

Correspondence.

EMERSON IN THE JANUARY ATLANTIC.

It is perhaps rude, in the face of the current sentiment of Christendom, to sum up the qualities of a providential man, under a title applied but once in the usual rendering of history; but this we may say, in view of the pure and undefiled sweetness and strength of Mr. Emerson's character, that here is a man christened above all his fellows with the finest spirit of grace and truth yet revealed in humanity—a man sent to be a master of regenerate humanity in this last age of the manifestation of divinity in mankind.

In the reviewer's department of the N. Y. Tribune, Emerson's article in the January Atlantic, which it says, "has certainly even surpassed itself in its brave beginning of the New Year"—is said to throw the other portions of the number into the shade, and is termed "A wise and masterly exposition of the intellectual wants of the age. If any readers still regard Mr. Emerson as a fanciful dreamer, a poetic visionary, speculative mystic, they will be disabused of their error by contact with the ripe solid sense of this remarkable production."

After attentive perusals, we are constrained to say, that we do not think the article worthy of any such praise. The title is indefinite; the writer does not seem to explain what he means by it, and the whole discussion lacks unity of design, and especially that dependence of each thought upon the foregoing or the main thought, which marks the close thinker. It is in some parts brilliant, but many of the sentences are carelessly expressed, as if the writer thought more about an imposing sound than about the real meaning. To repeat the happy phrase of a correspondent of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, it is distinguished by the "intellectual fire mist." The extravagant praise argues in the reviewer a mind prepossessed in favor of the writer. Of course it does not appear to reveal a "man sent to be the master of regenerate humanity."

We cannot, in the reasonable limits of an article of this nature, speak of all, nor one-half, of that to which we take exception, but will notice a few passages.

Atlantic, p. 88.—"A controlling influence of the times has been the successful study of Natural Science. Steffens said the religious opinions of men rest on their views of nature." Then mentioning the principal departments of science, he continues: "The narrow sectarian cannot read astronomy with impunity. The creeds of his Church shrivel like leaves at the door of the observatory, and a new and healthful air regenerates the human mind."

This appears to be a pretty "solid" lump. Who are these "sectarians"? From the fact of his mention of church and creed, we suppose he cannot mean ignorant heathens, like the Hindus who have indeed had their faith shaken by the knowledge of astronomy industriously disseminated by Christian missionaries, since the religious system of the Hindus is committed to a false system of astronomy. But where is the Christian Church that has been sensibly affected by the progress of this science? It is true that the ignorant clergy of the Catholic Church, yet in the darkness of the middle ages, did oppose the revelations made by Copernicus and Galileo and others. But we never heard of any essential change in their creeds arising from it. A few may at that time have been attracted to the more enlightened and liberal Protestant Church. If he meant such a change, it would put a new sense upon the term *withering of creeds* for Mr. Emerson. It has never been reported that Newton, or Kepler, to whom this science owes much, or Chalmers, suffered on account of their knowledge of astronomy any diminution of what the writer means by "narrow sectarianism." In the controversial and apologetic works of the Christian Church we never read any warning against the observatory, nor did we ever hear of any of their opponents building an observatory or endeavoring to entice the Church near to it. On the contrary, many Christian sects have placed the door of the observatory quite near to that of the church, without the most distant fear of danger. Truly a "solid" mass of sense this!

"In modern Europe the middle ages were called the dark ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. This one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred, and Wickliffe, and Abelard, and Bacon; their Magna Charter, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks, chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting,—are the delight and tuition of ours. Six hundred years ago, Roger Bacon explained the precession of the equinoxes. . . . Looking over how many horizons as far as into Liverpool and New York, announced that machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do, nor would they need anything but a pilot to steer; carriages to move with incredible speed, without animals, and machines to fly into the air like birds."

