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For the National Era.

HERMAN;

OR

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BY E. FOXTON,

Author of "Primicos."

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"If you are, I am altogether her wrong with you. I can imagine how like unfeeling mockery such doctrine as you complain of must sound to an ardent, thoughtful, feeling, aspiring, creature, who is likely, or as she thinks certain, never to have a husband or household of her own. Domestic life is one preparation, and as I should imagine, a most important and indispensable preparation, for all womanly life, but for such a woman by no means the only important and indispensable preparation. While she discharges her domestic duties—if she has any—it is even her duty to provide herself, if she can, with some resource on which she may fall back if left alone, something to keep her in relations of independence with her kind—with which she may support herself independently and comfortably if she is poor—with which she may occupy her mind and heart studiously, at any rate. If all single women bethought themselves betimes of doing this, I believe that we might see fewer she-maniacs in the lunatic Asylums, fewer she-topers, ill-assorted marriages, *coquettes*, and gossips, out of them. But the choice of such resources, sanctioned at present by custom and fashion, is fearfully small. I grant the Bishop, for that epitome of variety, womankind. I do not wonder that you found yourself at a loss. I scarcely know how a woman of character and ability can do her sex a greater service than by striking out quietly and modestly some new line of business suited to them, and taking the lead in it. Florence Nightingale has done this; and only see what a furor she has excited. But I suppose there are many able women as little able to be nurses, as to be artists or idlers. Because her experiment succeeded, it is lauded to the skies. Other such experiments will have to be tried, before the proper field of Woman's labor can be explored and defined. Some such experiments must fail; but, provided they are tried conscientiously and judiciously, their tries will deserve pity and sympathy, rather than the ridicule and condemnation which they will receive."

"Herman, I wish I knew what advice you, a Protestant, could have found to give me, if you had come to my aid instead of the Bishop?"

"Can't you guess? It would not have been remarkably disinterested."

"Oh, fie! Seriously now; what advice would you have given to any other spoiled, idle, disconsolate *rangée* in my place?"

"Do not ask. You would think my prescription a very harsh one, I fear. Remember, my trade teaches me to be unsparing in recommending and urging unpleasant remedies."

"I am not afraid. I think you could be firm. I know you could not be unfeeling. Tell me."

"At least, I should not have been so unfeeling as to insult your sense or your suffering by telling you that your case was not a hard one. I should not have done so, in the first place, because it would have been a falsehood; in the second place, because it would have been a folly. You needed to see that your situation was, in some respects a peculiarly disadvantageous, unfortunate, and dangerous one, that you might also see that it was necessary for you to make peculiar efforts, in order to extricate yourself from it. It *was* a misfortune to you, that in your own set there were no 'clergywomen' to guide and encourage you. The time will come, I hope, when there will be—I do not say female preachers—but I do hope the time will come when all the branches of Christ's Church will include, like that of Cenedreen, in old times, acknowledged female *ministers*, of mercy and holiness, capable of training up younger women to follow in their steps. However, you had to do, not with what might have been, but with what was.

"I take then the Bishop's premises: given, a woman, young, intellectual, but without any particular scientific or artistic bent, ardent, enthusiastic, melancholy by nature or circumstances, desirous of playing a fine *role* in the world, and surfeited with leisure. I begin with saying, Satiety can best be cured by abstinence; the first step is to get rid of your leisure—your worst enemy, as you yourself acknowledge. 'Precisely,' she would say, 'but how?' I answer, By hard labor. (There is no royal road to greatness, believe me, dear Constance, even for women. I am the last person in the world to undervalue them. I am sure, with such a lady love and such a sister as fall to the lot of Herman; but the nobler the nature of any creature is, the more does it deserve a noble culture, and to be nobly trained to noble uses.) If you would do anything great, you must work your way up to it, and be content to pave your way to great ends with small beginnings. 'But,' she would say, 'at what shall I work? Am I to sit down with my head upon my hand, and wait for my work to come to me?' By no means, I reply: stand up—the quicker the better! Prepare yourself for it, and look for it. But all true greatness must have the Greatest of Beings for its starting-point and goal. In a figurative sense, it should, like the Son of God, come from God and go to God. Look to God first, then; ask of Him guidance and steadfastness, for you will have need of it; and then see whether He has not already given you something to do—laid it close to your hand—I suppose myself to be speaking to a stranger, you remember—which you have not seen, merely because you have not looked for it. We cannot expect God's blessing upon any work which we prefer to His; the greatest glory of His children is in glorifying Him; and we cannot glorify Him by disobeying Him. Whatever task He has set you, do that, whatever you leave undone. A woman, for instance, who has no very near relations, may still have some relations who need her good offices. At any rate, you owe service to Christ through his poor. If you yet want an introduction to them, ask any sensible and benevolent clergyman or physician, whom you know, to give you a list of proper objects of your charity, with some suggestions as to their needs. A person who has time, but little money, may very properly turn some of her time into money, as the apostle suggested, 'working with her hands the thing that is good, that she may have to give to him that needeth.' If you can hear of any discreet and conscientious elderly woman who is engaged, heart and hand, in any laborious work of mercy, you may strengthen her hands, and train your own, by working under and with her; and whether you are cutting out a poor child's frock, or writing a report for a Female Humane Society, whatever you do, throw yourself into it, and do it in the best and busiest manner. The thing may be a trifle; the habit of mind, in a case like yours, will be everything. Settle with yourself how many and what hours, daily and weekly, you ought to give to these things. Having done so, you may, if need require, exceed your limit; but do not, unless need require, fall below it. As soon as you are known as a charitable worker, charitable work will pour in upon you.

