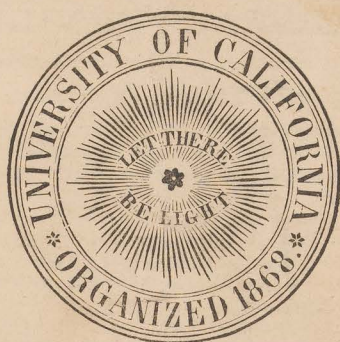


# Neolaean



# Review.

Vol. I.

OAKLAND, CAL., APRIL, 1873.

No. 2.

## NEOLAEAN REVIEW

Published the First of Every Month.  
BY THE NEOLAEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

EDITORS: CHAS. D. STUART, L. HOYT SMITH.

BUSINESS MANAGER: - - - - SAM. WIDNEY

BUSINESS SECRETARY: - - - JOHN G. YAGER.

TERMS:  
One Dollar Per Year, - - - Payable in Advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
Fifty Cents Per Square For Each Insertion.

All business communications should be addressed to  
Sam Widney.

### Dismantled.

BY EL OLVIDADO.

Sailless, sparless, ropeless,  
The work of Time's hard hand.  
Stern that's worn and rudderless,

Dismantled.

Seams, that once were leakless,  
Now are open wide.  
Dreary, cold and cheerless,  
Floating on the tide,—  
Dismantled.

Hulk, now almost shapeless,  
Once so neat and trim,  
Wintry winds so heartless,  
Aye sing thy requiem—  
Dismantled.

Silent, dead and lifeless,  
E'en thine anchor gone,  
Desolate and friendless,  
Left to rot alone,—  
Dismantled.

Dreary, cold and deathlike,  
Floating sad and still,  
'Mongst thy lone masts ghost-like,  
Fiends chant in chorus shrill—  
Dismantled.

Gone thy name and glory,  
Gone thine olden pride,  
'Tis but the same old story—  
Floating on the tide,  
Dismantled.

Sad, sad, I am and weary,  
For I, too, soon shall be  
Forgotten, lone and dreary,  
Left alone like thee,  
Dismantled.

I, too, shall soon be cheerless,  
In this world so wide,  
Desolate and friendless,  
Drifting with the tide,  
Dismantled.

Great God, when worn and worthless.  
I lay this body low,  
Dismantled, even rudderless,  
Drifting about I go,

From out this world so dreary,  
Take me above to Thee,  
Where I'll no more be weary.  
But evermore will be  
Newmantled.

### Sound and Silence

The faculty of imagination, has, at all periods of history, exercised an important influence over the thoughts and deeds of man. In ruder ages it has tyrannized over him; in the most enlightened it has, to a great extent, shaped his ideas; in all, it has been to him both a delight and a source of pain. He is dependent upon it in the pursuit of knowledge, as well as in that of pleasure. It has often become to him both historian and geographer, and in not a few instances, imagination has taken the high position of religious teacher, and spiritual adviser.

It is not hard, however, to perceive that to extend the realm of fancy too far, is to encroach upon that of reason, and we need never be astonished to find that any idea formed under the direction of imagination is more or less warped and distorted. For instance, our feelings of respect, veneration, awe; our ideas of value or power, depend very much on our imagination for their force, and we often find room to modify them considerably, when we apply ourselves to learn the facts in any case. The Ignis Fatuus, the mirage, the thunder-storm, the Aurora Borealis, all lose their terror when we learn that each is the effect, on a large scale, of some familiar cause, and the same scrutiny dispels a thousand superstitious illusions which imagination has formed. Among many instances which are constantly apparent to any who reflect upon the power of imagination to misrepresent the truth, and cause a false association of ideas in our minds, there is one, which seems to me quite notable. This is that sentiment of *power* that we have especially associated with sounds—the idea of implied *weakness* that we connect with silence and stillness. Imagination has connected noise with power. The rush of the waves on the beach fills us with admiration, the avalanche, the thunder-storm, the earthquake with its heavy rumble, all inspire terror. We speak of the might therein displayed, we connect that might with those sounds, the sounds become to us the emblems of the forces which produce them, our ears are made the measure of the powers of nature. Are we right in all this? Is the Universe such an ill-constructed machine that its greatest effects are produced only by the most noisy collision of its parts? We think not.

Let us take an instance in the rising tides which rush from the ocean upon the shore. "Here," some one will say, "here is an instance of the Powers of Nature manifesting themselves by sound. See the waves as they dash on the beach, covered with tall, weather-beaten rocks; hear them as they burst into a thousand fragments upon those sentinels of the shore; here are the forces of Nature at work; here is a grand manifestation of those forces, and is it not attended with sound of the most tremendous kind?" It is true that here is force, and here is noise, but there is another side to the picture.

Let us pass from this exposed shore to the beach

of the more quiet bay. Here too is the tide coming in, but not with thundering sound; here too the forces of Nature are at work, but not in foaming breakers. Listen! The wind is still, the waters slowly rise with a slight, almost imperceptible sound; quietly they creep to our feet, gradually, irresistibly. Before the force of that advancing, silent current, the streams of water pouring out from mighty rivers are turned back towards their sources, while creeping into every nook and corner of the beach, the cleansing liquid purifies the shore. At length the tide retires from ocean-beach and from bay. Compare the results. For six long hours the furious waves have dashed themselves to pieces on those firm, mute rocks; but with all their thunder they have accomplished nothing. Firm and erect those rocks viewed the sun-rise; firm and erect they view the sunset, as the baffled sea retires. But the tide flowing quietly out from the bay, carries with it the materials it has been digging out of the heart of the continent, with silent and untiring persistency. Where has been the greater power shown by nature? Where has the most good been done to mankind? On the ocean beach *rude* Nature has been at play; by the quiet bay, *sheer* Nature, *beneficent* Nature has been at work. Is silence a sign of weakness here?

We need not be at a loss for many other instances. The fierce hurricane may destroy life, may ravage the forest and the city, may mutilate the face of nature, but it is the silent, insidious frost that chills away the life of man and beast, and turns to stone all that is beautiful. The earthquake is a grand manifestation of power, but can it compare with the awful force of those noiseless, gentle sunbeams which fall around us? The thunder-storm terrifies us; but what shall we say of the force which keeps the needle, in every part of the globe, always pointing in the same direction, though mountains and seas intervene between the needle and its pole?

But there is one force which is the most awe-inspiring of all, and which is yet silent in its action—silent as the depths of space. It is the force of Gravitation. In stillness the clock-work of the skies goes on, as satellite, sun, planet, system, all move in their endless courses. Inconceivable momentum every instant is developed, and yet all is held under control. Yet from that mighty clock-work, not so much as the click of a pendulum reaches our ears.

Is not this alone sufficient proof that sound is not the measure of force? Can we not see from this that Nature, far above our ideas, works to please our imagination alone, and is not forced, as we are, by the littleness of our works, to atone for diminutive effects by greatness of display?

Perhaps we can learn a lesson from this, useful, both for judging the merits of others, and planning our own undertakings. It is not always enterprise that undertakes the greatest things with the greatest display, which contains the most force, or will produce the most lasting effects. In general, we may say that noise is the result of some jarring, or incongruity, temporary or permanent, among the parts of a machine; and that *that* is the most perfect engine, as well as the most durable, which works smoothly and with little noise. X. Z.