"Who dares to call the middle ages dark ages?" Is this bluster or ignorance? We reckon that this verdict that has been passed upon about ten centuries of the history of Europe will never be reversed, much less will this term "Dark Ages" be exchanged for that of "Light Ages." Between the civilization of Greece and Rome and that of modern Germany and Holland, and France, and England, there is a great blank in history. The civilization of Rome declined. When that change began, the nations of Northern Europe were almost barbarians, and it took centuries to civilize them. Civilization as represented by the arts of war, of government, of architecture, of engineering, of literature, was at the time almost blotted out. Of course in using the term age we do not mean the stage of advancement of a few individuals, but the general condition of the collective masses. This is the sense in which the term dark ages is used, as Mr. E. very well knows. So low were the nations of Europe sunk at that time, that there seemed to be but little recuperative power in the degree of civilization that they enjoyed. When they dropped the study of the productions of their own time and went back to the "ancient

fonts of inspiration" the cloud that hung over them was dissipated. If indeed they had our "feet" and "eyes," they lie under the heavy charge of not making good use of them, either to advance or to look about them. In some things it is true they made progress. The power of a spiritual despotism by which such vast sums were expended in building and decorating churches, stimulated the arts of church architecture and of painting to a high degree.

Of some of the sciences and discoveries cited as the "delight and tuition of ours," there is little to be said that will bear investigation, e. g. of their algebra. The age that persecuted Copernicus and Galileo for their purely scientific opinions could not teach us much of that celestial science. Their chemistry was involved in superstition and imposture, and the dupes—who were the larger part—wasted their lives in the endeavor to produce impossibilities. Their fundamental principle of the transmutation of elements, or at least of some of them, was a mistake and a falsehood. And not until they honestly avowed this, and began to accept the great fact of the creation—that it is impossible to destroy one particle of matter or one of its governing laws, as it is to create them—did the science make any true and adequate progress.

The light of their Dante was a light shining in darkness, which the darkness comprehended not. Alfred did a little to enlighten his subjects, and there was need of it; for it is said that there was not a man south of the Thames in his kingdom who understood the Latin service. Abelard was compelled to flee for his life from St. Dennis, because he published his discovery that St. Dionysius of Paris was not, as the monks supposed, Dionysius the Areopagite. As for the position which modern Europe has accorded these men, we do not see wherein they have been "reinstated" by any of the present day. When were they universally depreciated? They certainly are not in any just sense specimens of the ages to which they belong. John Ross could not fairly be taken as a proof of the condition of the Indian tribes at that time.

As for Roger Bacon, though there is a noble spirit of enthusiasm in his words; they are too high-sounding not to excite suspicion. We have no more faith in that flying machine than we have in the Flying Dutchman, nor would we have even if some man of our day should solve the problem. We will credit that he supposed that he had a plan by which the feat could be accomplished, but that he had worked it out to any degree of certainty; especially by any experimental test of his resources which must weigh a thousand fold more than any theory is quite doubtful. He is supposed to have discovered the steam engine. There may be greater probability of this, but the whole is obscure. But what shall we say of the age, which met the man who made such astounding discoveries with persecution? It would not have been a golden age for Watt, or Stephenson, or Fulton.

It is not the number of improvements in the possession of an age that makes it great, but its enterprise in realizing them. If Roger Bacon had lived in the time of Julius Cæsar or of Pericles his invention would not have slept for six centuries, or till other men had rediscovered it. China had more inventions than Greece. Yet the world could more easily spare the whole nation of Chinese than it could spare Aristotle.

The age which realizes in practice its ideas, is greater than that which simply conceives them. The one is the age of faith and action, the other of unbelief and indolence. Unbelief was the characteristic of the dark ages. Their whole system of worship showed them seeking after props for faith. There were enough to lament over their short-comings, but none with faith in work. Men of faith broke the spell. Possibly John Huss might have succeeded, if he had had the requisite faith in success. Progress and labor at such a time need men who will go on their course though the "devils be as many as the tiles on the housetop." Those who have read the "Schonberg-Gotta Family" remember the amiable but inefficient old philosopher who figures as *pater familias*. He had conceived before the time all the great ideas of the age. He took to himself the honor of the discovery of America. But he never did one useful thing. Happily the age had a Columbus who endured poverty, and toil, and shame, and disappointment for twenty years for the truth which his faith set before him. Columbus belongs to this modern age.