"Then, you may think it a paradox, but I think that the undeniable disadvantage under which young women lie, in not being able to enter upon the labors of mature life, from the threshold of mature life, is partly counterbalanced by another of their disadvantages, namely, that they commonly reach that threshold unprepared to enter upon the labors of mature life. They may have the foundation of a good education and its garniture, a little elementary knowledge, and a few accomplishments; but a generous, liberal education, such as brings out the full, harmonious, vigorous development of the faculties, they have usually not received, and may well spend a few years more in bestowing upon themselves. I say, therefore, next, set apart some hours of every morning for strengthening and tempering your mind by study."

"By what studies, Herman?"

"Now, I am going to be cruel; you know I told you I should—by the same studies which have strengthened and polished most strong and able minds; chiefly Latin, or Greek, which is far more interesting, and no harder, though the little topsy-turvy letters make it look so, mathematics, and history. Get your friends—I should say to our imaginary young friend—to find some suitable and able teacher to give you a start at first; find two or three other agreeable girls, if you can, sufficiently industrious and intelligent not to keep you back to wait for them, for fellow-students; (or you must faithfully follow both of old Burton's invaluable prescriptions for the cure of your melancholy, 'Be not solitary,' as well as 'Be not idle;') and go to work like a school-boy. Do not do too much; for you must remember that you have only that delicate tool, a woman's mind, to work with, and that it is easily warped or broken; but do not do too little. Fix upon your hours, both for recitation and preparation; and let nothing but some positive duty interfere with your punctuality in them. Let your daily question be, not whether the mood for either study has come; but whether the time for it has come. The clock must be your master for some months at least, and you have learned self-mastery and regularity; after that, you may safely and advantageously exchange your rigid obedience to times and seasons, for a more pliant fidelity to a general plan of life."

"But, and but, and but!" Rigorous Mentor, you have hardly left me breath enough to protest against your rigorous rules. But would it not be horribly hard work?"

"Horribly! so hard, that if you gave your whole mind to it, as you ought, and must, you would have not one single spare thought to inform you whether you were unhappy or not, whether you were lonely or not, or whether you were yourself, or somebody else."

"But would it not be horribly dry?"

"Horribly! so dry, that you would no longer find your leisure, when it came, a bore, but a luxury; but it must not come yet. After your lessons, you must have some good, earnest, hearty exercise, according to your strength; riding, skating, bowling, or rowing, for instance, if you could obtain suitable companions, would be much more likely to improve your spirits and health than drugs. Here *constitutionals*. After that, I must let you rest. I think I see you reclining very prettily in the easy chair which you have earned a right to, with a fine bloom, and two bright eyes fixed upon a piece of needle-work, or an entertaining volume of history, a biography of some Christian hero or heroine, who served God mightily, in spite of mighty difficulties, or some work of elevating and inspiriting fiction. I will not deny you even that. You will enjoy it; but you will not enjoy it long. You are conscious of feeling a little drowsy; and then somebody says, 'Constance, my love,' or 'Fate,' or 'Miss,' 'shan't you burn your hair?' With surprise, you find that your eyes are shut. You unclose them just long enough to say your prayers and make your preparations for the night, and drop asleep again the moment your cheek touches your pillow. Healthily drenched after healthy fatigue, you rise early the next morning, to find your learned labors probably less dry; and after a while, it may be, you will cease to find them dry at all. They will become transfigured before you. In your classical studies you will see yourself going to the same school, as it were, and sitting on the same benches, with the greatest philosophers and statesmen of ancient and modern times; and the mathematics will unroll for your inspection the architectural plans of the Creator, the laws which are the skeleton of the universe. At any rate, you have got rid of your leisure. You have plenty of work, wholesome if not attractive, in social duty, study, and exercise, each kind capable of indefinite extension, according to your need. Under the first head, leave yourself time enough for the generous consideration and promotion of the happiness of those immediately about you, that self-discipline may not degenerate into mere self-reference, and that your heart may not share in the hardening process which is going on in your intellect; for the sympathies, even of those naturally the most fastidious and exclusive, are capable of indefinite expansion; and on the other hand I have felt—noticed, I mean—that the tendency of a wounded soul is sometimes to close over again with a rough and callous scar. Having laid out your plan, to the best of your judgment, giving its due place to each of these things, try it for three months, at least, without once asking yourself whether it is doing you good or not, and, if possible, without making a single alteration in it."

