>radiation</i>
	12	laws of irradiation are <i>known</i> = laws of radiation are <i>known</i>
	14	<i>indisputable geometrical properties</i> = indisputable geometrical properties
	18	<i>Nothing</i> is demonstrable = Nothing is demonstrable
	19	<i>if anything be</i> = if anything <i>be</i>
	21	Irradiation — how — = Radiation — how —

Page	line	
225	24	<i>Light</i> issues by irradiation = <i>Light</i> issues by radiation
226	4	the irradiation, in a word = the radiation, in a word
	28	the irradiation proceeds = the radiation proceeds
	30	the term irradiation = the term radiation
227	3	was originally irradiated = was originally radiated
	8	represented the <i>force</i> = represents the <i>force</i>
	9, 10	one was exactly proportional to the other, and that the two proceeded together = one is exactly proportional with the other, and that the two proceed together
	15, 16	"irradiation" and the <i>force</i> of irradiation = "radiation" and the <i>force</i> of radiation
	25	from the evident design = from the design
228	3	<i>irradiation from a centre</i> . . . irradiation, forces = <i>radiation from a centre</i> . . . radiation, forces
	8	matter irradiated = matter radiated
	10, 11	now in question — such roughnesses — such peculiarities — such protuberances = now in question — such peculiarities — such roughness — such protuberances
	22	Irradiation, by which alone = Radiation, by which alone
229	1, 2	truth, <i>irradiation</i> , with my truth = truth, <i>radiation</i> , with my truth
	16	usual notions of irradiation = usual notions of radiation
	20	any such irradiation = any such radiation
	23	with the irradiated matter = with the radiated matter
	24, 25	<i>no</i> such irradiation <i>as this</i> = <i>no</i> such radiation <i>as this</i>

Page	line	
229	25	<i>continuous</i> irradiation = <i>continuous</i> radiation
	31	the Universe of stars = the Universe of Stars
230	1	My assumption, then, = My assumption, then —
	3	a <i>determinate</i> irradiation = a <i>determinate</i> radiation
	8	at once of irradiation = at once of radiation
12-14		thus equally diffused, by means of irradiation, from the absolute, irrelative, unconditional particle, = thus equably diffused, by means of radiation, from the absolute, irrelative, unconditional Particle,
	19	emits, by irradiation = emits, by radiation
	28	by irradiation = by radiation
231	12	means of irradiation = means of radiation
	13	those of irradiation = those of radiation
	14	(At the foot of the page having as last line "are satisfied ; and by the <i>sole</i> process in which the possibi-")
		Here describe the whole process as one instantaneous flash.
	18	throughout the sphere. They have been irradiated into these states. = throughout the sphere.
232	7	which irradiated any stratum = which radiated any stratum
	10	<i>force of the irradiation</i> = <i>force of the radiation</i>
	11	<i>of the distances.</i> = <i>of the distances</i> : — or, particularly, <i>The force by which any individual atom was sent to its position in the sphere, was directly proportional with the square of that atom's distance while in that position, from the centre of the sphere.</i>
	18	the mind being called upon = the mind being called on

Page	line	
232	21	called upon to conceive = called on to conceive
	31	Matter, then, irradiated = Matter, then, radiated
	33	centre of irradiation = centre of radiation
233	15	and, upon the whole, = and, on the whole
	32	any deviation = ¶ Any deviation
234	6	Upon withdrawal = On withdrawal
	19	produced by the tendency = manifested in the tendency
	20, 21	<i>absolutely original</i> = <i>absolutely</i> original
	29	upon the diffusion = on the diffusion
	31	the point of irradiation = the point of radiation
235	18	to the circumference beyond = to the surface beyond
	20	along any other straight line = along any other straight line joining it, the atom, with any point of the sphere —
	28	it is only impliedly, = it is only impliedly —
236	11	to discover <i>nothing</i> = to discover nothing
	15	force of irradiation = force of radiation
	16	proportional to the squares = proportional with the squares
	17	upon an unwarranted = on an unwarranted
	24	proportional to that = proportional with that
	29	force which irradiated = force which radiated
	31	<i>directly proportional</i> to = <i>directly proportional</i> with
	32	have been irradiated = have been radiated
237	1	<i>directly proportional</i> to the number = <i>directly proportional</i> with the number
	12, 13	movement at the circumference = movement at the surface

Page	line	
237	25	of Irradiation from Unity = of Radiation from Unity
	30	absolute material particle = absolute material Particle
238	4	from it upon its completion = from it on its completion
	11	upon these two = on these two
	16	the word hypothesis = the word " hypothesis "
	18	upon the first appearance = on the first appearance
	25	conditions of irradiation = conditions of radiation
	29, 30	<i>as rigorously logical as that which establishes any demonstration in Euclid</i> = as rigorously logical as that which establishes any demonstration in Euclid
239	16	Why <i>if</i> an hypothesis = Why, <i>if</i> an hypothesis
240	12	if here, for the mere sake of cavilling, = if here,
	17	that I reply: — = that I reply :
241	12	upon as truths at all = on as truths at all
	26	as a Logical basis = as a logical basis
	30	My <i>particle proper</i> is but <i>absolute Irrelation</i> = My <i>Particle Proper</i> is but <i>Absolute Irrelation</i>
	31	To sum up = ¶ To sum up
241	34	that it was a beginning and nothing different from a beginning = that it was a
242	1	Beginning and nothing different from a Beginning
	6, 7	<i>the Law which we have been in the habit of calling Gravity</i> = <i>the Law which we call Gravity</i>
	8	<i>having been irradiated</i> = <i>having been radiated</i>

Page line

 242 12, 13 *irradiation, and generally-equable = radiation and equable*

 16 *irradiated atoms = radiated atoms*

 17 *centre of Irradiation. = centre of Radiation.*

 footnote * Limited sphere — A sphere is *necessarily* limited. I prefer tautology to a chance of misconception. = * A sphere is *necessarily* limited. I prefer tautology to a chance of misconception.

 243 1 Space *filled* with the irradiated atoms = Space as *filled* with the radiated atoms

3 succession of the irradiated atoms = succession of the atoms

4 then it is abundantly clear = then it is clear

24 for it is a mere sotticism = for it is mere folly

 244 10 coalescences — *not* cöalitions — of atom with atom = cöalescences of atom with atom

28 ratio of Coalescence = ratio of cöalescence

 245 1 in fancy, we select *any one* = in fancy, we select any one

 13 up the Universe Proper — that Universal sphere — that all-inclusive and absolute *Kosmos* which forms the subject of my present Discourse. = up the Universe of Stars.

 19, 20 basis whatever, either deductive or inductive — *much* = basis whatever, either — *much*

246 7 and its periphery extending = and its surface extending

14, 15 we understand of visible, palpable, or otherwise appreciable nebulosity. = we understand of appreciable nebulosity

27 any atom at the circumference = any atom at the surface

Page line

248 21, 22 must, in coalescing, . . . by their coalescence.
= must, in cöalescing, . . . by their cöales-
cence

249 6 which accompany him. = which accompany
him.*

* When this book went to press the *ring*
of Neptune had not been positively deter-
mined

250 5 seven uniform bands = seven ununiform
bands

28 to have had *eight* centres = to have had
nine centres

30 into eight fragments = into nine fragments

31 to absorb the others. = to absorb the others.*

* Another asteroid discovered since the
work went to press.

251 3 coincident as to admit = cöincident as to
admit

8 Having no moon = Since he has no moon
253 footnote arising from the inclination of the axis of the
planet. = arising from the *bouleversement*
of the axis of the planet

254 30 to the veriest *cowardice* of thought = to the
veriest cowardice of thought

255 27 this tendency to return as but = this tend-
ency as but

256 11 process of its aggregation, must = process
of its consolidation, must

12 heated — perhaps incandescent = heated —
incandescent

15 slight incrustation of = slight encrustation
of

23 exactly coincident with that = exactly cöin-
cident with that

Page	line	
257	5	our Moon is strongly self-luminous = our Moon is self-luminous
259	2	<i>of the heterogeneous.*</i>

* Page 36 = * Page 37

(This is merely typographical, and refers to that first edition alone. — ED.)

	17	Now this is in precise accordance = Now this is in accordance
260	5	of the philosopher, Compte = of the philosopher, Comte
	15	far as demonstration can be = far as demonstration can be and one empirically confirmed — a demonstration
261	11	be proportional to the amount = be proportional with the amount
262	19	great "nebulæ" in the constellation = great "nebula" in the constellation
263	footnote	Law of Gravity, even then? = Law of Gravity, even then? The late experiments of Comte, however, are to the Laplacian theory what those of Maskelyne were to the Newtonian
267	1	Let us now fancy, = Let us now fancy, — merely fancy —
	17	process of the original irradiation as = process of the original radiation as
	25	<i>proportionally to the squares = proportionally with the squares</i>
	27	with sixteen planets = with seventeen planets
268	21	survey the Universe under = survey the Universe of Stars under
269	4	we enter at once upon a new = we enter at once a new

Page	line	
269	25	Universe as a spherical = Universe of Stars as a spherical
270	10	<i>a cluster of clusters = a roughly spherical cluster of clusters</i>
	30	Earth one of sixteen secondaries = Earth one of seventeen secondaries
273	2	belt is <i>The Universe.</i> = belt is <i>The Universe of Stars</i>
	21	as part and parcel of the one = as but a portion of the one
	34	<i>since there could be absolutely no point, in all that background, at which would not exist a star</i>
274	1	= since there could be absolutely no point, in all that background, at which would not exist a star
	13	the Earth tended not only = the Earth tends not only
	footnote	* Page 62 = * Page 40.
275	3	exists one <i>cluster of clusters</i> — = exists one cluster of clusters —
	6	<i>because</i> upon the confines = <i>because</i> on the confines
	16	upon our retinas = upon our retinæ
	18	in these unspeakably = in those unspeakably
276	8	absolutely upon the hardihood = absolutely on the hardihood
	22	They could not impress = They can not impress
277	15	and sixteen planets certainly = and seventeen planets certainly
278	30	They control <i>the Universe.</i> = They control <i>the Universe of Stars.</i>
280	2	Now come the eight Asteroids = Now come the nine Asteroids
	3	Flora, Iris, and Hebe) = Flora, Iris, Hebe and

Page	line	
280	18	<i>atomic irradiation</i> = <i>atomic radiation</i>
282	33	include within its periphery = include within its surface
283	28	round a great circle of its circumference = round its circumference
284	7, 8	28 hundred millions of miles ; the circumference of its orbit, = 28 hundred millions of miles ; its orbit
	22	beyond the orbit of Mars — of Jupiter — = beyond the orbit of Mars — of the Asteroids — of Jupiter — of Saturn —
290	21	which the Universe is seen = which the Universe of Stars is seen
	26	That the Universe might <i>endure</i> = That the Universe of Stars might <i>endure</i>
	34	proceed from nebulosity to consolidation = proceed from visibility to consolidation
292	26	<i>perfection</i> of <i>plot</i> is really = perfection of plot is really
293	1	symmetrical, if the symmetry = symmetrical, even if the symmetry
	5	of the Universal irradiation = of the Universal radiation
	28	to account for, at least = to account for — at least
294	4	of Fourrier = of Fourier
	30	; and that analogy = ; and <i>that</i> analogy
295	29	Upon the urging = On the urging
296	20	travelling <i>forever</i> upon the = travelling <i>forever</i> on the
	28	— during a mere point — = — during the mere point —
297	5	I hazard nothing = I hazard nothing,
298	17	of each nebula on the hypothesis = of each nebula, on the hypothesis

