

recently been repealed, and these social crimes purged from the criminal catalogue of the Territory? Why is it that, while the railroad and the telegraph and the press are exposing the evils of polygamy to the gaze of the nation, polygamous marriages are being contracted at a greater rate than heretofore? The truth is that the friends of good government are increasing in Utah, but the Mormon Church power is relatively gaining still more rapidly. Wealth, intelligence, and enterprise shun a region governed by such influences. Some are driven out by Church oppression. Many refuse to abide where liberty is but a name, civil government a farce, and a fanaticism that palsies enterprise

and pollutes the hearth-stone reigns unchecked. While the philosopher is waiting for public opinion and schools and commerce to revolutionize Utah, the hardy immigrant who, in looking to the valleys of the Rocky Mountains for a home for himself and his family, arrives in Utah, surveys the prospect, and with disgust that such a condition of things is tolerated under the flag of the country, moves on to Montana, Idaho, or Washington Territory. Year by year this stream flows steadily into Utah, and as steadily out of and beyond it. This will go on until the proper remedy is applied, and this cancer in the breast of the nation shall be cured.

BRYANT AND LONGFELLOW.

IN THE forthcoming biography of Mr. Bryant, a pleasant glimpse is given us of the early relations of Bryant and Longfellow (relations, we may add, continued to the end), of which the biographer furnishes us a brief sketch. It seems that, long ago as 1826, when Mr. Bryant was acting as editor of the "New York Review," he had occasion to notice the "United States Literary Gazette," a Boston periodical, of which he said:

"Of all the numerous English periodical works, we do not know any one that has furnished within the same time as much really beautiful poetry. We might cite, in proof of this, the 'April Day,' the 'Hymn of the Moravian Nuns,' and the 'Sunrise on the Hills,' by H. W. L. (we know not who he is), or more particularly those exquisite *morceaux* 'True Greatness,' 'The Soul of Song,' 'The Grave of the Patriots,' and 'The Desolate City,' by P., whom it would be affectation not to recognize as Dr. Percival."

The H. W. L. of whom the critic knew nothing was an under-graduate of Bowdoin College, who since has come to be known everywhere as Henry W. Longfellow.

Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow did not meet till some time in 1835, when they came together at Heidelberg, where, we may suppose, they took many a walk in the solemn shades of the pine-forests, or had many a laugh over the trout breakfasts of the Wolfbrunnen. A great deal of what they talked about no doubt got into "Hyperion," which Mr. Longfellow published shortly after his return home, and which Mr. Bryant hailed as a work of great merit. Indeed, as each successive poem or book of the younger poet appeared, it found a ready admirer in him who was already a veteran in the service of the Muse.

When, in 1845-6, the illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems came out in Philadelphia, from the press of Carey & Hart, Mr. Bryant wrote to its author as follows:

"NEW YORK, January 31, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have been looking over the collection of your poems recently published by Carey & Hart, with Huntington's illustrations. They appear to me more beautiful than on former readings, much as I then admired them. The exquisite music of your verse dwells more agreeably than ever in my ear, and more than ever am I affected by their depth of feeling, and their spirituality, and the creative power with which they set before us passages from the great drama of life.

"I had been reading aloud to my wife some of your poems that pleased me most, and she would not be content until I had written to express to you some of the admiration which I could not help manifesting as I read them. I am not one of those who believe that a true poet is insensible to the excellence of his writings, and know that you can afford to dispense with such slight corroboration as the general judgment in your favor could derive from any opinion of mine. You must allow me, however, to add my voice to the many which make up the sum of poetic fame.

"Yours very truly,

"W. C. BRYANT."

To this the younger poet replied with frankness and becoming gratitude:

"CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for your friendly letter, which has given me, I assure you, the sincerest pleasure. Your expressions of praise and sympathy are very valuable to me; and I heartily thank Mrs. Bryant for prompting your busy hand to write.

"In return, let me say what a staunch friend and admirer of yours I have been from the beginning, and acknowledge how much I owe to you, not only of delight but of culture. When I look back upon my earlier verses, I cannot but smile to see how much in them is really yours. It was an involuntary imitation which I most readily confess, and say, as Dante says to Virgil:

'Tu se' lo mio maestro, e' l' mio autore.'