"But, dear Herman, would it not be very difficult to persevere in so severe a system of self-culture, without any stimulus or object?"

"Very difficult, my dearest love; but no one can lead a great life without great efforts. The impetus which it is the privilege of a young men to receive at the outset of our career, from our elders, valuable as it is, is apt to spend itself soon, and die out, unless we can keep it up, in great measure by ourselves. Besides, though you may have no human stimulus, you ought to encourage and enliven yourself continually with the hope of your heavenly Father's approbation, and the hope also, that if you are faithful over a few things, He will make you ruler over many things. Do not parents always take pleasure in seeing their children do well? Do not dutiful children love to give them that pleasure? Moreover, we suppose my arduous experiment to be tried by a girl capable of greatness—a girl of a great soul. We will suppose, then, that she has tried it, and tried it with little charge of outward circumstance for nine or ten years. She has spent nine or ten years, then, in the diligent and judicious exercise of all the powers of her body and soul, in the faithful and loving discharge of all her duties to God and her neighbor. The ardent, but inexperienced, undeveloped, and unoccupied girl of twenty, is now a woman of thirty. She has the habit of study, the habit of attention, the habit of reflection, the habit of action. Throw such a person anywhere, and she will come down on her feet; her mind is well furnished, scholarly, clear, and quick; and her wealth probably good. She is one of those persons of whom those who know her will say, the first when any good work is to be done, 'She would be the very one to do it, if she has not too much upon her hands already.'

"Having been *forced*, under God, to lay out her path in life for herself, and having done so thoughtfully, and considerately, her every step has been an exercise of judgment. A good and experienced judgment is now, therefore, added to her original ardor and enthusiasm; and good judgment, ardor, and enthusiasm, make up almost the perfection of a *working* character. She is the person of whom all who know her say, the first when any good work is to be done, 'She would be the very person to do it, if she has not too much upon her hands already.' She will be—she is—she has been—great in self-mastery, capacity, industry, and fidelity to God. Whether men and women do or will call her so, she has ceased to care, if she ever cared. Having toiled so long, with the object of making herself not an admired scholar or mathematician, but an accomplished and able handmaid of the Lord, she has learned to love less the praise of men than the praise of God. She has ceased to estimate greatness by any human standard; and perhaps she finds the works which have already accumulated upon her extensive enough, even for her enlarged and practiced powers; but, if she believes that she could secure greater usefulness in a wider sphere, her engaging kindness and proved prudence have probably earned for her the confidence and co-operation of many friends; and her riper age itself has now become a sort of *chaperone* for her. She will then perhaps become a mother to some orphan children, like Miss Bremer's Evelina—or devote herself to the wounded, like Miss Nightingale—to the sick, like Miss Blackwell—to the insane, like Miss Dix—or to the wicked, like Mrs. Fry or Sarah Martin—or strike out, like them, some new path for herself, suited to her individual self. Perhaps she will become such a mistress, as she herself could not find on her entrance into life, to other unoccupied and unsatisfied girls. What she will do, I cannot tell, nor will she ask me. By this time, she knows herself; and in whatever course she takes, she probably has at least thirty years of vigorous activity before her, all the more efficient for the ten waiting years of preparation which have preceded.

"Looking back over a past crowded with honorable achievement, and deeds of love and wisdom, three hundred and sixty-five in a year, at the very lowest computation, she is hardly very wretched. I do not say that she is leading so happy a life as I wish her, or so happy a life as I hope such women will be able to lead a century or two hence, when society has become accustomed to them, and found out just what they are good for; but is it not a beautiful and blessed life, compared with that which she *was* leading and likely to lead?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Whether following out my suggestions would lead to such a life, I can only conjecture. They are the suggestions of only a young and inexperienced man. But I should like to have the experiment tried."

"By me, Herman?"

"Yes, my dearest love,—if you find yourself 'idle, discontented, and *ennuyée*.' Seriously, no. Physicians don't try experiments on the members of their own families—unless they are tired of them."

"You have not tried it upon Clara, then?"