Page	line	
299	1	never, perhaps been equalled = never, perhaps, been equalled
300	2	the multitudinous masses, as each proceeded on = the multitudinous masses, as each proceeds on
301	20	its state of irradiation = its state of radiation
	23	when the irradiation shall = when the radiation shall
302	8	depended upon with an almost = depended on with an almost
303	3	the fancy inquestion = the fancy in question
	14	cyclic movements them selves = cyclic movements them-selves
	17	Enck's comet = Encke's comet
304	2, 3	the one spoken of could be = the one mentioned could be
	10	acquainted with one of them = acquainted with even one of them
	15	That Enck's comet = That Encke's comet
	34	its motions in its orbit = its motion in its orbit
305	25, 26	— on the ether's account. = <i>on the ether's account.</i>
	30	attendance upon matter = attendance on matter
307	3	symmetry of principle sees = symmetry of <i>principle</i> sees
	5	seeks and finds in this origin of all things = seeks and finds, in this origin of all things,
	16	after their irradiation throughout = after their radiation throughout
	31	upon attainment of a certain = on attainment of a certain
308	10	new genesis described, can be = new genesis described can be

- Page line
- 308 14 a thousand-fold electric = a million-fold electric
- 16 with the spiritual passion = with their spiritual passion
- 17 of their appetite for oneness = for oneness
- 23 as constituting and comprehending the Universe? = as comprehending and constituting the Universe?
- 27 of the divine Art = of the Divine Art
- 309 12 thus attaining Conscious Intelligence = thus attaining obviously Conscious Intelligence
- 310 9 employ the term Matter = employ the term 'Matter'
- 22 separative ether, whose province = separative Ether, whose province
- 24 this ether being no longer = this Ether being no longer
- footnote * "Gravity, therefore, must be the strongest of forces." — See page 39. = * "Gravity, therefore, must be the strongest of forces." — See page 59.
- 311 3 to all Finite Perception = to all finite perception
- 13 creation and irradiation, returning = creation and radiation, returning
- 27 tranquillity of self-inspection = tranquillity of self-inspection
- 312 , haunted by such dreams; = haunted by such shadows
- 13 *during this youth* = *during this Youth*
- 313 14 Spiritual and Individual = *Spiritual* and Individual
- 25 during our youth = during our Youth
- 25 even in our Manhood = even into our Manhood

Page	line	
314	10	What you call The Universe is but = What you call The Universe of Stars is but
	16, 17	those which you term animate, as well as those to whom you = those whom you term animate, as well as those to which you
	24	all too, more or less = all too, more or less, and more or less obviously,
315	6	within the <i>Spirit Divine</i> = within the <i>Spirit Divine</i> ."

NOTE.—The pain of the consideration that we shall lose our individual identity, ceases at once when we further reflect that the process, as above described, is, neither more nor less than that of the absorption, by each individual intelligence, of all other intelligences (that is, of the Universe) into its own. That God may be all in all, each must become God.

POE'S ADDENDA TO "EUREKA."

[Text : *Methodist Review*, January, 1896.]

THESE extracts relate to, and constitute a part of, a letter written on February 29, 1848, by Edgar A. Poe to G. W. Eveleth.

In the letter referred to, Poe writes to his correspondent : —

"I presume you have seen some newspaper notices of my late lecture upon the Universe. You could have gleaned, however, no idea of what the lecture was, from what the papers said it was. All praised it as far as I have yet seen, and all absurdly misrepresented it. . . . To eke out a chance of your understanding what I really *did* say, I add a loose summary of my propositions and results.

"By the by, lest you infer that my views, in detail, are the same with those advanced in the *Nebular Hypothesis*, I venture to offer a few addenda, the substance of which was penned, though never printed, several years ago, under the head of

" 'A PREDICTION.' "

"As soon as the beginning of the next century, it will be entered in the books that the Sun was originally condensed at once (not gradually, according to the supposition of Laplace) to his smallest size ; that, thus condensed, he rotated on an axis ; that this axis of rotation was not the centre of his figure, so that he not only rotated, but revolved in an elliptical orbit

(the rotation and revolution are one, but I separate them for convenience of illustration); that, thus formed, and thus revolving, he was on fire and sent into space his substance in vapor, this vapor reaching farthest on the side of the larger (equatorial) hemisphere, partly on account of the largeness, but principally because the force of the fire was greater here; that, in due time, this vapor, not necessarily carried then to the place now occupied by Neptune, condensed into that planet; that Neptune took, as a matter of course, the same figure which the Sun had, which figure made his rotation a revolution in an elliptical orbit; that, in consequence of such revolution — in consequence of his being *carried backward* at each of the daily revolutions — the velocity of his *annual* revolution is not so great as it would be if it depended solely upon the Sun's velocity of rotation (Kepler's third law); that his figure, by influencing his rotation — the heavier half, as it turns downward toward the Sun, gains an impetus sufficient to carry it past the direct line of attraction, and thus, to *throw outward* the centre of gravity — gave him power to save himself from falling to the Sun; that he received, through a series of ages, the Sun's heat, which penetrated to his centre, causing volcanoes eventually, and thus throwing off vapor, and which evaporated substances upon his surface, till finally his moons and his gaseous ring (if it is true that he has a ring) were produced; that these moons took elliptical forms, rotated and revolved, 'both under one,' were kept in their *monthly* orbits by the centrifugal force acquired in their *daily* orbits, and required a longer time to make their monthly revolutions, than they would have required, if they had had no daily revolutions.

"I have said enough, without referring to the other planets, to give you an inkling of my hypothesis, which is all I intended to do. I did not design to offer any evidence of its reasonableness; since I have not, in fact, any collected, excepting as it is flitting, in the shape of a shadow, to and fro within my brain.

"You perceive that I hold to the idea that our moon must rotate upon her axis oftener than she revolves round her primary, the same being the case with the moons accompanying Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus.

"Since the penning, a closer analysis of the matter contained has led me to modify somewhat my opinion as to the origin of the satellites — that is, I hold now that these came, not from vapor sent off in volcanic eruptions and by simple diffusion under the solar rays, but from rings of it which were left in the interplanetary spaces, after the precipitation of the primaries. There is no insuperable obstacle in the way of the conception that meteoric stones and 'shooting stars' have their source in matter which has gone off from volcanoes and by common evaporation; but it is hardly supposable that a sufficient quantity could be produced thus, to make a body so large as, by centrifugal force resulting from rotation, to withstand the absorptive power of its parent's rotation. The event implied may take place not until the planets have become flaming suns—*from an accumulation of their own Sun's caloric, reaching from centre to surface, which shall in the lonesome latter days melt all the 'elements' and dissipate the solid foundations out as a scroll*

"The Sun forms, in rotating, a vortex in the ether surrounding him. The planets have their orbits lying within this vortex at different distances from its centre; so that their liabilities to be absorbed by it are, other things being equal, inversely just according to those distances, since length, not surface, is the measure of the absorptive power along the lines marking the orbits. Each planet overcomes its liability — that is, keeps in its orbit — through a counter-vortex generated by its own rotation. The force of such counter-vortex is measured by multiplying together the producing planet's density and rotary velocity; which velocity depends, not upon the length of the planet's equatorial circumference, but upon the distance through which a given point of the equator is carried during a rotary period.

"Then, *if* Venus and Mercury, for example, have now the same orbits in which they commenced their revolutions — the orbit of the former 68 million miles, and that of the latter 37 million miles from the centre of the Sun's vortex; — if the diameter of Venus is $2\frac{2}{3}$ times the diameter, and her density is the same with the density of Mercury; and if the rotary velocity of the equator of Venus is 1,000 miles per hour; that of Mercury's equator is 1,900 miles per hour, making the diameter of his *orbit of rotation* 14,500 miles — nearly 5 times that of himself. But I pass this point, without farther examination. Whether there is or is not a difference in the relative conditions of the different planets sufficient to cause such diversity in the extents of their peripheries of rotation as is indicated, still each planet is to be considered to have, other things equal, a vortical resistance bearing the same proportion inversely to that of every other planet which

its distance from the centre of the solar vortex bears to the distance of every other from the same ; so that, if it be removed inward or outward from its position, it will increase or diminish that resistance accordingly, by adding to or subtracting from its speed of rotation.¹

“ Then, Mercury, at the distance of Venus, would rotate in an orbit only $\frac{3}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ as broad as the one in which he does rotate ; so his centrifugal force, in that position, would be only $\frac{3}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ as great as it is in his own position ; so his capability, while there, of resisting the *forward pressure* of the Sun's vortex, which prevents him from passing his full (*circle*) distance behind his centre of rotation and thus adds to his velocity in his *annual orbit*, would be but $\frac{3}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ what it is in his own place. But that forward pressure is only $\frac{3}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ as great at the distance of Venus as it is at that of Mercury. Then Mercury, with his own rotary speed in the annual orbit of Venus, would move in this orbit but $\frac{3}{8}\frac{7}{8}$ as fast as Venus moves in it ; while Venus, with her rotary speed in Mercury's annual orbit, would move $\frac{6}{3}\frac{8}{7}$ as fast as she moves in her own — that is, $\frac{6}{3}\frac{8}{7}$ of $\frac{6}{3}\frac{8}{7}$ as fast as Mercury would move in the same (annual orbit of Venus), — it follows that the square root of $\frac{6}{3}\frac{8}{7}$ is the measure of the velocity of Mercury in his own annual orbit with his own rotary speed, compared with that of Venus in her annual orbit with her own rotary speed — in accordance with fact.

“ Such is my explanation of Kepler's first and third

¹ The Woodberry edition adds : “ As the rotary period must be one in the two cases, the greater or less speed can be produced only by the lengthening or the shortening of the circumference described by the rotation.” — ED.

laws, which laws *cannot* be explained on the principle of Newton's theory.

