ARCTURUS,

A JOURNAL OF

BOOKS AND OPINION.

"It is in morals and manners what the experimental is in natural philosophy, as opposed to the dogmatical method. It does not deal in sweeping clauses of proscription and anathema, but in nice distinctions and liberal constructions." HAZLITT.

VOLUME II.

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PREFACE.

In cheerfulness and good hope, was our undertaking first announced, and now that we have arrived at a period in which a retrospect may be indulged us, we would say, for the benefit of all to whom it may be matter of interest, that our earliest wishes have not been disappointed. We relied upon a few simple elements of success, and have not failed. We have met with encouragement from quarters, where, of all others, we would have desired it; from a portion of the press that we were accustomed to respect, and especially from authors, who have been pleased to identify us, in some measure, with the interests of their own labors. In one department of our journal, we have felt the need of this support, and looked for it, we must confess, with some anxiety. When we have spoken directly of popular defects in literary taste and judgment, we have assumed, for the moment, a position only to be sanctioned by the concurrence of the wise and intelligent. In criticism, it is an ungrateful task to stand alone; it is the last species of writing in which we would desire to be exclusive. A critic, of that superhuman condition of excellence, who is to admire nothing of the

works of his contemporaries, who does not carry with him, at least, the sympathy of a chosen few, whose opinions are respected, is likely to get and deserve a solitary and unique reputation with the public hangman. We have uttered our sentiments freely and candidly upon the various books of the day, and with the same freedom and fearlessness, we shall pursue our course. We value independence highly, and from a higher notion than is, perhaps, generally entertained of the nature of criticism itself, we are more concerned for the right. Modern criticism is not the mere decision upon a book, by which the author is complimented, or not, on its binding, its pages, its spelling, its typography. It was once, indeed, little more in its old fashioned meaning and acceptation; a kind of personal altercation between the author and reviewer, who was a species of out-of-door pedagogue, carrying the habits of the schoolmaster into society. But now, criticism has a wider scope, and a universal interest. It discusses errors of grammar, and hands over an imperfect rhyme, or a false quantity, to the proof reader; it looks now to the heart of the subject, and the author's design. It is a test of opinion. Its acuteness is not pedantic, but philosophical; it unravels the web of the author's mystery, to interpret his meaning to others; it detects his sophistry, because sophistry is injurious to the heart and life; it promulgates his beauties with liberal, generous praise, because this is its true duty, as the servant of truth. Good criti-

cism may be well asked for, since it is the type of the literature of the day. It gives method to the universal inquisitiveness on every topic relating to life or action. A criticism, now, includes every form of literature, except, perhaps, the imaginative and the strictly dramatic. It is an essay, a sermon, an oration, a chapter in history, a philosophical speculation, a prose poem, an art-novel, a dialogue; it admits of humor, pathos, the personal feelings of autobiography, the broadest views of statesmanship. As the ballad and the epic were the productions of the days of Homer, the review is the native characteristic growth of this nineteenth century.

Journalism is not confined to books, as its subject. It extends its view to the manners and habits of the times. Society has more vehicles than its literature, for the expression of its thoughts. Its sentiments come under review, and are laid before the genuine critic in its fine arts, its architecture, painting, music, its churches, its theatres, its public monuments, its popular assemblages, nay, even its dress and fashions. Whatever is an index to the habits of thinking of a people, fairly falls within the attention of the critic.

It has been objected to our pages, as the journal of books and opinion, that we devote a leading portion to a work of fiction; but a work of fiction, of the character we have published, is strictly within our plan. The narrative offers a facility in its form that we were unwise to reject, especially, too,

as this species of writing is the popular one of the day, and a journal, in its very name, appeals to a contemporary interest. There is much nicety of observation, frequent collision and exhibition of character, to be had only in the mixed dialogue and narrative of the novel.

With our old unity of design, we shall continue in the field, with additional resources. We have now closed the first, and most doubtful era of Arcturus.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

CORNELIUS MATHEWS,
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

New York, Nov. 1, 1841.

CONTENTS.

"There's a mortal fine make me a Hero will ye?"

ARCTURUS.

No. VII.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MOTLEY BOOK.'

CHAPTER I.

THE PLATFORM.

TO SAY that the townspeople of this mighty metropolis were in a state of greater excitement and activity on a certain night in a certain month of November—which it is not necessary more particularly to define—than they are on certain other nights of periodical recurrence, would be to do the said townspeople arrant injustice, and to establish for the chronicler of the following authentic history, at the very outset, a questionable character for truth and plain-speaking. On this immediate occasion, however, there was, it must be confessed, a commendable degree of agitation and enthusiasm visible, in almost every quarter of the city. Crowds were emerging from lane, alley and thoroughfare,

and pouring into the central streets in the direction of the Hall; sometimes in knots of three, four or more, all engaged in earnest conversation, in a loud key, with vehement gesture and faces considerably discolored by excitement. The persons composing these various peripatetic and deliberative groups, could not be said to be of any single class or profession, but mingled together indiscriminately, much after the fashion of a country store-keeper's stock, where a bale of fourth-price flannel neighbors a piece of first-quality linen, and knots of dainty and gallant wine-glasses are brought into a state of sociable confusion, with a gathering of hard-headed, plebian stone-bottles. Although all tended the same way and on the same errand, let no man be so rash and intemperate as to imagine that no distinctions were observed; that certain lines and demarcations were not maintained; and that broadcloth was not careful here, as usual, not to have its fine nap destroyed by the jostling of homespun.

The knot of tough-fisted mechanics kept its course, roaring out its rough sarcasms and great gusts of invective, while the company of well-dressed gentlemen, bound for the same harbor, glided more quietly along, their talk scarcely disturbed by the extravagance of a ripple or an oath.

Here a substantial citizen advanced in great state and dignity, alone, toward the place of gathering, unless his horn-topped walking-stick might be held as suitable company for so grave and dignified a personage; and again a thoughtful young gentleman might be discovered, striding along with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, conning a few common-places for a speech.

This various crowd has at length reached its destination, and scampering up the stairs of a large mis-shapen building with no little heat and racket, finds itself landed in a spacious saloon, facing a raised platform, protected in front by a rough railing, with some score of vacant chairs occupying the floor of the same, and as many stout candles ranged against the rail. Beneath the platform is a small square table, holding a capacious inkstand, ornamented with two or three huge grey goose-quills; and abreast of the table are stretched a number of rude benches, to afford accommodation for such infirm, ease-loving and sedentary individuals, as may see fit to take possession of them; and taken possession of they are at a very early stage of the proceedings, first by a squad of precocious ship-wrights' prentices, secondly by a broad-bot-

tomed dairyman who was left at the Hall in the afternoon by one of his own wagons from Bloomingdale, and thirdly by a rout of scrambling fellows, from no place in particular, who push and jostle and clamour their best for the occupancy. The meeting is on the eve of being organized, when in marches a well-fed uppish man—the very citizen that was alone with his cane in the street—who, contemplating the crowd with an air of austere regard, urges himself towards one end of the platform, where he meets a scraggy man, smartly dressed, and displaying from the pillory of a sharp-edged clean shirt-collar, a very knowing countenance extended to the audience, and engages in a whispered conversation, the concluding clause whereof embodies this sterling sentiment, (enforced by the thrusting of a roll at the same time into the open hand of the scraggy gentleman,) "There's a current ten—make me a vice, will ye?" The scraggy man thereupon cocks his eye significantly, and the stout citizen, slipping away, gets into the outskirts of the crowd, where he stares at the platform and the candles —the political Heaven of ambitious stout gentlemen—as if they were the most remarkable objects in creation, and as if he was perfectly unconscious of the objects for which the meeting was then and there convened.

In due time the meeting was called to order, and the innocent stout gentleman established himself, with five others, upon the platform, as an assistant presiding officer—a vice—of the same. Silence was proclaimed, and a dwarfish little man, with one of the oddest countenances in the world—a cross between a bull-frog and nut-cracker—was lifted upon a high stool by the mob, and commenced reading a manuscript, which he dignified with the name of the "Report of the Anti-Aqueduct Committee, appointed by the citizens of New-York, at a large and respectable meeting held at Fogfire Hall, &c., &c.," in which was furnished a certain amount of statistics (taken from the 'Cyclopoedia): a decoction of mouldy jokes (from the newspapers): and a modicum of energetic slang—a direct emanation from the inventive genius of the reader of the Report.

This was a great, a tremendous question—suggested the Anti-Aqueduct manuscript—a question, to come to the point at once, involving the rights of mankind, the interests of universal humanity. If this principle was allowed to pass unopposed—this pernicious principle of setting up pure

water, democratic Adam's ale, the true corporation gin, for purchase—where would we land? The Committee that drafted the Report could tell 'em!—in tyranny, despotism, bloodshed and debauchery. Individuals would get drunk at the pump, as soon as the price was made an object: there was a consideration for them! The people had their rights—here the reader wagged his head vehemently, and grinned like a demon just going out of his senses—he could tell them, and the people could take care of 'em!

A general dissemination of genuine gin cock-tails among the hearers, could have scarcely produced greater excitement than did this most apposite and thrilling sentiment: caps flew up and hats flew off, as if the air were alive with great black insects, and canes came down with a general crash, like a cane-break itself in a state of tornado. It seemed as if they never would be done applauding this happy allusion; and the Committee-man stood on the stool, swaying on one leg, and smiling, as if he considered it the most agreeable spectacle he had ever enjoyed. The Committee did not suppose that it was the purpose of Providence to destroy mankind by a second flood, but they were satisfied, morally satisfied, if such an intention ever did come within the purview of the divine displeasure, the object would undoubtedly be accomplished by the bursting of the Reservoir which it was proposed to erect at the junction of the Third Avenue and Bowery:—at least, the Committee thought it proper to add, as far as the citizens of New-York were concerned. And so the Report rambled on, like an echo among the Dutch Hills, until it finally died away in a thundering Resolution, and the little reader was inadvertently knocked off the stool by a charcoal-vender, who was employed, besides grinning through the sable stains of his trade in a ghastly manner, in swinging his hat in approval of one of the concluding sentiments of his Report.

The charcoal-man was hustled, the little Committee-man set upon his legs, and a vote of thanks unanimously passed, for the able Report just read.

A very long, dull-looking man, next offered a Resolution, and delivered a speech, as long and dull as himself; which Resolution and speech were seconded, by a round, heavy man, in an harangue, quite as rigmarole and ponderose;—when a pause occurred, during which the mob seemed to be reflecting what they should do next. After a proper degree

of cogitation, they commenced shouting for a favorite speaker, who always interested their feelings by proposing a general division of property: which was very liberal in him, as he had nothing to divide but the payment of two-score old debts, and the expenses of a small family; but he failed to make his appearance. Upon which certain sagacious persons began peering about in the crowd, as if they expected to find him sandwiched away snugly among the carmen, omnibus-drivers and stevedores, there present. Certain other active persons were dispatched into the halls and purlieus of the building; a self-formed committee of five rushed post-haste for the bar-room; and one over-zealous individual was so far carried away by his enthusiasm, as to run a mile to the orator's dwelling, and there to demand his person with such breathless incoherence, as to lead his small family to suspect that their dear protector and pay-master harbored the intention of making way with himself.

A second popular favorite was called by the audience; the same scrutiny instituted, and with the same result. Affairs now looked exceedingly blank, the audience began to despair, and to entertain the horrible expectation of having to go to bed speechless, when an unknown individual pushed convulsively through the crowd, struggled up the steps, and placed himself at the foot of the platform; and stretching out his right arm to its full extent, began.

He was young—the bloom of roseate health upon his cheek would satisfy them of that. He was timid and doubtful: witness his tremblings and shiverings on presenting himself for the first time before that highly respectable body of august citizens. He was rash and fool-hardy, he was aware, in coming before so intelligent an audience, at that critical moment. But he was actuated and impelled by a sense of duty, which would not allow him to be silent while that great question called for an advocate. They had heard the thunder of the cannon, in the Report: the braying (a slight titter at this word) of trumpets, in the speeches of the two learned gentlemen that had preceded him: and now that the grand overture of battle had been performed, he ventured to come upon the field, and with his simple shepherd's pipe to sound the humbler music of peace. He trusted that no violent, no vindictive feeling, would be indulged towards their opponents. Let their measure pass—let the Aqueduct be reared, and let its waters begin to flow:—from these

very waters, pernicious as they seemed, should be drawn the rainbow of promise for his friends; for the friends of cheap government and good order! Taxation was not democracy: debt was not democracy: public ruin and bankruptcy were not democracy (gently warbled the shepherd's pipe): and if this insane, wolfish and reckless party, wished to destroy itself with its own fangs—why, in God's name, bid them God-speed, and give them a clear field. He would not suggest that the farmers in Westchester county should oppose the passage of the Aqueduct through their own lands—they were freemen, and knew what was what. He would not stir up the Harlaem Bridge Company (Heaven forbid) to withstand this encroachment upon their rights—they were a corporation, and could discriminate carrot from horse-radish. He hoped, he fervently and sincerely hoped and trusted, that the entire race of water-rats and ground-moles might be annihilated, before the undertaking was commenced; so that it might not be impeded or undermined by their operations. At these various hopes and suggestions, as they were delivered, there was an uproarious ha! ha! uttered by the assemblage, who seemed to relish them hugely: and, with a hint or two to the audience, not to allow themselves to be tampered with; not to look on and see their heads taken from their shoulders, and the bread from their children's mouths (all of which was heartily seconded by the hearers); the young orator—the gentle friend of peace—stepped from the platform.

At the conclusion of the speech, some one in the crowd jumped up a foot or two, and shouted, "Three cheers for the last speech!" and three cheers were given, with great animation; and then, at the same suggestion, three more; and three at the end of them. Different members of the audience turned to each other and shook hands, and exclaimed, "Royal," "That was fine," and other like phrases of approbation: and then inquiries were set on foot as to the name of the new speaker, to which no one could furnish a satisfactory answer; and whether he was from this ward or that ward, which was in a state of equal doubt and uncertainty; and finally it was conjectured and suggested, that he did'nt belong to any ward at all, but had come from the country: which they were for proving by his rural simile of the rainbow, (rainbows not being indigenous in incorporated

towns), and his intimate acquaintance with the feelings of the Westchester County farmers, and ground-moles.

Whatever might be his name and origin, his foot had no sooner touched the floor than he felt his sleeve twitched, and turning, he discovered a singular-looking little gentleman, beckoning him to follow.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH HOBBLESHANK.

Disengaging himself from the crowd at Fogfire Hall, the young Politician followed his unknown conductor into the open air. From the rapidity with which he moved, in advance, although his gait was shuffling and uncertain, he was not fairly overtaken until he had reached the mouth of a neighboring Refectory, at which, pausing only for an instant glance at the young man's countenance—which seemed to create a pleasurable feeling, and caused him to smile strenuously—he plunged down the steps. The young Politician followed, and found himself in a close narrow room, the air of which was musty with confinement, and, having no opportunity, from the pent place where it was imprisoned, to ramble about among meadows and fresh streams to enliven itself, depended on fumes of brandy and clouds of cigar-smoke, for whatever life it exhibited. A tall man stood before the fire, who would have inevitably perished of its noxious qualities, if he had not taken occasion, through the day, to stand up the steps with his head and shoulders above ground, contemplating the clay-covered wagons that came in fresh from the country.

Judging from the starved, narrow-breasted skeletons of turkies and fowls, the cold, sepulchral hams, the cadaverous, shrunken legs of mutton, and the dwarfed tarts and bread-rolls, that lay in miserable heaps on the table, they might have easily concluded that the pie-house into which they had descended was the dreary family vault, to which melancholy butchers, bakers and poulterers were in the habit of consigning such of their professional progeny, as had ceased to have life and merchantable qualities on earth. The room was, of all possible dirty rooms, the dirtiest: with walls smoked and tallow-stained ; an unsanded floor ; tables spot-

ted all over, like the double-six of dominoes; and a fire, with just enough animation to blush at the other appointments of the place. The pie-house had its pretensions, too: for it possessed not only a common-room for outside customers, but a private parlor—snug and select—cut off from its vulgar neighbor by elegant blue curtains, made to resemble patches of dirty blue sky—moving on a wire with jingling brass rings, and entered by a half-raised step.

Upon this, which was little more than a large stall after all, they entered. The mysterious little gentleman, drawing the curtains behind them, rushed up to the fire and rubbed his hands together over the blaze, opened the curtains, thrust out his head, called for oysters and beer, and took his station at one side of the table in the middle of the floor. "It's all right," said the stranger, "Don't be alarmed. My name is Hobbleshank—what's yours?"