Herman laughed heartily. "I wish you would ask Edward that question, when I am by to see. He always regarded her as his peculiar property, don't you recollect? Besides, I do not think Clara, in any respect, a fit subject. She was never *ennuyée* in her life. It never in her life, I imagine, occurred to her that she could do anything great; she is contented with being beautiful and good. Perhaps she could do more good if she were more enterprising; but no, I will not say or even think anything so ungracious and ungrateful. I doubt whether she has in her the material for a Miss Dix or Mrs. Fry. She is never idle now; and I do not believe that hard labor of any kind was what God planned her for; she has none of the restless eagerness which commonly accompanies a great capacity for it. Domestic life is her paradise; and she is an angel in it. She does her good and appropriate service in this feverish, dark, unquiet world, while she shines through and over it with her aspect of sweet, calm, heavenly peace. Different people are made and wanted here, for different uses. I like you each best as you are. There is room for and need of all the Claras and all the Constances. More's the pity that there is only one of each."

"I wish I *had* tried your plan three years ago, if you would have liked it."

"You were very young at that time to lay out one for yourself."

"Yes, I should not have dared; but, as I was going to tell you, the Sisters' lives made a convert of my heart; and then I said to the Bishop, 'make me like them, and I can ask no better.' He taught me—he tried to teach me—to be gentle towards others, severe towards myself; to look upon my heart not as that of some mere irresponsible heroine of fiction, but as God should look upon it at the last day; to repent of my pride instead of priding myself upon it; to seek out, acknowledge, and cure my faults, instead of excusing them; to struggle with my indolence, and to mortify my selfishness. I took a private vow—for, by the regulations of the order, years must pass before one can formally and fully be admitted to it. I joined the Sisters, did as they did, and as they bade me; and among them I have toiled a year."

"A happy year, my dearest?"

"Herman, do not ask! But I will tell! A year of sackcloth and ashes it has been to me; because I was not worthy. I went to them, hoping to get out of the world of which I was so weary; but, because I was so worldly, the world followed and went in with me, even there. My life was more monotonous and less exciting than I had expected; partly because I had, I suppose, expected too much, and partly because I took too little interest in duty for its own sake. All the pampered tastes, which had lost their appetite in me from over-feeding, regained it from fasting, and hungered and thirsted for poetry, music, painting, conversation, and all that gives beauty and grace to worldly life. Toil, hardship, and contact with *real* life, sobered my mind and moderated my demands; and I often wondered how I could ever have been in such a hurry to leave Aunt Cora. While the Sisters said that I was learning efficiency, energy, and skill in tending the sick—(they employed me chiefly in that, because they said their patients liked my slow movements and quiet ways; but that I was too silent and grave to be with children. Do you find me silent and grave, Herman?)—all that time, I was painfully and sadly learning deeper and sadder lessons which they knew not of—lessons that humbled me to the dust. In contrast with their single-hearted, eager self-devotion, my own worldliness, my own selfishness stared me in the face day by day. I could bear the days, however, better; for then we were busy, and I had little time to think; but when night came, and we sat down to rest, with nothing more interesting—to me—than the prescribed life of a saint to read, and they read and heard it, and were contented and thankful, then most of all I saw and felt that I was utterly unlike them—that I was a hypocrite among them, and had no right to be there—that I had snatched the crown, of which I was not worthy, before it was held out to me, and only because it shone. It scorched me, therefore, and I could not bear it—I did not know how I could bear it long—nor yet how I could ever bear to acknowledge my error, self-conceit, and presumption."

"You *have* learned humility, Constance! I will not flatter you out of it. I fear we are all more given to think of our own glory than the glory of God. But did it not occur to you that a part of your uneasiness might come from the fact that He had ordained you to serve Him in part as an intellectual woman; and that you were unnecessarily starving your intellect?"

"To tell the whole truth, though I put it on no grounds higher than those of my longing and suffering for a little literary food more tempting to me, I did complain of that to the confessor I had when I then was, in hopes he would grant me a dispensation. I got only a penance from him, and an assurance that it was a temptation of Satan; but he was a foreigner—from—from Ireland, and not a highly-educated person himself. I dare say the Bishop would have been more lenient."

"And you thought it your duty, Constance," said Herman, with a strong internal emphasis upon the "*you*," "to obey such a person as that?"

"Certainly. I was bound to do it. Don't you know what is said in the 'Combat Spiritual?'—oh, I forgot; you have not read it yet—'It is better to obey the lowest [*le dernier*] of men for the love of God, than to command kings and princes.'"

Herman shuddered within himself as he thought of the uses that might be, and as he feared had been, made of such maxims, but only said:

"You did not wish poetry to read, while you were tending the sick. If I were sick, you could be contented without reading?"