"Two planets gathered from portions of the Sun's vapor into one orbit would rotate through the same ellipse with velocities proportional to their densities — that is, the denser planet would rotate the more swiftly; since, in condensing, it would have descended further toward the Sun. For example, suppose the Earth and Jupiter to be the two planets in one orbit. The diameter of the former is (in round numbers) 8,000 miles; period of rotation, 24 hours. The diameter of the latter, 88,000 miles; period, $9\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The ring of vapor out of which the Earth was formed was of a certain (perpendicular) width; that out of which Jupiter was formed was of a certain greater width. In condensing, the springs of ether lying among the particles (these springs having been latent before the condensation began) were let out, the number of them along any given radial line being the number of spaces among all the couples of the particles constituting the line. If the two condensations had gone on in simple diametric proportions, Jupiter would have put forth only 11 times as many springs as the Earth did, and his velocity would have been but 11 times her velocity. But the fact that the falling downward of her particles was completed when they had got so far that 24 hours were required for her equator to make its rotary circuit, while that of his particles continued till but about $\frac{2}{3}$ of her period was occupied by his equator in effecting *its* revolution, shows that his springs were increased above hers in still another ratio of $2\frac{1}{2}$, making, in the case, his velocity and his vorticial force ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 11 =$) 27 times her velocity and force.

"Then the planets' densities are inversely as their

rotary periods, and their rotary velocities and degrees of centrifugal force are, other things being equal, directly as their densities.

“Two planets, revolving in one orbit, in rotating would approach the Sun, therefore enlarge their rotary ellipsis, therefore accelerate their rotary velocities, therefore increase their powers of withstanding the influence of the solar vortex, inversely according to the products of their diameters into their densities — that is, the smaller and less dense planet, having to resist an amount of influence equal to that resisted by the other, would multiply the number of its resisting springs by the ratios of the other's diameter and density to the diameter and density of itself. Thus the Earth, in Jupiter's orbit, would have to rotate in an ellipse 27 times as broad as herself, in order to make her power correspond with his.

“Then, the breadths, in a perpendicular direction, of the rotary ellipses of the planets in their several orbits are inversely as the products obtained by multiplying together the bodies' densities, diameters, and distances from the centre of the solar vortex. Thus, the product of Jupiter's density, diameter, and distance being ($2\frac{1}{2}$ times 11 times $5\frac{3}{4}$ =) 140 times the product of the Earth's density, diameter, and distance, the breadth of the latter's ellipse is about 1,120,000 miles; this, upon the foundation, of course, that Jupiter's ellipse coincides precisely with his own equatorial diameter. It will be observed that that process, in its last analysis, presents the point that rotary speed (hence that vorticial force) is in exact inverse propor-

tion to distance. Then, since the movement in orbit is a part of the rotary movement—being the rate at which the *centre of the rotary ellipse* is carried along the line marking the orbit—and since that centre and the planet's centre are not identical, the former being the point around which the latter revolves, causing, by the act, a relative loss of time in the inverse ratio of the square root of distance as I have shown, back; the speed in orbit is inversely according to the square root of distance. Demonstration—The Earth's orbital period contains $365\frac{1}{4}$ of her rotary periods. During these periods, her equator passes through a distance of $(1,120,000 \times 2\frac{2}{7} \times 365\frac{1}{4} =)$ about 1,286 million miles; and the centre of her rotary ellipse, through a distance of $(95,000,000 \times 2 \times 2\frac{2}{7} =)$ about 597 million miles. Jupiter's orbital period has $(365\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times 12 \text{ years} =)$ about 10,957 of his rotary periods, during which his equator courses $(688,000 \times 2\frac{2}{7} \times 10,957 =)$ about 3,050 million miles; and the centre of his rotary ellipse, about the same number of miles $(490,000,000 \times 2 \times 2\frac{2}{7} =)$. Dividing this distance by 12 ($\frac{30500000000}{12}$) gives the length of Jupiter's *double* journey during one of the Earth's orbital periods = 254 million miles. Relative velocities in ellipse ($\frac{1286}{597}$) 5 plus to 1, which is inversely as the distances; and relative velocities in orbit ($\frac{597}{254}$) 2 plus to 1, inversely as the square roots of the distances.

“The Sun's period of rotation being 25 days, his density is only $\frac{1}{25}$ of that of a planet having a period of 24 hours—that of Mercury, for instance. Hence Mercury has, for the purpose now in view, virtually,

a diameter equal to a little more than $\frac{1}{12}$ of that of the Sun ($\frac{888000}{25} = 35,520$; $\frac{35520}{3000} = 11.84$; $\frac{888000}{11.84} =$ — say, 75,000 miles.

“Here we have a conception of the planet in the *mid-stage*, so to speak, of its condensation — after the breaking up of the vaporous ring which was to produce it, and just at the taking on of the globular form. But before the arrival at this stage, the figure was that of a truck the vertical diameter of which is identifiable in the periphery of the globe ($75,000 \times \frac{2}{7} =$) 236 thousand miles. Halfway down this diameter the body settled into its (original) orbit — rather, would have settled, had it been the only one, besides its parent, in the Solar System — an orbit distant from the Sun’s equator ($\frac{236000}{2} =$) 118,000 miles; and from the centre of the solar vortex ($118,000 + \frac{888000}{2} =$) 562 thousand miles. To this are to be added, successively, the lengths of the semidiameters of the truck of Venus, of the Earth, and so on outward.

“Then, the planets’ *original* distances — rather, speaking strictly, the widths from the common centre to the outer limits of their rings of vapor — are pointed at. From them, as foundations, the present distances may be deduced. A simple outline of the process to the deduction is this: Neptune took his orbit first; then Uranus took his. The effect of the coming into closer conjunction of the two bodies was such as would be produced by bringing each so much nearer the centre of the solar vortex. Each enlarged its rotary ellipse and increased its rotary velocity in the ratio of the decrease of distance. A secondary result — the *final* consequence — of the enlargement and the increase was the propulsion of each outward, the square root of the relative decrease being the measure of the

length through which each was sent. The *primary* result, of course, was the drawing of each inward; and it is fairly presumable that there were oscillations inward and outward, outward and inward, during several successive periods of rotation. It is probable — at any rate, not glaringly improbable — that, in the oscillations across the remnants of the rings of vapor (supposing that these were not *completely* gathered into the composition of the bodies), portions of the vapor were whirled into satellites, which followed in the last passage outward.

“Saturn’s ring (I have no allusion to the rings now existing), as well as that of each of the other planets after him, while it was gradually being cast off from the Sun’s equator, was carried along in the track of its next predecessor, the distance here being the full quotient (not the square root of the quotient) found in dividing by the breadth to its own periphery that to the periphery of the other. Thus, reckoning for Uranus a breadth of 17 million, and for Saturn one of 14 million, miles, the latter (still in his vaporous state) was conducted outward (through a sort of capillary attraction) $\frac{1}{14}$ as far as the former (after condensation) was driven by means of the vortical influence of Neptune. The new body and the two older bodies *interchanged forces*, and another advance outward (of all three) was made. Combining all of the asteroids into one of the *Nine Great Powers*, there were eight stages of the general movement away from the centre; and, granting that we have, exact, the diameters and the rotary periods (i. e., the densities) of all the participants in the movement, the measurement of each stage, by itself, and of all the stages together, can be calculated exactly.”

POE'S UNPUBLISHED NOTES APPARENTLY TO "EUREKA."

[From the Griswold MSS.]

1. He observed the moon when $2\frac{1}{2}$ days old, in the evening soon after sunset, before the dark part was visible, and continued to observe it till it became visible. The 2 cusps appeared tapering in a very sharp, faint prolongation, each exhibiting its farthest extremity faintly illuminated by the solar rays before any part of the dark hemisphere was visible. Soon after the whole dark limb appeared illuminated. This prolongation of the cusps beyond the semicircle, he thinks, must arise from the refraction of the sun's rays by the moon's atmosphere. He computes, also, the height of the atmosphere, which refracts light enough into its dark hemisphere to produce a twilight more luminous than the light reflected from the earth when the moon is about 32° from the new to be 1356 Paris feet; and that the greatest height capable of refracting the solar ray is 5376 feet.

2. At an occultation of Jupiter's satellites, the third disappeared after having been about $1''$ or $2''$ of time indistinct; the 4th became indiscernible near the limb; this was not observed of the other two. Phil. Trans. Vol. 82 pr. 2. art 16.

The surface of the earth contains 199,512,595 sq. miles.

The quantity of matter in the sun is more than 200,000 times that of the earth. He is 1,410,200 times as big as the earth.

It would require 90,000 moons (filling the whole sky) to equal the light of the sun even in a cloudy day. The altitude of the tides on the moon's surface must be 93 feet, and therefore the diameter of the moon perpendicular to a line drawn from the earth to the moon ought to be less than the diameter directed to the earth by 186 feet.

The supposition of D. de Mairan is that the hemisphere of the moon next the earth is more dense than the opposite one, and hence the same face would necessarily be kept towards the earth.

Juno is free from nebulosity in appearance yet, according to Schroeter, it has an atmosphere more dense than that of any of the old planets of the system — variable atmosphere.

Vesta no nebulosity.

A telescope which magnifies only 1000 times will show a spot on the moon's surface 122 yds. diameter. Prof. Fraunhofer of Munich, recently announced that he had discovered a lunar edifice, resembling a fortification, together with several lines of roads.

Schroeter conjectures the existence of a great city on the east side of the moon, a little north of her equator an extensive canal, in another place, and fields of vegetation in another. Herschel has since shown this to be false.

It may be demonstrated from the laws of optics that there exists no physical impossibility to the construction of instruments sufficiently powerful to settle the question of the moon's being inhabited. The difficulty which prevented the great telescope of Herschel from

revealing this secret was not so much the want of power in the lens, as of light in the tube, to render objects distinct under such an expansion of the visual rays.

The gravity of a body upon the earth is to that upon the moon as 1 : 0.1677.

The moon's surface contains 14,898,750 sq. miles. The mean eccentricity of the moon's orbit is about 13,200 miles. If the moon have no atmosphere the lunar inhabitants must have an immediate transition from the brightest sunshine to the blackest darkness ; and thus must be totally destitute of the benefit of twilight.

The surface of the earth is about 13 times greater than that of the moon. The earth returns 13 times more light to the moon than she receives from it.

The moon is of a phosphorescent substance. This is excited by the action of the sun, and the surface may continue to emit a faint light for some time after sunset — this serving the purpose of twilight. “The pale outline of the old moon,” says Professor Leslie in his *Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat* (following the opinion of Riccioli), “is commonly ascribed to the reflection or secondary illumination upon the earth. But if it were derived from that source it would appear densest near the centre, and gradually more dilute towards the edge. I should rather refer it to the spontaneous light which the moon may continue to emit for some time after the phosphorescent substance has been excited by the action of the solar beams” — during conjunction of the sun and moon. Read Brewster's Edition of Ferguson's *Astronomy*. Brewster does not deny the phosphorescence, but accounts for the eastern rim by the accidental luminousness of that portion of the moon. Make the in-

visible half of the moon our hell. From one half the moon the earth is never seen at all. From the middle of the other half it is always seen overhead turning round almost 30 times as quick as the moon does. From the circle which limits our view of the moon only $\frac{1}{2}$ the earth's side next her is seen, the other half being hid below the horizon of all places on that circle. To her the earth seems to be the biggest body in the universe, for it appears thirteen times as big as she does to us. As the earth turns round its axis, the several continents, seas, and islands appear to the moon's inhabitants like so many spots of different forms and brightness moving over its surface, but much fainter at some times than others, as our clouds cover or leave them. By these spots the Lunarians can determine the time of the earth's diurnal motion, just as we do the motion of the sun; and perhaps they measure their time by the motion of the earth's spots; for they cannot have a truer dial. Their day would then be 24 hours. Her real day and night taken together are as long as our lunar month — a fortnight day, do. night.

