To the Editor of the Dial.

ESTEEMED FRIEND,

THE article "Days from a Diary," is of too little value to waste words upon. My interest in it has so moderated, that when I learned of your want of room in this Dial, I was glad of that pretext for withdrawing it, and the more if not printed entire. The interest of such documents, takes its color from the writer's moods and varies as these change.

I still incline to receive my manuscript, since you cannot print it in the January Number, for I know it will give me little pleasure to read the same next April. But you shall do as you please. The Dial prefers a style of thought and diction, not mine; nor can I add to its popularity with its chosen readers. A fit organ for such as myself is not yet, but is to be. The times require a free speech, a wise, humane, and brave sincerity, unlike all examples in literature, of which the Dial is but the precursor. A few years more will give us all we desire— the people all they ask.

Concord, 6th Dec. 1841.

A. Bronson Alcott.

DAYS FROM A DIARY.

[Literature affords but few examples of the Diary. Yet this of all scriptures is simplest, most natural, and inviting; and all men delight in that hospitality, humane as it is magnanimous, which makes them partakers of the privat life of virtue and genius.—Nor Gods nor true persons have secrets. Their lives are made poetic and noble by divine aims, and to themselves are they spectacles of approbation and hope. They prosecute life with a sweet and tender enthusiasm, and espouse interests so large and universal as to lose their own being therein; and they live, not in the gaze of a selfish and vain egotism, but in the steady eye of conscience, whose voice and missionary they are. Nor till life is made thus sincere and poetic shall we have these private documents. For no man writes worthily who lives meanly. His life degrades his thought, and this deforms his pen of all simplicity and elegance. When]
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When true and fair souls come shall we have Records of Persons, and a frank sincerity shall pervade life and literature—a spirit above reserve, and open as the light of the sun.

Concordia, 1841, January.

I. THE FAMILY.

1st. FIRE-SIDE. This family is a mystery. It is of all institutions most sacred. It is the primeval fact—the alpha of the social state—that initial dispensation of which the sacred fables of all people have spoken; and which appears at one with the simplest of arts, the planting of gardens and growing of babes. Great is the house of the household; the cope of heaven does not cover a holier fact; and whoso restores its order and divines its law solves life’s problem, and recovers to man his loaf Eden. For this the world waits in hope.

"A married life," says Hierocles, "is beautiful. For what other thing can be such an ornament to a family, as the association of husband and wife. For it must not be said that sumptuous edifices, walls covered with marble plaster, and piazzas adorned with stones, which are admired by those who are ignorant of the good; nor yet paintings and arched myrtle walks, nor anything else which is the subject of astonishment to the stupid is the ornament of a family. But the beauty of a household consists in the conjunction of man and wife, who are unit-'ed to each other by destiny, and are consociated to the Gods who preside over nuptials, births, and houses, and who accord indeed with each other, and have all things in common, as far as to their bodies, or rather their souls themselves; who likewise exercise a becoming authority over their house and servants; and are properly solicitous about the education of their children; and pay an attention to the necessaries of life, which is neither excessive, nor negligent, but moderate and appropriate. For what can be better and more excellent, as the most admirable Homer says—"

"Than when at home the husband and the wife Unanimously live!"
admit all possible perfections of God, than rashly to deny what
appears not to us from our particular posture."—Preface to
the Philosophical Poems, 1647.

6. FAITH IN THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

"Seeing our most palpable evidence of the soul's immortality
is from an inward sense, and this inward sense is kept alive the
best by devotion and purity, by freedom from worldly care and
sorrow, and the grosser pleasures of the body, (otherwise her
ethereal will drink in so much of earthly and mortal dregs,
that the sense of the soul will be changed, and being outvoted
as it were by the overswaying number of terrene particles,
which that ethereal nature hath so plentifully imbied, and
incorporated with, she will become in a manner corporeal,
and in the extremity of this weakness and dotage, will be easily
drawn off to pronounce herself such as the body is, dissolvable
and mortal,) therefore it is better for us that we become doubt-
ful of our immortal condition, when we stray from that virgin
purity and unspottedness, that we may withdraw our feet from
these paths of death, than that demonstration and infallibility
would prove an heavy disadvantage. But this is meant onely to
them that are loved of God and their own souls. For they that
are in misery with him, desire no such instructions, but rather
embrace all means of laying asleep that disquieting truth, that
they bear about with them so precious a charge as an immor-
tal spirit."—Preface to Part Second of the Song of the Soul.

II. Great prose is the following, and on the sublimest
themes. The like we have not in this decline of di-
vine Philosophy.