"Yes—quite as contented as I could with it. I wish you may be partly right, and that I may not have been so wholly wrong; but, right or wrong, I was continually haunted and harassed more and more, in the midst of all my fatigues, hardships, and privations, by a feeling that I had mistaken my vocation, and seized on one too holy for me, through a vain love of excitement and *eclat*, and a wilful longing for death; though how wrong *that* was I did not fully see until I saw it with your eyes. Do not you remember that day in the farm-house in Kansas, when Sister Mary was talking with you, and I sat by, and she mentioned that the Sisters of St. Luke wished to have a convent in a very unhealthy place in Florida, and were forbidden, because Bishop Devereux said that it would be wantonly throwing away their lives? You had lately been hanging, as we all thought, on the brink of the grave, and so calmly; but you said then that 'No one could be prepared to die, who was not prepared to live willingly, so long as it was the will of God.' Up to that time, death had been more and more my hope, and my only hope; for Pride and Shame threatened forever to bar my escape from what seemed to me an ever more and more insupportable captivity. But then a great revulsion of feeling came over me. The truth and courage, which breathed out from you, gave me strength to be brave and true to myself; and I determined to humble myself, own my folly, face ridicule, and bow my spirit, to go back to the home from which I had broken away, open still to me, as I knew, with a hearty welcome, make myself as useful as I could to Aunt Cora, and eke out my support, if she would allow me, with my needle, or by copying or translating, for a time, to read, rest, and think, and endeavor, by time, penance, and prayer, to wean myself gradually from the world, and fit myself for the calling I had so rashly taken upon myself to follow, and then or never to return to it. For, Herman, you must not think, indeed you must not!" said Constance, with a gush of proud blood into her cheeks, "that I had the least idea of putting myself in your way, or throwing myself upon your compassion. Sister Mary had told me that you were soon to be married; else I might not have had moral courage enough to face the misconstructions to which my return would have exposed me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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For the National Era.

JASPER: A ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

VIII.

How Jasper Cruised in the Flirt.

[CHAPTER EIGHTH CONCLUDED.]

That Journal of his is a remarkably truthful record, considering the man's natural foolishness; it contains some curious items, and we have a mind to borrow from some of its strange discursive pages, in order to indicate the bent of his thought, and to set forth his character, (if he yet had one) in somewhat clearer colors than we have yet succeeded in doing. A queer affair, that journal, kept on the spot, from day to day; containing here the measurement of a cocoa-nut tree, there a quotation from Æschylus; here the description of a banquet in Fegee, there a poem à la Corsair; here a comment upon something in Burton. There is not much of Bowditch in it; apparently he had but faint stomach for logarithms; but there is a queer dissertation upon the humor of Rabelais; some critical remarks upon the text in Æschylus, perhaps not discreditable to Plato Classic; a clever essay upon phosphorescence; an apostrophe to Japan, in praise of her exclusiveness; several sailor legends worked up sufficiently well; a *resumé* of the New Zealand mythology, as communicated by a native harpooner; a Marquesan romance, done into proper octo-syllabic verse; several notices of the little ocean-livers, medusæ, madrepores, &c.; and much, very much about Jasper, Jasper with his "*aei de to paron kakon*," his ever-present woe. Some of his moods are quite entertaining, as for instance the following, which one can readily think of as having been written in the tropical moonlight, after a week's idleness, when sleep by day prevented sleep by night:

"Thou ghastly head of Savage, whom in my need I slew, why dost thou still surge up through the quivering wave, and stare at me hauntingly in the still hours? Dost reproach, dost defy, dost threaten! Away with thee, 'twas my life and thy life: should I not hold fast to that which was my own? And yet, thou mayst have been of higher use than this poor Jasper, in the world's economy; happy as I am wretched! blest wherein I am cursed! Mayhap even now thy wife wails for thee on that bleak coast, tearing her flesh and refusing to be comforted! Mayhap her curses still pursue me, and make this air to hang so heavily down upon me! Oh, Ruth, Ruth, why didst thou not permit me to use that keen knife-blade otherwise than I did, in such fashion as I longed to? Again! art come again? What mean thy gestures, wherefore dost thou beckon me ever towards thee, and motion so wavingly towards thy bleak home-shore? Art unburied? Do the crabs make their home in thy white sea-washed ribs—have there their crustacean revelry, and there indulge crustacean love? Creep the fishes in and out the sockets of thy polished skull; grow the oysters milky and reproductive around thy mouldering frame? Still here, still staring, with thy dark, immobile face-lines, still beckoning! I pray thee, good Savage, tell me thine errand. Bringest thou a message to me from thy dismal sojourning places? Kneed'st thou masses said for thy black unshriven soul? God help thee—(*et moi aussi, car j'en ai besoin!*) But what then wouldst thou, beckoning thus ever? My blood for thine? Is the good old code of 'blood for blood' the *lex scripta* indeed of ghost-land? Oh, stern follower, oh unrelenting blackface, oh thou of the gory, pierced breast, let me whisper to thee my thought, my temptation; 'tis to follow thee at thy bid, and thus to attain to that perfect knowledge of things spiritual which is thine. Impart me of that store of mystery, to which I by a thrust helped thee. Give me of thy superabundant knowledge. No? Must I then seek for myself? Can only the bony hand of Death lift the vail of the Temple for me? I tell thee, dread one, but for a certain Graven Anchor, and the memories that enwreathe it, hiding the barrenness of the Hope, as Cæsar's laurel chaplet kept men from sight of his baldness—an Anchor graven on a tree which perhaps the lightning hath already blasted—I would long ago have been in thy land. But that Anchor, oh follower mine, is potent beyond all becks of thine, all horror-haunings of thy staring face, all gloomy despair of my own soul's begetting. Away then, for the Anchor is between thee and me, and thou canst not harm me! Away, for when thou comest, it cometh also, and thou, with thy gift of despair, art but a shadow of Aziziheim before Hope's own emblem. Away! dost not see how it tempers thy lurid glow; how it comes to my hand; how I lean upon it, strengthened in my weakness, acquiring trust in my agony? Away, for by this symbol shall I part from thee, oh haunter, part from thee forever!"