Dr. Hooke, accounting for the reason why the moon's light affords no visible heat, observes that the quantity of light which falls on the hemisphere of the full moon is rarefied into a sphere 288 times greater in diameter than the moon, before it arrives at us; and, consequently, that the moon's light is 104,368 times weaker than that of the sun. It would, therefore, require 104,368 full moons to give a light and heat equal to that of the sun at noon. The light of the moon condensed by the best mirrors produces no sensible heat upon the thermometer. Dr. Smith in his work on optics, endeavours to show that the light of the full

moon is but equal to the 90.900dth part of the common light of day when the sun is hidden by a cloud.

The *only equable motion* the moon has is that with which she turns round her axis exactly in the same space of time in which she revolves round us in her orbit.

The quantity of matter in the sun is almost 230,000 times as great as the quantity of matter in the earth.

The gravity of the moon towards the sun is greater, at her conjunction than her gravity towards the earth, so that the point of equal attraction where those 2 powers would sustain each other, falls then between the moon and earth.

The point of equal attraction between the earth and the sun is about 70,000 times nearer the earth than the moon is at her change.

The moon sometimes disappears in a clear Heaven so as not to be discoverable by the best glasses ; little stars of the fifth and sixth magnitude all the time remaining visible. This phenomenon Kepler observed twice 1580 and 1583, and Hevelius in 1620, Ricciolus and other Jesuits at Bologna, and many people throughout Holland, observed the like April 14, 1642, yet at Venice and Vienna she was all the time conspicuous. Dec. 23, 1703, there was another total obscuration. At Arles she first appeared of a yellowish brown, at Avignon ruddy and transparent, as if the sun had shone through ; at Marseilles one part was reddish, the other very dusky, and at length tho' in a clear sky, she wholly disappeared. Here it is evident that the colours, appearing different at the same time, do not belong to the moon ; but they are probably occasioned by our atmosphere, which is variously disposed, at different times, for refracting of these or those coloured rays.

Hevelius writes that he has several times found in

skies perfectly clear, when even stars of the 6th and 7th magnitude were conspicuous, that at the same altitude of the moon, and the same elongation from the earth, and with one and the same excellent telescope, the moon and its macula do not appear equally lucid, clear and perspicuous at all times, but are much brighter, purer, and more distinct at one time than another. From the circumstances of the observation it is evident the reason of this phenomenon is not either in our air, in the tube, in the moon, or in the spectator's eye, but must be looked for in something existing about the moon.

Cossini frequently observed Saturn, Jupiter, and the fixed stars when approaching the moon to occultation, to have their circular figure changed into an oval one, and in other occultations, he found no alteration of figure at all. In like manner the sun and moon rising and setting in a vaporous horizon, do not appear circular, but elliptical.

Hence it may be supposed that at some times and not at others, there is a dense matter encompassing the moon, wherein the rays of the stars are refracted.

Ricciolus avers the height of St. Catharine to be 9 miles. Ferguson says that some of the mountains of the moon by comparing their height with her diameter, are found to be 3 times higher than the highest on earth.

Keill in his "Astronomical Lectures" finds St. Catharine 9 miles.

Dr. Herschell says few exceed $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile.

There being no atmosphere about the moon, the heavens in the day time have the appearance of night to a lunarian who turns his back towards the sun.

Mr. Schroeter, of Lilienthal, in the Duchy of

Bremen, has endeavoured to establish the existence of an atmosphere from the following observations:

Ap. 19, 1787, Dr. Herschel discovered 3 volcanoes in the dark part of the moon. 2 of them seemed to be almost extinct, but the 3rd showed an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter, resembling a small piece of burning charcoal covered by a very thin coat of white ashes: it had a degree of brightness about as strong as that with which such a coal would be seen to glow in faint daylight. The adjacent parts of the mountain seemed faintly illuminated by the eruption. A similar eruption appeared on May 4, 1783. On March 7, 1794 a few minutes before 8 in the evening, Mr. Wilkins of Norwich, an eminent architect, observed, with the naked eye, a very bright spot upon the dark part of the moon; it was there when he first looked at the moon. The whole time he saw it, it was a fixed steady light, except the moment before it disappeared, when its brightness increased — he saw it about five minutes.

The same phenomenon was observed by Mr. T. Stretton in St. John's Sq. Clerkenwell, London, on April 13, 1793, and on Feb. 5, 1794 Mr. Piazzzi, astronomer royal at Palermo observed a bright spot on the dark part of the moon near Aristarchus.

The zodiacal light was probably what the ancients called *Trabes*. *Emicant trabes quos docos vocant*. Pliny Lib. 2, p. 26. From a great number of observations Schroeter found the atmosphere of Ceres to be 675 English miles high and he perceived that it was subject to numerous changes (a large dense atmosphere).

The atmosphere of Pallas, according to Schroeter,
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is to that of Ceres as 2 to 3; it undergoes great changes; 468 miles high.

If we carefully compute the force of gravity in the Moon we shall find that, if a body were projected from her surface with a momentum that would cause it to move at the rate of 8,200 feet in the first second of time and in the direction of a line joining the centres of the earth and moon, it would not fall again to the surface of the moon, but would become a satellite to the earth. Such an impulse might, indeed, cause it after many revolutions to fall to earth.

Mr. Harte calculates 6000 ft. If so, a force 3 times greater than that of a cannon would send a body beyond the point of equal attraction — a force frequently exerted by volcanoes and subterraneous steam.

Brewster's Selenography

Russell's Lunar Globe

Schroeter's Maps

Blunt's Lunar Chart

Article — Atmosphere. Barometer — Gas

NOTE. — These MS. notes were found in Poe's handwriting among the MSS. in possession of Mrs. W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass. Apparently they are outgrowths of Poe's studies for "Hans Pfaall," or "Eureka," with probability inclining to the latter. "Notes on Eureka" is endorsed on the MSS. in a handwriting not Poe's. As may be seen, they are unfinished notes intended to aid in some astronomical work. It is not clear who is meant by "He," the opening word. The notes are legibly and neatly written with a pencil on both sides of four and one-half sheets (the last being torn) of ordinary memorandum paper. At the end occur three or four interesting signatures of Poe, in ink, evidently scribbled during a reflective moment. — ED.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WRITINGS OF EDGAR A. POE.

EXPLANATORY. — Titles of the editions of collected poems are printed in *ITALIC CAPITALS*; titles of the editions of collected tales, in ROMAN CAPITALS; single poems, in SMALL CAPITALS; single tales, in *italics*; books reviewed by Poe are "quoted"; essays, miscellanies, and editorials are not quoted; newspapers and magazines are printed in *italics*; B. J. means *Broadway Journal*, vols. i. and ii.; S. L. M. indicates *Southern Literary Messenger*; 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1840, 1843, 1845, are dates of the editions of collected poems and tales.

1827

TAMERLANE AND OTHER POEMS. By A BOSTONIAN. Boston: Calvin F. S. Thomas. 1827. 40 pp. 12mo. Reprinted in London, by George Redway, 1884, with a Preface by R. H. Shepherd.

1829

AL AARAAF, TAMERLANE AND MINOR POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. Baltimore: Hatch & Dunning. 1829. 71 pp. 8vo.

1831

POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. Second Edition. New York: Published by Elam Bliss. 1831. Though the second edition of *AL AARAAF*, most of the poems are here published for the first time. 124 pp. 12mo.

1833

MS. Found in a Bottle. *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, Oct. 12, 1833; *S. L. M.*, December 1835; *The Gift*, 1836, 1840; *B. J.*, ii. 14.

1835

List of Poe's Tales, Reviews, etc., in the Southern Literary Messenger.

- William Cullen Bryant's "Poems" (review), January.
Berenice (tale), March 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 14.
Morella (tale), April 1835; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1839, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 25.
 HYMN (in "Morella").
 "Confessions of a Poet" (review), April.
Some Passages in the Life of a Lion: Lionizing (tale), April 1835, 1840, 1845; *B. J.*, i. 11.
 Featherstonhaugh's "I Promessi Sposi" (review), May.
 John P. Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson" (review), May.
 "Frances Anne (Kemble) Butler's Journal" (review), May.
The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Phaal (tale), June 1835, 1840.
 R. M. Bird's "The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico" (review), June.
 The Crayon Miscellany, No. II. (review), July. (Poe reviewed No. III. of this series in the December number.)
 Theodore Irving's "The Conquest of Florida" (review), July.
The Assniation (The Visionary) (tale), July 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 23.
 Notices of Foreign Reviews (review), July.
 TO MARY, July 1835; TO ONE DEPARTED, *Graham's Magazine*, 1842; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; TO F —, *B. J.*, i. 17.
 A running commentary on Current Literary Events, called "Critical Notices and Literary Intelligence," August.
 THE COLISEUM. *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, *Southern Literary Messenger*, August; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, June 12, 1841; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 1.
Bon Bon (tale), August 1835, 1840; *B. J.*, i. 16.

- Shadow: A Parable* (tale), September 1835, 1840; B. J., i. 16.
- To F——s O——D. Lines written in an Album. September.
- Loss of Breath: A Tale Neither in nor Out of "Blackwood,"* September 1835, 1840; B. J., ii. 26.
- King Pest: A Tale containing an Allegory,* September 1835, 1840; B. J., ii. 15.
- Mephistopheles in England (review), September.
- "The Classical Family Library," Nos. xv., xvi., xvii. (review), September.
- Robert Southey's "The Early Naval History of England" (review), September.
- "The Gift" (review), September.
- "Scenes from an Unpublished Drama" (Poe's drama poem POLITIAN), December.
- E. S. Barrett's "The Heroine; or Adventures of Cherubini" (review), December.
- Lady Dacre's "Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry" (review), December.
- "The Edinburgh Review," No. cxxiv. (review), December.
- Robinson's Practice (review), December.
- R. M. Bird's "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow" (review), December.
- William Maxwell's "A Memoir of the Reverend John H. Rice, D.D." (review), December.
- "The Crayon Miscellany" (review), December.
- Walter Anderson's "Oration on the Life and Character of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, D.D." (review), December.
- Reynolds's Francis Glass's "A Life of George Washington in Latin Prose" (review), December.
- Theodore S. Fay's "Norman Leslie" (review), December.
- Miss Sedgwick's "The Linwoods" (review), December.
- William Godwin's "Lives of the Necromancers" (review), December.
- James Hall's "Sketches of Life and Manners in the West" (review), December.
- "Clinton Bradshaw" (review), December.
- "Nuts to Crack," etc. (review), December.
- Charles Joseph Latrobe's "The Rambler in North America" (review), December.
- Judge Story's "Discourse on Chief-Justice Marshall," Binney's "Eulogium" (review), December.
- Inaugural Address of the Rev. D. L. Carroll, D.D. (review), December.