"With kind remembrance to your wife, to Julia, and to the Godwins,

"Faithfully yours,

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

Again, on the publication of "Evangeline,"

in 1848, Mr. Bryant expressed his high sense of its beauty in the columns of the "Evening Post." His friend, Richard H. Dana, of Cambridge, was disposed to think that he had estimated it too highly; but Mr. Bryant wrote a letter to Dana, and thus justified his opinion:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 12, 1848.

" * * * I did not, I am sure, make any such comparison of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' with other American poems as you have ascribed to me. What I said was that it had given me altogether more pleasure in the reading than any poem which had lately appeared, —than any poem which had been published within several years. And this is true. I have never made any attempt to analyze the source of this pleasure. The poem interested and affected me strangely. Whatever may be said of parts, they are all harmonized by a poetic feeling of great sweetness and gentleness which belongs to the author. My ear admits, nay delights in, the melody of the hexameter as he has managed it, and I, no doubt, expressed my satisfaction with the poem in warm terms. * * * "

Mr. Bryant's ear may have delighted in Longfellow's hexameters, but we may add that it does not seem to have delighted in his own; for when he began his translation of Homer's "Iliad," he began it in hexameters, but before long he found them impracticable, and he was glad to recur to what we think infinitely better in English,—the iambic pentameter, or blank verse, as it is called. None the less, Mr. Bryant's hexameters, in our judgment, limp along as readily as those of anybody else—even Longfellow's, which he so much enjoyed. Let the reader take a specimen from the fifth book of the "Odyssey," the description of Ulysses coming to the grotto of Calypso—a passage, by the way, which Pope has rendered more charmingly than almost any other in the epic:

"Now, when he reached in his course that isle far
off in the ocean,
Forth from the dark-blue swell of the waves he
stepped on the sea-beach;
Onward he went till he came to the broad-roofed
grot where the goddess
Made her abode, the bright-haired nymph. In her
dwelling he found her;
There on the hearth a huge fire glowed, and far
through the island
Floated the fume of frankincense and cedar wood
cloven and blazing.
Meanwhile sweetly her song was heard from the
cave, as the shuttle
Ran through the threads from her diligent hand,
and the long web lengthened;
All round the grotto a grove uprose, with its verd-
urous shadow,
Alders and poplars together, and summits of sweet-
smelling cypress.
'Midst them the broad-winged birds of the air built
nests in the branches,
Falcons and owls of the wood, and crows with far-
sounding voices,
Haunting the shores of the deep for their food. On
the rock of the cavern
Clambered a vine, in a rich, wild growth, and heavy
with clusters.

Four clear streams from the cliffs poured out their
glittering waters,
Near to each other, and wandered—meandering
hither and thither;
Round them lay meadows where violets glowed, and
the ivy o'er-mantled
Earth with its verdure. A god, who here on the
isle had descended,
Well might wonder and gaze with delight on the
beauty before him."

While speaking of Mr. Bryant, let us express our regret to learn that he has left no unpublished poem of any great length or merit behind him. It was generally inferred from the phrases "A Fragment" or "From an unpublished Poem," which frequently appear in his printed works, that he had reserved a *magnum opus* for posthumous publication: but such was not the case. Three times in his life he appears to have projected a great narrative-poem, but he was never successful in carrying out his intentions. Once, when he was still a young man, he conceived the plan of an Indian epic, the scene of which was to be laid in the old Pontoosuck forests, amid which he was born, but he wrote only an introduction to it, in the manner of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Lady of the Lake." A little later, about 1823, while a practicing lawyer in Great Barrington, he began a romantic tale in verse, which was to be called "The Spectre Ship," and was founded on a story told by Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," of a ship that sailed out of New Haven Bay, with a large number of returning pilgrims on board, and was never heard of again, although the form of it was seen for many years afterward hovering about the coasts, particularly in stormy weather. Mr. Longfellow wrote some lines for "Graham's Magazine" on the same subject, beginning:

"In Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme."

Mr. Bryant finished only about two hundred verses, and then threw them aside.