Did you ever see better testimony to the "mind diseased," my reader? Our poor Jasper is in saddest ease, of a surety. Yet he has his own way to work out; we can loan him no charts, tell him of no breakers.

"The land was all before him, where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide."

[Apropos of the foregoing, (which is styled "a vision" in the Journal,) there are some comments which Jasper wrote long afterwards, and in far different mood:

"I do not think I should have been so much affected by the killing of this savage under ordinary circumstances. The mere fact of having taken the life of a fellow creature is full of painful suggestions, but the necessity was so plainly manifest in my case, that I should not have let it take possession of my mind, had the latter been in a healthy state. But the exhaustion of the open-boat voyage, and the attendant starvation, pampered the fancy at the expense of the body, and produced a morbid state of mental exaltation peculiarly calculated to foster the dream-impulse. During the latter days of that fearful period, the simulacrum of the savage was present to my mind in such fearful vividness that I came to regard it as a real bodily presence and positive incarnation, and as such was in constant communication with it. And so forcibly was I affected by it, that it was long after I had recovered from the effects of famine, ere I could dispossess my mind of the idea that the incubus was a reality, and that, like Frankenstein, I had a palpable spectre haunting my footsteps. As soon as I could persuade myself that it *was* simply an optical illusion, caused in the first place by disease, and clinging to me afterwards through the natural chronic tendency of habit, I was able to dispel it entirely, and without any great exercise of will. But during its continuance there is no wonder I should have raved; for of all the horrors that can rob life of its zest, I conjecture that this sense of being followed up, haunted, by a spectre invisible to all save one's self, is the most terrible."]

As yet, however, all is not lost with Jasper. The craft borders on, but not touches, the reef; the canker is on the bud, but so far has spared its vitals. More dark and moody still is what follows below, written some time after the "vision." One cannot easily bring himself to associate such fancies with whale-killing, consuming of "salt-horse," and merry frolics with gay *insouciant* islanders. Yet so it stands in the journal; on one page, some suspiciously-glowing phrases in regard to a brown-limbed maiden, "with passion-melted eye," who, with others, swam like a mermaid out from some island to the ship, and laughingly donned Jasper's old trowsers, (he had gotten him another pair, now,) while, on the very next leaf we find it written thus:

"What a failure has been my life! I am one God-curst. The veil of an eternal woe enshrouds me. Yet, no; is not all around me the same? Are any happy? Do any make a feast of existence, and drink off beaded bumpers to the inspiring soul? What reward has effort? Why should we tug at the capstan? Life's cable drags up no anchor. I was made to be happy, one would say; to love; to fill my lungs with healthy air, my heart with healthy feelings, my brain with with healthy thoughts; to do good, mayhap; to build up myself *for* myself; to be recorded as one who worked for the world's welfare. Ha—ah! we dream of Paradise, and our awaking is in Zaärah! Here I am"—(what a lachrymose *me voice* it is, to be sure!) "a wretched sailor upon this monotonous ocean. Oh, Pacific, why art thou not also Pacifier? Here I am, with never a kindred spirit, with no object worthy my concern, save only this one rough Brawny Back, and he can care for himself. I find no sphere of action; I am locked in, like the toad in a boulder's heart, my mind preying miserably upon itself. Fairly a wounded snake, exercising its envenomed fangs in impotent despair upon its own vitals. Rid me of this! Oh, Anchor, why wert thou ever graven, the false deceiving augury of a future more distant to me than decrepitude! Dark thoughts, dark mind! Oh for a purpose, even if to carry it through 'twere needed these limbs should roast at the stake!"