"Puffer Hopkins," replied the young Politician, surveying more closely his whimsical companion.

He was an irregular-built little gentleman, about fifty-five years of age, with a pale face, twitched out of shape somewhat by a paralytic affection; with one sound eye, and one in a condition of semi-transparency, which gave to his features something of a ghostly or goblin character; and hedging in and heightening the effect of the whole, a pair of bushy black whiskers, of a fine, vigorous growth. The little gentleman wore a faded blue frock, short pantaloons, low shoes, an eye-glass, and a hat considerably dilapidated and impaired by age.

The singularity and whim of the little old gentleman's demeanor was shown, in his shambling up side-ways toward Puffer whenever he addressed him, and looking up timidly, first with the doubtful eye, as if sounding his way, and then with the sound one; fortifying himself, from time to time, from an immense snuff-box, which he carried awkwardly in his left hand.

"That was an excellent speech, young man!" said the strange little gentleman, dropping into a seat and simultaneously swallowing an oyster black with pepper.

"I trust the sentiments were correct," modestly suggested his companion.

"Never better, sir: sound as a Newtown pippin, to the core," continued the strange little gentleman, "But you are young yet, sir—quite young—and have a thing or two to

learn. Be good enough not to advance upon the stage again, if you please, without your coat buttoned snug to the chin, which shows that you mean to give them a resolute speech —a devilish resolute speech," exclaimed the little gentleman, glaring on the youth with his spectre eye, "full of storm and thunder, sir:—or else, with your breasts thrown wide back, indicating that you are about to regale them with an airy, well-ventilated and very candid effusion."

Appreciating the interest that the little old gentleman expressed in his future success, his companion promised to comply, as far as in him lay, with these new requisitions in the art of addressing public bodies.

"There was an awful omission," continued the strange gentleman, "a very awful and unpardonable omission, in your harangue to-night." The little old gentleman's voice sounded sepulchral, and his companion cast his eyes anxiously about the select parlor.

"For Heaven's sake, what was that, sir?" asked the young gentleman, regarding his censor with intense interest.

"Why, sir," said the little old gentleman, relaxing into a grim smile, "where were your banners? You had'nt one in your whole speech! An address to a political assembly in New-York, and not a tatter of bunting in the whole of it—you must excuse me, but it's the weakest thing I've ever known. An army might as well go into battle as an orator into our popular meetings, without his flags and standards. Where were your stars, too? There was'nt even the twinkle of a comet's tail in the whole harangue: they expect it. Stars are the pepper and salt of a political discourse—mind that if you please!"

At this passage, the little old gentleman became thoughtful, and fell upon his oysters and beer with horrible avidity; which process caused him to grow more thoughtful than ever. "Many a good speech have I heard," he at length said, contemplating Puffer Hopkins with melancholy regard, "whose deliverer now lies under the tombstone. Others lie there, too!—I'd give my life, sir," he exclaimed earnestly, pressing his hands closely together, "my life with its resulting interest, if I dared, for a minute's gaze at features that are lying in the silence and darkness of dust. That's hard, sir—too hard to bear: a young wife borne away in her bloom by a cold, cruel hearse—black, all over black! And then what followed—do you recollect what followed? I'm a fool—you know no-

thing of it; why should you? Life is a green field to you, without as much as a grave or a furrow in it all."

"I am not too sure of that," answered Puffer Hopkins, "for I have a dim remembrance of a death that touched me nearly, long ago; whose death I cannot say, but a vision, away off in past times—of a darkened house—a solemn train issuing forth, with one figure staggering into the funeral coach, drunk with excess of grief—the heavy roll of wheels—and many tears and lamentations in the small household."

While he delivered this, Hobbleshank looked earnestly in his face, as if he discovered in what he said a meaning deeper than the words. At this there was a long silence, which Puffer Hopkins at length attempted to break, by stating to his companion the character in which he had appeared that night, for the first time, at Fogfire Hall.

"I know," said Hobbleshank, pushing his open palm toward Puffer Hopkins, "Do'nt say a word:—I know all about it. You're a young professional trader in politics and patriotism; a beginner—just opened to-night with your first speech, and a fresh assortment of apostrophes and gesticulations. I know you are new in the business, for when you spoke of Heaven, and Eternal Justice, you looked at the audience! Very green, my boy: an old spouter, in such a case, always rolls his eye-balls back under their lids, and smells of the chandelier, which is much better, although the odor is'nt pleasant."

"A mere 'prentice at the business I confess myself," answered Puffer.

"I wish you would bear in mind, too," continued his whimsical adviser, "when you address a mixed audience, and have occasion to speak of the majesty of the people, that the established rule is, not to stare at any individual dirty face in the middle of the crowd, but to look away off, beyond the crowd entirely; as if you discovered what you're speaking about in some remote suburb with which they have nothing to do. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," replied Puffer: "But is'nt there generally some placid gentleman or other, who comes to the meeting early, and plants himself in front of the platform at a proper distance, with the praiseworthy purpose of having the speaker lay out all his strength in gazing at him, and moving his bowels and understanding? I used to think so—and have

tried it more than once: it feels very pleasant, I can assure you."

"What of that? It's your business to humble these gentry—they're aristocracy in disguise, and borrow their cartmen's hats to come to public meetings in. No, no:" cried Hobbleshank with emphasis, "Do'nt you be caught in that trap. Do you pick out the dirtiest waistcoat in the audience, with the most cadaverous face in the room peering over it—pitch your eye upon the second button from the top, just where the proof of a lack of under-garments becomes overwhelming—and fire away. Your target 's a poor scamp—the beggarliest in the house—with an understanding like a granite rock, (needing the whole force of an incorporated company of metaphysicians to quarry and dress it)—and a select circle of acquaintance, among wharfingers, small boatmen and bean-eaters, near the market. That's your man. Dash your hair back from your brow, swing your arms, and do'nt spare flowers, knuckles, tropes and desk-lids."

By the time Hobbleshank had arrived at this division of his subject, he had reached—working himself along by degrees—the extremity of the stall, and was standing on his toes, with his goggle eyes glaring over the partition at a melancholy personage—the very counterpart of his description—who sate on a stool by the fire, with his piece of hat drawn over his eyes, with one leg on the ground, and the other thrust under him on the seat.

"That's one of them," whispered Hobbleshank, casting an eye down at Puffer, and pointing with his finger over the partition. "No, it is'nt, after all, for there's the top of a book sticking out of his pocket. Our kidney don't know books."

Puffer Hopkins leaned out of the stall, and stretching himself forward, contemplated the object to which Hobbleshank directed him; but instantly drew back, and seizing his companion by the skirts, pulled him, almost by main force, into his seat.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake!" he said, as he bent forward and placed his mouth at the ear of Hobbleshank, "That's my poor neighbor, Fob, the tailor."

These brief words were delivered in such a way as if Puffer Hopkins expected their mere utterance would silence his companion, and cause an entire revolution in the feel-

ings with which he had regarded the sorry creature before the pie-house fire.

"A poor tailor!" he echoed, "well, is that all?"

"Yes: that's all!" answered Hopkins.

"Nothing more?" asked Hobbleshank.

"Nothing more," replied Puffer Hopkins.

These questions were asked and answered, in tones that brought the conversation between them to a dead pause; at which it staid for a good many minutes: when Puffer Hopkins, rousing a little, asked "If that was'nt enough?"

At this moment the poor gentleman at the fire waked, heaved a great sigh, and taking an imperfect copy of a book from his pocket, and lifting his hat from his eyes, fell to perusing it with great earnestness; all of which interfered, very seriously, with any further conversation on his condition and prospects in life—so that after contemplating him steadily for several minutes, they thought proper to retreat to the previous subject of their discourse.

"You should'nt have dropped from the platform so suddenly," said Hobbleshank.

"I was through my speech," answered Puffer Hopkins, "and wished to get out of sight at once."

"Out of sight!" exclaimed his companion, as if unconscious of Puffer's presence, "What a fool the boy is. Why, sir, if you intend to be a politician—a thriving one I mean—you must keep yourself in view, like St. Paul's steeple, that frowns down on you, wherever you go through the city. Out of sight, indeed! You should have made a bow to the audience—wheeled about—seized the first adjacent hand on the stage—shook it with the utmost violence, smiling in the owner's face all the while, very pleasantly—and then planted yourself on a chair fronting the audience—hooked your elbows over the corner of the chair-top—smiling steadily on the populace, and leaving off, only, every now and then, to nurse your ruffle and pull down your wristbands."

"I'll endeavor to practice this next time," said Puffer, meekly.

"Do," said Hobbleshank, "And look to your costume, if you please. What do you mean by wearing this brown coat, and having your hair cut plain?"

"I don't know why I had my hair cut this way," answered Puffer, "but I wore the coat, because it was large in the sleeves, and allowed a wide spread of the arms when I came

to the rainbow—thus," and he expanded his arms after the manner of an arch, as he had, indeed, endeavored to do in the delivery of his speech, but was prevented, at the time, from the embarrassment of having to employ his handkerchief in clearing the sweet which oozed out in liquid drops on his forehead. "You recollect the simile?"

"Perfectly," answered Hobbleshank: "And don't station yourself next time, sir, on the lowest point of the platform—but stand forth in the centre, making wings of the six vices on either side of you, and compelling the anxious presiding officer directly behind you to stretch his neck around the skirt of your coat, and to look up in your face with painful eagerness to catch what you're saying, which always makes the audience, who have great confidence in the head of the meeting, very attentive. It's a grand stroke to make a tableau on any stage—worthy of the biggest type on the show-bills—and here you have one of the very finest imaginable."

"But as to the orator's position," asked Puffer, "Do you think a public speaker is ever justifiable in standing on his toes?"

"In extreme cases, he may be," answered Hobbleshank, pondering, "But it's best to rise gradually with your hearers: and, if you can have a private understanding with one of the waiters, to fix a chair conveniently, a wooden-bottomed windsor, mind, and none of your rushers—for it's decidedly funny and destroys the effect, to hear a gentleman declaiming about a sinking-fund, or a penal code, or the abolition of imprisonment for debt, up to his belly in a broken chair-frame. As the passion grows upon you, plant your right leg on one of the rounds, then on the bottom, and finally, when you feel yourself at red-heat, spring into the chair, waive your hat, and call upon the audience to die for their country, their families and their firesides—or any other convenient reason." As Hobbleshank advanced in his discourse, he had illustrated its various topics by actual accompaniments: mounting first on his legs, then the bench, and ended by leaping upon the table, where he stood brandishing his broken hat, and shouting vociferously for more oysters.

No reply to this uproarious summons appearing, Hobbleshank thrust his head between the curtains, discovered that the tailor had vanished, and that the tall man was sitting against the chimney-piece with his legs stretched upon a

stool, and sound asleep. He snatched up his hat, and hurrying toward the street, said he thought it was time to go.

As it had worn far into the heart of the night, Puffer Hopkins could not gainsay the postulate, and followed on. Hobbleshank keeping a little in advance, they rambled thus through many streets; the little old gentleman sometimes hurrying them forward at a gallop, and again subsiding into a slow, careful step—as if he kept pace with the heavy chimes that were sounding midnight from the town-clocks, or perchance, with thoughts that beat at his heart with a sharper stroke.

"Be constant, child," said he, as he was preparing to leave his companion, "in your visits to popular associations and gatherings: many a man is platformed and scaffolded by these committees and juntos, into the high places of the nation." He then told Hopkins where he could leave word for him, in case he should at any time require advice or assistance; said that, if he chose, he might be at Barrell's oyster-house the next evening, and he would wait upon him to one of these assemblages; and before Puffer Hopkins could answer one way or the other, he had disappeared from his side, and vanishing into a bye-street, was soon lost in the darkness.

It cannot be matter of wonder that Puffer made his way home with a head considerably bewildered and unsettled by the occurrences of the night. The great popular gathering; his own first speech; the thundering and tumultuous applause; and, what fastened itself with peculiar force upon his imagination, the voice and figure of the little old man, uttering pensive truths or shrewd observations, with the kindly interest he had expressed in himself from the first moment—all crowded upon him, and made him feel that he was in an actual world, where, if he would but bestir himself, fortune might prove his friend. The result of the whole was, that he determined to prosecute his career: and in furtherance of that determination, he resolved to meet Hobbleshank again; the last image that his mind distinctly recognized, ere it yielded to sleep, being that of the little paralytic, passing and repassing, at times dissolved in tears, and again, filling his chamber with the echoes of smothered laughter!

DR. DONNE.

IT WOULD be a want of proper literary veneration, to repeat the story of the life of Donne, after the simple and beautiful narrative of Izaak Walton. There are no new facts in the biographical dictionaries and scant books of reference, within the reach of the American reader, to add to the stock of information; though perhaps the inquisitiveness of modern students might be gratified by the discovery of many interesting details, that probably still lie hidden in the antiquarian collections in England. Donne has not received the same attention from editors, that has been given to many of his contemporaries; perhaps the neglect in this studious biographical age is the best compliment that could be paid to the life by Walton. We may well be content with the life thus written; its touching pathos cannot be produced again: for Walton, with the feeling of a poet in his heart, loved the man, too, as his friend. The admirers of Donne must be satisfied with its eulogy, and he left no detractors to question its truth. The clear, amiable style of Walton, is as clean of ambiguities as his heart. A crooked-minded man could not have written in his style. As narrative biographies, imbued with a rare grace and harmony in the selection and arrangement of details, the truthful proportion between the space and prominence given to the act in the story, and the virtuous motive in the heart of the subject, no *truer* lives appear to have been written. No modern biographies come nearer to them in spirit, than some of the minor lives by Southey. They are not to be regarded, indeed, as critical biographies; but the men of whom the apostolic fisherman wrote, needed no great ingenuity to be understood.

From the perusal of the life of Donne, the reader will turn to his writings to seek the best illustration of his character. Whatever he has left, may be expected to be genuine and worth study; for it is evident that the writer was a complete well developed man. He lived no artificial life; he passed through many remarkable scenes of adversity and good fortune; of which the latter were not the less important to the growth of the man. The hardihood of the plant may be tried in the storm and tempest, but it is only in the sunshine that its true form and beauty is seen. The true nobility of

Donne's soul was approved in both. As we closed the book of his life we said involuntarily, Here lived a thoroughly furnished man, with a soul derived from worthy ancestors, liberally educated among books in youth, instructed by travel, kindled and made to know itself and others by strong passionate youthful love, disciplined by sorrow and a resolute contest with the world, led forth into the joyful nourishing atmosphere of good fortune, and refined by the study of theology and a living spirit of religion, that rivalled the zeal of ascetics and the Christianity of the early church.

The literary standing of Donne has for a long time been merely that of the leader of the metaphysical poets skilfully analyzed by Johnson in the life of Cowley. The faults of that school, after the lapse of several new eras of taste and criticism, are transparent to the most careless reader of the present day: its virtues need a keen philosophical spirit of sympathy to be felt. The censure of the so-called metaphysical poets, has been too indiscriminate; they were not wholly given up to affectation or conceit; Donne and Cowley were too honest, too poetical by nature, to practice exclusively the forced tricks of art. We must not judge of them by the literary habits of our own times; but, looking at them as foreign authors, so to speak, translate them out of the seventeenth century into the nineteenth.

We have no intention of palliating the censure of Donne in common with the other perverse writers of his times. They mistook the true laws of poetry, for they failed in the universality of style, nature's own simplicity, by which Homer and Shakspeare are to be intelligible for ever. They are not read, and never can be again, in the spirit in which they were written. But we must not forget that below the pure unvarying Parnassian heights there is a changing atmosphere, that still protects the houses and haunts of men, though it is fickle and inconstant. The metaphysical poets were no unprofitable writers in their own day and generation; they were understood by their contemporaries; and in their own way the most ingenious and wire-drawn of their conceits, at which our modern smooth taste looks with pain, drew forth hidden and deep ecstacies of feeling. The preaching of Scotch covenanters would be laughed at in a New-York pulpit, now, but it had its unction and graces to the persecuted martyrs of the Highlands. There are many avenues to the heart. To a class of readers already bent

upon subtleties by a scholastic education and studies, the toughest of these old metaphysical conceits may have conveyed as gently the whispers of affection, as the harmonious lines of Thomas Moore to modern ears. It is unfair to say, as Jonson has concluded, that these intellectual writers had no heart. There never was a good head, without the capacity of a liberal, generous heart. The very titles of the poems, and their personal character—treating of love and friendship—might have prevented this remark; which, it must be said, comes with an ill grace from the author of the vague generalities of Irene, and the satirical imitation of Juvenal. A generous man gives such offerings as he has:—the whole intellectual wealth of these poets was offered up at the shrine of love and friendship. A clown will make love after his low fashion, and talk of sheep and oxen; a citizen of the same grade will think of kettles and pans, and the delights of house-keeping; in all this the heart is liberal according to its treasure,—why should not the learned poet aggrandize the object of his affection by instances scholastic, scientific, imaginative, eccentric? His imagination can make realities out of "airy nothings"; his love for the world and all things in it bind together in an electric chain of affection the remotest analogies. There can be no more unfair criticism than that, which judges of poets' thoughts by the ordinary operations of the mind. For what do we read books? to be flattered by the re-production of our old ideas; or to get out of ourselves, and task the mind with the productions of others?

