

Wilkes-Barre, Wyoming Valley, Luzerne County, Penn-
sylvania, United States of America, June 25, 1843.

159

Honoured Sir,

159

If you deem an apology necessary for intruding upon you — let the plain, republican admiration of the highly-esteemed author be my excuse — the admiration of a man to whom our age owes more than our children's children can repay — new and purer feelings upon art, and its boldest applications; the attempt, at least, to turn philosophy's eye inward upon the soul, and to compound the most sacred elements of its spiritual powers with the ingredients of human knowledge, above all the successful discovery of a richer India than Vasco de Gama opened unto Europe, whose value is not in its spices, and its pearls, and its barbaric gold, but in tracks of science unexplored — in mines long unworked, of native wisdom — in treasures deeply buried, of symbolic learning — and in monuments long hidden, of primeval and venerable traditions. Your works, beyond all others, which have been reprinted in America, have contributed to exalt and purify modern science and literature, and no other works of the mind have effected so much good among the reflecting and intellectual portion of the American public. Until now I have known your works only in the English dress, and I cannot resist the desire to read your writings in the original; at the same time I will not hide from you how much honoured I should be, if you would condescend to present me with a