- E. Stannard Barrett's "The Heroine" (review), December.
 Sarah J. Hale's "Traits of American Life" (review), December.
 Lucian Minor's "An Address on Education," etc. (review), December.
 "Legends of a Log Cabin. By a Western Man." (Review.) December.

1836

In the Southern Literary Messenger.

- "Zinzendorf and Other Poems," by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney;
 "Poems," by Miss H. F. Gould; "Poems," Translated and Original, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet (review), January.
Metzengerstein (tale), January 1836, 1840.
 W. G. Simms's "The Partisan: A Tale of the Revolution" (review), January.
 "The Young Wife's Book" (review), January.
 Miss Sedgwick's "Tales and Sketches" (review), January.
 Francis Lieber's "Reminiscence of an Intercourse with M. Niebuhr the Historian," etc. (review), January.
 SCENES FROM "POLITIAN," January.
 "The South-West" (review), January.
 Defoe's "The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," etc. (review), January.
 Sarah Stickney's "The Poetry of Life" (review), January.
 "The Christian Florist" (review), January.
 Morris Matson's "Paul Ulric," etc. (review), February.
 Peter Mark Roget's "Animal and Vegetable Physiology" (review), February.
 Joseph Martin's "A New and Comprehensive Gazetteer of Virginia" (review), February.
 Lieut. Slidell's "The American in England" (review), February.
 Bulwer's "Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes" (review), February.
 Henry F. Chorley's "Conti the Discarded" (review), February.
 L. A. Wilmer's "The Confession of Emilia Harrington" (review), February.
 "Rose Hill" (review), February.
 Palæstine (essay), February.
 "Noble Deeds of Woman" (review), February.
 A Chapter on Autography (essay), February and August.

- The Duc de L'Omelette* (tale), February 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 14.
- "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the United States of America—Virginia," etc. By Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D.D. (Review.) March.
- Mrs. L. Miles's "Phrenology," etc. (review), March.
- "Mahmoud" (review), March.
- "Georgia Scenes, Characters," etc. (review), March.
- To HELEN, March.
- J. K. Paulding's "Slavery in the United States" (review), April.
- Four Beasts in One: The Homo-Cameleopard* (tale), March 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 22.
- The Poems of J. R. Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck (review), April.
- "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau" (review), April.
- Maelzel's Chess-Player (essay), April.
- A Tale of Jerusalem*, April 1836, 1840; B. J., ii. 11.
- To SCIENCE, May 1845; B. J., ii. 4.
- Robert Walsh's "Didactics—Social, Literary, and Political" (review), May.
- Anthon's "Sallust" (review), May.
- Lieut. Slidell's "Spain Revisited" (review), May.
- Frances Trollope's "Paris and the Parisians" (review), May.
- J. K. Paulding's "Life of Washington" (review), May.
- J. F. Cooper's "Switzerland" (review), May.
- IRENE, May; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., i. 18.
- "A Pleasant Peregrination through Pennsylvania," etc. (review), June.
- John Armstrong's "Notices of the War of 1812" (review), June.
- "Recollections of Coleridge" (review), June.
- Rev. Calvin Colton's "Thoughts on the Religious State of the Country," etc. (review), June.
- Maury's "Navigation" (review), June.
- Stone's "Ups and Downs in the Life of a Distressed Gentleman" (review), June.
- Dickens's "Watkins Tottle" (review), June.
- "Flora and Thalia" (review), June.
- "House of Lords" (review), July.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's "Letters to Young Ladies" (review), July.

- "The Doctor" (review), July.
Frederick Von Raumer's "England in 1835" (review), July.
"Memoirs of an American Lady" (review), July.
William D. Gallagher's "Erato" (review), July.
"Camperdown" (review), July.
Leigh Ritchie's "Russia and the Russians" (review), July.
Rev. Orville Dewey's "The Old World and the New," etc. (review), August.
THE CITY OF SIN, August (THE DOOMED CITY in the edition of 1831); *American Whig Review* (sub-title A PROPHECY), April 1845; B. J., ii. 8.
Charles Richardson's "New Dictionary of the English Language" (review), August.
S. C. Hall's "The Book of Gems" (review), August.
Lynch's "South Sea Expedition" (review), August.
James S. French's "Elkswatawa" (review), August.
"Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs" (review), August.
Lieut. Slidell's "A Year in Spain" (review), August.
"The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse" (review), August.
Prof. J. H. Ingraham's "Lafitte" (review), August.
"Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs," March 31, 1836 (review), August.
Pinakidia (essay), August.
Draper's "Lectures" (review), August.
Lieber's "Memorial" (review), August.
David B. Edwards's "The History of Texas" (review), August.
ISRAFEL, August; *Graham's Magazine*, October 1841; *Phil. Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 3.
"Inklings of Adventure" (review), August.
Lydia Maria Child's "Philothea: a Romance" (review), September. Also *Broadway Journal*.
"Sheppard Lee" (review), September.
William Hazlitt's "Literary Remains," etc. (review), September.
Joseph Robinson's "The Swiss Heiress" (review), October.
S. A. Roszel's "Address at Dickinson College" (review), October.
Sir N. W. Wraxall's "Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Times" (review), October.

- "American Almanac for 1837" (review), October.
 J. F. Cooper's Sketches of "Switzerland" (review), October.
 Prof. Thomas R. Dew's "Address before the Students of William and Mary" (review), October.
 Henry F. Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans" (review), October.
 Dr. Robert W. Haxall's "Dissertation," etc. (review), October.
 Captain Basil Hall's "Skimmings, or a Winter at Schloss Hainfeld" (review), October.
 "Peter Snook" (review), October. Also *Broadway Journal*.
 G. P. R. James's "Life of Richelieu," etc. (review), October.
 Baynard R. Hall's "Latin Grammar" (review), October.
 Bland's "Chancery Reports" (review), October.
 "Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte" (review), October.
 "Madrid in 1835" (review), October.
 "Medical Review" (review), November.
 Z. Collins Lee's "Address delivered before the Baltimore Lyceum," etc. (review), November.
 "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" (review), November.

1837

- THE BRIDAL BALLAD, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, July 31, 1841; B. J., ii. 4.
 Beverley Tucker's "George Balcombe" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, February, 1837, 1838.
 Washington Irving's "Astoria" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 Charles Anthon's "Select Orations of Cicero" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 J. N. Reynolds's "South Sea Expedition" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 "Poems by William Cullen Bryant" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, January.
 TO ZANTE, *Southern Literary Messenger*, January; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 2.
 [Poe adds a note here: "Mr. Poe's attention being called in another direction, he will decline, with the present

number, the editorial duties of the *Messenger*. His Critical Notices for this month end with Professor Anthon's 'Orations' — what follows is from another hand. With the best wishes to the Magazine, and to its few foes as well as many friends, he is now desirous of bidding all parties a peaceable farewell."]

- J. L. Stephens's "Arabia Petræa" (review), *New York Review*, October.

1838

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET. By EDGAR A. POE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838. 201 pp. 12mo. Reprinted in London, 1838, 1841, 1861, etc.

Poe's Reply to his Critics. *Southern Literary Messenger*, July Supplement.

Ligeia (tale), *The American Museum*, September 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 12.

How to Write a Blackwood Article. *The American Museum*, December, 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 1.

A Predicament (The Scythe of Time) (tale), *The American Museum*, December 1838, 1840; B. J., ii. 18.

1839

Silence: A Fable (tale), *Baltimore Book*, 1839, 1840; B. J., ii. 9.

Literary Small Talk (essay), *American Museum*, January, February.

Preface and Introduction to "The Conchologist's First Book."

THE HAUNTED PALACE, *Baltimore Museum*, April; *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine* (in "The Fall of the House of Usher"), September; in "Tales," 1840.

The Devil in the Belfry (tale), *Philadelphia Saturday Chronicle and Mirror of The Times*, May 18, 1839, 1840; B. J., ii. 18.

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S FIRST BOOK. By EDGAR A. POE. Philadelphia: Haswell, Barrington, and Haswell. 1839. pp. 156. 12mo. Second edition, with 12 colored plates. Philadelphia, 1840. 12mo. Also reprinted anonymously, Philadelphia, 1845.

Contributions to Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

"George P. Morris" (review), May; *Southern Literary Messenger*, April, 1849 (revised).

TO IANTHE IN HEAVEN, July.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD, July.

J. Fenimore Cooper's "History of the American Navy" (review), July.

James's "Celebrated Women" (review), July.

Wyatt's "Synopsis of Natural History" (review). Short notices, etc., July.

The Man that was Used Up (tale), August 1839, 1840, 1843; B. J., ii. 5.

FAIRY LAND, August; also appeared in 1829, 1831, 1845; B. J. ii. 13.

TO THE RIVER —, August.

Wallace's "Triumphs of Science" (review), August.

N. P. Willis's "Tortosa," and several short notices, August.

Fall of the House of Usher (tale), September 1839, 1840, 1845.

Glenn's "Reply to the Critics" (review), September.

Lord Brougham's "Historical Sketches of Statesmen" (review), September.

"Solomon See-saw" (review), September.

"Undine" (review), September.

William Wilson (tale), October 1839; *The Gift*, 1840; B. J., ii. 8.

Longfellow's "Hyperion" (review), October.

Murray's "Travels in North America" (review), and short notices, October.

Morella (tale), November.

"Canons of Good Breeding" (review), November.

W. Gilmore Simms's "Damsel of Darien" (review), and short notices, November.

The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion (tale), December 1839, 1840, 1845.

Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby" (review), December.

Joseph O. Chandler's "Address before the Goethean Society" (review), December.

Thomas Moore's "National Melodies of America" (review), and short notices, December.

1840

TALES OF THE GROTESQUE AND ARABESQUE. By EDGAR A. POE. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. pp. 243, 228. 16mo.

Contributions to Burton's Gentleman's Magazine.

- Journal of Julius Rodman*, chap. I. (tale), January.
 Moore's "Alciphron" (review), January.
 Mathews' "Memoirs" (review), January.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), February.
The Business Man (*Peter Pendulum*) (tale), February;
 B. J., ii. 4.
 Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" (review), February.
 Marryat's "Diary in America" and short notices (review), February.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), March.
 Henry Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons" (review), March.
 N. P. Willis's "Romance of Travel" and short notices (review), March.
 SILENCE, April; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843; B. J., ii. 3.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), April.
 A Notice of William Cullen Bryant, May.
Journal of Julius Rodman (continued), May.
 The Philosophy of Furniture (essay), May; *Broadway Journal*, i. 18.
 Madame Malibran's "Memoirs and Letters" (review), May.
 Some Account of Stonehenge (essay), June.
Journal of Julius Rodman (tale) (continued), June.
The Man of the Crowd (tale), December 1840, 1845.

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- Mystification* (*Von Jung*) (tale), 1840; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 25.
Why the Little Frenchman Wears his Hand in a Sling (tale), 1840; *Broadway Journal*, ii. 9.