Many of the strange conceits might be philosophically defended. Some of them are successful even with modern readers, by their very acuteness and corresponding nicety of truth: others, that have been abused for their remoteness, when we look at them, are very good poetry after all. Johnson, in his examples, ridicules a passage of Donne, in which Death is compared to a Voyage,

> No family
> E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,
> With whom more venturers might boldly dare
> Venture their stakes, with him in joy to share;

but this is a natural, even a fine conception, if we look at it by the light of the times in which it was written. There could then be no more poetical idea than that of voyaging

and discovery, (not stripped of all romance yet), when Raleigh and Essex were setting forth on the ocean in the faith of unknown wonders, and gallant spirits flocked around them to venture forth in a new world. It is probable that many pious Christians have at this day a less imaginative idea of Heaven, than was then held of America by those chivalrous adventurers.

A list of choice happy passages may easily be given to counteract Johnson's catalogue of defects. There is a joyous burst of fanciful illustrations in the Epithalamium on the marriage of the celebrated queen of Bohemia, the idol of the court of James I., which Charles Lamb has imitated in his Valentine's day. "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine," &c.

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love;
The household bird, with the red stomacher.

This musical passage ought to neutralize the celebrated metaphysical puzzle that occurs in the same poem.

Here lies a She Sun, and a He Moon there,
She gives the best light to his sphere;
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe.

In spite of this, Donne, in many poems, deserves to be studied for his grace and ease. His mind was full of poetic impulses, "reaching from earth to heaven;" he frequently commences with ardor and beauty, and then falls away into a train of poor conceits. Had he understood the laws of true poetry as well as Milton, he might have equalled the beauty of Lycidas and the minor poems.

Here is a rapid beginning in one of the amatory poems, a choice prelude hastily struck on the lyre:

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the God of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.

and then follows a table of Actives and Passives, Correspondency and Subject.

In some respects the genius of Donne resembled that of his friend Ben Jonson; amid the constant rugged style of each, there were flowers of strange beauty found growing in the clefts of the rock. A writer in Dr. Hawks' Church Record, in an article upon Donne's Sermons, says, that among the divines, Donne resembled Jeremy Taylor, as Ben Jonson resembled Shakspeare. There is much truth in the parellel; perhaps better sustained by Donne's sermons than his poetry. In his early poems, Donne reminds us of Suchling, in a gay airy vein, which the latter appears to have imitated, especially from the following

SONG.

Goe, and catch a falling star,
    Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
    Or who cleft the devil's foot.
Teach me to hear Mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envie's stinging,
        And find,
        What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
    Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
    Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
    All strange wonders, that befell thee,
        And swear,
        No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
    Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
    Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
        Yet she
        Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

Jonson heartily admired Donne, and used to quote, among other passages, one from the Calm, as perfect in its effect.

And in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.

Equally grave and picturesque, is the following single line:

The deep,
Where harmless fish monastique silence keep.

In the sermons of Donne, there are instances of a remarkable fineness and strength of fancy: chiefly confined to thoughts of death, and kindred topics. He makes a happy use of his learning in the funeral sermon, preached over the body of King James.

"Behold him, therefore, crowned with the crown that his mother gives him; his mother, the earth. In ancient times, when they used to reward soldiers with particular kinds of crowns, there was a great dignity in *corona graminea*, in a crown of grass, that denoted a conquest, or defence of that land. He that hath but *coronam gramineam*, a turf of grass in a church-yard, hath a crown from his mother, and even in that burial, taketh seizure of the resurrection, as by a turf of grass men give seizure of land."

In a similar vein, are such passages as the following:

"As soon as we were clothed by God, our very apparel was an emblem of death. In the skins of dead beasts he covered the skins of dying men. * * * Hath any man forgot to-day that yesterday is dead! And the bell tolls for to-day, and will ring out anon; and for as much of every one of us, as appertains to this day. * * * It comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in the chimney, are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing; it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the church-yard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the church-yard, who will under-

take to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, 'this is the patrician, this the noble flour, and this is the yeomanly, this the plebian bran?'"

"God made the first marriage, and man made the first divorce; God married the body and soul in the creation, and man divorced the body and soul by death, through sin, in his fall. God doth not admit, not justify, not authorize, such superinductions upon such divorces, as some have imagined; that the soul departing from one body, should become the soul of another body, in a perpetual revolution and transmigration of souls through bodies, which hath been the giddiness of some philosophers to think; or that the body of the dead should become the body of an evil spirit, that that spirit might at his will, and to his purposes inform, and inanimate that dead body; God allows no such superinductions, no such second marriages, upon such divorces by death, no such disposition of soul or body, after their dissolution by death; but, because God hath made the bond of marriage indissoluble but by death, farther than man can die, this divorce cannot fall upon man; as far as man is immortal, man is a married man still—still in possession of a soul, and a body too; and man is forever immortal in both; immortal in his soul by preservation, and immortal in his body by reparation in the resurrection. For, though they be separated *à thoro et mensa*, from bed and board, they are not divorced; though the soul be at the table of the Lamb, in glory, and the body but at the table of the serpent, in dust; though the soul be in *lecto florido*, (Cant. i. 16,) in that bed which is always green, in an everlasting spring, in Abraham's bosom; and the body but in that green-bed, whose covering is but a yard and a half of turf, and a rug of grass, and the sheet but a winding-sheet, yet they are not divorced; they shall return to one another again, in an inseparable re-union in the resurrection."

Of Eternity.—"A day that hath no pridie, nor postridie; yesterday doth not usher it in, nor to-morrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom, of a night's growth, compared to this day; all the four monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful kings, and all the beautiful queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six,

some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning in respect of this day."

We like to read the theology of Donne, by the light of his early love poems. The sincerity of his affection, is remarkable in both. It is not long since we met with a bigotted, ungenerous use of some passages of his early life. In his youth, Donne was a gay, ardent lover, and committed some passages to paper, for the printing of which, after his death, we are indebted to his scape-grace son, who followed the worst manners of the court of Charles II.; but Donne was never a profligate, or a libertine. He had an ardent imagination, and was a hearty lover; and was sometimes so natural in his poetry, as to address his wife as his mistress. The history of his love and marriage, is one of the purest and most touching stories of affection superior to trial and misfortune. His friendships were with the best men of his day. To hold his life up to the vulgar sot or rake, as an illustration of the converting power of religion, is to misunderstand not only Donne, but the spirit of Christianity itself. If Donne had not been a very devoted lover, he would not have been the same zealous Dean of St. Paul's. Donne repented, aye, bitterly; he felt the sorrow which haunts every man of true feeling in this world, in every fibre of his sensitive heart; his later writings are filled with painful contrition: a contrition too sacred to be impertinently spoken of by a mere critic, or hastily quoted even in a sermon. If sinners are to be reclaimed only by coarse appeals and examples of penitent men, let other subjects be selected for anatomy. Do not torture the fine harmony of Donne's spiritual life, to give forth those warnings to the profligate, which may be drawn, if need be, from meaner natures.

D.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

A REMARKABLE neglect is visible, on the part of our periodical writers, in the department of theatrical criticism. Whether this neglect arise from the low state of the Drama in this country, from the puritanical abhorrence

in which the entertainments of the Theatre are held, or from the deficiency of critical acumen in the attendants on those performances, we will not pretend to decide. We merely advert to the fact. We have no dramatic critics, worth the name. The newspaper notices of plays and actors, are just the counterpart of the judgments given, in the same places, on new books and authors: so general as to fit either side of the question; so extravagant, both in censure and praise, as to amount to nothing at all. With those who are acquainted with these matters, such notices produce the negative effect of exciting contempt of their writers; and with the ignorant, they serve to bewilder and confuse.

They manage this better in England. There, theatrical criticism takes rank as a separate department of Art, and forms a prominent branch of periodical writing. A good dramatic critic is there well paid, and occupies an honorable position. In this country, notices of the Theatre are, generally, prepared by different hands; friends, or persons connected with the paper or magazine. This leads to a variety and distraction of opinion, and breaks up all unity and order: —they undertake to judge of the art of acting, who have yet to learn the art of criticism. To paint an animated portrait, disentangle the meshes of a plot, or trace the incidents of a drama, require a knowledge of both of these arts—the one furnishing the material: the other, the instrument.

Occasionally, papers strictly theatrical, devoted entirely to the stage, have been started: but tenth-rate merit could not prolong a very short existence. They, gradually fell off. In some of our weekly journals, too, sensible remarks enough, have appeared on certain Stars: nothing, however, like nicely balanced and thoroughly digested criticism. A neat theatrical paper, in the London Examiner, is worth (we had almost said it) a month's notices in all of our journals.

The progress of theatrical criticism has been regular, though not always even with the advancement of the Histrionic art. It was behind it at an early period: now, it is, at least, abreast of the Drama. The first good writing of the kind, we find in the Tatler. Steele, among his other talents, was a genial critic on plays and actors; and, in the very first number of that celebrated collection, has included a graceful tribute to Betterton. Many scattered criticisms, evincing fine tact and liberal sense, frequently occur in that charming work. Colley Cibber, a little before the middle

of the last century, published his life, almost entirely a dramatic auto-biography, in which he has left to us the best portraits of his contemporaries, Booth, Betterton, Wilkes, Dogget, Kynaston, Mrs. Bracegirdle, &c. In the present age, three dramatic critics of first rate excellence have appeared: Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. Until their time, no critic since Cibber is to be quoted. Of these, Hazlitt and Hunt were professional critics. Lamb wrote, merely, for his own gratification and that of his friends, and for the delight of posterity. During the interval of which we have spoken, the lives of actors fell into as bad hands, as their performances on the stage. Dull Boaden wrote lives of "glorious John" Kemble and the Queenly Siddons. This has been, generally, the fate of actors. It is not enough that, alive, they rest under imputed sins (often ideal); but they must also be martyred in their very graves. Few lives have so much romance in them, as the lives of actors: so full of variety, character and adventure. To write these well, requires neither invention nor fancy, but an agreeable style and biographical skill. Yet shall you, almost always, discover a theatrical biography a vapid, spiritless thing. The proper historian is not procured. Congeniality is not preserved: hence, strange incongruities are seen. Thus, Barry Cornwall *does* the life of Edmund Kean; about as congenial a task as editing Ben Jonson. Proctor might have succeeded very well with Miss O'Neill or perhaps Miss Kelly; but his delicate genius was ill fitted to paint the stormy passions of Richard, Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach. Soft plaintive sighs of Belvidera and Monimia, better suit his gentle temper. Our good Dunlap, also, attempted the life of Cooke—a turbulent genius!—and with equal success.

Clever reminiscences, as Dibdin's, Taylor's and Bunn's, afford the material for biography: but, they are not lives.

Of the three contemporary critics we have mentioned, Lamb was much the most delicate and subtle. His few occasional pieces are complete. "On some of the old Actors;" "On the acting of Munden," (a highly finished miniature); "On the acting of Shakspeare's Tragedies;" "Ellistoniana," an affecting retrospect; "To the shade of Elliston," a fine prose ode. Excessive delicacy (a rare and noble defect) is perhaps a fault in Lamb's critiques—he is too fine: but this may be called, and very justly, a hyper-criticism. Lamb's

essay on Lear, is probably the noblest criticism ever written—every way worthy of the subject, fully coping with it.

Talford, in his essay on Hazlitt, gives the palm to Hunt, after an elaborate parallel of the two. Hunt, in his way, is superior to Hazlitt; but is that style equal, in kind, to Hazlitt's? Hunt gives the narrative: Hazlitt the analytical part of criticism. Both are descriptive; but, with a difference. Hunt analyzes the plot; Hazlitt, the characters—the one looks most to the incidents; the other, to the moral. Hunt is easier and more graceful; Hazlitt, more vigorous and splendid—in point of brilliancy there can be no comparison. In a word, Hazlitt is more strictly the critic; Hunt unites the gossip and essayist. A volume of Hunt's, published some years ago, does not read as well as Hazlitt's volume. Hunt's pieces, at the time they were first printed, we imagine were more generally acceptable. In his reminiscences, this writer gives a very pleasing account of his first attempts in this department, and the state of theatrical criticism at that time. It was in London, then, at as low an ebb as it is at New-York now. Hunt is deserving the praise Talford gives him, of the father of our present theatrical criticism.

Probably the separate causes we assigned for the low state of our theatrical criticism, all concur in producing it. We are without good actors; public opinion has set in, with all the force of ignorant prejudice, against the profession of an actor and theatrical entertainments; and, we have not as yet the right race of critics.

The comedians have left us: tragedy is extinct. Opera and burlesque, the melo-drama and the ballet, have literally swallowed up the legitimate drama, (a cant phrase we employ in default of a better). Then, we are not a theatrical people; decidedly the reverse. The best reason is, we want critics—clever critics would make something out of the very defect of ordinary matter. They would make us laugh, at all events. They would create entertainment of some sort.

Madame Vestris' theatre in London is now the home of genuine comedy. There, is little Keeley, and Farren, C. Matthews, the inimitable Madame Vestris, a whole company in herself, and Harley, while Liston's countenance is still essentially a part of the performance, though he only appears in the boxes. Dowton and C. Kemble have just retired. Yates is still alive: Power, we trust, is among them—too full of soul and humor, to die a watery death. Spirits like his,

should rather be drowned, like Duke Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey.

Such acting stimulates the press. The clever contributors in the dramatic department, cannot avoid catching inspiration from such subjects for their pen.

From the little we have seen, we should judge the French to be proficients, here—their criticisms are neat and lively. The proverbial excellence of French comedy, no less than the polite attention of French audiences, must conduce to this.

The tendency of judicious theatrical criticism is most beneficial, both to the actor and to the public. To both, it presents, as it were, the comparative anatomy of the stage. It paints individuals, as well as groups. To the public, it is useful, inasmuch as it educates their tastes: to the actor, it furnishes the aid of just applause and well-directed censure. It is his best guide. It is his surest support. Without it, there will be much indifferent acting, even in good actors. Where the standard is low, performance will not be likely to rise to a high pitch. Actors rarely lead the way: the critic must often point out the true path.

Successive critics write connectedly the history of the stage, each from his own point of view, with fresh feeling, and amid all the peculiar interests of his time. Future actors ought to study the lives and characters of their great masters, for imitation and as beacons—endeavoring to rival their splendid qualities, and to avoid their captivating errors.

J.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE GARDENING.*

WE ARE happy to perceive that the cultivation of the American landscape is beginning to receive no inconsiderable attention, and that in the hands of the more enthu-

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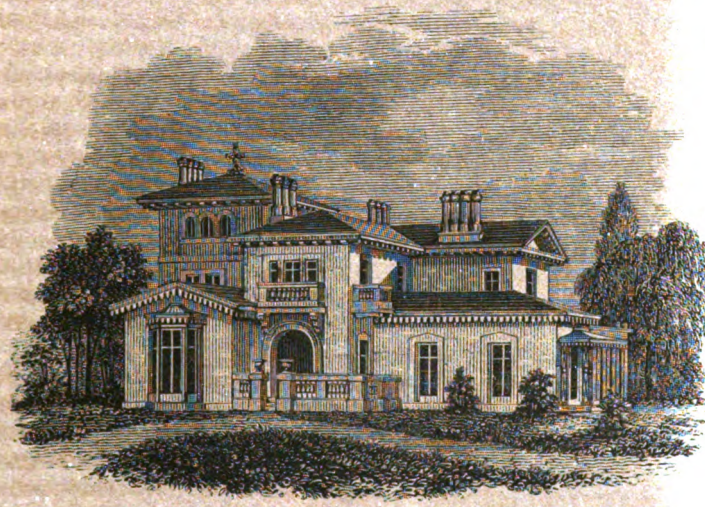
* A treatise on the theory and practice of Landscape Gardening, adapted to North America; with a view to the improvement of country residences. Comprising historical notices and general principles of the art, directions for laying out grounds and arranging plantations, the description and cultivation of hardy trees, decorative accompaniments to the house and grounds, the formation of pieces of artificial water, flower gardens, etc., with remarks on rural architecture, illustrated by engravings. By A. J. DOWNING. New-York and London: Wiley & Putnam: 1841. 8vo. pp. 452. Price $3,50.



