

LITERATURE, &c.

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THE MAN OUT OF THE MOON.

'The man of the moon,
Came down at noon.'

PERHAPS these lines occurred to some of the individuals who witnessed the disappearance of the man from the moon one balmy summer evening. There must have been at least one astronomer, poet, lunatic, and a pair of lovers; and how many more may not easily be ascertained. But the moonshine still came down so gently, and the space vacated by that ancient man was filled with such calm brightness, that little was said, and no commotion caused by his withdrawal from that place where he had been an admired fixture. Had he dropped down among any of the evening watchers doubtless there would have been a great excitement—especially among children and nurses, with whom this man had been an object of greater interest than any other class. And, as everybody was once a boy or a girl, there might have been a revival of affection, which would have manifested itself in waving of handkerchiefs, loud huzzas, and clapping of hands, perhaps in ringing of bells, and firing of cannon; and who knows what fine dinners might have been given him, and concerts also, in which a few particular nursery rhymes might have been set to music by *Vieux Temps*, or *Ole Bull*, and the stranger almost paralysed by the excess of joyous sensibility. But those who knew that he was gone could not of course tell whether he had started upon a journey to the Sun, or to Venus, or to Herschel, or to some other place among the stars; and perhaps a few of them dreamed that he had come on a pilgrimage of love to the moon's great satellite, earth. But, upon the same principle that 'little boats should keep near the shore,' the inexperienced traveller had wisely resolved that his first voyage should terminate at the first landing-place. Whether those were moonstruck who first saw him

'Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Where a fair lady, throned by the west,'

held state upon a little island—whether they were moon-struck or not, matters little; but certainly no skylark ever fluttered into nest more unregarded, no eagle ever descended into its nest more untroubled, no snowflake ever fell into its deep dingle more unnoticed, and no leaflet ever nestled under its shadowing rock more quietly, than the man from the moon came down, when he alighted under the broad shadow of a noble elm, in a ducal park.

The deer turned upon him their large lustrous eyes, and darted away to their leafy coverts; the rooks slowly wheeled around above his head, and sailed upon the breezes of their leafy homes; and the watch-dog met him at the portal with a fawn of affection. At the porter's lodge had gathered some of the juvenile nobility, and with the utmost courtesy they received unquestioned the remarkable stranger, and invited him to their princely home.

'How beautiful is earth,' said the man, as a few days afterwards, he rambled to the spot where he first pressed its soil, 'and how happy are her children! Before I came here I thought that peace was more common than bliss, that quiet was more frequent than joy; but hitherto I have investigated at a disadvantageous distance, and here I find that my ignorance was proverbial. Nevertheless, I have the will and capacity to learn, and the duke himself shall not know more of his neighbours than I will ascertain.'

He bounded over a sweet-briar hedge, and wended his way to a little hamlet, which nestled between the grove and upland at a short distance. He entered the nearest cot, and the first sound which reached his ears was a cry for bread.

'Bread—BREAD!' repeated he, 'I saw it given to the dogs this morning. Bread! there is enough at the castle. Go to the duchess, my child, she will give you enough of bread.' The child ceased her cry, but looked at him wonderingly, and an elderly sister shook her head, yet said nothing. Then the man heard a moan from a low pallet, and looking into the dark recess, he saw stretched upon it the emaciated form of a woman. She called the girl to her side.

'Is there not a little more wine in the phial?' she asked.

'Not one drop,' was the reply. The woman moaned more faintly.

'Wine! wine!' repeated the man; 'we drank last night at the castle until our heads ached, and some of the company were carried away drowned by it. Wine and bread!' he repeated, as he turned upon his heel, and flew towards the castle.—He entered the drawing-room, and a servant passed him with a silver salver, upon which were refreshments for the ladies, and the sideboard was covered with various wines. He grasped a bottle, and snatching the salver from the waiter, he turned to go. But the astonished domestic made such an outcry, and vociferated 'Thief! robber!' so lustily, that he was soon overtaken. The duke came to learn the cause of the tumult.

'He was stealing your silver,' repeated the servant, 'after all your kindness to him.'

The duke looked at his mysterious guest with a penetrating eye.

'I saw a child almost within a stone's throw of your mansion,' replied the man, 'who cried for bread. I saw also a woman fainting for a cordial, and here I knew that there was enough

of bread and wine. I ran that they might the sooner be relieved from their misery.'