1841

Contributions to Graham's Magazine.

- J. Fenimore Cooper's "Mercedes of Castile" (review), January.
- Mrs. Norton's "Dream and Other Poems" (review), January.
- James McHenry's "The Antediluvians, or the World Destroyed" (review), February.
- W. H. Ainsworth's "The Tower of London" (review), March.
- Longfellow's "Ballads and other Poems" (review), March.
- William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places," etc. (review), March.
- R. M. Walsh's (trans.) "Sketches of Conspicuous Living Characters of France" (review), April.
- The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (tale), April 1841, 1843, 1845.
- Bulwer's "Night and Morning" (review), April.
- A Descent into the Maelström* (tale), May 1841, 1845.
- C. F. Francis's "Writings of Charles Sprague" (review), May.
- Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Master Humphrey's Clock" (review), May.
- The Island of the Fay* (tale), June; B. J., ii. 13.
- G. P. R. James's "Corse de Leon" (review), June.
- Macaulay's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), June.
- A Few Words on Secret Writing (essay), July.
- Pue's "Grammar of the English Language" (review), July.
- Seba Smith's "Powhatan" (review), July.
- Lord Bolingbroke's "Works" (review), July.
- The Colloquy of Monos and Una* (tale), August 1841, 1845.
- "Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L." (Letitia E. London), (review), August.
- L. A. Wilmer's "Quacks of Helicon" (review), August.
- Irving's Margaret M. Davidson's "Biography and Poetical Remains" (review), August.
- J. L. Stephens's "Incidents of Travel in Central America" (review), August.
- Secret Writing (Thomas's Letter and Poe's Answer), August.
- TO HELEN, September.

- Never Bet the Devil your Head: A Tale with a Moral*, September 1841; B. J., ii. 6.
 Thomas Campbell's "Life of Petrarch" (review), September.
 Marryat's "Joseph Rushbrook" (review), September.
 ISRAFEL, October.
 A Chapter on Autography (essay), November.
 "John G. Palfrey" (review), November.
 W. H. Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes" (review), November.
 "The Gift" (review), November.
 E. L. Bulwer's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), November.
 "The Pic Nic Papers," edited by Dickens (review), November.
 Napier's "Peninsular War" (review), November.
 Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year" (review), November.
 A Chapter on Autography, II. (essay), November.
 "Lucretia Maria Davidson's Poetical Remains" (review), December.
 Simms's "Confession" (review), December.
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- Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 7.
 Anastatic Printing (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 15.
 Street Paving (essay), *Broadway Journal*, i. 16.
Three Sundays in a Week (tale), *Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 27; B. J., i. 19.

1842

Contributions to Graham's Magazine.

- An Appendix of Autographs (essay), January.
 Henry Cockton's "Stanley Thorn" (review), January.
 Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (review), January.
 Christopher North's (Prof. John Wilson) "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" (review), January.
 Mrs. Sigourney's "Pocahontas and Other Poems" (review), January.
 Review of New Books, January.
 A Few Words about Brainard (review), February.

- Cornelius Mathews' "Wakondah" (review), February;
Godey's Lady's Book, November, 1845.
 Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" (review), February; *Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post*, May 1, 1841.
 Charles Lever's "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon" (review), March.
 "The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Lord Brougham" (review), March.
 TO ONE DEPARTED, March; *Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1843.
 L. F. Poulter's "Imagination" (review), March.
 Longfellow's "Ballads and Other Poems" (review), April.
 Algernon Henry Perkins's "Ideals and Other Poems" (review), April.
The Oval Portrait (tale), April; B. J., i. 17.
 Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" (review), April.
The Masque of the Red Death, A Fantasy (tale), May 1842; B. J., ii. 2.
 Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales" (review, continued from April), May.
 Bulwer's "Zanoni" (review), June.
 Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America" (review), June.
 Tennyson's "Poems" (review), September.
 The Poetry of Rufus Dawes: A Retrospective Criticism, October.
 Mr. Griswold and the Poets, *Boston Miscellany*, November.
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- Eleonora* (tale), *The Gift*, 1842; B. J., i. 21.
The Landscape Garden (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, October 1842; B. J., ii. 11.
The Mystery of Marie Rogêt, a Sequel to the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, November, December, 1842; February 1843, 1845.

1843

- THE CONQUEROR WORM, *Graham's Magazine*, January;
Philadelphia Saturday Museum, March 4, 1843; B. J., i. 21;
 ii. 12 (LIGEIA).

The Tell-Tale Heart (tale), *The Pioneer*, January; B. J., ii. 7.

The Pit and the Pendulum (tale), *The Gift*, 1843; B. J., i. 20.

The Mystery of Marie Rogêt (tale), *Snowden's Lady's Companion*, February.

Our Amateur Poets, No. 1; Flaccus, *Graham's Magazine*, March.

LENORE, *The Pioneer*, *Graham's Magazine*, February; *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, January, 1836, under the title A PÆAN, B. J., ii. 6.

The Rationale of Verse (essay), *The Pioneer*, March 1843, as "Notes on English Verse," in its first draft: *Southern Literary Messenger*, October, November, 1848, elaborated.

ROMANCE, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4, 1845; B. J., ii. 8.

AL AARAAF, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4.

THE SLEEPER, *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, March 4. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, May 1836, under the title of IRENE.

The Gold-Bug (tale), Prize Story of *The Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper*, June 21-28, 1843; 1845.

THE PROSE ROMANCES OF EDGAR A. POE, No. 1 [all published]. The Murders in the Rue Morgue and The Man that was Used Up. Philadelphia. 1843. 8vo.

The Black Cat (tale), *The Philadelphia United States Saturday Post*, Aug. 19, 1843, 1845.

Contributions to the New Mirror published by Willis and Morris, New York. Attributed to Poe as follows:

Souvenirs of Youth (headed "Original Translation from the French," signed E. P.), May 13.

The Master Spirits of their Age. Translated from the French (signed E. P.), June 3.

Anecdotes of Suwarrow. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 3.

The Head of St. John the Baptist (Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 17.

The Literary Pirate Foiled. An Incident in the Life of

- Anne Radcliffe. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), June 24.
- A Morning's Walk in the Luxembourg. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), July 1.
- The Merchant's Daughter. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), July 15.
- The above continued under the same title (signed E. P.), July 22.
- The above continued, with the heading "The Merchant's Daughter." A Novel from the French of M. Scribe. Translated by A Lady for the *New Mirror* (no initial signed), July 29.
- The above continued, under the same heading as in July 29 (signed E. P.), Aug. 5.
- The same story and title (signed E. P.), Aug. 12.
- The same (signed E. P.), Aug. 19.
- The same (signed E. P.), Aug. 26.
- The same (signed E. P.), Sept. 2.
- The same under the following heading: (Communicated.) The Merchant's Daughter. A Novel from the French of M. Scribe (concluded) (signed E. P.), Sept. 9.
- Ennui. From the French of Eugène Guinot. Translated for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), Sept. 23.
- The Yellow Rose. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Bernard. A novel in Four Parts. Part I., Oct. 7.
- The same. Part II. (not signed), Oct. 14.
- The same. Part III. (not signed), Oct. 21.
- The same, concluded (signed E. P.), Oct. 28.
- The Two Marines in India. From the French of A. Ligniers (signed E. P.), Nov. 4.
- Women are Sometimes Fickle. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of De Maynard (signed E. P.), Nov. 11.
- The Man Without a Name. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of S. H. Berthoud (signed E. P.), Nov. 25.
- The Two Empresses. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the Gazette de Lausanne (signed E. P.), Dec. 2.
- Expectation. Translated from the French of Souvestre (signed E. P.), Dec. 2.
- The Story of a Cup of Tea. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of J. Lecompte (signed E. P.), Dec. 16.

- The Poet's Laura. Translated from the French for the *New Mirror* (signed E. P.), Dec. 23.
 Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides, 1705-1806-1840.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Emile Marco de Saint Hilaire (signed E. P.), Dec. 30.
-

- Our Amateur Poets, No. 3. William Ellery Channing, *Graham's Magazine*, August.
 Our Contributors, No. VIII. Fitz-Greene Halleck, *Graham's Magazine*, September.
 J. F. Cooper's "Wyandotté" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, November.
 Griswold's "The Poets and Poetry of America," *Philadelphia Saturday Museum*, 1843.

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In *New York Evening Mirror*. Attributed to Poe.

- Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides. Second visit, 1806 (not signed), Jan. 6.
 Three Visits to the Hôtel des Invalides (signed E. P.), Jan. 13.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Eugène Scribe. The Price of Life (signed E. P.), Jan. 13.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Louis Lurine. The Jailer (signed E. P.), Jan. 20.
 Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of La-seaux. The Bracelet (signed E. P.), Feb. 3.
 The Pearl of Geneva. Translated from the French of De Mirecourt (signed E. K., a typographical error for P.), Feb. 17.
 Misfortune of having a Dowry. Translated from the French of Paul Merruau (signed E. P.), Feb. 24.
 Parisian Chronicle. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the *Courrier des États Unis* (signed E. P.), March 2.
 The Oath that Was Kept. Translated for the *New Mirror* from the French of Mark Perrin (not signed), March 9.
 The same (concluded) (signed E. P.), March 16.
 Paris in Robe de Chambre (signed E. P.), March 23.
 The Princess Pauline (signed E. P.), March 30.
 The Professor's Daughter (signed E. P.), April 13.

- Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), April 27.
 The Love Letter ; or, A Secret of the Confessional (signed E. P.), May 18.
 Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), June 8.
 Parisian Chronicle (signed E. P.), June 15.
 Parisian Correspondence (signed E. P.), June 22.
 A Cottage and a Palace (signed E. P.), July 13.
 The Passport — A Parisian Story (signed E. P.), Aug. 3.
 The Will (signed E. P.), Aug. 31.
 The Times of the Emperour (signed E. P.), Sept. 7.
 Little Tarts of Prince Bedridden. In two chapters.
 Chapter First, *A Dinner by Carême* (signed E. P.), Sept. 21.
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- R. H. Horne's "Orion" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, March.
The Elk (tale), *The Opal*.
 J. R. Lowell's "Poems" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, March.
A Tale of the Ragged Mountains, *Godey's Lady's Book*, April ; B. J., ii. 21.
The Spectacles (tale), sent to Horne, April ; B. J., ii. 20.
Diddling Considered as One of the Exact Sciences (tale), B. J., ii. 23.
The Balloon Hoax (tale), *The (New York) Sun*, April 13.
 DREAMLAND, *Graham's Magazine*, June 1844, 1845 ; *Broadway Journal*, i. 26.
Mesmeric Revelation (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, August 1844, 1845. Reprinted in London, 1846.
The Premature Burial (tale), some unknown Philadelphia publication, August ; B. J., i. 24.
The Oblong Box (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, September ; B. J., ii. 23.
Thou Art the Man (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.
The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq. (tale), S. L. M., December 1844 ; B. J., ii. 3.
The Angel of the Odd (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, October.
 Marginalia, No. 1, *Democratic Review*, November ; No. 2, December.
 Amelia Welby (review), *Democratic Review*, December.