BISHOP DOANE'S RESIDENCE, RIVERSIDE, N. J.

siastic, gardening begins already to lay claims to the dignity of an art. Perhaps there is no country in the world which offers a stronger inducement to the labors of the lover of cultivated nature, than the United States. Compared with the countries of Europe, nature has here outstripped them all in the prodigality of her gifts. Of the trees of Europe, there are but thirty species in France that attain the height of thirty feet; of these, only eighteen enter into the composition of the forests, and only seven are employed in building. In all Germany, in the fullest extent, from the North Sea to the shores of the Adriatic, also including Switzerland, there are about sixty native trees, even including those which seldom if ever exceed the height of twenty feet; and not more than twenty-five of these deserve the title of forest trees: while in the United States (east of the Mississippi) there are indigenous more than one hundred and fifty trees which exceed thirty feet in height. There are at most but forty indigenous trees in Great Britain, of which scarcely fourteen can be called forest trees; while the state of New-York alone furnishes between ninety and a hundred trees, of which more than fifty are properly forest trees. While very few trees of the two continents belong absolutely to the same species, yet there is scarcely an European genus that is not more fully represented in our own forests. There are eight or ten European Oaks; the United States has about three times that number. Of Maples, Elms, Lindens, Beeches and others, the American and European species are nearly equal in number, but ours are for the most part the finest and most valuable. The American Holly, a less beautiful tree, it must be admitted, takes the place of the European; the Judas tree of the old world, "the tree whereon Judas did hange himselfe," as old Gerard records, is here replaced by the American Red-bud, one of the most ornamental trees, and one that blossoms the earliest. But the United States has, beside, a large number of peculiar and characteristic trees; such are the Magnolias, the most splendid productions of any temperate climate; the stately Tulip tree, or White-wood; the American Cypress tree, which covers the interminable morasses of the low country of the Southern States, termed Cypress swamps; the Sweet Gum tree and several species of the Sour Gum or Peperidge; the Catalpa; the Sassafras; the Buckeye of the Western States; the different species of the flowering

Locust; the Three Thorned Acacia-tree, as our author calls it (Gleditschia triacanthos), to which, instead of the Robinia Viscosa, the popular name of *Honey Locust* is generally applied and properly belongs; the various kinds of Hickory and Walnut, &c. &c. With these and other natural products of the soil, the task of the cultivator is an easy one; he has often to create nothing, to add nothing to his fields, but simply exercise his taste in the preservation of trees, keeping those best worthy of care from the axe or the fire.

In another point of view, the American gardener commences his labors with an eminent advantage. He may profit liberally by the experience of the old world. There, the art of landscape gardening (for the re-construction of the beauties of Nature, based on close observation and analysis of the laws of her works, is surely worthy the name of an art) has accomplished its various historical stages—it has run through its periods of immaturity, inexperience, folly—and left abundant warning lessons, teaching us what to avoid: at last it appears corrected by taste and judgment, and sobered down, as in the essay of Horace Walpole, into a useful gentlemanly study, apart from its practical value in its application to the soil. To anticipate the costly lessons of experience, by laying down sound principles of cultivation, is a laudable object, and one for which the public owe Mr. Downing thanks. The work of Mr. Downing, the title of which we have already given at length and which sufficiently explains its various parts, is a well-timed, judicious exposition of the true principles of taste applied to the improvement of grounds. Though prepared with great care, it has no exclusive scientifical pretensions, which we think a decided advantage. It excites no prejudice by setting forth the less important details of the art, which, in the hands of a mere connoisseur, are apt to sink into mere prettinesses, and which would be sure to find very little favor in this country. The botanical part of the work, which is chiefly confined to an enumeration of the leading forest trees, aims at nothing more than a description of their form and characteristic beauties, by which they may be easily recognized by the reader. The information of this kind is accurate and well conveyed. As a fair specimen of the author's style, we quote the descriptions of the Kentucky Coffee tree, and the Tulip tree.

The Kentucky Coffee Tree.—This unique tree is found in the western part of the State of New-York, and as far north as Montreal in Canada. But it is seen in the greatest perfection, in the fertile bottoms of Kentucky and Tennesse. Sixty feet is the usual height of the Coffee tree in those soils; and judging from specimens growing under our inspection, it will scarcely fall short of that altitude in good cultivated situations, anywhere in the middle states.

When in full foliage, this is a very beautiful tree. The whole leaf, doubly compound, and composed of a great number of bluish-green leaflets, is generally three feet long, and two-thirds as wide, on thrifty trees; and the whole foliage hangs in a well-rounded mass, that would look almost too heavy, were it not lightened in effect by the loose tufted appearance of each individual leaf. The flowers, which are white, are borne in loose spikes, in the beginning of summer; and are succeeded by ample brown pods, flat and somewhat curved, which contain six or seven large gray seeds, imbedded in a sweet pulpy substance. As the genus is diœcious, it is necessary that both sexes of this tree should be growing near each other, in order to produce seed.

When Kentucky was first settled by the adventurous pioneers from the Atlantic States, who commenced their career in the primeval wilderness, almost without the necessaries of life, except as produced by them from the fertile soil; they fancied that they had discovered a substitute for coffee in the seeds of this tree, and accordingly the name of Coffee tree was bestowed upon it: but when a communication was established with the seaports, they gladly relinquished their Kentucky beverage, for the more grateful flavor of the Indian plant; and no use is at present made of it in that manner. It has however a fine compact wood, highly useful in building or cabinet-work.

The Kentucky Coffee tree is well entitled to a place in every collection. In summer, its charming foliage and agreeable flowers render it a highly beautiful lawn tree; and in winter, it is certainly one of the strangest trees in appearance, in our whole native sylva. Like the Ailantus, it is entirely destitute of small spray, but it also adds to this the additional singularity of thick blunt terminal branches, without any perceptible buds. Altogether it more resembles a dry, dead, and withered combination of sticks, than a living and thrifty tree. Although this would be highly monotonous and displeasing, were it the common appearance of our deciduous trees in winter; yet, as it is not so, but a rare and very unique exception to the usual beautiful diversity of spray and ramification, it is highly interesting to place such a tree as the present in the neighborhood of other full-sprayed

species, where the curiosity which it excites will add greatly to its value as an interesting tree, at that period of the year.*

The seeds vegetate freely, and the tree is usually propagated in that manner. It prefers a rich strong soil, like most trees of the western states. p. 175—8.

THE WHITE-WOOD OR TULIP TREE.—The Tulip tree belongs to the same natural order as the Magnolias, and is not inferior to most of the latter in all that entitles them to rank among our very finest forest trees.

The taller Magnolias, as we have already remarked, do not grow naturally within 100 or 150 miles of the sea-coast; and the Tulip tree may be considered as, in some measure, supplying their place in the middle Atlantic states. West of the Connecticut river, and south of the sources of the Hudson, this fine tree may be often seen reaching in warm and deep alluvial soils, 80 or 90 feet in height. But in the western states, where indeed the growth of forest trees is astonishingly vigorous, this tree far exceeds that altitude. The elder Michaux mentions several which he saw in Kentucky, that were fifteen and sixteen feet in girth; and his son confirms the measurement of one, three miles and a half from Louisville, which at five feet from the ground, was found to be twenty-two feet and six inches in circumference, with a corresponding elevation of 130 feet.

The foliage is rich and glossy, and has a very peculiar form; being cut off, as it were, at the extremity, or slightly notched and divided also, into two sided lobes. The breadth of the leaves is six or eight inches. The flowers which are shaped like a large tulip, are composed of six thick yellow petals, mottled on the inner surface with red and green. They are borne singly on the terminal shoots, on full-grown trees have a pleasant, slight perfume, and are very showy. The seed-vessel, which ripens in October, is formed of a number of scales surrounding the central axis in the form of a cone. It is remarkable that young trees under 30 or 35 feet high, seldom or never perfect their seeds.

Whoever has once seen the Tulip tree in a situation where the soil was favorable to its free growth, can never forget it. With a clean trunk, straight as a column, for 40 or 50 feet, surmounted by a fine ample summit of rich green foliage, it is in our estimation, decidedly the most *stately* tree in North America. When standing alone, and encouraged in its lateral growth, it will indeed often produce a lower head, but its tendency is to rise,

* There are some very fine specimens upon the lawn at Dr. Hosack's seat, Hyde Park, N. Y., which have fruited for a number of years.

and it only exhibits itself in all its stateliness and majesty when, supported on such a noble columnar trunk, it towers far above the heads of its neighbors of the park or forest. Even when at its loftiest elevation, its large specious blossoms, which from their form, one of our poets has likened to the chalice ;

> ——— Through the verdant maze
> The Tulip tree,
> Its golden chalice oft triumphantly displays.
>
> PICKERING.

jut out from amid the tufted canopy in the month of June, and glow in richness and beauty. While the tree is less than a foot in diameter, the stem is extremely smooth, but when older, it becomes deeply furrowed, and is quite picturesque. For the lawn or park, we conceive the Tulip tree eminently adapted; its tall upright stem, and handsome summit, contrasting nobly with the spreading forms of most deciduous trees. It should generally stand alone, or near the border of a mass of trees, where it may fully display itself to the eye, and exhibit all its charms from the root to the very summit; for no tree of the same grandeur and magnitude is so truly beautiful in every portion of its trunk and branches. Where there is a taste for avenues, the Tulip tree ought by all means, to be employed, as it makes a most magnificent overarching canopy of verdure, supported on trunks almost architectural in their symmetry. The leaves also, from their bitterness, are but little liable to the attacks of any insect.

This tree was introduced into England about 1668 ; and is now we are informed, to be found in almost every gentleman's park on the continent of Europe, so highly is it esteemed as an ornamental tree of the first class. We hope that the fine native specimens yet standing here and there, in farm lands along our river banks, may be sacredly preserved from the barbarous infliction of the axe, which formerly despoiled without mercy, so many of the majestic denizens of our native forests.

In the western states, where this tree abounds, it is much used in building and carpentry. The timber is light and yellow, and the tree is commonly called the Yellow Poplar, in those districts, from some fancied resemblance in the wood, though it is much heavier and more durable than that of the poplar.

When exposed to the weather, the wood is liable to warp, but as it is fine grained, light, and easily worked, it is extensively employed for the pannels of coaches, doors, cabinet-work, and wainscoats. The Indians who once inhabited these regions, hollowed out the trunks, and made their canoes of them. There are two sorts of timber known ; viz. the Yellow and the White poplar, or tulip tree. These, however, it is well known are the

same species, but the variation is brought about by the soil, which if dry, gravelly, and elevated, produces the white, and if rich, deep, and rather moist, the yellow timber.

It is rather difficult to transplant the Tulip tree when it has attained much size, unless the roots have undergone preparation, as will hereafter be mentioned; but it is easily propagated from seed, or obtained from the nurseries, and the growth is strong and rapid. p. 197—200.

There are properly but two styles of Landscape Gardening—the natural and the artificial. One seeks to recall the original beauty of the country, by adapting its means to the surrounding scenery; cultivating trees in harmony with the hills or plain of the neighboring land, detecting and bringing into practice those nice relations of size, proportion and color, which, hid from the common observer, are revealed everywhere to the experienced student of nature. The result of the natural style of gardening is seen, rather in the absence of all defects and incongruities, the prevalence of a beautiful harmony and order, than in the creation of any special wonders or miracles. The artificial style has as many varieties as there are different tastes to gratify. It has a certain general relation to the various styles of building: there are the stately avenues, and retirements of Versailles, Italian terraces, and a various mixed old English style, which bears some proportion to the domestic Gothic or English Elizabethan architecture. Whatever may be said against the abuses of the artificial Landscape Gardening, a mixture of pure art in a garden scene, adds to it a great beauty. This is partly pleasing to the eye, by the show of order and design, and partly moral. A terrace with an old moss-covered stone balustrade, calls up at once to the eye the fair forms that have passed there in other days. The slightest exhibition of art is an evidence of care and human interest.

The best proof of the value of Landscape Gardening is, the use it has been turned to by the poets. One of the most remarkable and beautiful pictures of a garden, occurs in Giles Fletcher, and probably grew out of some similar quaint attempts in the gardens of the day. The beautiful invention of the passage is a tribute to the art which cherished such conceits in practice. The art would never have suggested such refinements, if it had not some element of beauty in itself. The Poem unites the highest cultivation of nature with a most graceful acknowledgment of the sur-

passing beauty of woman, and leads the heart captive by a double chain of sympathy. How luxurious is the blending of the charms of the poet's two mistresses, Nature and Woman. How freshly does the stream of conceits and fancies flow in upon the mind, tired with the common-place poetical description of this day.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the ev'ning blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built;
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colors living stand;
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dress'd;
Or how her watchman, armed with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at ev'ry wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine;
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine.
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes, laugh'd at her paramour.

Marvell has written most delicately of gardens. With a few lines from his exquisite poem of the Garden, we leave these tempting themes of the poets, for we might wander every where through their verses, as another garden of the Hesperides, plucking golden fruit at every step.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, the curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Meanwhile, the mind from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here at the fountain's gliding foot,
Or at some fruit tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's rest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then wets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

This is poetical landscape gardening; the art was not always so safe with its practical devotees. One of the ancient foibles was the representation of pieces of sculpture in plants; trimming yews and holly into resemblances of men and women. Humorous allusions to this absurdity are to be found in old plays, and Pope made it a subject of satire in a paper in the Guardian, in which he enumerated the catalogue of a gardener's stock, in a similar style of wit to several of Steele's papers in the Tatler. The passage is a curious one, and may be quoted as an historical picture of one stage of landscape gardening. It is dated in 1713, when the absurd taste was going out of use, though specimens of the kind may still be found in the remote parts of England.

INVENTORY OF A VIRTUOSO GARDENER.—Adam and Eve, in yew; Adam, a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark, in holly; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George, in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

Edward, the Black Prince, in cypress.

A pair of giants, stunted; to be sold cheap.

An old maid of honor, in wormwood.

A topping Ben Jonson, in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets, in bays; somewhat blighted.

A quick set hog, shot up into a porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

This was in the infancy of the art; it afterwards became more ambitious, and attempted wider effects in the cultivation of the picturesque. It gave the name of Capability Brown, to one of its most strenuous practical advocates, and soon, under its new form, became greatly abused: as it always will be by ignorant men of wealth, or conceited connoisseurs, eager for display. It met again with a clever satirist in the author of "Headlong Hall," a comic work, of great power and ingenuity, which deserves to be better known in this country. The author, Mr. Peacock, is at present a distinguished contributor to the Westminster Review. A various party met together in Wales, at Headlong Hall, to pass the Christmas, and ride all manner of hobby-horses. Mr. Milestone was a landscape gardener, with his head full of a projected park, for Lord Littlebrain. We introduce him, riding his hobby, full tilt, about the grounds of Headlong Hall.

Mr. Milestone.—This, you perceive, is the natural state of one part of the grounds. Here is a wood, never yet touched by the finger of taste; thick, intricate, and gloomy. Here is a little stream, dashing from stone to stone, and overshadowed with these untrimmed boughs.

Miss Tenorina.—The sweet romantic spot! How beautifully the birds must sing there on a summer evening!

Miss Graziosa.—Dear sister! how can you endure the horrid thicket?

Mr. Milestone.—You are right, Miss Graziosa: your taste is correct perfectly *en règle*. Now, here is the same place corrected—trimmed—polished—decorated—adorned. Here sweeps a plantation, in that beautiful regular curve: there winds a gravel walk: here are parts of the old wood, left in these majestic circular clumps disposed at equal distances with wonderful symmetry: there are some single shrubs scattered in elegant profusion; here a Portugal laurel, there a juniper; here a lauristinus, there a spruce fir; here a larch, there a lilac; here a rhododendron, there an arbutus. The stream, you see, is become a canal: the

banks are perfectly smooth and green, sloping to the water's edge; and there is Lord Littlebrain, rowing in an elegant boat.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Magical, faith!