5. THE GODHEAD.

"Contemplations concerning the dry essence of the Deity
are very consuming and unsatisfactory. 'T is better to drink
of the blood of the grape than bite the root of the grape, to
smell the rose than to chew the stalk. And, blessed be God,
the nearest of men on earable of the former, very few suc-
cessful in the latter. And the less, because the reports of
them that have bustied themselves that way, have not onely
seemed strange to the vulgar, but even repugnant with one
another. But I should in charity referre this to the nature of
the pigeon's neck rather than to mistake and contradiction.
One and the same object in nature afford many and different
aspects. And God is as infinitely various as simple. Like a
circle, indifferent, whether you suppose it of one uniform line
or an infinite number of angles. Wherefore it is more safe to

Great prose is the following, and on the sublimest
themes. The like we have not in this decline of di-
vine Philosophy.
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8. INSIGHT.

"Men of most tam'd and castigate spirits are of the best and most profound judgment, because they can so easily withdraw from the life and impulse of the lower spirit of the body. They being quit of passion, they have upon occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of everything in their minds, upon which pure, bright syderall phantasms, unprejudiced reason may work, and clearly discern what is true and probable." — Preface to Book Third of the Song of the Soul.

9. COURAGE.

"Certainly the purging of our natural spirits and raising our soul to her due height of piety, and weaning her from the love of the body, and too tender a sympathy with the frail flesh, begets that courage and majesty of mind in a man, that both inward and outward fiends shall tremble at his presence, and fly before him as darkness at light's approach. For the soul hath then ascended her fiery vehicle, and is noon to her midnight, he she awake herself."

February.

IV. CHILDHOOD.

"Thou by this Dial's shady stealth may'st know Times' peevish progress to eternity."

8th. BABE. Beside thee, O Child, I seek to compass thy being. But this idea of thee floating in the depths of my thought mocks me the while. For thou art older and more prescient than thought, and I lose myself in thee. Time stretches backward into the period whence it proceeded, and forward to its return therein, yet dates not thy genesis, thine advent, nor ascension. Thou still art, and wast ever, and shalt remain, the horologue of its transits. Thy history the hours do not chronicle. Those art timeless, dateless. Before time thou wast, and by reason of this thine eternal existence — dost revive eternal memories. The clock that chimes, the sun that rises, but give the chronology of thy terrestrial life; more faithful keepers thou hast of thy spiritual reckoning. For Times' Dial is set by thee, and the orb of day wheels on his courses to illustrate the story of thy Soul. Nature thou art not, but of thee she is the show — Matter is thy shadow as thou runnest on thy behests. Experience itself

is lost in thee — perpetuity shines through all thy powers — thou art prophet and historian of God!

And, O child, thou remindest me of the dawn of mine own being. I see relics of ages in thee; and thou comest to me as inhabitant of a clime once mine own; and thy gentle manners are familiar to me, while yet I seem strange and a stranger here in Time. But thou knowest of no change. Thou deemest thyself in the mansions of thy Father, an inmate of his households, still clad from his wardrobes — still fed from his board. At home art thou; and there shall abide while thou retainest memory thereof, though a dweller the while in these vessels of clay: nor shall feel this seeming absence — this exile in Flesh — this errand in time — this commerce with matter — this dalliance with apparitions; where Seeming is but shadow of Being, where Apprehension finds never the complement of its seekings, and Desire yearns ever for what it hath lost; and where Memory and Hope are but Janus-faces of the soul, surveying unknowingly, like tracts of her cycle of years." — Psyche, 1838.

V. INSPIRATION.

An Epistle.

Sunday.

22d. You desire, my friend, some exegesis of the Doctrine of Inspiration, through its twofold organs of Conscience and Reason,—with their subordinate functions of Sight and Sense (Faith and Understanding): and the authority, original and final, on all Revelations possible to the Soul. Shall I vex these old questions — tax these divine problems, with hope of success? I do, indeed, tempt these spiritual waters with awe; so slender and frail my line, so short withal — the stillness primeval — the depths profound. And each soul, moreover, singly and alone sails these seas, her own steersman and observer of the heavens, to find her way unaided, if she may, to the celestial havens. — But yet I will dare the theme.

1 I shall never be persuaded, says Synesius, to think my soul to be younger than my body. "Before Abraham was, I am," said Jesus.
To the innocent, upright, all is present, instant, in sight. They have not lapsed into forgetfulness; nor memory nor foresight divides the intuitions of their souls. They partake of the divine omniscience; they are quick with God. They do not fumble, dubious, in the memory; nor clench, anxious, in hope, for lost or unexpected goods—they are self-fed—they inherit all things. Day by day, hour by hour, yes, pulse by pulse, exhaustless Providence minister to them—each sequel and complement—history and prophecy, of the other—the plenitude, of Life rushing gladly into the chambers of the breast, and illuminating their brow with supernatural lights. They are Incarnate Words—prophets, silent or vocal, as the divine influx returns to its source, or flows over their claven tongues, bringing glad tidings to all who have access to the urns of being. And such are all kinds, saints, babes. These reason never—nor seek truths as lost treasures amidst eruditions, or precedents, of the Past. Having eyes, steallfast, they see; ears, quick, they hear; hearts, vigilant, they apprehend; in the serenity of their own souls, they behold Divinity, and themselves and the universe in Him. These are they, who "walk not in darkness but in the light of life, bearing record of themselves, and knowing their record to be true; knowing whence they came, and whither they go; who are not alone, but the Father with them, and witnessing of themselves, and the Father that sent bearing witness to them."