Writing to Mr. Dana, who was continually urging him to undertake a more elaborate production than any he had yet written, Mr. Bryant says, under date of Great Barrington, July 8, 1824:

" * * * You inquire whether I have written anything except what I have furnished to Parsons [of the "United States Literary Gazette"]. Nothing at all. I made an engagement with him with a view, in the first place, to earn something in addition to the *emoluments* of my profession, which, as you may suppose, are not very ample, and in the second place, to *keep my hand in*, for I was very near discontinuing entirely the writing of verses. As for setting myself about the great work you mention, I know you make the sug-

gestion in great personal kindness towards myself, and I cannot sufficiently express my sense of that unwearyed good-will which has more than once called my attention to this subject. But I feel reluctant to undertake such a thing, for several reasons. In the first place, a project of that sort on my hands would be apt to make me abstracted, impatient of business, and forgetful of my professional engagements, and my literary experience has taught me that it is to my profession alone that I can look for the steady means of supplying the wants of the day. In the second place, I am lazy. In the third place, I am deterred by the difficulty of finding a proper subject. I began last winter to write a narrative poem, which I meant should be a little longer than any I had already composed; but finding that would turn out at last a poor story about a 'Spectre Ship,' and that the tradition on which I had founded it had already been made use of by Irving, I gave it up. I fancy that it is of some importance to the success of a work that the subject should be happily chosen. The only poems that have any currency at present are of a narrative kind—light stories, in which love is a principal ingredient. Nobody writes epic, and nobody reads didactic, poems, and as for dramatic poems, they are out of the question. In this uncertainty, what is to be done? It is a great misfortune to write what everybody calls frivolous, and a still greater to write what nobody can read."

As far as one is able to judge from the two or three hundred lines that remain of this poem, love was "the principal ingredient." The story involved the fortunes of a young man who sailed in the ill-fated vessel in which he experienced all the disasters of shipwreck, leaving behind him an orphan girl, to whom he was betrothed, who experienced the still more terrible disaster of captivity among the Indians—a scheme, it must be confessed, admitting of a good deal of wild romance and of vivid description of both forest and ocean. How the phantom element was to be brought in, is left to conjecture.

Mr. Bryant says, in the letter just cited, that he was deterred from prosecuting his design by the fact that Irving had "already

made use of the subject": but we cannot recall any piece of Irving in which that was done. Irving wrote a tale called "The Spectre Bridegroom," but that is of German origin, and has nothing in it resembling the legend which Mather reports. In his story of Dolph Heylinger, also, he refers to the Pilgrim superstition of a missing ship that re-appeared on the coasts, in bad weather, as a faith more or less prevalent in all the colonies, but he makes no use of it further than to remark upon it in the course of his narrative. Perhaps some of our readers can tell us more distinctly what it was in Irving that drove Mr. Bryant off the field.

A third one of his attempts related, as far as we can now judge, to a hermit who, having run through the varied experiences of life, and seen what there was to be seen of our continent and climate, from the sea-coast to the Mississippi, withdraws to the solitudes of the forests, where, in his hut, he tells to some adventurous boys the story of his career. He was to do duty, we conjecture, as Wordsworth's peddler does in "The Excursion,"—that is, he was to serve as the lay figure on which the poet was going to hang his fine descriptions of nature. Nothing more, however, came of this scheme than of the others, unless we are permitted to suppose that "The Fountain," the "Evening Reverie," "Noon," and one or two more of his pieces in blank verse, were parts of this projected whole. It would have been very easy to connect these pieces together, by some little story of this kind; but we are not sure that the readers of poetry would have been the gainers. "The Excursion" is not now read as a whole, only in its episodes, and the narrative which is meant to give it unity only gives it length and heaviness.

THE BLACK BEAR.

THE black bear (*Ursus Americanus*) derives its name from its fur, which is a rich, warm, and extremely glossy jet black, except on the muzzle, where, beginning at the mouth, the hair is a fawn color, which deepens into the dark tan color of the face, and ends in rounded spots over each eye. These color-marks and its peculiarly convex facial outline are the distinguishing marks of the species. The tan color becomes, with age, a brownish gray. The largest black bear I ever saw weighed five hundred and twenty-three pounds, and measured six feet and four inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. One of this species seems to possess the power of transforming himself at will into a variety of

shapes. When stretched out at length he appears very long; when in good condition, short and stout; when upright, tall; and when asleep, he looks like a ball of glossy black fur. The black bear of to-day may be termed omnivorous, inasmuch as fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, and insects are all eagerly devoured by him. He mates in October, and the period of gestation lasts one hundred and twenty days. Two to four cubs form a litter. The cubs are always jet black, and not ash color, as some of the older naturalists affirm. If, according to Flourens, the natural life of an animal be five times the period of its growth to maturity, I should think that the black bear's limit was about twenty years. I knew of a