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is another part of the grounds in its natural state. Here is a large rock, with the mountain-ash rooted in its fissures, overgrown, as you see, with ivy and moss; and from this part of it bursts a little fountain, that runs bubbling down its rugged sides.

MISS TENORINA.—O how beautiful! How I should love the melody of that miniature cascade!

MR. MILESTONE.—Beautiful, Miss Tenorina! Hideous. Base, common, and popular. Such a thing as you may see anywhere, in wild and mountainous districts. Now, observe the metamorphosis. Here is the same rock, cut into the shape of a giant. In one hand he holds a horn, through which the little fountain is thrown to a prodigious elevation. In the other is a ponderous stone, so exactly balanced as to be apparently ready to fall on the head of any person who may happen to be beneath*: and there is Lord Littlebrain walking under it.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Miraculous, by Mahomet!

MR. MILESTONE.—This is the summit of a hill, covered, as you perceive, with wood, and with those mossy stones scattered at random under the trees.

MISS TENORINA.—What a delightful spot to read in, on a summer's day! The air must be so pure, and the wind must sound so divinely in the tops of those old pines!

MR. MILESTONE.—Bad taste, Miss Tenorina. Bad taste, I assure you. Here is the spot improved. The trees are cut down: the stones are cleared away: this is an octagonal pavilion, exactly on the centre of the summit: and there you see Lord Littlebrain, on the top of the pavilion, enjoying the prospect with a telescope.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Glorious, egad!

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is a rugged mountainous road, leading through impervious shades: the ass and the four goats characterise a wild uncultured scene. Here, as you perceive, it is totally changed into a beautiful gravel-road, gracefully curving through a belt of limes; and there is Lord Littlebrain driving four-in-hand.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—Egregious, by Jupiter!

MR. MILESTONE.—Here is Littlebrain Castle, a Gothic, moss-grown structure, half-blossomed in trees. Near the casement of that turret is an owl peeping from the ivy.

SQUIRE HEADLONG.—And devilish wise he looks.

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* See Knight on Taste.

RESIDENCE OF A. J. DOWNING, ESQ. NEWBURGH, N.Y.

Mr. Milestone.—Here is the new house, without a tree near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn : a white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in this waveless lake : and there you see Lord Littlebrain looking out of the window.

But enough of landscape gardening. Mr. Downing has devoted a highly interesting chapter to the kindred subject of Rural Architecture, which is illustrated by various fine engravings of plans and buildings. This part of the work will not be the least useful. By the courtesy of the author, we are enabled to present the reader with two of the most striking specimens of the Castellated old English style, in the engraving of Mr. Downing's own residence, and a villa in the Italian style—a model of taste and convenience—the residence of Bishop Doane, on the Delaware.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is a name to be treated with respect: for, notwithstanding all his absurdity and pretension, he is undeniably so vigorous and even so profound a thinker, so clear and genial a critic, and, when warmed and in earnest, so powerful a writer on the highest questions, that it argues a defect, both of acuteness and of candor, to deny his very great merits. At the same time, there is so much in this writer to excite a quite contrary feeling, that we hope to be pardoned for indulging in free censure, that may not seem warranted to the idolators of his genius. Carlyle, except in one* instance, has been very unfortunate in his critics, who have either spoken of him in terms of ridiculous adulation, or else have contemptuously abused and derided their intellectual master.

We shall attempt an almost impossible task, that of endeavoring to strike a just balance between them.

Of Carlyle's system of philosophy, (if he has any), and of his religious creed, (something of which, he certainly pos-

* London Quarterly, for September, 1840.

sesses), we shall not undertake to speak; but chiefly regard him in a literary point of view. Our object is, first to speak of the general merits of Carlyle, and afterwards of his separate productions. Carlyle is a man of vigorous talent and no little acuteness, but not a man of genius. He is a better critic than logician, and displays finer fancy than perfectly just sentiment. Affectation has deformed or misguided great natural powers; but he is by no means merely a quaint writer, as most regard him.—Considered as a philosophical critic, Carlyle is entitled to stand very high. Criticism is his forte. His merely speculative enquiries are much less sound, are far inferior every way. His character of poet, as some affect to call him, we leave to those whose imaginations are strong enough to paint him such: our plain understanding can see nothing of the creator in him. We can see fancy, wild and vivid and picturesque; we can sometimes see a certain *harmony* of thought, a fine impulse, very like poetic feeling: but of inventive imagination, of simple feeling, of dramatic conception, nothing. Carlyle never forgets himself, loses his own identity, or melts into another. His character is hard, rigid, solitary.

Of German authors, he has written largely, acutely, and in a most liberal spirit. Himself an excellent German scholar as well as general reader, he has managed to transfuse the German spirit completely into his own soul. In the translation of the romances and in criticism he has succeeded admirably—in his own metaphysical essays, we think failed proportionably. His criticisms on English authors are not so successful. They have less of a genial spirit and yet in two instances, those on Burns and Johnson, they are his best. A Scotchman by birth, a German by culture, he is as an author a strange mongrel union of the two. The races are mixed in him, and to his disadvantage. To the hardness of the Scotch character, its crabbed narrowness and pertinacity, he has added the extravagance of the worst portion of German literature. This, it has been frequently observed, has enfeebled his style. The writer in the Quarterly Review, to which we alluded above, imagines this alteration from his first simple pure style to his present piebald, incongruous manner, to have arisen from the tumult of his ideas. He conceives his mind to be a chaos of opinions, unsettled and wandering. Perhaps the influence of his German studies, and an imitation

of the defects of certain favorite authors, may better account for it. It has been said Carlyle could finish and elaborate when he chose; but we deny this. At first he wrote with care: but, can he go back to his first manner, now? We suspect not. He has got into a bad habit, which we all know is harder to shake off than to assume a good one. To the charge of affectation, his admirers reply that it has now become natural to him, and even was partly natural from the very first. A plain common sense refutation of this sophism is sufficient, and may be given in a question—did ever man write as Carlyle writes, without knowing he was writing execrable English? If so, and his trade is writing, is it not his business to correct so palpable a defect? Suppose an artizan makes a clumsy piece of work, is he free from blame on the score of natural ignorance or want of skill in his business? Suppose, further, he persists in this style of workmanship, are we bound to employ him? are we bound to call it good because he cannot improve, or because he don't choose?

Carlyle makes great pretensions to philosophy: with Rob Roy our author may, in sincerity, unite in declaring, that

> Of old things, all are over old,
> Of good things, none are good enough—

and in effect, makes the same vaunt:

> We'll show that we can help to frame
> A world of other stuff.

Yet what has he discovered? Nothing material. What has he done? He has insisted on—often with force, oftener with tiresome repetition and diffusive zeal—certain great truths, always known to the thinker: such as the beauty and nobleness of sincerity, a virtue of good men and of great reformers: of the progress of society; the natural tendency to perfectability: that the principles of truth and law are the pillars of society, the moving springs of man's moral constitution: that unbelief is the disease of weak minds, of hollow hearts: that the reality of the moral and imaginative parts of man's nature is to be taken as the great fact in philosophy: that their superiority is not to be questioned. These doctrines are most just, most true: but they are no new discoveries—

they are not original with Mr. Carlyle. They have ever been the chosen beacons, the true doctrines, of wise men and faithful teachers. The genuine philosopher has always held them; the candid inquirer always acknowledged them.

As a philosopher, then, we regard Carlyle inferior to himself, greatly when compared with himself as critic. In philosophy, he is a literary impostor: cunning enough to catch at the discoveries of abler heads, and dishonest enough to proclaim them as his own. His artifice shines through his style. We find ourselves recurring to this fruitful theme. Mystic as is Carlyle's later philosophical style, his ideas are very bare and naked. If it were not so, he could write more simply—such fantastical ornaments cover genuine poverty of ideas. Such struggling throes announce a difficult birth. A "without-pain-delivered" thought glides easily into the mind: but Carlyle's ideas batter for entrance. He takes you by storm. Force of style is, with him, almost everything. This force results rather from an accumulation of old thoughts, than from any original force of his own. His strength is derived from association and connection. It is not the exponent of individual powers. These defects of style have been palliated on the ground of rarity or fineness in the thought. The one is, however, a correlative of the other. A tortuous style marks a crooked mind. A simple man writes a clear style. Carlyle's style is, in a word, a chaos—the world before creation. A good writer might be formed out of Carlyle. There is plenty of material—but he is himself very far from a good writer. Like most men of vigorous talent, who pretend to original genius, Carlyle has his peculiar tricks of style, baits for the vulgar, decoys to the indolent and curious. These are a few: he is excessively attached to personification, and that too, of low, common objects. His manner of commencing, as well as of concluding, is harsh, abrupt, startling. He displays entire contempt for particles, of all sorts; especially, of connectives.

Carlyle is utterly destitute of genuine wit: though he sometimes discovers a streak of surly, rough, satirical humor, such as Quin the actor was said to possess. Of light, sparkling wit, of pleasant raillery, which he often affects, he is without a particle. His jests are the most awkward attempts of the kind we can recollect. His wit—to copy an

expression of his own—is a certain small-beer sort of faculty. It is of the most doubtful kind. The critic has written well and judiciously of humor, admires it in Sterne and Richter, and yet has none of it.

The works of Carlyle are the best exponents of his genius. They make a good list, combining importance of subject with variety. History, philosophy, criticism, politics, translation. In running over them, we shall follow the order of publication. The Life of Schiller, written with a rare judgment and enthusiasm, in his purest style, is a classic. It is the standard life of the great German dramatist. In this work, Carlyle is a critic, and he is always most able as such. The translations of German romance cannot be too much praised for fidelity and spirit. In another part of the present journal, a fuller notice may be found of this. Sartor Resartus is unquestionably the great work of Carlyle. It is the philosophical picture of the inner life of a real man *in the world.* His hero is no figment of the brain, but a true man: no fantastic oddity of invention, but a human creature, the child of reality. It is the portrait of the genuine scholar and his "many-colored" life. Of the scholar, too, an active man, not a mere dreamer. The coloring of the picture is vivid, yet accurate. Many shrewd remarks occur: often passages of solemn eloquence. The best things are said on the commonest topics,—the common that we are too apt to neglect; concealing from ourselves, under that name, the greatest rarities, the most precious treasures. "The common sun, the light, the skies," are they not, to every true man, "opening paradise?" The sacred writings are, in one sense, the commonest books in the world, yet are they very far from being "common" in St. Peter's meaning. All that is "common" is not "unclean." Very far from it. Life and death, time and space, a blade of grass and a star, man and woman, are exceedingly common-place things, to an eye wanting the soul to animate its perceptions. In their essence they are the miracles of God, and his agent, nature. In truth, they are more wonderful than the greatest curiosities of the world, as a singular perversion of language styles puerile wonders. Miracles surround us on all sides; and the greatest of all miracles is, the soul of man.

The author accompanies his scholar through every stage of life, and teaches him every phase of passion. He learns experimentally to unravel the mysteries of philosophy, and

to bear with fortitude, the rude shocks of fortune. He is tried by every chance of life. Love, poverty, study, meditation, are his tutors. He is not worsted in the contest with adversity; he is no sycophant of prosperity. He is the master of the circumstances by which he is encompassed.

The strong, keen, practical satire in this work, is almost as admirable as the higher efforts of enthusiastic eloquence. The pedantry of scholars and *dilettanti;* the pedantry of mere outside in every thing; the passing off superficies for bulk and depth, is handled with a caustic pen. He strips off the covering from imposture and pretension. Carlyle shows the "forms of things" to be *not* "greater than themselves." Forms, he describes as the mere clothes of reality: the clothes, the formulas of government, manners even, in his view of religion, pass away, while the essential principles of order remain indestructible.*

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* There is a curious passage in the Tale of a Tub, which may have been the original of this book.

"The worshippers of this Deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn on the following fundamentals; they held the universe to be a large *suit of clothes*, which *invests* every thing: that the earth is invested by the air: the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call sand, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature hath been to trim up the vegetable beaux: observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contributing in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches.

These postulata being admitted it will follow in due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher that they are rational creatures or men. For, is it not manifest that they live and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit and mien and breeding their inseparable properties? In short we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they, who walk the streets, fill up parliament, coffee, play, bawdy-houses? It is true indeed that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a lord mayor. If certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

Thus, with most men, religion, justice, learning, are only to be found in churches, courts of law, and colleges. The true philosopher looks for them in the mind and heart of man.

We feel warranted in calling this Carlyle's best book. It must have been, we are sure, the most thoroughly and congenially meditated and composed, of all his writings. There is more closeness of thought in it, by far, than in any of his works before or since; more of observation, less of affectation, less of perverse ingenuity. Still, though his best work, it is the first that exhibits the extravagances of his later style. Here was his culminating point; his succeeding works are inferior in every respect, and most of all, in style.

The essays, collected afterwards, comprise his critical papers: of the best of which, we have spoken; the remainder, are not much to our taste. The speculative papers are wire-drawn; and the narratives, as that of the Diamond Necklace, absolutely intolerable.

The so-called History of the French Revolution, is no history; but a gallery of portraits, and scenes of civil war; a strange medley of incongruous particulars; a raree show. We have compared it to a magic lantern, exhibited in a ruinous barn; the incidents gleaming out fitfully at times with a wild splendor; but shadowed by a dull, squalid, colorless background. It is no history, inasmuch as it does not *relate.* It *describes* and *speculates.* It is dramatic. But true history is epic. It infers, as no genuine history should, previous knowledge of the actors and incidents. It is, in a word, a mere melo-dramatic piece. It might have

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Others of these professors, although agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul:—that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by scripture, because, *in them we live, and move and have our being.* As likewise by philosophy, because they are *all in all, and all in every part.* Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless, unsavory carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion, were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue; as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee; a huge long periwig was honor; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery; all which required abundance of finesse and delicatesse to manage with advantage as well as a strict observance after times and fashions."

been written by a clever mad-man. The most spirited of the classic historians are tame, to this rant and bombast. Nevertheless, there is strength in it; but is it not a spasmodic, nervous, occasional vigor? We make bold to think so. Carlyle cannot write narrative, *now*. His jerking sentences, like a careering horse, throw the historian out of his saddle. He cannot keep his seat. It is like nothing so much, as the Sybiline leaves. His descriptive powers are far superior. His fancy is wild and picturesque; he can paint with striking, but not with mild and gentle colors.

Of Chartism, we think with the Quarterly Review, that it hardly meets the case. And yet it is, undeniably, a powerful pamphlet.

The volume of Lectures, lately published, on Hero Worship, is the last publication of Mr. Carlyle's. The germ of his doctrine is to be found scattered up and down his writings. It is alluded to in the notes published in this magazine last month. A striking resemblance, implying poverty of mind, is seen in his frequent use of the ideas reported there, in these last lectures. Dr. Johnson once said, when much annoyed, that he hoped never to hear of Hannibal and the Battle of Cannæ again, as long as he lived. Our author's readers may say as much of his pet heroes Burns, this very Dr. Johnson and Mirabeau.

The leading idea of the lectures is an old truth of great value. It is that there is instinct in the human mind, a natural veneration for the good, the great and the beautiful. In man above all in earth, and in Deity above man far, we find the object of our worship, our reverence. The sentiment presupposes a high standard of thought and action, a knowledge of our relation to others in the laws of the universe; it tends to elevation of thought, it encourages a nobleness of sympathy.

The illustrations of his theory are abundant, and well selected. Carlyle's favorite characters, are rough, hardy, Saxon men—somewhat in his own vein—as Knox, Luther, and the rest; and daring revolutionists, (still preserving the parallel,) Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Force of character and sincerity, are his requisites for a hero. Carlyle paints with a bold hand—firm and free—uses strong colors, without much grace or art. He is utterly devoid of elegance or taste. Still, he has a certain picturesqueness,

that is very striking. Among painters, our critic would rank with Hans Holbein, the court painter of Henry VIII., and the friend of Erasmus. He is no Vandyke, no Sir Joshua Reynolds, no Sir Thomas Lawrence. He paints *men—heroes*. Among artists of the last age, he exhibits some resemblance to the fantastic and extravagant, but powerful Fuseli. Like him, he succeeds in strong characters and tumultuous scenes.

J.