But this logic of the Breast is subtle, occult. It eludes the grasp of the Reason. It is, and perpetually reaffirms itself—the I AM of the Soul. Inspiration speaks always from present, face to face parley with eternal facts. It darts like lightning, straight to its quarry, and sends all formulas of the schools as it illumines the furnance of the mind. God enlightens the brain by kindling the heart.

* If souls retained in their descent to bodies the memory of divine concerns, of which they were conscious in the heavens, they would not be dissensions among men about divinity. But all, indeed, in descending drink of oblivion, though some more, and others less. On this account, though truth is not apparent to all men on the earth, yet all have their opinions about it, because a defect of memory is the origin of opinion. But those discern most who have drunk least of oblivion, because they easily remember what they had then before in heavens—Pythagoras.
Revelation, as taught by the Christs of all time. But, Christendom, how false to its spirit, and hostile to its discipline! She leans as of old, on traditions, nor dares walk erect, a trustful and self-helpful brother, in the light, of that common beam which illuminated the face of her Prophet and made Him the joy of the nations. She scoffs at the heavenly doctrines of immediate inspiration; she pores blindly over Scriptures, and worships not the word incarnate in Him, but the skirts of his robe. A Messiah, sublimer than Him of Judea, must come to dispel the superstitions that darken his Life, and divest his doctrine from the fables in which it is wrapped. For such Prophet the world now waits—and his advent is nigh!

I am yours,

in all sacred friendships.

March.

VI.

PASSAGES FROM HERAUD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Athenæum, Boston.

5th. Of these Foreign Journals Heraud's Magazine interests me most. It is catholic, free, philosophic. It speaks for universal man, not for sects or districts, and breathes a charity humane and diffusive. It compares (or did) favorably with our Dial, but is more various in its contents and addresses a wider public. But neither those Journals, nor others, content me. They fail to report the bosom life of the hour; they are not Diaries of the Age—scriptures of the ideas taking body now in institutions and men. But yet we wait, with a calm patience, for souls who shall make organs and a public for the life that is in them—men who shall dial not only the evening and morning ray, but the broad noon of piety and genius.

1. A Sketch of Jacob Boehme. By FRANCES BARHAM.

"1. Boehme, was, in the opinion of all who have studied his works, a man of high spirituality and strong original genius.
What apparatus had he for the process—what language for its expression? Prayer and thought were the instruments of his operations. For language he might select his illustrations from the phenomena of mind, or of matter. The philosophy of mind, however, for him was not; he had to create one for himself. And he had conceived the astonishing idea to account for all material appearances upon spiritual principles, and to prove the identity of the laws which influenced both Nature and Spirit. He was therefore teaching two sciences at the same time—Theology and Natural Philosophy—under one name, Theosophy. And no language had he but what was common to both, and all words are derived from the objects of the latter. He, therefore, at once, elected to set forth spiritual laws by their imperfect resemblances as they are to be found in the laws of nature; and more perfect symbols, indeed, may not be found: for the laws of nature are but the forms of the human understanding. What are both, but "as strings in the great harmony; as articulate words, but distinct parts of the Love-Sport," as Boehme says, "of the angels." Well of this seven-fold perfection divine, he presumed to call the first spirit an astringent power, sharp like salt, hidden in the Father. The second is an attractive power, vanquishing the astringent. The astringent and attracting powers, he says, by their contrariety, produce anguish—a raging sense—not by agent and impatience. This anguish is the third spirit; it is the cause of mind, senses, thoughts. The anguish is the third spirit; it is the cause of mind, senses, thoughts. It is an Excitation, the highest degree of joy, excited to a trembling in its own quality. These three spirits are but as millstones without corn, grinding each other. The raging spirit cannot deliver itself from the strong bands of Astringency, and excites Heat by its struggling, the extremity whereof is Fire. Now is the corn found for the millstones to grind. Heat is the fourth spirit, the beginner of life and of the spirit of life; it generates Light. The food of fire is cold; for want of which heat and fire would fall into anguish. But Infinity has no deficiency; therefore the fire, by rarefaction, breathes the sullen cold into liberty of Air. Air, again, by condensation, (being imposed upon by its father the Cold,) falls to water, which again, by the kindled element, is licked up by Nutrition. The fifth spirit, which is the produce of Light, which, as we have already learned, is intellectual as well as material, is Love. The sixth spirit is the Divine Word—whence Speech and Language, Colors, Beauty, and all ornament. And the seventh spirit is the Body generated out of the six other spirits, and in which they dwell as in their Sabbath. The seven spirits are the fountain of all Being. All these spirits together are 

God the Father. The life generated by them all, and generating the life in them all, in triumph, is the Son of God—the second person in the Holy Trinity. The power of the seven spirits, proceeding continually in the splendor of the life forming all things in the seventh, is the Holy Ghost.

