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Ethnical Scriptures.

by the fire, by the air, by the earth, by the water, by
the spirit, by thy Creatures.

FROM THE GULISTAN OF SAADI.

Take heed that the orphan weep not: for the Throne
of the Almighty is shaken to and fro, when the orphan
sets s-crying.

The Dervish in his prayer is saying, O God! have com-
passion on the wicked, for thou hast given all things to
the good in making them good.

Any foe whom you treat courteously will become a
friend, excepting lust; which, the more civilly you use
it, will grow the more perverse.

Ardishir Balsagan asked an Arabian physician, what
quantity of food ought to be eaten daily. He replied,
Thirteen ounces. The king said, What strength can a
man derive from so small a quantity? The physician
replied, so much can support you, but in whatever you
exceed that, you must support it.

If conserve of roses be frequently eaten, it will cause a
surfeit, whereas a crust of bread eaten after a long inter-
val will relish like conserve of roses.

Saadi was troubled when his feet were bare, and he
had not wherewith to buy shoes; but "soon after meet-
ing a man without feet, I was thankful for the bounty of
Providence to me, and submitted cheerfully to the want
of shoes."

Saadi found in a mosque at Damascus an old Persian
of an hundred and fifty years, who was dying, and was
saying to himself, "I said, I will enjoy myself for a few
moments; alas! that my soul took the path of departure;
alas! at the variegated table of life I partook a few
mouthfuls, and the fates cried, Enough!"

I heard of a Dervish who was consuming in the flame
of want, tacking patch after patch upon his ragged gar-
mnt, and solacing his mind with verses of poetry. Some-
body observed to him, Why do you sit quiet, while a
certain gentleman of this city has girt up his loins in the
service of the religious independents, and seated himself
by the door of their hearts? He would esteem himself
obliged by an opportunity of relieving your distress.
He said, Be silent, for I swear by Allah, it were equal to
the torments of hell to eeer into Paradise through the in-
terest of a neighbor.

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[Jan.

1844.

The Times.

GIVEMETHESUMMARY.

A FRAGMENT.

Give me truths,
For I am weary of the surfaces,
And die of inanition. If I knew
Only the herbs and simples of the wood,
Rue, cinquefoil, gill, vervain, and agrimony,
Blue-vetch, and trillium, hawkweed, sassafras,
Milkweeds, and murky brakes, quentin pipes, and sassafras.
And rare and virtuous roots, which in these woods
Draw untold juices from the common earth,
Untold, unknown, and I could surely spell
Their fragrance, and their chemistry apply
By sweet affinities to human flesh,
Driving the foe and establishing the friend,—
O that were much, and I could be a part
Of the round day, related to the sun
And planted world, and full executor
Of their imperfect functions.
But these young scholars who invade our hills,
Bold as the engineer who fell the wood,
And traveling often in the cut be makes,
Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.
The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in chemistry,
And omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men,
Were unitarians in the united world,
And wherever their clear eye-beams fell,
They caught the footsteps of the same. Our eyes
Are armed, but we are strangers to the stars,
And strangers to the mystic beast and bird,
And strangers to the plant and to the mine;
The injured elements say, Not in us;
And night and day, ocean and continent,
Fire, plant, and mineral, say, Not in us,
And haughtily return us stare for stare.
For we invade them impiously for gain,
We devastate them unreligiously,
And coldly ask their pottage, not their love.
Therefore they shove us from them, yield to us
Only what to our griping toil is due;
But the sweet affluence of love and song,
The rich results of the divine consents
Of man and earth, of world beloved and lover,
The nectar and ambrosia are withheld;
And in the midst of spoils and slaves, we thieves
Daily to a more thin and outward rind
Turn pale and starve. Therefore, to our sick eyes,
The stunted trees look sick, the summer short,
Clouds shade the sun, which will not tan our hay,
And nothing thrives to reach its natural term,
And life, shorn of its venerable length,
Even at its greatest space, is a defeat,
And dies in anger that it was a dupe;
And in its highest noon and wantonness,
Is early frugal, like a beggar's child;
With most unhandsome calculation taught,
Even in the hot pursuit of the best aims
And prizes of ambition, checks its hand,
Like Alpine cataracts, frozen as they leaped,
Chilled with a miserly comparison
Of the toy's purchase with the length of life.

CRITICAL NOTICES.


We should have expressed our thanks for this volume in the last number of the Dial, had the few days, which intervened between its reception and the first of October, permitted leisure even to read it. Now the press and the public have both been beforehand with us in awarding the due meed of praise and favor. We will not, however, refrain, though late, from expressing a pleasure in its merits. It is, really, a contribution to American literature, recording in a generous spirit, and with lively truth, the pulsations in one great center of the national existence. It is equally valuable to us and to those on the other side of the world. There is a fine humanity in the sketches of character, among which we would mention with especial pleasure, those of Julia, and Macdonald Clarke. The writer never loses sight of the hopes and needs of all men, while she faithfully winnows grain for herself from the chaff of everyday, and grows in love and trust, in proportion with her growth in knowledge.


Mr. Channing's Present is a valiant and vivacious journal, and has no superior in the purity and elevation of its tone, and in the courage of its criticism. It has not yet expressed itself with much distinctness as to the methods by which socialism is to heal the old wounds of the public and private heart; but it breathes the air of heaven, and we wish it a million readers.

President Hopkins's Address before the Society of Alumni of Williams College, August, 1843.

We have read with great pleasure this earnest and manly discourse, which has more heart in it than any literary oration we remember. No person will begin the address, without reading it through, and none will read it, without conceiving an affectionate interest in Williams College.