Much that is said of the discoveries of the middle ages ignores this principle. Liebig has just written an essay denying to Lord Bacon the honor of founding the new philosophy. He does this by showing that other men had the same ideas before him. Liebnitz and Da Vinci saw this. But why have they failed to get the credit of it? Who was the apostle of it? Who preached against the vain method of the schoolmen of the middle ages and overthrew it? Who inaugurated the modern method?

It is the glory of our age that men have faith in progress. We expect new inventions and new applications, so much that we are wary of unbelief and dare not set limits. We received the art of printing from the best days of the dark ages. The world had seen a higher civilization without the press, though in itself considered, that is a greater engine than the pen, provided there be equal enterprise to use it. But we assert that the invention of the newspaper by which the whole business of the State is made to pay heavy toll to knowledge, is a greater invention than printing. The convenience by which the matter of a two-dollar book is sold for five cents is greater than that of movable types. The ancients knew the value of petroleum, but they had no Pitheole City nor kerosene lamp. We are proud of the sewing-machine. The idea of putting the eye of the needle in the point was the great one and insured the rest. But we have a far higher appreciation of the indomitable spirit which led the inventor to encounter twenty years of hard work amid much discouragement, that he might develop and realize his idea. The original invention is characteristic of no age in particular, the faith and labor are eminently peculiar to our own. The inventive power is one of God's universal gifts. Emerson has recognized this in a brilliant passage. But men, through want of philanthropy and of industry, have let it run to waste. This was the fault of the middle ages, and the cause of their darkness.

The length of this article forbids making any further extracts. In our next article we will

give other specimens from the Tribune, showing its abuse of public confidence, and will make some comments upon the tendency of its policy. F. A. OLASE.

FROM OUR TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT. XENIA, O., Jan., 1868.

A night's ride from the "Metropolis of the Interior," brought us to quite a different region, the true blue Presbyterian district of Ohio, which Dr. John Hall thought like a section of Ulster. It is a section of Ulster, so far as the people are concerned, with a flavor of South Carolina. Here, as in "Egypt," we meet the children of the old Covenanters, who found the atmosphere of that State too stifling for Anti-Slavery men, and came Northward with a heart-hatred of the Institution. One such you probably met in the Philadelphia Convention in Elder James C. McMillan, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of this place; a son of a widely-spread stock. He is Chairman of the Home Missionary Board of that Church, and it is under his orders that your correspondent has been "swinging round the circle" in the West, though not as far as Minnesota. His record on union is known to you.

Xenia is a passably pretty town; at the junction of the Little Miami R. R. and the Columbus and Dayton R. R. It is very thoroughly Scotch Irish in ecclesiastical matters, and the U. P.'s take the lead. Here it was that the McCune case was on hand in the U. P. Assembly a year ago, and that "arch-heretic" was condemned, tried and unheard. The old Associate Church still prolongs its existence here, in spite of the Union of 1859, which absorbed the main body of the denomination. This body still has a dozen preachers, four times as many charges, and 1200 members in various parts of the West. They are opposed to "occasional hearing," i. e., allowing their members to wait on the ministry of the word in other Churches. They regard what other Churches seem the harsh and rigid measures taken against Mr. McCune, as evidence of laxity of principle bordering on latitudinarianism.

Xenia ought to be a well-governed "city," if a stranger may judge from the final exactness of its municipal code. The Spartan code of Lycurgus and the sumptuary laws of the Romans were a trifle to this. Boys are not allowed to play "tag," or "ball," or "fly kites in the streets"; no person must lounge at a corner, &c., &c. There was a law forbidding geese to cross the little creek that runs through the edge of the town, whether still in force I do not know. A former town marshal used to go down and lie in wait till the geese, belonging to some old woman across the creek, came to show on his side, when he would gather them into a flock and drive them up through the town and impound them. In spite of such municipal oddities, Xenia is a very pleasant place, and the conduct of its people amply justifies its name (*Xenia*—hospitality).