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THE RAVEN, *The Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845;
The American Whig Review, February 1845; *Southern
 Literary Messenger*, March 1845; *Broadway Journal*, i. 6.
 THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS. BY EDGAR A.
 POE. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1845. pp. 3, 228.
 12mo.

TALES BY EDGAR A. POE. New York: Wiley and
 Putnam. 1845. pp. 3, 228. 12mo.

EULALIE. *American Whig Review*, with "A SONG" as
 subtitle, July 1845; B. J., ii. 5.

The Purloined Letter (tale), *The Gift*, 1845; 1845.

The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherazade (tale),
Godey's Lady's Book, February; B. J., ii. 16.

Some Words with a Mummy (tale), *American Whig Re-
 view*, April; B. J., ii. 17.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST, *American Whig Review*, April;
 B. J., ii. 9. Appeared in the edition of 1831, and the
 S. L. M., February, 1836, as THE VALLEY NIS.

Fifty Suggestions (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, May, June;
 A Chapter of Suggestions, *The Opal*, 1845.

The Power of Words (essay), *Democratic Review*, June;
 B. J., ii. 16.

The Imp of the Perverse (tale), *Graham's Magazine*, July
 1845; *Mayflower*, 1845.

The System of Dr. Tarr and Prof. Fether (tale), *Graham's
 Magazine*, November.

The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar (tale), *American
 Whig Review*, December; B. J., ii. 24.

*Reviews, essays, etc., in the Broadway Journal, signed with
 Poe's initial (P.) in his own copy, now in the possession of
 F. R. Halsey, Esq., or otherwise indicated as Poe's. The
 Tales and Poems which had appeared previously in other
 forms, or in other journals, are not repeated here.*

Elizabeth B. Barrett's "Drama of Exile" (review in two
 parts), Jan. 4 and 11; cf. *Evening Mirror*, 1844.

American Prose Writers, No. 2, N. P. Willis, Jan. 18.

"Poems by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer" (review), Feb. 8.

Some Secrets of the Magazine Prison-House (essay), Feb.

15.

- Imitation — Plagiarism. Mr. Poe's Reply to the letter of "Outis," March 8.¹
- "A Continuation of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War," March 15.
- "Satirical Poems" (review), March 15.
- Some Passages in the Life of a Lion, March 15.
- Mrs. R. S. Nichols (review), March 22.
- Continuation of a Reply to "Outis," March 22.
- "The New Comedy," by Mrs. Mowatt (review), March 28.
- "Human Magnetism," etc. (review), April 5.
- Conclusion of a Reply to "Outis," April 5.
- Prospects of the Drama, Mrs. Mowatt's Comedy (review), April 5.
- "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," edited by William Smith, Ph.D. (review), April 12.
- "The Magazines" (a short review), May 26.
- Mrs. L. M. Child's "Philothea" (review), May 31.
- Magazine Writing — Peter Snook, June 7.
- Anastatic Printing (essay), April 12.
- "The Antigone" at Palma's (review), April 12.
- Street Paving (essay), April 12.
- "Achilles' Wrath" (review), April 19.
- "Old English Poetry — The Book of Gems," edited by S. C. Hall (review), May 17.
- "Poems by William W. Lord" (review), May 24.
- "Plato contra Atheos," etc., by Tayler Lewis, LL.D. (review), June 21.
- "The Coming of the Mammoth," by Henry B. Hirst (review), July 12.
- "Alfred Tennyson" (review), July 19.
- House Furniture (essay), May 3.
- How to Write a Blackwood Article (essay), July 12.

¹ The *Broadway Journal* headings to Divisions II., III., IV., V., of the "Longfellow War" are as follows:—

II. "A Continuation of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War — Mr. Poe's Further Reply to the Letter of Outis."

III. "More of the Voluminous History of the Little Longfellow War — Mr. Poe's Third Chapter of Reply to the Letter of Outis."

IV. "Imitation — Plagiarism — The Conclusion of Mr. Poe's Reply to the Letter of Outis."

V. "Plagiarism — Imitation — Postscript to Mr. Poe's Reply to the Letter of Outis." — EDITOR.

- "The Magazines" (short review), July 12.
- "The Drama" (Mrs. Mowatt at Niblo's), July 19, 26, Aug. 2.
- "The Chaunt of Life," by Rev. Ralph Hoyt (review), July 26.
- "The Lost Pleiad and Other Poems," by T. H. Chivers (review), Aug. 2.
- "The Fortune Hunter; or, The Adventures of a Man About Town." By Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt (review), Aug. 2.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XVI. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood (review), Aug. 9.
- "Ettore Fieramosca," etc. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Translated by C. Edwards Lester (review), Aug. 9.
- Editorial Miscellany, Aug. 9.
- HYMN (Catholic Hymn), Aug. 16.
- Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading. No. XVII. The Characters of Shakspeare. By William Hazlitt (review), Aug. 16.
- The Poetical Writings of Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith (review), Aug. 23.
- "Review of *Graham's Magazine* for August, Aug. 16.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XIX. Prose and Verse. By Thomas Hood. Part II. (review), Aug. 23, 30.
- "Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil." By N. P. Willis. Part III. (review), Aug. 23.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XX. The Indicator and Companion. By Leigh Hunt (review), Aug. 30.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading." No. XXI. Genius and Character of Burns. By Professor Wilson (review), Sept. 6.
- "Festus: A Poem by Philip James Bailey" (review), Sept. 6.
- "Saul, a Mystery. By Rev. Arthur Coxe" (review), Sept. 6.
- "Review of the *Democratic Review*," Sept. 20.
- "The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Biographical Introduction by Rufus Wilmot Griswold" (review), Sept. 27.
- "Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books." No. IV. The Wigwam and the Cabin. By William Gilmore Simms (review), Oct. 4.
- "The Broken Vow and Other Poems. By Amanda M. Edmond" (review), Oct. 11.

- "Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. By Charles J. Ingersoll" (review), Oct. 11.
- "The Songs of Our Land and Other Poems." By Mary E. Hewitt (review), Oct. 25.
- The Power of Words (tale), Oct. 25.
- "Alice Ray; a Romance in Rhyme. By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale" (review), Nov. 1.
- The Fine Arts, "La Sortie du Bain," Nov. 1.
- Editorial Miscellany (Boston and the Bostonians), (review), Nov. 1, 22.
- F. Von Raumer's "America and the American People" (review), Nov. 29.
- "Poems by Frances S. Osgood" (review), Dec. 13.
- "Notes on Hudson" (review), Dec. 13.
- Brook Farm (review), Dec. 13.
- Editorial Miscellany (notice of Leigh Hunt), Dec. 20.

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- A Chapter of Suggestions. First Part. *Opal*, 1845.
- The American Drama (essay), *American Whig Review*, August.
- Marginalia. No. 3. *Godey's Lady's Book*, August. No. 4. September.
- "Big Abel and the Little Manhattan" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.

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- Valedictory, signed E. A. Poe, *Broadway Journal*, Jan. 3.
- "The Wigwam and the Cabin" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, January.
- Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood's "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England" and "Poems" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, March.
- Marginalia. No. 5. *Graham's Magazine*, March. No. 6. *Democratic Review*, April. No. 7. *Graham's Magazine*, November. No. 8. *Graham's Magazine*, December.
- The Philosophy of Composition (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, April.
- "William Cullen Bryant" (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, April.
- The Literati, published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, May to October, 1846.

- May*. — 1. George Bush. 2. George H. Colton. 3. N. P. Willis. 4. William M. Gillespie. 5. Charles F. Briggs. 6. William Kirkland. 7. John F. Francis.
- June*. — 1. Anna Cora Mowatt. 2. George B. Cheever. 3. Charles Anthon. 4. Ralph Hoyt. 5. Julian V. Verplanck. 6. Freeman Hunt. 7. Piero Maroncelli. 8. Laughton Osborn.
- July*. — 1. Fitz-Greene Halleck. 2. Ann S. Stephens. 3. Everett A. Duyckinck. 4. Mary Gove. 5. James Aldrich. 6. Thomas Dunn English. 7. Henry Carey. 8. Christopher Pearse Cranch (Poe printed "Pease").
- August*. — 1. Sarah Margaret Fuller. 2. James Lawson. 3. Caroline M. Kirkland. 4. Prosper M. Wetmore. 5. Emma C. Embury. 6. Epes Sargent.
- September*. — 1. Frances S. Osgood. 2. Lydia M. Child. 3. Elizabeth Bogart. 4. Catherine M. Sedgwick. 5. Lewis Gaylord Clark. 6. Anne C. Lynch.
- October*. — 1. Charles Fenno Hoffman. 2. Mary E. Hewitt. 3. Richard Adams Locke.
- The Cask of Amontillado* (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.

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- The Domain of Arnheim* (tale), *Columbian Magazine*, March. This tale is an enlargement of "The Landscape Garden."
- To M. L. S., *Home Journal*, March 13.
- Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," "Mosses from an old Manse," etc. (review), *Godey's Lady's Book*, November.
- ULALUME (sub-title, To — —), *American Whig Review*, December; *Home Journal*, January, 1848; Griswold, 1850.

1848

- Marginalia, No. 9, *Graham's Magazine*, January; No. 10, February.
- To H. H., *Columbian Magazine*, March.
- EUREKA. A PROSE POEM. By EDGAR A. POE. Geo. P. Putnam: New York. 1848. pp. 143. 12mo. Republished in London by Chapman.
- AN ENIGMA (Sonnet), *Union Magazine*, March.

Mrs. S. Anna Lewis's "The Child of the Sea, and Other Poems" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, September.

The Rationale of Verse (essay), *Southern Literary Messenger*, October, November.

TO HELEN, To ————, *Union Magazine*, November, 1848.

1849

Mellonta Tauta (tale), *Godey's Lady's Book*, February.

Hop-Frog (tale), *The Flag of our Union*.

TO MY MOTHER, *Flag of our Union*.

A VALENTINE, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, March; *Flag of our Union*, 1849.

Lowell's "A Fable for Critics" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, February; *Graham's Magazine*, March.

Marginalia, Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15; *Southern Literary Messenger*, May to September.

FOR ANNIE, *Flag of our Union*; Griswold, 1850.

ANNABEL LEE, *N. Y. Tribune*, Oct. 9; *Sartain's Union Magazine*, January, 1850.

A Chapter of Suggestions. Second Part (essay), *Graham's Magazine*, May, June.

"Frances Sargent Osgood" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, August.

THE BELLS, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, November 1849.

1850

"About Critics and Criticism" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, January.

"Edwin Percy Whipple and Other Critics" (review), *Graham's Magazine*, January.

Joel Tyler Headley's "The Sacred Mountains" (review), *Southern Literary Messenger*, October.

The Poetic Principle, *Sartain's Union Magazine*, October.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM, Griswold.