"Reader, unless thou canst thyself give meaning to these things, we cannot help thee to the significance, but if thou canst with whatever difficulty understand them, take our word first, that they are worth understanding. Thou mayest, however, form some notion of the same by attending a little to the following illustration, which we have abridged and modernized from William Law.

"The first forms of vegetable life, before it has received the sun and air, are sourness, astringency, bitterness. In a ripened fruit, these qualities improve into rich spirit, fine taste, fragrant smell, and beautiful color, having been enriched by the sun and air. This attraction, astringency, desire, is one and the same in every individual thing, from the highest angel to the lowest vegetable. Attraction is essential to all bodies; Desire, which is the same thing, is inseparable from all intelligent beings. And thus, by an unerring thread, may we ascend to the first Desire, or that of the Divinity. For nothing can come into being but because God wills or desires it. Its desire is creative; and the qualities of the Creator must necessarily pass into the creatures. Herein lies the ground of all analogies between the world without and the world within. And as vegetables by their attraction or astringency, which is their desire, and as an outbirth of the divine desire, attain perfection by receiving the Light and Air of the external world, so do all intelligent beings attain their perfection by aspiring, with their will and desire, to God, and receiving of the word and spirit of God."

These mystic pietists are to me most aromatic and refreshing. How living is their faith—deep their thought—humble and glowing their zeal! Boehme, Guion, Fenelon, Law—these are beautiful souls. Sad that few of my contemporaries have apprehension of their thought, or faith in their intellectual integrity. O Age! thou believest nothing of this divine lore, but deemest it all moon-struck madness, wild fanaticism, or witless dream! God has ebbed clean from thy heart, and left thee loveless and blind. But, lo! he is rushing in full blood into the souls of thy youth, and thy sons and daughters, driven from the sanctuaries of wisdom and piety, shall prophesy.
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soon with cloven tongues of fire to thy discomfort and
shame; for thy priests are godless, and thou art slave to
the gands of sense!

III. Let me quote some passages, profound as true, from
papers of J. Westland Marston, another of Heraud's con-
tributors.

3. ATHEISM.

"It is possible to be orthodox in head, and heterodox in
heart. It is possible to be credist in view and infidel in character.
There is an unloveliness of soul, which is the atheism of being,
and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the
pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers at the grave."

4. TRUTH.

"Facts may be true, and views may be true; but they are
not truth. Truth is sincere being: it is not the perception of
man; nor the deed of man; but when it is constituted it be-
comes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye wretched
doctrinaires, who would almost special plead from God's uni-
verse, the privilege of God's mercy—that all heartless of
which the heart is not the premise."

5. COWARDICE.

"We are poor cravens—We fight no battles—we blazon
the name of some hero on our standard, and art frequent at
parade in unsoiled uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering, in
mirror-like armor, were the champions we venerate. Not thus
marching after some embroidered name were found Plato,
Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Coleridge, or
Kant. Not thus calling themselves by some human name and
exhibiting to the world in trim costume were Luther, Wickliffe,
and the great reformers of all ages. Their garments were
stained in the conflict; their swords hacked in the warfare.
Say that there were fewer attestations to the merit of tailor and
cutter, yet were there more testimonies to valor, and to earnest-
ness of purpose."

6. INSIGHT.

"We shall appeal from the recorded belief of every age, to
that which inspired it. We shall not be governed by the codes
of men, but shall test their declarations by those antecedent
intuitions common to us and them. Hitherto we have gener-
sally too much resembled sailless vessels towed by the more

fortunate ones which mount their own canvas. We must hoist
our own—we must no longer be attached to the stems of those
who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why
should we be dragged along in the course of others! There is
the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we
direction in the voyage to eternity! The wind that wafts is
even the pilot that guides."—Monthly Magazine.

VII. ORPHIC SAYINGS.

12th. Listen divinely to the sibyl within thee, said the
Spirit, and write thou her words. For now is thine intel-
lect a worshipper of the Holy Ghost; now thy life is
mystic—tho words marvels—and thine appeal to the
total sense of man—a nature to the soul.