Cedarville lies some seven or eight miles to the North on the line of the Little Miami R. R. and is U. P. territory, in a still higher degree. The country there is rolling and well-wooded, and very well cultivated. Ohioan agriculture is so far developed that what is called in the old country, "Fancy Farming," is quite in place. I was shown some cattle on Mr. Daniel MacMillan's farm, of which I had seen engravings—very poor ones—in the U. S. Agricultural Reports, and whose backs are a yard across, and as flat as a table, while their legs, from neck to rump and from dewlap to udder, form perfect parallelograms.

We passed an Indian settlement, where several families of the Red men support themselves by the manufacture of furniture. At some distance across the fields we saw Wilberforce University, the educational institution of the African M. E. Church, which is being rebuilt in brick, the wooden edifice having been burnt down within a few weeks of President Lincoln's assassination. Cedarville is not a very large place, nor a very grand one; but how large a judgment of what any place is by what it looks! Plain house fronts hide many happy homes—integrity, nobility, "sweetness and light." Matthew Arnold says, may have their place to have place—in the most inappropriate soundings. But I long for the day when the best qualities of our people shall take outward form in beautiful cities, when men shall write their Christianity in stonework and wood-work, as our forefathers in Germany and England in that we call "the dark ages" did—when the Gothic arch shall again embody the cordial grasp with which the Christian enters into life's relations, and the slavish Romanism of the North and the heathenish frigidity of the classic ages shall become things of the past—for the time, when the sincerity that shrinks from two-facedness and hypocrisy in life, will shut also from the hypocrites of paint, plaster, deco and cast-iron; when the outward surroundings in which the little children grow up shall reflect the natural forms of grace and truth and deity that our Father in heaven has shown brightest over the earth.

But our life grows up in spite of surroundings; and Cedarville—which is no prettier and no uglier than other Wests towns—has life in it. The kindness and hospitality of its people give it as good a natural right to the name of "Xenia" as its neighbor "city" is, and both are bright places in the memories of those who visit them. Cedarville is an intensely orthodox place, so far as I saw it, but yet it is not exempt from the changes and incidents that are uphewing society, and no amount of appeals to the fathers can stifle the questions their sons. Even when no change of sentiment has been produced by the controversies which have agitated the churches here, the old-siders have been persuaded that something is to be said the other side. As one old gentleman told: "Some of them have come to know that they don't know so much as they supposed, and they get a man that far, you have got him far from most men ever get in their life."

I was present at debate on Instrumental Music in the Town Hall on the last day of the old year, in which the principal champions of the use of instruments were members of the U. P. and R. P. Churches, the very bodies who have always opposed it. The contest was quite a warm one, and agreed with the judges in deciding that those who were in favor of

"praising God by machinery" had the best of it. One speaker on that side evidently made a sensation. He was a venerable exponent who brought things to a pretty sharp point; "you must either use a machine to do the mechanical part of your church music, or make a machine of a man; if your preacher has no instrument to aid him, he has to devote his whole attention to the mere mechanical part of the music, and so lose the spiritual benefit of the service." Such was the gist of his reasoning, and his appearance on that side created an evident stir in the audience, and the chairman (as he rose) asked in wonder on which side he meant to speak.

But if the discussion was keen it was not thorough. The theory of a divine appointment of every part of worship, of a New Testament "Book of Leviticus" for the church; underlay and vitiating nearly all the reasoning. They did not seem to apprehend the distinction laid down by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that while in the dispensation, all things must be done "according to the pattern shown" of God, the new dispensation is that in which God was to write His law in our hearts. Christianity works from within outwardly. Judaism worked from without inwardly. Yours, &c., ON THE WING.

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH.

SERMON ON THE GENERAL JUDGMENT. We are familiar with the course of events which, for years, has been rearing an almost new Northwest of our old city limits. On the other hand, the business world has been steadily encroaching on the site of residences in an opposite direction. As a consequence our churches, in the latter locality, are left to contend with adverse forces—change and decay. Within the plane of a circle, whose radius does not exceed four or five squares, with a center near Fifth and Spruce Streets, stand no fewer than twenty-five churches? A great moral power needs to be wielded to keep all in full tide of prosperity.