OPENING OF THE BUDGET.

IT WERE an unseemly introduction to the reader to set before him the following course of æsthetical dainties, without a preliminary word of biography, as a grace to the banquet. The new contributor to Arcturus, Hezekiah Hand, is a man of remarkable peculiarities: sufficient to distinguish him in this age of literary eccentricities. Wild, erratic, flighty, yet solid, knowing, and brimful of talent, Hezekiah is a puzzle and a phenomenon.

He hath a lust for strange things. He swears by false gods. He reads in curious volumes. He thinks outlandish and heathen thoughts. Hezekiah was meant for a Greek philosopher, though, by some mistake or other, he was born in New-York, in the beginning of the nineteenth century. His thoughts are still with Plato, and his affections run back to Lucretius and the Stagyrite. He is pregnant in vagaries. Should he, in this his middle age, take to the study of astronomy, it will be chiefly in the cometary system, for in the twinkling movements and far flashing tails of these celestial vagabonds, he sees a glory beyond the fixed stars. We have said Hezekiah Hand should have been a Greek. We should have more properly said he is a compound, framed out of three ages—the Grecian, the chivalric, and the modern. With the contemplative habits of Plato, he feels yet an itching in his palms to become a Texian knight-errant, and maul Mexican sconces at San Jacinto; and furthermore, in physiognomy and and whisker—the modern part of him—is regarded as a respectable duplicate of Mr. George Cruikshank, the celebrated caricaturist.

By a mysterious change of venue, he dates at present from

New-Orleans, a city, the wonders of which, he dwells upon with a curious speculative amplification.—EDS. ARCTURUS.]

New Orleans, 5th May, 1841.

I have received a small modicum of light, two *numbers*, two corruscations rather,

> Just like a star emerging
> From out a cloudy sky.

When Arcturus opened upon my sight, I need not tell you that the reading was like seeing a dearly prized friend after an absence, and listening to his converse stealing on the ear like the melody of summer brooks. I read the numbers over and over again, "*hic Ilium fuit, hic Dorica castra,*" thus M. would laugh—thus would he give a shrew gird—thus good-humoredly expose the follies of the great man Society; thus J. discourse on free will—foreknowledge absolute—or of the sense of the supreme and all pervading beauty; thus would he bring forward schemes of benevolence, and theories whereby men should live happier in this world. And then my good friend would be revelling thus, among the flowers of the old English garden, gathering the choice things of elder bards.

I am rejoiced to see how most valiantly you persist in applying laughter to the labored frivolities, and solemn mockeries of thrice-methodized dullness, as the test of their vain dreams, and piles of painted cards; and how at one good shake of the diaphragm, joined with convulsive motions of the risible muscles of the face, the showy fabric totters, and like the topless towers of Ilium, the ruins lie, bestrewing the nursery of the world's great mind, the undistinguished plain, where all things ludicrous, aimless, grotesque and impracticable, contend for mastery, in mental chaos. I am delighted to see that the vain, and as I am convinced, irreligious notions, of the Industrialists, with their pedantry and nauseous distinctions, are treated with that scornful instinct that teaches us to punish vanity so amplified, coming in wisdom's garb; mischief in aspect of the angel humanity, and clothed with the robes of sympathy. Scoff these things back to the abode of darkness, shadows and chimeras; let them not invade the private fireside, where the social virtues grow, the love of father, and the honor of mother, and all parental kindness: so that with the Bible for literature, the love of God for comfort, and these virtues of the hearth and

household cherished, the poorest roof among men is like God's great Heaven.

Oh, poverty is bad as it seems, but heartlessness is worse; and when from lowest descents, and fate the most untoward, celestial virtues are continually rising, like birds of rare plumage from the lower ground, resting there during the night of this world, till the dawn break, and then, with dove's wings and shining neck and the voice of the lark, mounting with the morning,—how can the bird despise the ground that gave shelter and food, and long night's lodging, and a pleasant dream of the morrow.

Let me take you out in the evening: the moon is shining bright, we go through an avenue of French houses with jutting tiled eaves, and balconies, and shops dressed in millinery and wares of female clothing; at last we get into the heart of the French quarter. Let us enter this shop: here are long tables, and men sitting like school-boys around; is it a night school? Let us watch. Each man has before him what seems a horn book, or card, filled with some alphabetic device of great profundity; he seems engaged in deep meditation; the schoolmaster is above, at a desk, and whirls about an instrument of mahogany, like a huge powder-flask; this powder-flask is filled, however, with balls, and each ball has a number, which *messieur le maître d' école*, drawls out in two languages, and as the nasal drone strikes on the ear of the students, they bustle about the card; at last, three or four of the scholars thump on the table or desk, and cry "*loto*," in a foreign accent, and go up with their problem solved, to the master, who rewards them for their dilligence and merit, with a token of a pecuniary nature, which these disinterested students of truth and chance condescend to accept—sixpence entrance to take a lesson in *loto*. The game goes on, and will, till men are taught better ways of employing the energies of that priceless soul and goodly mind, so godlike in apprehension, and so angelic in faculty. Let us pass on: in a more hidden recess, is a crowd about a baize-covered table, there are bone dollars piled before each, and dice are thrown to regulate the course of exchanges between two imaginary points of trade, two countries on the green baize, separated by a tape line. How earnestly the current and course of trade is watched; now the bal-

ance preponderates one way, now another, and the eyes and hearts of all are intent on the three unconscious arbiters of polished and dotted bone—poor financiers. These are the vain and delusive amusements of the world; you, sitting on the literary hill of the world, on the green flourishing top, can smile calmly at these poor turmoils, these careful pleasures, these shipwrecking amusements. The true ends of life are peaceful and serene.

I HAVE introduced you upon the levee of this great caravan town, for it seems to resemble, not such places as London, Liverpool, Hamburg, or New-York so much as, some of those eastern cities, where for a time, men come from all parts to attend a great mart or fair, and then leave it comparatively deserted.

The levee is the bank of the Mississippi:—in some parts four hundred feet in width, it forms a complete semi-circle of three miles in length before the city. The two extreme portions, say of a mile in length, are occupied by shipping, moored lengthwise along the bank, and three or four tiers in depth; between these two portions, at the middle of the arch, the steamboats come in; they look like a Noah's ark, with two tall chimneys, and are lying bow to the bank across stream. One we shall suppose is just coming in: she is covered with cotton piled over every projecting part, till she seems like a moving mass of bales, and the guards are sunk to the water's edge; like a huge beast the engine pants as the boat forces her way between two others, to fill a vacancy just made by one leaving the solid tier lying at the bank: in a few minutes a way is puffed through, and the negroes and hands roll the cotton on the levee, where it waits a customer. Shall we go on board one of the finest of these boats: step on the plank and walk on the bow—be careful, for there is only a raised curb of wood on this boiler deck, about nine inches high; there are the boilers before you, seven or eight cylinders of iron, four feet in diameter, and thirty long, fixed side by side in a furnace, and surmounted by two chimneys; there is the greatest uniformity in these steamboats—to the smallest particular they seem devised by one mind. On the side of the boilers are stairs to ascend to the upper deck, where the cabin and accommodations of the passengers are; and as the lower deck has merely the engines and

crank turning the machinery, we will go up stairs, enter at a little door just in front of the stairs; there, looking down, is the great dining-room, and settees strewed with gentlemen in divers easy and unstudied attitudes. These gentlemen are apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some abstract point, or in the investigation of certain feelings induced by the application of the expressed juice of the tobacco plant to their mouths and throats. The berths, or staterooms, open into this dining-room, and are arranged on each side of it. Far in the stern you see flitting about, three or four gentle hoosiers, or buckeye fair ones. Immediately over the boilers, is the social hall: where are the bar and barber's shop, and the paradise of the men. On deck, immediately in front, a crowd of men, sitting in all diversified attitudes, are smoking cigars, and looking earnestly at the Planter's Hotel on the other side of the levee, or at the grocery store, and the euphonious name of Mr. Rotchbug, the proprietor thereof. The bell rings: and since I cannot pay my passage up river, we must on shore. Let us walk down the levee: I would I had you for one or two days, if no longer, to talk and ramble over the town. But what have we here: a public square, fronting on the river; in the centre is a fountain, that plays on Sunday only; and on the otherside, away from the river, are three remarkable buildings: the central one is the old French cathedral; it is brick built and plastered, but the plaster is dingy and falling off, from the humid atmosphere: the towers are three, two like St. Thomas', at the side, and a third in the centre; the side is plain, as all stuccoed buildings are: the central tower is eighty or one hundred feet high; the side ones about fifty or sixty feet high, and they are all surmounted with a pear shaped dome. The whole reminds one of some faded engraving of some Parisian church we have seen a longtime back, and of our day-dreams of European travel. The buildings on each side are nearly alike, although one is freshly stuccoed and painted, the other dingy and smoked; both buildings are two stories, and with broad arches, forming a vaulted portico below and above—broad windows with semi-circular arches; one of the buildings contains the courts of law, and the other is the old Calaboose, so famous in the annals of this town. Suppose we go down Conde Street, and turn off at the Rue Ursulines: what is this building that looks like a manufactory of cotton, with a

small lanthorn, where a bell hangs, like that which summons operatives to the daily unceasing toil? The building is tiled with red tiles; and see, a large cross is over the doorway, and some French women and half blacks are entering to prayers; it is the convent of the Ursuline Nuns, where they have retired from the world, within sound of the busy hum of the levee, the clamor of commerce, the ceaseless bustle of hurrying to and fro, and the sound of feet hastening to be rich. A magic circle those walls make—a veil impenetrable—separated as effectually from the vain world that noises without their dwelling, as if the grave and the peaceful sod were between: as far removed from its care and turmoil as the sleepers in Trinity church are from the trampling and shinning of renowned Wall Street.

The old city is about one mile long, and one half deep from the river; it is surrounded by boulevards: streets with a strip of green, bordered with trees in the centre; Canal Street on the south; Esplanade on the north; Rampart on theside, away from the river. Back of the last named Street, are the Catholic cemeteries; where in raised tumuli, rest the victims of the pestilence, of the assasin, of the duel—of all the various forms of death. In French and Spanish, English and Latin, their virtues and the sorrows of their friends are read; built of brick the best are; and stuccoed like a Doric temple—like an old Cyclopian monument. They sleep. Amidst the tombs are growing the willow, the oleander and flowers, that pious hands have planted. One family tomb has round it many flower-pots, and a beautiful parterre; it looks like a tiny babyhouse, and a miniature garden. And there they repose; the All-Encompassing holding their souls in his bosom—the grave, the bodies—till the word is spoken that wakes the dead, let them rest in peace. Their virtues will live after them in other hearts, and preach to the end of time. What a lesson! here are hopes dying and sinking in the ground, till, transplanted, they shall bloom forever—faith and confidence disappointed and turned to dust, yet not utterly dead; and all the good works, though unwritten, still immortally giving perfume, and diffusing peace in whose memories they live; and in one mind, they are remembered always.

ON that jolly time of Shrovetide, sacred to the destruction of chitterlings, sausages and rounds of beef, before pale fish

and egg eating Lent makes March seem too long—I say on this solemn anniversary of wheaten slap-jacks and delicately compounded fritters, there is celebrated a solemn and impressive pomp, a type of this world's pleasure and show. Sure it must have been some lofty old musing Friar John that lit upon and invented a scene, where future moralists might write their theories, and act them too by device, quaint and allegorical, yet instructive as a world's history. On All Fools' day, then, at New Orleans, in the afternoon, there was hurrying and scurrying on sorry nags and hired hacks; there was mad driving, and racing, of the fantastic rags of this world-show, to see all sort of folly, rampant, less foolish than that which men often call wisdom, and containing the same repeated moral, Vanity. The assembled crowd of motley met at the French Theatre. You could not suppose that the meeting was distinguished for any profound deliberation: they probably agreed upon a route for their march or race, and concluded with a universal ha! ha! the gibing of the monkey laughter, that shows his weakness and misery at once—(the monkey is the most miserable of animals). Then came a rush, as when madness drives, and boys let out of school are running. First, there was a wagon full of men and women, of the lower order and baser sort, covered with piebald and fluttering tags of riband, and many colors; and one worthy zany was amusing himself and disgusting all, by eating maccaroni out of a filthy vessel; and they whooped and screamed and danced mad antics, and drove on. And then came a carriage, closed and driven fast, and two shrinking masks—a couple of wild French girls, half ashamed of mingling in this rabble rout, pass on. Ah! here, on horseback, comes the representative of rogues, French Robert Macaire, a fop, a philosopher, a thief and an incorrigible rogue, even a murderer—Robert Macaire, the type of the old Revolution, full of rags, full of drunken maimed philosophy, of devilish fiend-like murder and sensuality, and loving to make a show of rags and flutter and sentiment. Spur on, Robert. Who comes? A troop of Bedouins, or Turcomans, or eastern Mahomedan wanderers, with jingling bells on finger and toe, as the old dame was adorned, who rode the white horse, too much like one of Tome de Bowerè's eastern dramas, not enough of the natural blackguardism of the first in the race. Pass on, merry circus riders, for such ye are—your mournful business is nightly to

divert the joyous child, from merriment of nature and happiness to the fierce desire of pleasure, that foe to content, that enemy of patience—desire of pleasure, busiest of all tormentors. Here another wagon-load of tawdry bits of colored cloth, and cast dresses of the hero Punch, and in the midst the hero of the barn-yard, most worthy Chanticleer, or, if he bearest rather the name of Chapman, this feathered mortal clapped and crowed away; and one could not help wishing he had lived and died on a dung-hill, for all the good he ever would do. Crow on, Chapman. Then, there was a noisy set of old theatrical-bespangled stuff, on horseback. A melancholy bear passed in one vehicle; he had not life enough to suck his paws. All sorts of masks and distorted noses—all curious modes of garmenting—all cuts and fashions of beard, whisker and moustache, in the highest excess—swords of lathe of all shapes, from the trowel-shaped to the spit-shaped. In succession a hat like a Gothic steeple, ten feet high and all grades down—and here likewise, an ass's head and ears. Hail, worthy Midas! less rich, though, than thy classical prototype: still Dame Fortune may take you into favor,—if not, browze thistles. Finally, the show concludes with masquerades all over town, and in the morning at matins, sins are to be repented of and promises made of amendment. Ah! man's life is hurried, fantastic and aimless as the show; weak is our repentance, and our promises like foam of the sea, that the billows make and swallow up again.

THIS place is a very great place for races, and we have had some *fast* running; yet this was to be expected, as now is the season of Lent, (I borrowed the last conceit). Racy descriptions have been given of these sports. One horse named Bladen, as you may suppose, *cut* out all antagonists. Medoc and Chateau Margeaux were not *drawn*, as you would think, at the *tap* of the drum: I believe they have won *cups* however. The best race, however, (it would not do now, season of Lent), is to dinner, if you can get a *plate*. Some wicked fellow says he only goes to see candles *run*, for then there is always a good heat. But to give up the races, and turn to the course of better studies. The pursuit of Botany is now getting pleasant not merely of the *running* plants; the creeping and climbing ones would afford you

doubtless a fine exercise. By the way, of late in March the wind-flower or anemone was in full blow. Be very careful how you go in the gardens, you may receive a blow upon your head. The trees now are all shooting, and you must avoid those plants that bear *pistils*: what make these peculiarly dangerous is the pollen, which is described as a sort of *powder*. Plants of this dangerous *stock* should be avoided, and you should charge every one to take care. Another remark is, that they shoot with the opening of the spring, and hence in gardens is the greatest danger, for there springs are generally placed. The Rocket is a very dangerous plant, one would think. The running plants of course you will know, by their long limbs. One word as it regards the preservation of plants: *pot* them; that is the way lobsters are preserved. Yet I suppose that if you require the leaves to keep their places in any stage of growth, it is as well to book them. How do you succeed at the noble game of whist? Your knowledge of plants will aid you there —those of the *trumpet* class especially—besides, you know a good hand always has a *palm* in it. One card is the most unpleasant in the whole set—I mean the ace of hearts, whose name is *punto*, when this is played omit a tendency to pun to anything—though I suppose Mr. Cor. M—— will have something to say, and will deal some shrewd cut. When you play from memory, for example, if you have not a single heart and you win a trick, and one asks, did did you play your heart? you say, "no, but I played *by* it." When the lights are set down, I wonder if to play hearts is following suit. We must give up these puny attempts at wit. Eschew the whole of such nonsense. To gain a wink and laugh, do not Hood-wink the sense of the terms you make use of. To follow blindly in this course is to be *Hood*-ed by error, and Hooked in Swift destruction.