1. NATURE.

Nature bares never her bones; clothed in her own chaste
rhetoric of flesh and blood—of color and feature, she is
elegant and fair to the sense. And thus, O Philosopher,
Poet, Prophet, be thy words—thy Scriptures;—thy
thought, like Pallas, shaped bold and comely from thy
brain—like Venus, formed quick from thy side—mystic
as Memnon—melodious as the lyre of Orpheus.

2. IMMANENCE.

There is neither void in nature, nor death in spirit,—
all is vital, nothing Godless. Both guilt in the soul and
pain in the flesh, affirm the divine ubiquity in the all of
being. Shadow apes substance, privation fullness; and
nature in atom and whole, in planet and firmament, is
charged with the present Deity.

3. INCARNATION.

Nature is quick with spirit. In eternal systole and
diastole, the living tides course gladly along, incarnating
organ and vessel in their mystic flow. Let her passions
for a moment pause on their errands and creation's self
ebbs instantly into chaos and invisibility again. The visi-
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ble world is the extremest wave of that spiritual flood, whose flux is life, whose reflux death, efflux thought, and conflux light. Organization is the confine of incarnation,—body theatomy of God.

4. FAITH.

Sense beholds life never,—death always. For nature is but the fair corpse of spirit, and sense her tomb. Philosophy holds her torch while science dissect the seemingly carcass. Faith unseals the sepulchres, and gives to the risen Godhead to the soul’s embrace. Blessed is he, who without sense believeth,—for already, is he resurrect and immortal!

5. UNBELIEF.

Impious faith! witless philosophy! imprisoning God in the head, to gauge his volume or sound his depths, by admeasurements of brain. Know, man of skulls! that the soul builds her statue perpetually from the dust, and, from within, the spiritual potter globes this golden bowl on which thy sacrilegious finger is laid. Be wise, fool! and divine cerebral qualities from spiritual laws, and predict organisations from character.

6. ORACLE.

Believe, youth, despite all temptations, the oracle of deity in your own bosom. "T is the breath of God’s revelations,—the respiration of the Holy Ghost in your breast. Be faithful, not infidel to its intuitions,—quench never its spirit,—dwell ever in its omniscience. So shall your soul be filled with light, and God an indwelling fact,—a presence in the depths of your being.

7. HEROISM.

Great is the man whom his age despises. For transcendent excellence is purchased through the obloquy of contemporaries; and shame is the gate to the temple of renown. The heroism honored of God, and the gratitude of mankind, achieves its marvels in the shades of life, remote from the babble of crowds.

8. DESERT.

Praise and blame as little belong to the righteous as to
May.

VIII. HUSBANDRY.

15th. GARDEN. I planted my seeds and wed my currants and strawberries. I wrought gladly all day,—the air and sun most genial,—and sought my pillow at night with a weariness that made sleep most grateful and refreshing.

How dignified and dignifying is labor — and sweet and satisfying. Man, in his garden, recovers his position in the world; he is restored to his Eden, to plant and dress it again. Once more his self-respect is whole and healthful; and all men, apostate though they be, award him a ready and sincere approval.

The New Ideas bear direct upon all the economies of life. They will revise old methods and institute new cultures. I look with special hope to the influence of these regiments of the land. Our present modes of agriculture exhaust our soil, and must while life is made thus sensual and secular; the narrow covetousness which prevails in trade, in labor, and exchanges, ends in depraving the heart. This Beast, named Man, has yet most costly tastes, and must first be transformed into a very man, regenerate in appetite and desire, before the earth shall be restored to fruitfulness, and redeemed from the curse of his cupidity. Then shall the toils of the farm become elegant and invigorating leisures; man shall grow his orchards and plant his gardens,—a husbandman truly, sowing and reaping in hope, and a partaker of his hope. Labor will be attractive. Life will not be worn in anxious and indurating toils; it will be at once a scene of mixed leisure, recreation, labor, culture. The soil, grateful then for man's generous usage, debauched no more by foul ordures, nor worn by cupidity, shall recover its primeval virginity, bearing on its bosom the standing bounties which a sober and liberal Providence ministers to his need, sweet and invigorating growths, for the health and comfort of the grower.

IX. BANQUET.

19th. I brought from our village a bag of wheaten flour for our board. Pythagorean in our diet, we yet make small demands on foreign products; but harvest our dust mostly from this hired acre. I would abstain from the fruits of oppression and blood, and am seeking means of entire independence. This, were I not holden by penury unjustly, would be possible. But abstinence from all participation in these fruits of sin, comes near defrauding one of his flesh and blood, raiment and shelter, so ramified and universal is this trade in Providence. Our miracle we have wrought, nevertheless, and shall soon work all of them, our wine is water,—flesh, bread,—drugs, fruits, and we defy, meekly, the satyrs all, and Esculapius.