Our remarks, however, will be confined principally to one of three churches which represent the New School Presbyterian branch of the circle referred to. Of the Clinton Street Church, we may simply say that Dr. March holds a steady hand on the helm of his bark, as it rides on the Lake of Genesaret, or ruffles the surface of the Dead Sea. Mr. Barnes no longer holds his certain light at Washington Square, but his people rejoice in the prospect of an able divine from the Iron City to succeed the great commentator. Old Pine Street Church is now in full progress under the pastoral care of Rev. R. H. Allen, Dr. Brainerd's successor. Mr. Allen is a genial and earnest pastor and preacher. The novelty and excitement attendant on the introduction of a new pastor, will soon be followed by the regular effects of the gospel ministry. In May, of the present year, will occur the centennial of the "Old Pine Street Society." Dr. Brainerd who looked towards 1868 with longing desire, has joined the Church triumphant. The congregation have evidently improved the house of worship as a fitting receptacle for the new pastor and the dawn of a new century. We look into the interior—change is apparent, but decay is not visible. A century has nearly run its sands; but, like the eagle, the ancient edifice has renewed its youth. Under a Board of energetic Trustees, \$15,000 have been judiciously expended, not on outside marble or brown stone, but to beautify and make comfortable the inside. The minister, no longer caged within elevated and narrow limits, has ample space for work and action. The people have cushions on which to sit, soft as thrones unoppressed by the weight of crowns.

For the last two months Mr. Allen's lectures, on Sabbath evenings, to the youth of his congregation, have been listened to by crowds, filling the Church to its utmost capacity. On the evening of the 16th instant he made an appeal in behalf of the mid-night mission to the lost ones who traverse our streets "when the sun goes down." The response, in contributions, exceeded the sum asked. On the 23d, having completed his course of lectures, he preached to a full church on the general judgment. During the lectures the opinions of his audience might at times have been seen radiant in sunshine, or moistened by the dew-drop. With an easy manner, he sketches his pictures graphically, makes his appeals in touching and tender language, and applies the truth with much force and pungency. To the young man leaving home, away from parental restraint and counsel; in the height of successful business, or struggling with adversity; to the young woman as sister, bride or mother; he portrayed the value of religion for "the life that now is." To both sexes, all ages, and all conditions, by his sermon on "the judgment"—in language of terrible import, he showed how important, yet essential, religion must be for "the life which is to come." The Prophets where are they? Possibly not all dead. For, said Mr. Allen, during the last half millennium, at intervals of 20 years, there has not been lacking a class of men sanguine in their belief of seeing the Saviour in His second advent: Christ's second advent and the last great judgment day will surely come. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man—no not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." It is a great and imperishable secret belonging to the class of things "which the Father hath put in his own power." Nevertheless it will break on the world. The living will know it. And those who sleep in the grave will awake at the sound of the arch-angel's trumpet. Earth and sea will yield up their dead. He who once sought Gethsemane as the man of sorrows acquainted with grief—the despised and rejected of men, will return, his retinue, "millions of angels strong," to occupy "the great White Throne." Sovereign Judge! In the great consummation, righteousness will prevail. All fallacies in human jurisprudence will then be reversed. No inequality, real or apparent, in God's Providential dealings with men, will escape without impartial adjustment. Triumphant virtue will reach its doom and sorrowing virtue its eternal reward. Sins which have eluded the detection of the brightness of the sun. The secrets of every heart will be revealed. But is not every man judged immediately after death—the good, as the thief on the cross, at once entering paradise, the wicked, as the rich man, lifting their eyes in the place of torment? Ah, however true this may

be, there is a sense in which full justice cannot, before a universe, be awarded till the course of humanity has ceased. Men must be judged out of the books—all their sins and their good acts with their results must be summed up; and the records of the last day alone can witness to each complete history. Then comes the resurrection—the reunion of body and soul. No; a final and general judgment, of quick and dead, is as reasonable as it is in accordance with the revealed will of God.

Philadelphia, Feb. 29th, 1868.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

DRUNKENNESS, EXCISE AND THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM, NEW YORK.