My dearth of books and reading, save old crabbed law, common and the digests, and Pothier is quite remarkable, so that Arcturus is a bright spot in mental travelling. I have been myself for three weeks or so, scribbling an article or two in the course of two or three days, for an ephemeral newspaper here — political and abusive, and not of the happiest in style, manner or expression. I itch to have a trial at the pen for you, and I hope that I may be

gratified at seeing myself in print in your columns: you see that I am ambitious. How I wish I could see and converse with you. The heat revives old associations, and like one in a dry and thirsty land, I think of water springs; I wander over with you to Hoboken, and ramble on the summer afternoon, amid the shades of the solemn wood, and winding walks of shade and cool breezes, and watch the great cool river running, and the city with its fair outside, covering, alas, so much suffering, and sickness, and sorrow, and death,—yet smiling pleasantly the solemn back-ground of the picture.

How do our worthy and thrice illustrious friends succeed in their career of courtiers of Queen Whim's? with playing at primero, and draught, and whist, and all the diversions of true Pantagruelians, in their journey to ultimate Truth. Is the green battle-field still spread? and do Charles, and Cæsar, and David, and Alexander, meet on the mimic plain? Has Mr. ——— learned to distinguish Hector of Troy from Ogier the Dane? has he mastered the mystery of Spadille? the worth of Basto? does he revoke, and laugh at detection? and lead the thirteenth trump, and deride his partner's calculation? These questions are of the utmost importance to my comfort, and my natural curiosity is perfectly impatient to acquire the information.

How are your studies of the Classics advancing? Are you skimming the page of lofty Old Antiquity, and learning the thoughts of twenty centuries back, and finding that we have types within us of such an old world? that as they reasoned we reason, as they burned in rapture so do we follow in feeling, and that each age is immortal in those which succeed?

I do devoutly wish that I could get away from this profane and immoral community; or they will frighten me into an austerity of manner and thinking that will be truly edifying. My views have essentially changed, viewing the character of this place; and really I should almost be tempted to deny myself many amusements that seem harmless, seeing what bad use is here made of all things that delight the eye, or tickle the imagination, or interest the mind. Let there be innocent recreation; but let alone the foolish jesting, which is unseemly. Let there be amusement for the wearied man; let him see the company of cards, if you please, poured out in confusion: but keep away the desire

that hastes after forbidden gain. Oh, let me live contented on some little farm, from whence the smoke of the hearth of the great city may be seen ascending; where in summer the cool breezes shall fan me, and in winter the closed shutters, and a cheerful fire, and a choice book, may expel care. Let me not ask for wealth, neither let poverty knock too harshly at my door: and then, when I have learned that content, and patience, and humility, and well doing, as far as I can with God's good favor and aid, can make one happy; and shall have thought over His infinite kindness, in giving faculties to view the compact universe-embracing mind, and see the moral aims of this life converging to one whole of happiness: then, life will be accomplished; and like ripe fruit having bloomed and ripened, let the quiet and soft slumber of sleep fall upon the lid.

How delightful is that episode in Don Quixote, when, after his toils to redress wrong, the beaten and labor-and-fight-wearied chevalier proposed to his trusty squire to turn shepherd: to call himself Corydon, and his warlike fancied love Phillis, and retire to the solitude of hill and babbling brook, there to tend sheep. But that hour is not yet: the bustle and the action, the season of sowing the seed, the good seed of honest thoughts prolonged till tangible and visible, is now. All must now show indomitable breasts in opposing evil—the evil within, and the temptation and raging weapons without—courage like that of the old Bersekir must be shown: and on the naked and unprotected breast, full of faith, and hope, and resolution, the fiery darts of opposition, and the shapes of ideal enemies vanish like a quenched flame or a wind-driven-mist in the morning.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ACADEMY.

WE congratulate the Artists of New-York, and the Academy of Design, on their possession, for the first time, of a commodious and well-appointed Gallery, adapted for the display of their works. On surmounting the skyey height of the New-York Society Library building, the visitor is rewarded, by finding himself in a series of well-proportioned and classically ornamented saloons, provided with all the inducements necessary to the en-

joyment of a well-spent hour in the realms of art, that the skill of the Architect and Upholsterer can devise. There is nothing to chill and deaden the fancy, like the bare make-shift look of the late Gallery, at Clinton Hall—but, on the contrary, all the appliances meet for a leisurely, luxurious appreciation of the paintings, abound. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. Pictures (like the men they represent) derive consideration from external objects; and their effect on the spectator is commonly influenced by many causes independent of their intrinsic merit. We have heard want of space objected to, as a defect in this Gallery, —but it will be time enough to complain of the smallness of the casket, when the real gems grow too numerous for their setting. We would rather hope that the necessity it imposes for selection, may, by narrowing the field of competition, tend to concentrate the efforts of our Artists on the production of a few fine pictures, instead of a crowd of indifferent ones.

The general appearance of the collection is decidedly gratifying. Most of the old time-honored names are to be found in the catalogue—many of them attached to works that well sustain the reputation founded in other days. That most pleasing part of the critic's duty, the recognition of youthful and aspiring talent, has also full scope for exercise. We proceed to note the impressions made by some of the leading pictures, on our first visit.

The work to which the eye is first attracted—the Picture of the Year—is undoubtedly Mercy's Dream, by *D. A. Huntingdon* (No. 27). The subject is not one that would have charms for an ordinary Artist, working in the ordinary trading spirit:—it is no well-known scene or story floating on the popular breath, and already embodied in the ideas of beholders. In seeking inspiration at the Dream of our peasant Dante, John Bunyan, (so homely, yet so refined—familiar as our past youth—awful as our coming age —life-like mirror of life, imaging every surge of its tide), what the painter will *find*, is determined by the measure of what he *brings*. The pure-hearted simplicity of Stothard, and the stern grandeur of Martin, have found fit employment, in tracing the flowery paths of the Valley of Humiliation, or peopling with a strange creation the palpable darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Remembering these, we rejoice to say that the Artist has not miscalculated his strength. We have rarely seen a picture so full of promise. The figure of Mercy, both in conception and execution, is worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Huntingdon has also been fortunate in the subject and execution of a sweet female Portrait, (No. 179), the expression of which is truly graceful and intellectual.

We are pleased to see, from the pencil of *Mr. Inman*, so many

samples of his skill. To praise his groups of children and female heads is needless. Though he has this year no single picture so fine as the portrait of Mr. Biddle in the last exhibition, and others that we have in remembrance, there is enough to assert his old supremacy in the walks of American art. We were not, however, prepared for the versatility of talent shown in the view in Sullivan county, (No. 28), a fresh and verdant little landscape, and the News Boy, (No. 150). Every New Yorker must appreciate the clear perception of character and masterly execution of this picture. We hope it may be the first of a Popular Portrait Gallery, for which the ever-varying aspect of our crowded thoroughfares would supply an inexhaustible fund of subjects.

Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, (No. 22), is a carefully painted Cabinet picture, by *R. W. Weir.* It is composed with the usual correctness of this artist, and shows a degree of attention to detail that may be studied with advantage by many who mistake negligence and indistinctness for breadth of effect. The gradations of expression of the Council, from the first glimmerings of perception to the full acquiescence in the reasonings of the Orator, are skilfully delineated—though we think the picture would have been improved by a change in the attitude of Columbus, (whose side face alone is seen), and a more subdued treatment of the background. No. 147, a view of Fort Putnam, by the same, is a very pleasing landscape: the foreground, in particular, is beautifully painted. Nos. 285 and 306, are two bold and artist-like studies of a female figure, also by Mr. Weir.

In several of his smaller sketches, *Mr. Cole* displays his accustomed mastery over "flood and fell." His largest picture, however, (No. 189), a view of the Falls of Nunda, though containing much that is fine, does not, as a whole, impress us as equal to many of his former productions.

Cider-making (No. 53) is a picture that no one but *Mount* could have painted. The genial spirit of the scene seems to have inspired the artist. Every figure is a complete study, from his inimitable correctness in the delineation of individual character. A neighboring picture in the same walk of art, The Fourth of July, by *J. G. Clonney*, (No. 46), is worthy of attention.

Directly under Mount's—a most critical position for any artist—is a picture by *Mr. Hagan*, delineating one of the humorous phases of political life, and therefore worthy of attention: representing a patriotic gentleman haranguing an assembly on topics, doubtless, of vital interest—judging from the energy of the speaker's manner, and the fire that gleams from his eyes. He has the usual miscellany of boys, cartmen, laborers, wire-pullers, &c., for an audience, and each assumes an attitude expressive of his interest in his subject. The conception is a good one; and taken

with a similar sketch at a former exhibition, from the same hand, gives us a hope that this artist might prove successful in humorous illustrations and designs, drawn from city life. Stiffness of figure and hardness of coloring, are the chief obstacles in the way of Mr. Hagan's success.

The portrait of our Arab guest, Achmet-ben-Aman, (No. 48), forms a rich and gorgeous picture, heightened by the picturesque oriental costume, highly creditable to the skill of *Mr. Mooney.*

No. 1, The Happy Valley of Rasselas, by *Talbot*, is a fine verdant landscape, with a bold rocky barrier in the distance: painted in many parts with great skill, though the scene is hardly idealized in a sufficient degree to answer the description of the author.

A portrait of W. C. Bryant, by *C. Verbryck*, deserves and will receive especial notice, both from its merits as a work of art, and a faithful likeness. No. 11, by the same, is more remarkable for boldness of conception than success in execution.

We must not omit to notice a masterly portrait of a Lady, by *Page*, (No. 21), painted in a massive vigorous style. When mellowed by time, this picture will have an effect worthy the school of Rembrandt.

There are several miniatures—suitably hung in one of the smaller rooms—by George A. Baker, Jr., denoting a genius in the young artist which deserves encouragement.

No. 135, is apparently executed in imitation of the severe antique, or spiritual school of art, lately revived on the continent. We cannot say much for the success of the attempt.

Mr. Ingham contributes three female portraits, in his usual style. Whenever ivory and enamel come to be used in the composition of human beings, instead of flesh and blood, his pictures will be faithful representatives of nature, and not till then. The admiration excited by the perverse ingenuity of this gentleman, is to be regarded as a pregnant symptom of the imperfection of the current ideas of the true nature and end of the art.

The pictures of *Mr. Gray* are remarkable for a quiet unobtrusive tone of color, that may sometimes cause them to be overlooked amidst the glittering throng that surrounds them. When once noticed, they will be recurred to with pleasure. There is evidence of mind visible in them all, and the results of a careful study of the best models.

A picture from *Washington Allston*, (No. 219), is painted in a style of great breadth and simplicity, and has all the air of an early Italian picture.

We are pleased to learn, by the address to the public prefixed to the catalogue, that the Academy is in a highly prosperous condition. With all the advantages of improved situation and increased patronage from the public, we anticipate the most favorable results for American Art.

MR. FORREST.

Mr. Forrest, (neither a Garrick nor a Kean,) is certainly a vigorous and excellent performer. His forte is, perhaps, powerful declamation, with variations of manner and delivery, rather than strict personation and the development of character through all the struggles of action and suffering. His art is rather that of the potter than the statuary. He takes great masses of passion, moulds them in his hands, and hurls them abroad with his muscular arms in the midst of the audience, instead of quarrying the character from the author's page, and causing it to rise upon them, harmoniously developed, stroke by stroke. There is, therefore, a want of discrimination in his performances; too many of them relying on a burly look and a huge outbreak and tempest of enunciation; parts where his great physical gifts are required or allowed to predominate. In these, he is, unquestionably, successful, and sometimes takes the house by the emphatic utterance of a single word, like the "Fail!" of his Richelieu. While in the stormy tracts of his part, Mr. Forrest is triumphant, he forgets how vast an influence the tragedian acquires over his audience by slow, stealthy approaches, the gradual growth and accumulation of passion, and the final overwhelming spring, in which, tiger-like, he fixes his thrilling fangs in the heart, and pierces nicely to the very soul of emotion and sympathy. Mr. Forrest is occasionally beset by the melo-dramatic devil that possessed him in his earlier efforts; and seems, at times, ambitious to secure the groundlings by a sudden entrance, impressive invocations to heaven, certain menacing falls of the brow, and numerous seizures of a sort of histrionic asthma or shortness of breath.

He indulges, besides, in too many tremulous motions of the arm, monitory waggings of the finger, and sturdy knockings at the breast. Added to these, he frequently, if not always, overdresses; and so lards his person as to make its proportions unnaturally stalwart and swollen, more particularly his legs, with which, stuffed out to a portly corpulence, he, if we may so speak, ballustrades the stage, and makes the boards to shake with the weight and vigor of his tread.

In justice, we should say, that we think Mr. Forrest often sees the truth of character without being able to attain it, but labors constantly toward it, with a person not always accordant to the part, and a voice that can scarely cheat us of the belief that it has been heard and known before. With Mr. Forrest time has done, and will do—for she has an obedient and earnest pupil—much; with all his defects and short-comings, we are not ashamed that

he is our countryman; nor would we repine greatly if many more of a like temper, manliness and industry, were our contemporaries, and subject to our criticism.

Whatever protest may be entered against the defects and peculiarities of Mr. Forrest's style, it cannot be denied that, in his recent engagement at the Park Theatre, twice or thrice renewed, he has proved a loadstone to the management, and made the Zahara of pit and boxes to bloom and freshen again with cheerful and familiar faces.

THE LOITERER.

A Classical Dictionary: containing an account of the principal proper names mentioned in ancient authors, and intended to elucidate all the important points connected with the Geography, History, Biography, Mythology and Fine Arts of the Greeks and Romans. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841. Royal 8vo. pp. 1424.

THIS book is truly a specimen of laborious scholarship. We do not undertake to say with the daily journalists, that it is a Monument, or even a considerable erection of genius. There is, doubtless, a huge mass of material; though not at all times pervaded by the intellectual fire or spirit which should animate a great book. Professor Anthon is, unquestionably, a scholar of a brawny cast of intellect: equal to any amount of learned labor the necessities of the trade may require.

We do not think it has ever been our pleasure to enjoy so varied and triumphant a concerto of trumpets as has been blown in behalf of this same Classical Dictionary of Dr. Anthon. Wherever this bulky volume has urged its way through the country, it has been accompanied, like the famous elephant Tippoo Saib, on one of his tours, by the brattling of all sorts of wind instruments—varying from the economical squeak of the penny press, to the bivalve of the quarterly. Sitting in the privacy of his study, the learned Professor must have been actually astounded by this horrible outbreak, and have felt mortified and abashed that any hnmble labors of his should have been greeted with such unseemly clamor. We sympathize with him and his worthy publishers. We know how painful such things are to truly sensitive minds. Their prayer must have been as ours would be in a similar case, that they might be instantly afflicted with deafness, and thus spared the unmannerly assault.

A good book, however, should not be injured by its injudicious critics. The Classical Dictionary is a valuable addition to the library of the general reader—where it must assuredly find its way. It is a skilful compilation from the labors of the best authors, with much analytical matter from the pen of the practised editor. As a model of taste, since the book must reach the hands of many young students of unformed literary habits, we could have desired a simpler style of composition. The characteristic of Dr. Anthon's style, is a Latinized verbosity of expression —not free from an occasional solecism. In one of the best articles in the volume, that on the poet Ovid, the writer, for example, has this sentence: "He rarely declaimed, moreover, except on ethical subjects; and prefered delivering *those sort* of persuasive harangues which have been termed *Suasoriæ*." We regret in the list of works consulted in the preparation, prefixed to the volume and which occupies fourteen columns, that the author has thought proper to omit the name of his venerable predecessor, *Lempriere*—which we would have been pleased to see, if only for the sake of our old acquaintance with the Dilworth of dictionary makers.

Taken altogether, the work is worthy of the mature scholarship and reputation of the author.

German Romance; specimens of its chief authors, with Biographical and Critical notices. By Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1841.