The duke blushed as he heard the simple reply of the man, and almost doubted for a moment whether he himself were a man. Bread and wine were instantly despatched by the servant, and the duke took the stranger into his closet. What he told him there is what my readers already know—that want and misery stand even within the sunshine of plenty and prosperity; that sickness, pain, and death are in the daily paths of the rich and powerful; that all these things are looked upon as necessary evils, and not allowed for a moment to interrupt the usual course of business and amusement. But he could not make it appear to the man out of the moon as it did to himself. The more common it is, the more dreadful it seemed to this wanderer from another sphere. The more difficult it appeared to find the remedy, the more earnestly he thought it should be sought. It seemed to him that the great fault was in the government, and at its head was a lady as young, as kind, and compassionate as the duke's eldest daughter. He left the castle and hastened to the capitol. He lingered not by the way, but sighs outbraded themselves upon his notice which gave him much pain. He brought no references, no introductions, and could not be admitted to the young sovereign; but his earnestness gained him an interview with one of her counsellors. He had so much to say, and knew so little how to say it, his ideas were all in such confusion, that it was some time before the minister could gather aught from him.

'To the point,' said he at length. 'Tell me, stranger, what do you want?'

'I want RIGHT!' said the man. 'I came a stranger to your land, I came stranger to your land, and at first all appeared to me very beautiful; but I soon found hunger, destitution and death. I inquired the cause and asked for the remedy. I was told that there was none; but I found that if relief could be obtained this was the place to look for it. I left for this city. I hurried on my way; but unless I shut my eyes, I could not but see wrong. I have seen huge heaps of grain converted into liquid poison, and starving men drink of it that they might drown all sense of want and misery. I have seen broad fields lie waste as pleasure ground, while squalid crowds were faint for food. I saw a mighty ship filled with brave men; and their garments glittered with beauty, and gushing strains of music stirred their noble hearts.'

I thought it a glorious sight, but I learned that they were sent to kill or be killed of their fellow man. I saw a high and narrow structure spring upwards to the sky; and they brought a man and put him to death between the heavens and the earth. Crowds of men gazed upward at the sight, and think ye not that God looked down? I went into an old moss-grown church, and there I saw the man who prayed at the gallows; and all the people said with him, 'Be ye also merciful, even as your father in heaven is merciful. For if ye forgive not men their trespasses, how will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses?' But the more my spirit was pained within me the more I hurried to this place. And when I was come I saw mighty palaces for the accommodation of a few, and I saw also men herding together in filth and wretchedness; and those who had not where to lay their heads. I have seen warehouses filled with clothes for raiment, and stout men passed by them with scarce a rag to cover them; yet touched they nothing. I have seen bakeries full of bread, and storehouses filled with other food; and savage looking men proved that they were not fiends, for they did not strike dead those who withheld them from these provisions. Even I have seen dogs and horses receive the attention denied to man. You ask me what I want; I want to know if you have known aught of this, and, if so, why stand you here idle?'

'Who are you?' rejoined the astonished courtier.

'The man out of the moon.'

'Aha, aha! a lunatic. I thought as much. Now let me see if we have not a nice place for you which you have not yet espied; and calling the servants he ordered them to take the man to the hospital. But he slipped from their grasp and was soon out of the way.'

He strayed to the sea side, for there was there less of the misery he could not relieve. He found a man sitting upon a solitary rock and gazing far out upon the waters. There was that in his eye which told the lunatic that there he might meet with sympathy. So they sat together, while the sea-winds moaned around them, and talked of wrong and oppression.

'But why do the people bear all this?' asked the man. 'Why do they not rise in their strength and demand clothing, food and shelter? Why do they not stretch out their hands and take it, when almost within their grasp? Why at least do they not die as men, rather than live as beasts?'

'They are enchanted,' was the reply of the philosopher.

Then the man thought how impossible it would be for him to disenchant them, and he sighed, and when the philosopher had gone he unrobed himself, and spread his wings, and flew across the channel till he came to another land.