The Advocate, of Buffalo, says, there are nine-hundred grogeries in that city; and bewails the crime and pauperism flowing from this source of public corruption. We have near a thousand establishments of like character in this city. Our metropolis maintains seven thousand of the same sort. At that rate, there are eighty thousand grog shops in our State; and it is estimated that we have one hundred thousand drunkards; that ten thousand die every year; and ten thousand new ones are made in the same time.

But we suppose it is proper that we should also remember, that we have an Inebriate Asylum, an elegant establishment, built at a cost of near \$500,000, where some forty or fifty of these poor inebriates are cared for at the moderate cost of ten to twenty dollars each a week; and that it is confidently hoped that some few of them are permanently reformed by the kind and careful treatment which they there receive.

Moreover, this Inebriate Asylum is one of the pet institutions of the State. It is carefully watched over by our Legislature. It receives ten per cent. of the excise money, amounting to one or two hundred thousand dollars, more or less a year, enabling the institution to furnish comfortable board and good rooms to a few unfortunate sons of rich men, at the moderate charges above named. And who does not know that this excise money comes from these grog shops?—so much contributed toward sustaining this splendid charity.

Now, if we had no grog shops, how could we get that excise money, to furnish board, at twenty dollars a week, to rich men's sons? And if the keepers of these grog shops had not the excise money to pay, how else would they find opportunity for the exercise of their benevolent affections? And is it not very plain, that if they hope permanently to reform a few of the forty or fifty patients in that institution each calendar year, the streams of intemperance are soon to be dried up; the ten thousand new drunkards made each year are soon to be reformed? Eighty thousand grog shops licensed, to make ten thousand drunkards a year; and ten per cent. of the license money to reform twenty or thirty in the same time—is it not easy to see how soon drunkenness will be unknown in our State? Consistency is one of the prime considerations in statesmanship. Rochester, Feb., 1868.

ENLARGED VIEWS.

BY MRS. S. A. F. HERBERT.

In this age of locomotion, it may be interesting to look back and see what Major Underwood thought about travelling fifty years ago.

The Major was the richest man in Underwoodville, and being thoroughly satisfied with the town which owed its very being to the enterprise of the Underwoods, had never been fifty miles away from it in all his life. When, however, his eldest son was to graduate with high honor at old Harvard, the Major made up his mind to go and see what it all amounted to, and his dutiful son—to his honor be it spoken—heartily encouraged the idea.

Now John Underwood—the young collegian—was a great favorite with Judge Winthrop—a great-grandson to the Governor—so the Judge invited both father and son to the little select party, which he was accustomed to to have on Commencement day.

The conversation turning upon travelling, and others having expressed their opinions freely as to its utility, the Judge turned to the Major saying,

"You haven't expressed your opinion, my dear sir. It ought to be made up too; for your son, here, will soon be wanting a few thousand to spend in Europe and Asia. What do you say as to the utility of going abroad?"

"Oh, as to John, he can go, if he's a mind to; but I, for one, never went fifty miles from Underwoodville in my life, till I came here, and I don't know but I'm just as well off and just as happy, as if I'd been ten thousand million miles clear round the world!"

The wise men held their breaths, and expected son John to faint; but he answered instantly, with an affectionate glance into the parental face.

"Father has the right of it, gentlemen: I need to travel; but he don't; his views of the world do not need enlarging."

Statistics.—The "Academics" or Evangelical are estimated to number 32,684, of which 23,378 are found in Piedmont and Liguria. The nominal Catholics number 21,720,360, and make up ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent. of the whole population. Of these 73,296 are monks or nuns, and 87,744 are priests. But these estimates date from 1861 and are imperfect.

Work among Spaniards.—In the African province of Oran, Algeria, there are 32,000 Spaniards. Among these people Miguel Tregua, a fellow-laborer of Manuel Matamoros, has been laboring since 1863, holding meetings in the French National Church, and in private houses. He has met with the most decided opposition on the part of the priests and Jesuits, but has gathered a congregation of some seventy of his countrymen and appeals for money to establish a school and circulate the Bible. Only 5 per cent. can read. The frequent arrivals of vessels from Spain enables him to work still more directly for his native land, by sending Bibles and books through the captains and sailors, with whom he is on good terms. He thinks that radical changes are impending in Spanish institutions which will secure liberty of worship.