The Soul's Banquet is an art divine. ‘To mould this statue of flesh, from chaste materials, kneading it into comeliness and strength, this is Prometheus; and this we practice, well or ill, in all our thoughts, acts, desires. But especially in the exercise of the appetites. Thus Jesus,—

‘That which cometh out of the man, that it is which defiles him. For those things which proceed out of the mouth come forth from the heart, and they defile the man.’ And to like purpose Philostrates,—‘The body is not corrupted save through the soul.’

The modern doctrines on diet and regimen derive their authority from man's constitution and wants. Pythagoras declared them long since, and Porphyry wrote elegantly on this subject.

"The soul," he says, ‘is polluted by anger and desire and a multitude of passions, in which, in a certain respect, diet is a cooperating cause. But as water which flows through a rock is more uncorrupted than that which runs through marshes, because it does not bring with it mud; thus, also, the soul, which administers its own affairs in a body that is dry, and is not moistened by the juices of foreign flesh, is in a more excellent condition, is more uncorrupted, and is more prompt for intellectual energy. Thus, too, it is said, that the thyme, which is the driest and the sharpest to the taste, affords the best honey to bees. The dianoetic, therefore, or discursive power of the soul is polluted; or rather, he who energies dianoetically, when this energy is mingled with the energies of either the imagination or doxastic power. But purification consists in a
for the soul, as Theophrastes says, does not only confer a great benefit on the body by being its inhabitant, but giving herself wholly to it. Hence it is much to be wished, that we could easily obtain the life celebrated in fables, in which hunger and thirst are unknown, or that, by stopping the every-way-flowing river of the body, we may in a very little time be present with the most excellent natures, to which he who accedes, since deity is there, is himself a God. But how is it possible not to lament the condition of the generality of mankind, who are so involved in darkness, as to cherish their own evil, and who, in the first place, hate themselves, and him who begot them, and afterwards those who admonish them, and call on them to return from ebriety to a sober condition of being!—Porphyry

on Abstinence from Animal Food.

June.

X. EPISTLE.

Cottage.

12th. Our garden and fields remind me whenever I step into their presence of your promise of spending while with us at the cottage. But lest you should chance to alight at my door, while I am absent, I write now to say, that I purpose to breathe those mountain airs, and shall leave for Vermont on Monday next—so don’t come till after my return. I shall then have the more to communicate of the spirit of those hills. Lately I have been sent journeying to seek the members of that Brotherhood whom God designs shall dwell together in his Paradise. The time is near when the soul’s fabled innocency shall luxuriate as a visible fact, rooted in the soil of New England; and scribes, wise even as the Hebrews of old, record their version of the Genesis of Man, and the peopling and planting of Eden.

I have visited the city, since I saw you, where I met persons a few of wise hearts and growing gifts and graces. God is breeding men and women, here and there, for the new Heaven and Earth. Have you seen Humanus? He has been passing a few days with me, and a great promise he is to me. The youth is rich in wisdom; a child of deepest and truest life. God has a work for the boy, and set him about it betimes—while his years scarce
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numbered an halfscore—and now he is great beside his contemporaries and shall honor his trusts.
Remember I am to see you on my return.
Your friend.

XI. VERMONT.

17th. Bland the air, picturesque the scenery of these hills. This is the Switzerland of our Republic, and these mountaineers are parcel of their mountains, and love them as do the Swiss. This, too, is the scenery, this the clime, these the pursuits, for growing freemen. And here is the Haunt of Reform; cherished by these austere ministries of toil and storm, the Child is waxing in stature, and shall leap, soon, from hill to hill, sounding his trump to the four winds of heaven.

Yet over these primeval hills, clothed in perennial verdure—these passes, whose sides are instinct with bleating sheep and lowing kine, or proudly standing with the growths of ages—the wizard Trade has swept her wand of sorceries, and on these shepherds and swineherds are visited the sordid and debasing vices of the distant towns they feed!

But, apart, on this Alp, on the summit of this green range, and in a region of ideas fitly emblazoned by the scene, dwells my friend above the ignoble toils of men below. This forest fell prostrate before his sturdy arm, and gave him these ample ranges for his flocks, with acres now in pasture and tillage; and here, under these cliffs rose his farm house; there more exalted still, his generous barns. And now visited with humane charities, he surrenders portions of the same to sincere and simple persons—the weary and heavy laden children of oppressive institutions—who here find rest in the arms of a Providence, unsold, unthought, and freed from the anxieties of want and dependence. Aware of the change passing fast over all human affairs, he is planting deep in this free soil, the New Ideas, and awaits in faith the growing of a wiser and nobler age.

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July.

