FIRST CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

“In sorrow steeped and steeped in love
Of thoughts not yet incarnated!”

The heart beats in this age as of old, and the passions are busy as ever. Nature has not lost one ringlet of her beauty, one impulse of resistance and valor. From the necessity of loving none are exempt, and he that loves must utter his desires. A charm as radiant as beauty ever beam'd, a love that fainteth at the sight of its object, is new to-day.

“The world does not run smoother than of old,
There are sad steps that must be told.”

Man is not so far lost but that he suffers ever the great Discontent, which is the elegy of his loss and the prediction of his recovery. In the gay saloon he laments that these figures are not what Raphael and Guercino painted. Withered though he stand and trifler though he be, the august spirit of the world looks out from his eyes. In his heart he knows the ache of spiritual pain, and his thought can animate the sea and land. What then shall hinder the Genius of the time from speaking its thought? It cannot be silent, if it would. It will write in a higher spirit, and a wider knowledge, and with a grander practical aim, than ever yet guided the pen of poet. It will write the annals of a changed world, and record the descent of principles into practice, of love into Government, of love into Trade. It will describe the new heroic life of man, the now unbelievable possibility of simple living and of clean and noble relations with men. Religion will bind again these that were sometime frivolous, customary, enemies, skeptics, self-seekers, into a joyful reverence for the circumambient Whole, and that which was ecstasy shall become daily bread.

SILENCE.

They put their finger on their lip,—
The Powers above;
The seas their islands clip,
The moors in Ocean dip,—
They love but name not love.

Source: The Dial (October 1840) pp. 158

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“What— are you stepping Westward! Yes.” — Wordsworth.

UPWARD along the vast mountain, crushing the withering oak-leaves beneath his foot, strolling the traveller goes;有时 lost in the trees, frequently seen far below.

On the summit he lingers, gathers the grape's purple clusters, picks the chestnut, new dropped, out of its thorn-guarded nest; Wherefore now gazes he, musing, steadfastly down the long valley? Wherefore wander his eyes toward the horizon afar?

Say! is he waiting, impatient, to see when, straining and smoking, the heads of the horses may come winding up the white road? Or watching the rainbow glories which deck the opposite mountain, Where Autumn of myriad dyes, gives each tree a hue of its own?

Perchance he looks at the river which winds far below, vexed and foaming.

Ah! that river runs Westward, for from this summit the waters Part like brothers who roam far from the family home, Some to the mighty Atlantic, some to the far Mississippi.

On this dividing ridge turning he looks toward the land Where is the home of his fathers, where are the graves of those dear ones Whom Death has already snatched out of his circle of Love?

And oh!—forgive ye Penates! forgive him that loved household circle, If with his mother's form, if with his sister, he sees Another and dearer shape, gliding softly between them, Gliding gracefully up, fixing his heart and his eye.

Ah! how lovely the picture, how forever attractive the image Which floats up from the past, like to a beautiful dream Yet not a dream was it, but one of the picturesque moments, Sent to adorn our life, cheering its gloomiest years.

Real was the heavy disease which fastened his head to his pillow.
Real the burning heat in every feverish limb.
Real the pains which tormented every delicate fibre.
Rousing his drowsy soul to a half-conscious life.
And so, waking, one night, out of a long stupification, Vague and feverish thoughts haunted as spectres his brain.

All around was familiar, it was his own little chamber.

But all seemed to him strange, nothing would come to him right.

Ghostly shadows were stretching their arms on the wall and the ceiling, Round and round within circled a whisper of thoughts, Round and round they went, his will had no power to restrain them, Round and round ever around some insignificant thing!

It was as if on his brain a kind with a hammer was beating.

Moments spun out to years, so long the torture continued, Wounded out at last, he moved and uttered a groan.

Then was the gloom dispersed. For from the shadows a figure Arose, and lightly stepped to the side of the bed,