In somewhat different vein, he muses on "the death of the whale," less moodily, perhaps, but still by far too introvertively:

"And thou art dead, Leviathan, and hast inanely turned up thy sleek belly to the vulgar gaze! Thou, the strong, the mighty, the ruler of the blue deep, the tempest-churner of the crested wave! Thou whose 'heart is as firm as stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.' Thou who sportest in thy pride, though God be angry, and heaven is dark, and the surging elements rage madly; thou who solvest the awful mysteries of the silent depths; who knowest the cunning secrets of the jewelled caverns, and where the mermaidens tell their loves—thou hast come to this base use; art unresisting towed about by man, and rendered into grease, to feed some vulgar lamp! Fie upon thee, and thy beastly might! Mayhap, though, by this feeding, thou mayst cast informing rays upon precious pages of man's records; mayst give light in aid of the labors of some mighty one, whose strength is to thine as the might of Samson to fatile green withes, and as easily supreme—mayst enable him to compose some fabric more marvellous than thy huge frame, to conjure up wonders more wonderful than all that thy swimmings and depth-solving divings have opened up to thee. I saw thee yesterday, Leviathan, ere thou knewest thou wert doomed; I saw thee basking blubly deep down aneath the wave, with thy goodly company of wives lovingly about thee. Cock of the watery ways wert thou then, twinkling defiantly thy small eye at me, lazily flapping thy great fins, softly swaying to and fro thy great fan-like rudder; yet here thou art, oh Leviathan, and sea-critics ground thee, carving in praise of thy fleshiness, that thou art an "Eighty-Barreller;" while out of thy sleek sides the sharp-toothed, hungry sharks nip masses of flesh, for they know that man hath made thee powerless, that thou canst be 'taken with a hook.' No longer in thy mack remaineth strength, no more shall sorrow be 'turned into joy before thee.' For thou, that wert 'a king over the children of pride,' art forever fallen; the foot of the conqueror is upon thy neck, and in his scorn he spitteth upon thee."

We shall make next an extract from some pages written afterwards at the Friendly Islands, which show a much more healthy tone of thought, and are put together in a much more commendable style, than those above quoted. His hose was no longer so much untrussed, nor the points of his doublet so carelessly untied.

"How beautiful is nature here," he writes; "in what tropic lavishness does she spread abroad her charms, taking no heed of profusion, for she well knows her inexhaustibility. How artistic the grouping of these archipelagoes, and what a perfect landscape does each island make in itself! One cannot do less than admire, too sensuous though they be, in their impressions, to permit the look beyond. While in the generalization of them there is but a single type, and this the embodiment of perfection, they are infinitely variable as soon as we descend to the observation of particulars. Note the general outline—it is always the same: The central hill, with its green shade-groves, its dark ravines, all lovely and grown over with flowers, down among which trickle the rills, gurgling in their journey to the shore with such melody as Naides use to praise their own beauty; the misty, far-stretching vales, corridors to God's holy temple; and the graceful contour and velvety slopes of the lower hills. How beautiful the clear, bright sunshine, wherein objects stand forth manifestly, all distinct and opalescent, against the sky's deep blue. How beautiful those hazy days, when bridal-veiled nature wears all the melting blended indefiniteness of a languid summer dream, and her bosom, jewelled with emerald, seems to throb responsive to the panting quiver of the air. How the painted waters glow with life, life rich as purple; how the forests and the thickets, the pulsing air and the springy sod, are all sweetly redolent of life, of lightning-throbbing, passsionate, tropic life! Oh, all is very beautiful! Melts not the eternal calmness of yon empyrean into thy soul, as melt the tender glances from thy maiden's soft eyes into thy heart! Wakes not the ripple of yon breeze from the cocoa-grove memories of her dear voice, warbling heart-happiness at thy too heedless ear! Ah, what thoughts come back!

'Who never longed and loved,
He knows not grief like mine;
Alone and far removed
From joys and hopes I pine;
A foreign sky above,
And a foreign earth below me,
To the east I look all day;
For the hearts that love and know me,
Are far, are far away.
I burn, I faint, I languish,
My heart is waste, and sick, and sore;
Who has not long'd in baffled anguish
Cannot know what I deplore!'
Ah! '*Ahi a me mala bestia quar me perdidisti!*'

* * * *

"I could live here, and dream away my life within sight of these lush beauties, within the soothing influences of these balmy airs, were it not, alas! for man—man thither, and man here. Here man is the blight; the plague-spot upon the ivory-polished breast that hath never been rudely clasped; the canker, eating into the hearts of these islets, that are the true rosebuds of this world. Oh, what a beast he is here! vile and tawny, reeking with coarse passion and vulgar instinct; how animal, how sensual, is every thought and deed of these lazy Apollos, these gorging, brutalized, six feet of human mud! Have they really souls worthy of enlightened concern? See them there, how they loll, and bathe, and gluttonize, and dream, and satisfy their passions, with never a thought for Future nor for Past, vilely deifying the Now, and leaving the To-Come to the chance workings of wind, wave, and sunshine! And still happy! Oh, let me away, let me flee from these!"