XII. CONVERSATION.

9th. These journeyings reveal to me the state of the people. They make plain the need of a simpler priesthood—a ministry at the field, road, fire-side, bed-side; at tables, in families, neighborhoods—wheresoever man meets man truly. Now all ministries are aloof from human needs. Societies, senates, preaching, teaching, conversation, game ignobly with men’s hearts; and there is no great and sincere intercourse—souls do not meet; and man, woman, child, bewail their solitude. Sincerity in thought and speech can alone redeem man from this exile and restore confidence into his relations. We must come to the simplest intercourse—to Conversation and the Epistle. These are the most potent agencies—the reformers of the world. The thoughts and desires of men wait not thereby the tardy and complex agencies of the booksellers' favor, printers' type, or reader's chances, but are sped forthwith far and wide, by these nimble Mercuries. Christianity was published solely by the lip and pen, and the Christian documents—the entire literature of this great fact—is comprised in a few brief fragments of the Life and Sayings of Jesus, and the Epistles of his immediate adherents. And thus shall the New Ideas find currency in our time and win the people to themselves.

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August.

XIII. PROPERTY.

12th. COTTAGE. Again I have read "Coleridge's Political Essays" in "the Friend." They please me less than formerly. He distrusts her early dream of realizing a simpler state of society, and plants his State, not in the soil of individual conscience, but in the shallows of expediency; and deems it an institution for the security of freeholds. But to property man has no moral claim whatsoever; use, not ownership of the planet and parts thereof, constitutes his sole inheritance; he is steward of God's estate, and commissary of Heaven's stores to his brethren; nor rightfully hoards or appropriates the same to his own sole benefit.
Wealth often sours
In keeping; makes us love in seeming ours;
She slides from Heaven indeed, but not in Danae’s showers.”

This sin of appropriation — this planting the state in
ownership of the soil, not in man’s spiritual needs — has
been the infirmity of all communities called civilized. But
the New Order must abrogate this ancient error, and thus
remove the fruitful cause of the decline of nations. The
Just own nothing. They trade never in the gifts of Prov-
dence, perverting these to secular ends, but benefits flow
unimpeded through all the channels of household, brother-
hood, neighborhood, and Love is the beneficent Almon-
certo, all members of the social family.

“All things,” says Grotius, “were at first promiscuously
common, and all the world had, as it were, but one patri-
mony. From hence it was that every man then converted
what he would to his own use, and consumed whatever
was to be consumed, and a free use of this universal right
did at that time supply the place of property. For no man
could justly demand of another whatever he had thus just
taken to himself; which is the better illustrated by that
simile of Cicero, ‘Since the theatre is common for any
body that comes, the place that every one sits in is prop-
erly his own.’ And this state of things must have continued
till now, had men persisted in their primitive simplicity,
or lived together but in perfect charity.

September.

XIV. EMERSON’S ESSAYS.

3d. These Essays are truly noble. They report a wis-
dom akin to that which the great of all time have loved
and spoken. It is a most refreshing book; and I am sure
of its reputation with those who make names and ages.
And yet I qualify my admiration of the author’s genius.
Great in the isolation of thought, he neither warms nor
inspires me. He writes from the intellect to the intellect,
and hence some abatement from the health of his state-
ments, the depths of his insights — purchased always at
the cost of vital integrity; the mind lapsing in the know-
ledge thus gained. But yet is this the tax on all pure in-
tellect, — the ghost of the heart which it slays to embrace!

A passage in the Essays indicates this fact.

“The most illuminated class of men are no doubt superior
to literary fame, and are not writers. Among the multitude of
scholars and authors, we feel no hallowing presence; we are
sensible of a knock and skill rather than of inspiration; they
have a light, and know not whence it comes, and call it their
own; their talent is some exaggerated faculty, some overgrown
member, so that their strength is a disease. In these instances,
the intellectual gifts do not make the impression of virtue, but
almost of vice, and we feel that a man’s talents stand in the
way of advancement in truth. But genius is religious.” And
again, “Converse with a mind that is grandly simple and liter-
ature looks like word-catching. The simplest utterances are
worthiest to be written, yet are they so cheap, and so things of
course that in the infinite riches of the soul, it is like gathering
a few pebbles off the ground, or bottling a little air in a phial,
when the whole earth and whole atmosphere are ours. The
mere author, in such society, is like a pickpocket among gen-
tlemen, who has come in to steal a gold button or a pin.
Nothing can pass there or make you one of the circle, but the cast-
ing aside your trappings, and dealing man to man in naked
truth, plain confession, and omniscient affirmation.” — Oversoul,
Essay IX.

This tendency to thought leads often the scholar to un-
dervalue in practice the more spiritual, but less intellectual
life of the will of the pietist, or sublimer mystic — those
epic souls to whom the world owes mainly its revelations; —
and of whom scholars and bards, naturalists and philoso-
phers, are but interpreters and scribes. Thought is, in-
deed, but the pen of the soul; genius the eye; love the
heart; and all expression, save action, is falsehood fabling
in the ciphers of truth.

