

ATLANTIS.

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The Latin historian, Lucius Annæus Florus, in describing the progress of the Roman arms in Spain, speaks of the eve when which Decimus Brutus beheld, for the first time, the sun descend into the broad Atlantic, and its fires become quenched in the illimitable western ocean. The Roman leader would, perhaps, have been still more impressed with the solemnity of the scene, had he thought it possible that beneath those waves there lay a buried world, that a great island with all its tenants had sunk once again in its depths, and that a civilization, older than the laws of Egypt or the wisdom of Etruria, had found amid those waves its grave. He might have philosophized more fully on the uncertain tenure of all human greatness, on the evanescence of a material splendor whose very sepulchres had perished, and on the final destiny of a commonwealth so utterly destroyed as to leave to later ages its very existence a matter of debatable inquiry.

From all time the finger of tradition has pointed to the West as the peculiar abode of a happier and more favored race. The gardens of the Hesperides, the islands of the Blest, the bourne of the Atlantides, the Western Ethiopians, the Atlantis of Plato, these are legends familiar to all. Not only has Euripides, in one of the choral songs of his *Hippolytus*, celebrated the happy isles where the winds blow ever softly, and the ambrosial streams flow fast by the palaces of Jove; but Pindar himself, whose birth preceded that of Herodotus by nearly a century, speaks in his second *Olympic* of the island of the Blest—for with him there is but one island—fanned by ocean breezes and adorned by every blessing of fruit and flower. Thus, also, a modern poet, Tennyson, in those