We will not follow him as he strayed through various cities, towns and villages, along the Mediterranean. But he heard of it everywhere—he had heard of it before he crossed the channel—of a happy land far across many wide waters—a new world, where tyranny oppression, and corruption, had not found time to generate their train of evils. He yearned for this better land; and one night, when the sky

was dark with sombre clouds, and no one could witness his flight, he left the old for the newer continent.

He alighted at the plantation of a wealthy gentleman. With manly courtesy he was received, and entertained with chivalrous generosity, which asked no questions of the stranger, and knew nothing but that he needed rest. He was truly weary, and spent some quiet days in the family of his host, for whom he formed quite an attachment; but one day, as he was walking in the grounds, he heard the voice of piercing lamentation. He looked around, and saw a negro woman, with her young child pressed to her bosom, and sobbing as though her heart would break. He inquired the cause of her sorrow, and heard that her husband had just been taken away to be sold to another master. Her children had been taken from her long before—all but the babe upon her breast.

The man could not understand this at first, but after long questioning he learned some of the evils of slavery. He returned to his host. He was sitting with his wife at his side, and his child upon his knee. The man looked at him sternly.

'How dare you love your child?' said he. 'How dare you adore your wife? when you have separated mother and child, husband and wife, and consigned them all to misery.'

'Who are you?' replied the host, 'that you speak thus in my own house, where, as yet unquestioned, you have been honored and cherished as a stranger and a guest.'

'I am the man out of the moon.'

Then the host laughed heartily. 'Ah moonstruck, I see,' said he carelessly; and touching his head, he nodded to his wife. After this they would neither of them heed what he said, but treated him good humouredly as a maniac.

In the neighborhood, however, he met not with this consideration, for he would not hold his peace while he believed a great wrong was calling for redress. They called him an abolitionist, and proposed assisting him in his departure from a place which did not seem to suit him very well. They would provide feathers if not wings, and attach them to him with tar, as the best artificial method. They would not furnish him with a horse, but they found a rail, and this, with the aid of their own locomotive powers, would assist him greatly.

The man felt as though he would rather continue free of all such obligations, and on the night when all things were preparing for his exit, he spread his wings upon the darkness and flew away.

He had heard the negroes speak of a land to the north, where there were no slaves, where oppression, cruelty, and selfishness did not exist; and he thought that must be the better land of which he had so often heard. He came to its far famed city—that where morals, intelligence, and prosperity are more nearly connected than in any other. He was pleased at first, but soon became dissatisfied, because it fell far short of his ideas of social perfection. Here were also wealth and poverty—here were misery, selfishness and pride. He saw a wealthy lady roll along in her carriage, while a feeble woman could hardly totter across the streets. 'The carriage would have held more than two,' said he to himself. He followed the faltering footsteps until he came to a cellar. The woman approached a bed upon which two children lay gasping for breath.

'Can nothing be done for them?' asked the man.

'I have just called a physician,' replied the mother. He looked tenderly at his little patients. 'They are dying of want,' said he. 'They want everything they should now have, but first of all is the want of fresh air.' The man started from the house, and ran to a street in which was the residence of an eminent philanthropist. His questionings had already led him to a knowledge of the good. He came to the house. The master was not at home. He had gone to his country-seat, and his mansion was vacant, with the exception of one servant, who was left to open the windows each day, and see the cool air breathed thro' the deserted rooms. And, as he looked at the lofty, well ventilated, and vacant apartments, he thought of the children who were dying in a neighbouring cellar for want of air.

The man was wearied, disappointed, and vexed. 'If this is the happiest spot on earth,' said he, 'then let me go back to the moon.'

It was a lovely starlight night. The moon like a silver crescent, hung afar in the blue ether, and there was one bright solitary cloud in the clear sky. The man spread his wings, and bidding farewell to earth, he turned his face upwards to a better home. As he passed the bright cloud he thought he saw, faintly delineated as though in bright shadow, the outlines of a human form. He approached nearer and the cloud seemed like a light couch, upon which an etherealised being reclined. Lofly intellect and childlike mildness were blended in his pale spiritual countenance, but there was a glance of sorrow in his deep eyes which told that, if an angel, he had not forgotten the trials of earth.

The man said to him, 'I have just left the earth for the moon, but I would gladly leave it for any other world. You seem to have returned to it from heaven?'

'It was my home,' replied the spirit. 'There I first received my existence; there I first drew the breath of life. It was my first home; though I know it was full of sin and sorrow, yet at times I leave heaven that I may view it once again.'