I would be just to the literary function, and give it rightful
place in the soul’s order. Character, integrity of will,
to this all men yield homage. But thought, the power of
drawing the soul from her sanctuary in the breast, and
representing her life in words, whether by pen or lip,
is in all healthful and innocent natures subordinate to the
affections of the will. Then intellect becomes the servant of
the moral power; and it is when this function of
thought creates a despotism to itself, that its sway becomes
evil. Literary men incline to this extreme; their thoughts tyrannize over their actions; they think not to live, but live solely to think. But the man then lives when all his powers are willing and contemporaneous exercise; when feeling, thought, purpose, are instant, consonant acts. And this entireness of life is the condition and essence of Virtue and Genius.

Two orders of men there are, each fulfilling high trusts to the world, but serving it in diverse manners. Of the one, the world inquires after his word — his thought, of the other, his intent — his act; and both are its redeemers and saviours — breathing the breath of life into the multitudes.

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October.

XV. REFORM. An Epistle.

DEAR SIR,

In addressing you now, I obey an impulse, long felt, to express my sense of the exceeding import of your labors on the well being of mankind; and to declare, moreover, my pleasure in a contemporary who dares, without fear or stint, utter his word to the world. And to this I am urged not from a sense of intellectual benefit merely, but of humanity and justice.

For I know how sweet and invigorating is a timely and discerning sympathy to him who suffers for declaring truths above the apprehension of his time; and can appreciate that magnanimous self-respect which appeals greatly from the injustice of contemporaries to the wiser sight of posterity.

We live when Reform slips glibly off the tongues of men, and when almost every vital interest has made to itself zealots, desperate almost in its advocacy, and forged cumbrous weapons to mitigate the evils in the world. But, to me, these popular measures seem quite external, inadequate; and the charlatany, and cant of reform, is most offensive. This puling zeal — this shallow philanthropy — this wit of the sense, and not of the soul — will neither heal nor save us. The change must originate within and work outwards. The inner being must first be reorganized. And the method of regeneration must be learned, not by prescription, but from Experience — from self-conquest — self-insight: its law revealed by fidelity to the spiritual constitution. Renovation of being must precede all outward reformation of organs and functions, and the whole man be first sanctified by the wholesome discipline of a true Life.

Hence reform begins truly with individuals, and is conducted through the simplest ministries of families, neighborhoods, fraternities, quite wide of associations, and institutions. The true reformer initiates his labor in the precincts of private life, and makes it, not a set of measures, not an utterance, not a pledge, merely, but a life; and not an impulse of a day, but commensurate with human existence; a tendency towards perfection of being.

Viewed in this wise, your statements of the Doctrine and Regimen of Life, assume great importance in my thought. They demonstrate, and on a scale coordinate with facts, the art of moulding man — of planting the new Eden — of founding the new institutions. They shed a palpable, practical light over the economies of the household — the family — the field — and followed in all their bearings, must give to life, a fullness of comfort, health, purity, inspiration, piety, peace. They lead men to a recovery of his innocence — reinstate him, a primeval creature, in his original estate on the earth, in harmony with nature, the animal world, his fellows, himself, his Creator: and make sure both the redemption and conservation of the human race — even as man's hope has divined, his faith affirmed, his hand recorded in the Scriptures of all Time.

These, I conceive, are results, to which the New Ideas, espoused now by living minds, and traced more specially by yourself in their vital bearings are tending. A sublimer faith is quickening the genius of men; and philosophy, science, literature, art, life, shall be created anew by its heavenly inspirations.

I acknowledge, with thanks, though late, the gift of your Lecture, and learn with hope of your intention of printing soon your book on the Relations of the Hebrew Ritual to the Constitution of Man. It will deal another and sure blow, at the superstitions and usages of the popular faith.
I wish it were in my power to urge its claims in prospect on the attention of men; but I am less in favor with the public than yourself even; and shall possibly lose the privilege of availing myself of the lights of your researches — bread, shelter, raiment, being scarce yielded me, by the charity and equity of my time. But, your friend and contemporary.

XVII. PYTHAGOREAN SAYINGS.

I. It is either requisite to be silent or to say something better than silence.

II. It is impossible that he can be free who is a slave to his passions.

III. Every passion of the soul is hostile to its salvation.

IV. We should avoid and amputate by every possible artifice, by fire and sword, and all various contrivances, from the body, disease; from the soul, ignorance; from the belly, luxury; from a city, sedition; from a house, discord; and at the same time from all things, immoderation.

V. Expel sluggishness from all your actions; opportunity is the only good in every action.

VI. Do those things which you judge to be beautiful, though in doing them you should be without renown. For the rabble is a bad judge of a good action. Despise therefore the reprehension of those whose praise you despise.

VII. It is better to live lying in the grass confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie in a golden bed with perturbation.