In another place he writes:

"I had a dream last night, signifying something, but what, I am unable exactly to interpret; so I set it down, in case subsequent experiences will enable me more thoroughly to appreciate its intention. It certainly was a vision, and yet the impression is so vivid, and the *keeping*, in every particular of element and detail, so perfect, that I can scarcely rid myself of the idea of its actual occurrence.

"I dreamt that I was in the library at home, musing over some book or other, (I think it was that old Fabricius folio of Proclus, '*In Theologiam Platonis*,' that I have so often puzzled over, thinking that there was an intelligible meaning in it—thanks to Coleridge for *that* waste time;) and with my mind full of a thousand of those shadowy indefinite fancies to which we can find no adequate verbal expression. Gradually I fell into a deeper reverie, in which my fancies, rapt away entirely from mundane influences, began to clothe themselves in a tangible and appreciable shape. I saw myself, I thought, in the *third person*, with the penetration, and the absolute want of personal identity, characteristic of the clairvoyant vision. I stood apart, as it were, and gazed upon myself in calm spectator fashion. Yet what I gazed at, though me, seemed less the *individual Ich*, than a *typical* me. There was less of the *Vir*, and more of the *Homo*. It was not the *concrete* Jasper, seaman, and bow oar in John Hussey's boat, but *any* Jasper, an *abstract* entity, a something with a soul and body, assuming specific form and features. While I gazed, I fancied that this abstract man, by some gradual process which I could not analyze, could not in fact recognise the method of, was *disintegrated*, and separated into two constituents, which I knew to be the two component elements that, properly blended, make up him whom we denominate man. These two stood beside one another, and were named by me—through the impulse of an intuition I could not explain—the one, the 'sensual,' the other, the 'spiritual.' They were not simply soul and body, for each possessed something of both, and had a life of its own. The separation proceeded on a principle entirely different from death, and was, in fact, precisely what I have termed it—a *disintegration of the vital man*. It was as if one should precipitate a solution, and obtain its two elements in their original state. These two principles, I say, stood side by side, and I compared them together with an analytic eye, in which curiosity and horror were quaintly blended. The one which I have named the 'Sensual,' took upon itself the form of a beast, such as I have never seen, such in fact as does not exist. Low and stout, and strong, and gross, it was the most perfect embodiment that could be imagined of our mental conception of the *bestial*. Especially did I notice the eye, small, twinkling, full of low cunning, speaking entirely of brute appetite, and brute will to satisfy it; and the texture and color of the hide, which was tough, without hair, (save on the square, broad breast,) and of a brown smoke hue, most like a cured bacon-flitch, shiny, greasy, and tight-drawn. This beast, with his massive grossness of frame, standing before me there, without one feature capable of attracting or pleasing, all pervaded with an unredeemed repulsiveness—this beast, I say, in its own person proclaimed its own nature, and the quality it typified. I observed its motions in disgust, taking particular notice of its strength, its complacency, its evidently well-grounded *entire reliance upon self*, and the complete circumscription of its life within the narrow circle of the present. I turned away, shuddering, to look at its co-mate. If the 'Sensual' was characterized in its physical and visible presentation by peculiar massiveness and *strength*, equally, as it stood before me, was the 'Spiritual' characterized by the infinity of its peculiar and vacillating *weakness*, which its form as once expressed and typified. Its figure was that of a man, tall and comely, but a man made as it were of finest gauze, faintest in outline, translucent, and only semi-material. Its chief noticeable features were, a pale, pearly, yet perfectly diaphanous *green* color, through which the spectral bones and impracticable viscera showed plainly; a face full of capacity for the heavenly, yet ever varying in expression, and utterly and entirely feeble, dependent, unreliable; an unearthly, unsubstantial *pose*, which the wind even, were it the mildest breathing zephyr, was capable of swaying to and fro, perhaps of dissipating altogether; and a general shadowy motion, vague, unreal, and indeterminate. It was the symbol, in fact, of an infinite possibility, pitifully incapable of realizing itself.

"While I continued gazing and wondering, the two forms reunited, became again a man, again myself, and the vision melted away, like the smoke wreath from one's pipe. What did it mean? What did it symbolize? Was it a verification of that doctrine of ——

But it is not my purpose to give the reader any of Jasper's metaphysics to puzzle over. I simply quoted the above extract to show that he is improving—forgetting his eternal *me, me, me*,