ELDORADO, Griswold. No earlier publication known.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE. With a Memoir by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and Notices of His Life and Genius by N. P. Willis and J. R. Lowell, in four volumes. Redfield, 34 Beekman

Street. 1850-1856. (Preface by Mrs. Maria Clemm.) (Copyrighted, 1849.) The same in three volumes, 1850; in four volumes, 1853.

THE LITERATI: Some Honest Opinions about Autorial Merits and Demerits, with Occasional Words of Personality, together with Marginal Suggestions, and Essays, With a Sketch of the Author, by R. W. Griswold. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1850. pp. xxxix, 607. 12mo. (Vol. III. of Griswold's edition.)

"Henry B. Hirst" (review), Griswold.

"Elizabeth Frieze Ellett" (review), Griswold.

"Estelle Anna Lewis" (review), Griswold.

1875

ALONE, *Scribner's Magazine*, September 1875.

1896

Poe's Addenda to "Eureka," *Methodist Review*, January.

DATE UNKNOWN.

X-ing a Paragrab (tale). The text follows Griswold.

The Sphinx (tale), Griswold.

Von Kempelen and his Discovery (published not earlier than 1848), Griswold.

Landor's Cottage. Sent to *Metropolitan* before 1848. Once accepted, then rejected by the *Metropolitan*. Mentioned in Poe's Correspondence, 1848-49. Griswold.

Poe's Introduction to "The Tales of the Folio Club," in MS. in the possession of Mrs. Wm. M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., printed for the first time in this edition.

Poe's Autobiographic Memorandum, 1841-1843?

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO POE.

THE SKELETON HAND, *The Yankee*, August 1829.

THE MAGICIAN, *The Yankee* and *Boston Literary Gazette*, December 1829?

UNPUBLISHED POETRY, *The Yankee*, December 1829.

TO ISADORE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.

THE VILLAGE STREET, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.¹

THE FOREST REVERIE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.¹

ANNETTE, *Broadway Journal*, 1845.¹

THE MAMMOTH SQUASH, 1845.

THE FIRE LEGEND, *Southern Literary Messenger*, July 1863. From an unpublished MS. of the late Edgar A. Poe.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. *A Satire*. By Lavante. Philadelphia: William S. Young, No. 317 Race Street. 1847.

¹ These three poems are by A. M. Ide. See Correspondence, Vol. XVII. — ED.

GENERAL INDEX TO VOLUMES II.-XVI.

EXPLANATORY.—In this Index the following abbreviations are used: Early Crit. indicates Early Criticism; Maturer Crit., Maturer Criticism; Later Crit., Later Criticism; E. and M., Essays and Miscellanies; Literati and Autog., Literati and Autography; M., Marginalia; Eu., Eureka.

See Vols. I. and XVII. for indices to those volumes.

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"Achilles' Wrath" (Later Crit.), xii. 135.

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"Address, An, delivered before the Goethean and Diagnothian Societies of Marshall College," by J. O. Chandler (Maturer Crit.), x. 57.

"Address delivered at the Annual Commencement of Dickinson College," by S. A. Roszel (Early Crit.), ix. 158.

"Address delivered before the Baltimore Lyceum," etc., by Z. Collins Lee (Early Crit.), ix. 206.

"Address delivered before the Students of William and Mary," etc., by Pres. Thomas R. Dew (Early Crit.), ix. 192.

"Address on the Subject of a Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas," by J. N. Reynolds (Early Crit.), ix. 306.

"Adventures, The, of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse," by "Caveat Emptor" (Early Crit.), ix. 82.

"Ages, The," Bryant's, ix. 269, *et seq.*

"A. Gordon Pym, Narrative of," iii. 1.

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- "Airs of Palestine," by John Pierpont, xv. 192.
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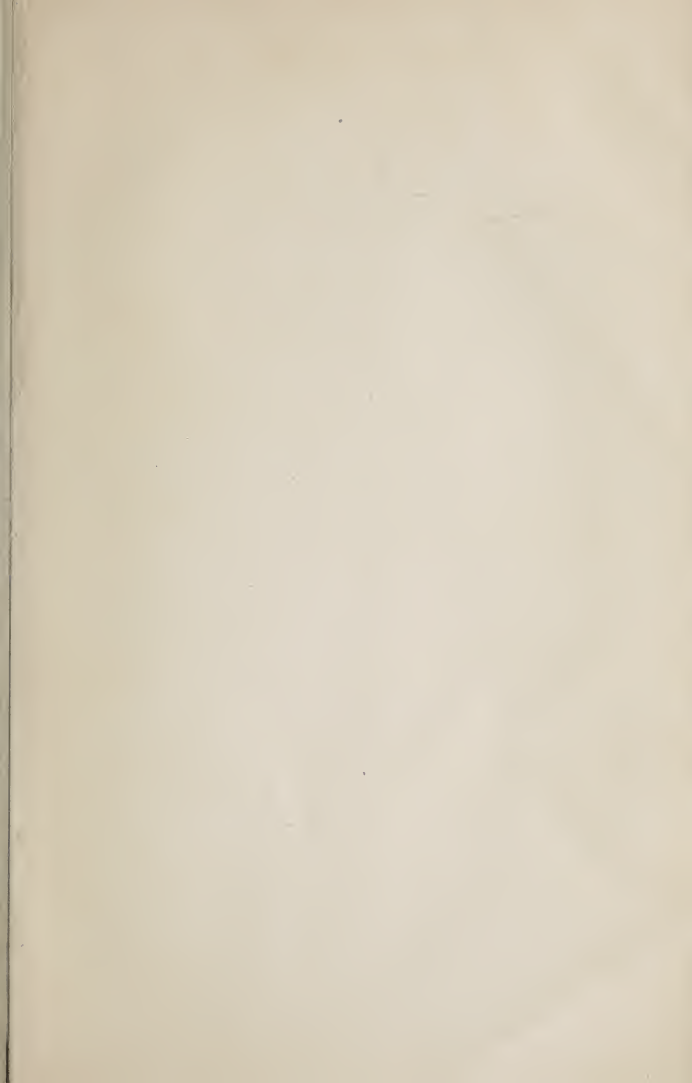
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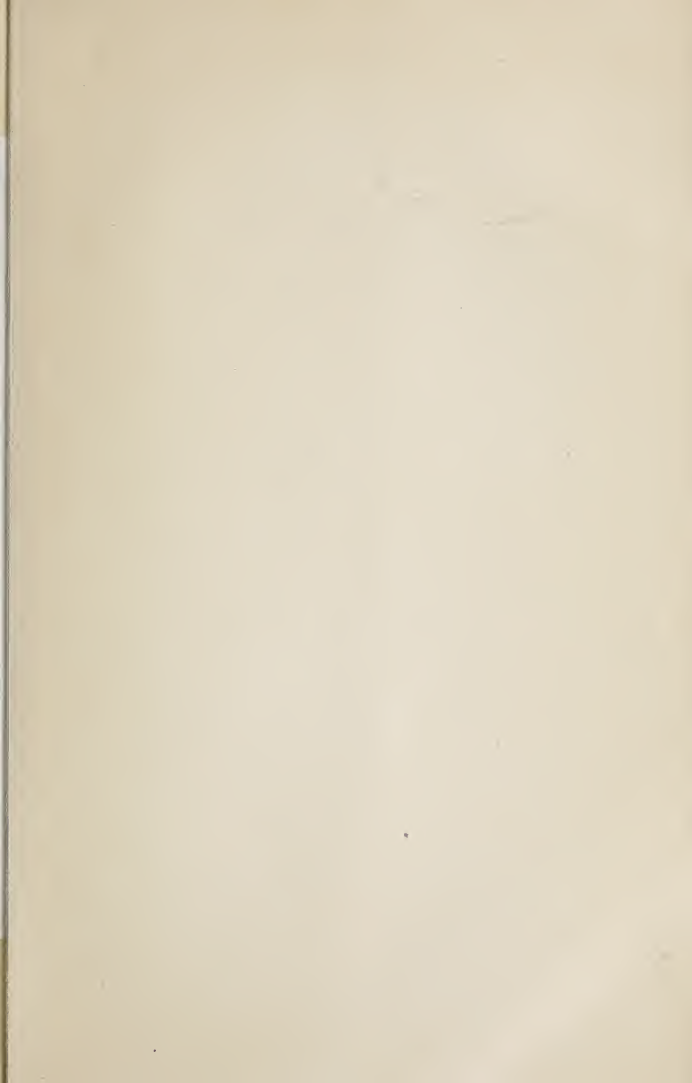
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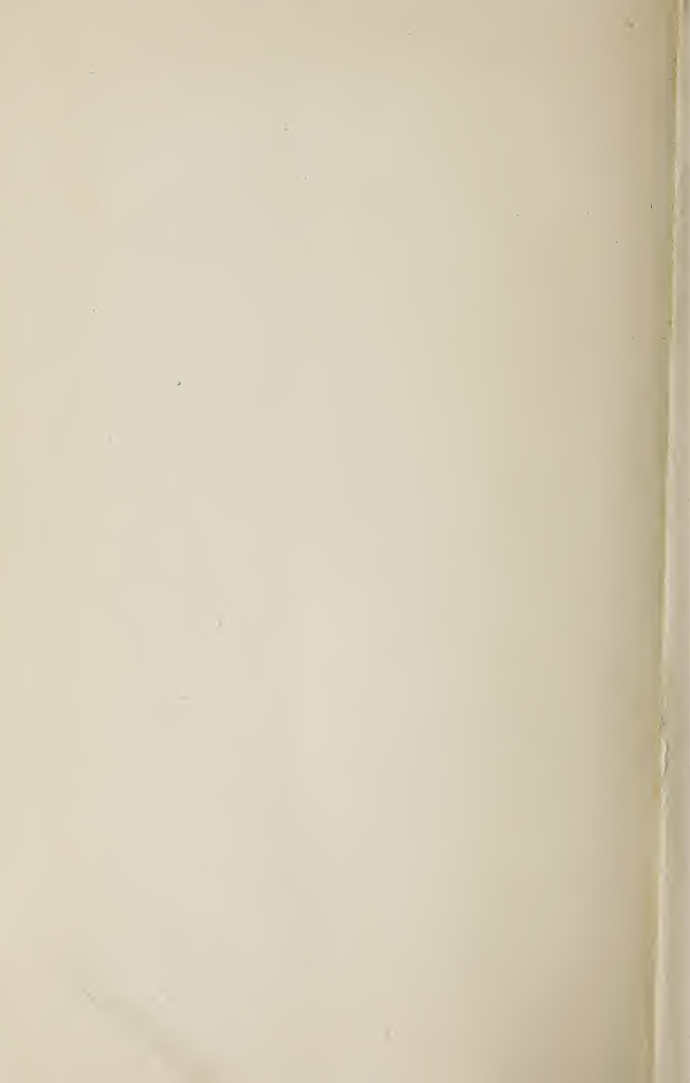
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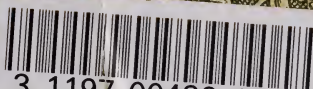
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