'And did you know, while there, that it was filled with guilt, ignorance, or pain; or did

you neglect the great interests of humanity for selfish pleasure?'

'I did not live for myself alone. I endeavored to live for my kind, and to find my happiness in trying to promote the well being of others. I see now that I might have done more, but I saw it not then. God had given me a feeble frame, and I might not go forth actively among my brethren. But I sent my voice among them. I spoke aloud in behalf of the wronged and downtrodden. I spoke not of one evil, but of that which is the source of all evil. I spoke to the young, knowing that they would soon be the middle-aged to act, and then the aged to die. I sent my voice among the ignorant, and invited them to come to the tree of knowledge. And my bliss is now in the assurance I have received, that my words will not be forgotten.'

'But if you were doing good,' said the man sternly, 'why did you go thence?'

'I was called,' replied the spirit gently.

'And is there any who may take your place?'

'I hope and believe there are many noble spirits, who are as earnest, as able, as faithful, and more active, who are labouring for their brother man. But there is another agent. Would you witness it?' and drawing aside a drapery of cloud, he disclosed a shining volume. The night breeze gently wafted its leaves, and, in letters of brightness, were written upon them such words as these: 'God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them.' 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

The man glanced at them and then said, 'Is this book there?'

'It is there,' replied the spirit, 'and there it will remain until its words are embroidered upon the hems of their garments, engraved upon the bells of their horses, and bound in frontlets between their eyes. Yea, even until they are impressed upon the hearts of all men.'

The spirit veiled the book again in aerial drapery, and disappeared himself in the bright cloud.

The man turned away with a spirit less sad, and ere morning dawned he looked down again from his old accustomed place, with his usual placid smile; and none would now know from his benign expression, that we, poor erring mortals, had ever grieved and augered the Man in the Moon.

HEAT AND THE HUMAN BODY.

The human body is by some inscrutable arrangement supplied with an internal fountain of heat by which its temperature is maintained over the air which usually surrounds it. The fountain of heat owes its origin to the same unknown principle as organization itself. The fact of its existence, and that it is capable of supplying a certain quantity of the calorific principle, are all that we can know. The amount of heat is essential to the well-being, health and comfort of the human body; if we lose it too fast the sensation of cold is produced; if it is not suffered to pass away at all, we become sensible of fever. The atmosphere is subject to various vicissitudes of heat and cold, and from both, man is compelled to defend himself. How shall he do it? He surrounds himself with clothing made of non-conducting materials, such as flannel, cotton, &c. The effect of this is to keep the body at its natural temperature, by placing a barrier between it and the atmosphere—not allowing the heat of the body to pass off from the surface. If the external air on the other hand be hot, the same covering which prevents the natural heat from passing away, hinders the external heat from entering. Hence, in hot climates as well as in cold, persons are accustomed to wear flannel clothing to opposite effects in the two cases.

Nothing is more conducive to the regular temperature of the body than free evaporation. The surface of the body is an admirable piece of mechanism. The skin is an instrument to which few at present have given the attention it deserves. It is filled with minute capillary tubes, which continually send forth the effluvia which ought to escape. If you cover the body with a substance which is a non-conductor not only of heat but also of air, in seeking to preserve the regular temperature of the body you obstruct the escape of those principles which ought to pass freely away. Hence flannel is mostly used for clothing, as its pores are open and the air readily passes, while heat only makes its escape through it with reluctance and difficulty. When we inspire, the air taken into the lungs undergoes a change with the nature of which we are not acquainted; this we know, that when it is expired its nature is changed, and it has acquired the qualities of carbonic acid gas. We find that this result also illustrates the function of the skin. If you take a wine glass, or tumbler, and inverting it on the skin, hold it firmly for a short time, the air in the glass will be found to have undergone a change analogous to that which is breathed from the lungs, a candle thrust into it will be immediately extinguished. From observations of this kind, it is evident that the whole surface of the skin is, as it were an extension of lungs dealing with the atmospheric air, in the same manner with them, though with considerable less energy. Whatever change the lungs effect on the oxygen of the air brought into contact with them, is effected by the skin in a feebler degree on all that gets access to it. How necessary then is good ventilation to apartments.