I had never thought of knowing a man so thoroughly of the country as this friend of mine, and so purely a son of Nature. Perhaps he has the profoundest passion for it of any one living; and had the human sentiment been as tender from the first, and as pervading, we might have had pastures of which Virgil and Theocritus would have envied him the authorship, had they chance to be his contemporaries. As it is, he has come nearer the antique spirit than any of our native poets, and touched the fields and groves and streams of his native town with a classic interest that shall not fade. Some of his verses are suffused with an ele- gant tenderness, as if the woods and fields bewailed the absence of their forests; and murmured their griefs meanwhile to one another,—responsive like style. Living in close companionship with Nature, he moves through the spirit and voice of poetry; his excellence lying herein: for when the heart is once divorced from the senses and all sympathy with common things, then poetry has died, and the love that sings.

The most delicious companions, this plain countryman. One shall not meet with thoughts invigorating like his of ten: coming as odors of mountains and of fields becomes and rippling springs, so like a limpid cool frag from forest-leaves, sense and money with each out- fit. His presence is tonic, like ino-was- ter in dog-days to the parched citizen pent in chambers and under brown ceil- ings. Welcome as the gentle breath, the dripping of pelicans,—then drink and be cool! He seems one with things, of Nature's essence and core, knit with strong timbers, must like a wood and its inhabitants. There are in him sea and shade, woods and waters manifold, the moon and mist of earth and sky. Self-posessed and equanimous in any decision of the elements he has the key in every animal's breath, every plant, every shell; and were an Indian to flower forth, and reveal the stream hidden in his cranium, it would not be more surprising than the speech of our Sylvanec. He must be- long to the Homeric age,—is older than pastures and gardens, as if he were of the race of heroes, and one with the el- ens. He, of all men, seems to be the native New-England; as much as in the oak, the granite boulders, our bis sample of an indigenous American, re- touched by the Old Country, unless he comes down from Thos, the Northern; as yet undisturbed by way, and a not- description in the bygone of modern history. A perpetual philosophizer, and out of doors for the best parts of his days and nights, he has manful weather and sense- ness in him, and the manners of an ani- mal of gravity and virtues sustained. Of our morals he seems the wholeperson; and the best republican citizen in the world,—always at ease, and minding his own affairs. Perhaps a little over-con- siderate sometimes, and stiffly individual, dropping sycophancy clean out of his theories, while standing friendly in his secret sense of friendship, is to him an integrity and sense of justice that make possible and actual the virtues of Liberty and the States and all the more welcome to us in these times of shuffling and of parlia- mentary. Thoreau would have made him immortal in his pages, had he lived before his day. Nor have we any so modern as he,—his own and ours; too purely so to be appreciated at once. A scholar by birth- right, and an author, his fame has not yet traveled far from the banks of the river he has described in his books; but I have
and only the truth in affirming of his
prove, this is at last, and ever it is,
supposes that of any naturalist of it,
and that he is not of a walking in the
future. There are three others in his pages
then any newsmaking in our dreams,
and some steps of 'em on the banks of the
Merced by moonlight that Egypt nev-
er recalled; a morning of which Men-
non might have wasted, the music, and a
greyhound that was near for Aha-
ny; some things, too, better than any
Antiquarians. Perhaps we have had no
eyes like his since Plato's time. His
account seems double, giving him success to
access not easily read by other men;
he capacity recording that of the learner
and the bee, the dog and the deer; an
infect for seeing and judging, as by some
other or another such sense, dealing with ob-
jects as if they were shooting forth from
his own mind psychologically, thus com-
pleting Nature all round in his senses,
and a creation of his at the moment. I
am sure he knows the animals, one by one,
and everything else invaluable in our
own, and has named them rightly as
Adam did in Paradise, if he be not that
animator himself. His works are pieces
of essay in some, celebration of Nature's
virtue, exemplified by rare learning and
original observations. Persistence in-
dependent and main, he withholds men
and class wisely, urging and defending
his opinions with the spirit and personal-
ity beholding a thousand of them of
the Humour. A head of quickness prose
the his, Spanish-Newton crossed by Scot-
ish and New-England decent, may be
forgotten a few characteristic peculiar
and consistent trait of thinking
and his great common sense and fidelity
to the core of natural things. Such
has a head circumscribed as much of
the sense of Corning as this human intelli-
gence,—nothing less than all outside
doors sufficing his genius and excep-
ted, day by day, through all the works and
seasons, the year round.
If one would find the wealth of wit
there is in this plain with, the information,
the capacity, the poetry, the piety,
but him take a walk with him, any of
a visitor's attention to the Blue Water, or
anywhere about the islands of this village
residence. Pagan as he shall outwardly
appear, yet he soon shall be seen to be
the hearty workshop of whatever is
sound and wholesome in Nature,—a piece
of correct probity and sound sense that this
delights to own and honor. Equally
talk shall be suggestive, subtle, and correct,
other as many mists and mysteries as
the shows he possessed and as significant.—
Nature choosing to speak through her chosen
mouthpiece,—such, perhaps, sometimes
and searching through the mazes of
him to be conscious of speaking to,
but his discomfort, and, and absence.
Nature, poetry, life,—all politics, not
strict science, not society it is,—are
his present positions; the new徘徊
probably, before he gets far to the coming
of the gods some coming Angel, some
Pity, is in paint and description. The world
is holy, the things seen symbolizing the
Christian, and worthy of worship on.
The Emanatian man must possessing a nature
free to see as ours in this age, among
this worship being so simple, so primitive
of possible picture,—calling me out of
doors and under the firmament, where
health and understandance are finely,
situated in one soul,—not as shadower,
but as identical, the works of the Ema-
through images of the invisible.
I think his method of the most prac-
tical, and of whatever the sense of
of all natural creatures and things, even to
the 'sparrow this falls to the ground,'—now
nothing by the sight of his, and, for what-
ever is steady in man, his worship may
compare with that of the pistachio, and
of pepper at piper's times. Nor is he fails to
those tasks made any guile,—symboliz-
ing at indubitable altar, a favorite of the
Usan, Wusec, and feet. Certainly he
is better posed and more nearly satisfied
than other men.
Perhaps he deals but with matters
properly, though very wisely with mind,
with persons, as he knows them best, and
sees those from Nature's circle, whereas
he dwells habitually. I should say he
inspired the sentiment of love. If indeed, the sentiment be genuine, it was not meant to partake of a yet purer sentiment, were that possible,—but springing from its

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to it,

By A. Bronson Alcott]

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Inspired the sentiment of love; if indeed, the sentiment for swallows did not seem to partake of a yet purer sentiment, were that possible,—but springing from its extraordinary, friendly he is, and holds his friends by feelings as strong in their intensity and consideration as are the laws of his teaching,—as prompt and kindly,—his thoughts are, as are his feelings against meddling with others in things not his. I know of nothing more creditable to his greatness than the thoughtful regard approaching to reverence, by which he has held for years some of the most prominent of his ideas, feeling at a distance, and went to make their usual pilgrimage usually on foot, to the master,—a devotion very rare in those days of personal insensibility, if not of enforced unbelief in persons and ideas. He has been less of a housekeeper than most, has harvested more wind and storm, sun and sky; allowed night and day with his lamp of love, seeming, hounding any germ starting, and running it down, for certain, to be spread on the freer of his page, and served as a truth to the sound intelligence, before he has done with it. We have been accustomed to consider him the salt of things as long since they must lose their savour without his mind to season them. And when in peace himself, then Peace is dead, and Nature sleeping throughout.

His friends judge him thus, with the advantages of his Wisdom to know him in Nature.

[April,

be seen to be if whatsoever is Nature,—a point to which the effort has not been.

And, of late years, has added to its charmers; for one ministered to its pleasantness Has built himself a little Hermitage, where with much play he passes his life.

Now that there is no longer any war, far and near to let the line run off. The natural man,—such patience both the Lake.

Such an attitude and cheer is in the bosom. But more, that other lake or ocean's depth. This man has (it himself) a tranquil sea. With every wave where the sun is rose.

Good fortune and unclouded beauty to this life; and some serene virtue, which controls this sun-bright hopefulness,—virtue high, that is in the province of Things are com,

Great by their nobility and accomplished in him, Why, like a fruitful Monarch, how account To God, for what he speaks, and in what way.

Napier's happy art thou, Walthen, in Goff! Such purity's in thy imperial opus.

In these green shores where the sun is on,

And in his men whodwelt upon the ages, A holy calm within a hermitage. Not all good discourses fail gentle into the Pan is dead, and Nature sleeping throughout.

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