A rich couple of volumes are these; containing choice specimens of fruitful German imaginations, rendered, with force and spirit, into pure, clear English. We have here the popular tale, in its brightest phases, by Musæus and Tieck; the chivalry romance, in a specimen of La Motte Fouqué—a German Walter Scott, in his feudal spirit and love of the old times of Christian Knighthood, though with a finer poetical sympathy, than we find in the more robust intellect and more comprehensive pictures of the author of Waverly; a tale of the wild, gorgeous, fanciful sort, (the Fantasy Piece,) by the brilliant Hoffman; and two of Richter's most original novels, Schmelzle's Journey to Flaetz, and the Life of Quintus Fixlein.*

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* We had scarce expressed the wish for the republication of these in our last number, when we heard of the very books just printed at Boston, by Messrs. Munroe & Co., the American republishers of Carlyle's Works. It is said that Carlyle receives the profits of these editions; if so, we regret

Of these five genuine poets—though these productions of theirs are written in prose—we like Musæus, whose name appears first, the least. He is, compared with the others, harder, colder, and altogether more prosaic. We say, compared with his countrymen, for in a comparison with the best English tale writers now living, he would greatly gain: nor would he lose here, except when paralleled with our own Nathaniel Hawthorne. We were struck with the strong resemblance between Tieck and Hawthorne. "The Goblet" might have been written by the author of the "Fancy's Show Box;" it breathes his very spirit; and the fancy of the one is an exact counterpart to that of the other. Nothing can be more delightful than the sweet, elegant fancy of Tieck: unless it be the fine sentiment and rich description of the author of Undine.

The Golden Pot of Hoffman is a golden tale. We conceive Mr. Carlyle rather to apologise for its author; judged by this single example of his powers, he needs no apology. His fancy is hair-brained, but gorgeous.

Of Richter, we now can judge knowingly. He is all that Carlyle claims for him. Abundant in his peculiar style of humor; subtle, profound in reflection; massy, earnest—even grand. He has tender pathos, and a household feeling; a noble specimen of humanity, as well as of authorship.

The perusal of these volumes must correct many erroneous notions of German romance. There is something else in it, we learn, than extravagance and melo-dramatic fury. On German literature, generally, Carlyle has been a judicious, as well as an enthusiastic critic. He has pointed out many vulgar errors; disclosed a new mine of romance—a new region of beauty. We had, before his time, the most wretched translation: and sometimes, of the worst writers. The glorious galaxy of contemporary genius was not visible to our eyes. Carlyle has made it apparent, and has discriminated between the melo-dramatic domestic drama of Kotzebue, and the high, moral poems of Schiller; between the Sorrows of Werter, and Wilheim Meister; between the absurd extravagances of the latter, and the original depth of the earlier German philosophers.

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that the courtesy of the trade was interfered with by the city house of Appleton & Co., who recently published a hasty edition of Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship, thus preventing the small portion of his fair earnings hitherto paid to the author.

The Nestorians, or the Lost Tribes: containing evidence of their identity, an account of their manners, customs and ceremonies, together with sketches of travel in ancient Assyria, Armenia, Media and Mesopotamia, and illustrations of Scripture Prophecy. By Asahel Grant, M. D. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841. 12mo. pp. 385.

Dr. Grant, the author of the volume before us, a physician of Utica, N. Y., in 1835, undertook a missionary tour to that part of Koordistan, where, in the clefts of the mountains, dwell the ancient race of the Independent Nestorians. He availed himself of his medical skill to secure the good will of the natives, and thereby penetrate the country. He was successful in the object of his journey, having attained an acquaintance with the manners of the people, and returned with new encouragement to the prosecution of the missionary effort. He found, in the Nestorians, a primitive people, preserving many remarkable Jewish habits and peculiarities in their customs and language, which led him to identify them with the lost tribes. This is a vexed question with the learned, which we shall not presume to settle in a paragraph.

The first part of Dr. Grant's book is devoted to incidents of travel, which are very happily related, and many of them very curious and picturesque. At one time he found a Nestorian bishop who slept in a church hollowed originally from a cave far up on the side of the mountain, to be in readiness for his morning's devotions—to whom he gave a box of loco focos. Such is the progress of civilization. In the amphitheatre of mountains inhabited by the Nestorians, so steep are the declivities, that the cultivated gardens are supported in artificial terraces one above another; at other times, beautiful narrow valleys open along the banks of the river Zab, which traverses the whole district. The Nestorians are warlike, and are governed by many cruel warlike notions; for they are surrounded by the predatory Koords, a race of robbers and murderers by profession: but they have much simplicity of character, with more sincerity and less orientalism of expression than the neighboring Persians. They are a devoted religious people, and their observances are marked by a touching feeling and reverence. The reader has but to open Dr. Grant's book, to make the acquaintance of this pure hearted race in the interior of Asia, and be ever after interested in their welfare.

A valuable geographical map accompanies the volume: one of the most important of the recent publications of the Harpers.

Specimens: or leisure hours poetically employed on various subjects, moral, political and religious. Quid autem tentare nocebit. BY JOSIAH SHIPPEY, A. B. *With notes, critical and explanatory; also a brief history of the life of the author, from the year* 1778 *to the year* 1841: *to which is added a synopsis of all the parts of learning.* BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, D. D., *President of King's now Columbia College, New-York.* Printed by Joseph D. Allee. 1841. 12mo. pp. 238.

> Columbia College! Alma Mater! well
> Do I remember, and the time could tell,
> When first escaped from pedagogic rule,
> To thee I came, fresh from a grammar school!

THESE lines inform us at what fountain Mr. Shippey imbibed his first draught of that pleasing and poetic beverage with which he has since irrigated so many newspapers, small magazines, &c., and which he has finally gathered into a standing pond or volume of specimens. It would afford us great pleasure, had we the time, to test the various depths and profundities of this respectable collection, by our critical hygrometer—but are inclined to think that we shall be sufficiently engaged at present in decanting and proving a single small bottle of the precious fluid. Shippey has written on missions, and all future writers must henceforth look to him, as the established source of inspiration and the model author. "A mission," says Shippey,

> A mission is a sending forth
> A missionary man,
> To bring the unbelievers to
> Be Christians if he can.

There's artful simplicity—immortality achieved at a blow, a single stroke of the pen. This stanza must live, though all the rest of Shippey, bodily and intellectually, be given to the worms and trunk-makers. He has accomplished, what no more than one out of a hundred of the poetasters of the day has achieved, a perfect, complete and classic stanza, which cannot be improved, altered or superseded. This stanza, on all future occasions of missionary association, cannot fail to be employed. The sleek brother, bidding farewell to the religious exile, must define to him his duties in the language of Shippey. In all religious processions, the classical words of Shippey's stanza must be inscribed on banners: and whenever in distant lands, Burampootah, the icy shores of Greenland, or the torrid tracts of the South, missionaries are met to discuss some crisis in their labors, their hearts will be cheered and their difficulties enlightened, by recalling the melodious and explanatory metre of Josiah Shippey.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. By Henry Hallam. 2 vols. 8vo. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1841.

As a book of reference, this is one of the most important contributions to the history of modern literature that has yet appeared. The field is a very wide one, and Mr. Hallam has brought to light much that is new to scholars, and shortened the labors of the student by the analysis of many learned works, especially on political subjects, hitherto unapproachable by the general reader. The criticism of Mr. Hallam is liberal and acute; it lacks fineness and sensibility: perhaps the anxiety to avoid prejudice sometimes leads him into the opposite error of coldness and incredulity. There is an uneasy tone in many of his remarks regarding the old English poets and prose writers, whom he treats with severity because they have been overpraised by a late class of admirers. As a critic, Mr. Hallam belongs to the dogmatic school; he is something old fashioned in his notions, and often suspicious of modern sentiment and enthusiasm. A want of sympathy with the finer literary portion of his subject is the prominent defect of the work.

Mr. Hallam uses the word literature in its widest sense, as it covers the various divisions of a library—the literature of the medical profession, of law, of politics, of science—and not in its particular application to the *humanities*, or the *belles-lettres*. In the arrangement of the subject, the divisions are made with reference to periods; presenting the contemporary literature of different countries under consecutive chapters: a plan which often interrupts the narrative, but which has the advantage of keeping constantly before the mind the claims of rival nations. It teaches us "there's livers out of England." This is a good cosmopolitan lesson.

A Dictionary of all the principal names and terms relating to the Geography, Topography, History, Literature and Mythology of antiquities and of the ancients: with a Chronological Table. By J. Lempriere, D. D. *Revised and corrected, and divided, under separate heads, into three parts.* By L. L. Da Ponte *and* John D. Ogilby. *Thirteenth American edition: greatly enlarged in the historical department, by* L. L. Da Ponte. New-York: W. E. Dean. 1841. 8vo. pp. 804.

This is a carefully prepared work, uniting the labors of two sound American scholars, the late Lorenzo Da Ponte and Professor Ogilby, at present of the New York Seminary, upon the basis of

Lempriere: a work which, with its many imperfections, long held the first rank as a text book for schools and colleges. The present edition, purified and improved, takes the place so long occupied by its predecessor, and by its brevity and condensation of matter, is peculiarly suited to this purpose. Now that Professor Anthon's Dictionary has swollen to its present dimensions, we presume this may be regarded as, without a rival, the School Lempriere.

The Theory of Horticulture; or an attempt to explain the principal operations of Gardening upon Physiological principles. By JOHN LINDLEY, PH. D. F.R.S., Vice Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London, and Professor of Botany in University College. First American Edition, with Notes, &c. BY A. J. DOWNING & A. GRAY. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Boston: C. C. Little & Co. 1841.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accuracy of investigation and research devoted to the physical sciences in our day, there scarcely exists, any longer, the broad line of distinction between theory and practice; or the scientific man and the operative. The former quits, at intervals, his study and laboratory, to verify his principles, and render them subservient to the arts of life; whilst the latter brings the aid of his experience, as a corrective of the incipient crudities of theory and speculation; gladly receiving in exchange, fixed principles of action for future guidance, and improvement in his craft. The author of the work before us, Dr. Lindley, is well known to the scientific world, as a vegetable physiologist, and his many botanical writings are deservedly esteemed, not only in Europe, but also on our own continent, where they begin to be extensively circulated. He now appears as the Horticulturist, or rather, as the guide to practical men in availing themselves of ascertained principles of physiology, in promoting and improving the principal operations of gardening, for which his long experience as Secretary of the Horticultural Society of London, has given him advantages and opportunities of observation not commonly possessed by scientific botanists.

An analysis of the volume would discover a vast amount of useful information on the chief laws and facts of vegetable life, in direct reference to the practical pursuits of the gardener, conveyed in a clear and familiar style: with a very simple scientific arrangement of the different parts of the book; by which the principles, and use to be made of them, are kept in constant connection.

The American edition of this valuable work, is, in all respects, creditable to the Editors: whose joint labors, it may be remarked, furnish, in the present instance, another illustration of the happy combination of scientific theory with practical experience. The reputation of Dr. A. Gray as a vegetable physiologist and botanist, is already firmly established; and the Flora of our States, upon which he is now engaged, in conjunction with Dr. Torrey, is a work of the highest character, and ranks amongst the first and most important of its class. Dr. Gray is also the author of an original work on the Elements of Botany, published some four or five years since, which we suspect is not so well known as it deserves to be. The name of Mr. Downing we have already in this number, brought before the reader in connection with his work on Landscape Gardening. He is a zealous and successful cultivator; and the fine collection of plants in his botanic garden at Newburgh, is generally known and admired. To the American reader, the notes of the co-editors, which are both scientific and practical, add much to the value and interest of the work; being, for the most part, the results of successful experience, with such additions and adaptations as the climate and circumstances of our country render necessary.

The Church Record. Edited by Francis L. Hawks, D.D. Nos. 1—26: 4to. Flushing, L. I.

We have great pleasure in announcing the prosperous course of the Church Record: the weekly journal, whose appearance, simultaneously with our own, we noticed in our first number. It has just completed its first half year, and in its various departments has more than kept its promises. Of its theological character, it is not our province at present to judge, though we might characterise the tone of its articles as manly and free from all pedantry. In the historical department, the Editor has given an entire publication of the Canons of the Episcopal Church, with the alterations made from time to time, and a critical commentary on the whole; being the first body of Canon Law of the Church in this country ever published. The Record, at its onset, announced as one of its leading objects, the revival of Old English Literature: an end, which thus far, has been liberally prosecuted. A series of articles, embracing the old Divines, the Essayists, and others, is in course of publication, from the pen of W. A. Jones, Esq., a leading contributor to these pages; the strength and acuteness of whose active intellect, united to deep feeling for the realities shadowed forth in books, are the true qualifications for the

work he has undertaken. We hope to see these papers, at an early period, collected into a volume. Able criticism is so rare, even in our higher periodicals, that we deem it of more importance to call the attention of the reader to the columns of the Church Record.

Tales for the People and their Children. The Settlers at Home. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1841.

THIS lady has committed too many errors of dogmatism—has too many opinions, by far, to be able to sit down by the side of little folks and become their friend and playfellow.

It is one of the defects of the present system of publishing, in the absence of an international copyright law, that a new book with the name of any notorious author is immediately republished and forced upon the public to the exclusion of better native works. It is a constant premium offered for a second or third rate literature. There are likely to be many purchasers of this book for their children who have never heard of Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair, to instance one series of American works of this kind; yet Grandfather's Chair has all the requisites Miss Martineau's book wants; it cultivates the love of country, provokes the imagination and fancy by its pictures of old New England History, and breathes a simple-minded reverence for the good and beautiful. Moreover, the best proof of Hawthorne's book is, that it is really read and relished by children. It is what Miss Martineau's book never can be, a *settler at home*.

DR. MACDONALD'S INSTITUTION, AT MURRAY HILL.—To hold sway over sound minds is a noble function, attaching only to able and gifted men. Their governance is comparatively light and easy of exercise, operating as they do by regular processes, and influences whose force is ascertained. Authority over minds diseased, and the world of disordered reason, is certainly a more critical and not less honorable object of attainment. To regulate, guide, soothe and restore the errant intellect, and re-seat upon their respective thrones the high faculties of the mind, is a noble employment, and appeals to us, through all our nature, as well by sympathy as respect, for consideration and reward. Among those devoted to this solemn and important service, we take pleasure in naming Dr. Macdonald, who has established a "Private Institution for the treatment of Nervous Diseases, at Murray Hill, New York."

The proprietor is an urbane, experienced and skilful gentleman, whose clear views and humane motives are well developed in his Circular, to which we call the attention of the public.

ARCTURUS.

No. VIII.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER III.

THE BOTTOM CLUB.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment with Hobbleshank, Puffer Hopkins, at a few minutes of seven o'clock the next evening, directed his steps towards Barrell's oyster-house, where in due time he arrived, and made discovery of one of the most singular little oyster-houses that could be found throughout the whole of oyster-eating Christendom. Mr. Jarve Barrell, it would seem, had, in the golden age of his career, been the proprietor of a large Public House, occupying an entire building and surrounded by his regiments of waiters and wine-bottles, whose services were clamorously and steadily demanded, by a mob of customers, from six in the evening until one, morning; in fact the poor man's head had been

half-turned, by the pressure of a prosperous and growing business. But, somehow or other, oysters, one unlucky season, grew smaller, waiters more impudent for their pay, and custom walked out of that street into the next on a visit to a new landlord, who served his stews with silver spoons and his oysters in scollop-shells; so that poor Jarve Barrell was compelled, in spite of himself, to clip his wings and confine himself to a humbler cage: in a word, he rented his second floor to a boarding-house keeper, took in a barber at the rear of the first floor, and continued business on his own account in the front room of the same. A second decrease in the size of shell-fish, the opening of a street that carried travel in another direction, and Barrell was forced into that last stronghold of the oyster-man, the cellar; and there it was that Puffer Hopkins now found him, standing on one leg of his own and one that came out of a fine piece of oak woods at West Farms, a coarse white apron about his waist and a salamander in his countenance, declaring stoutly to a customer that although he had roughed it against the tide all his life, he was determined to have his own way in dying.

Being questioned as to the way to which he alluded, he proceeded to explain, that whenever he felt the approaches of death he should hire a White-haller to pull him over to Staten Island, cast anchor just above the richest bed in the shore, and giving one good deep plunge, said Jarve Barrell, I'll carry myself to the bottom, and stretching myself out on a picked oyster-bed, make up my mind to die; so with the tide rippling over my head, and a dozen or more pretty mermaids standing about me, I'll give up the ghost, and hold myself entitled to haunt the Bay and Island ever after, with a spruce ruffle of sea-weeds in my bosom.

Puffer Hopkins was well pleased with the joyous spirit of the decayed oyster-man, but had scarcely heard him through when he detected a quick clatter upon the steps, and turning, he discovered his singular companion of the previous night hurrying down. In a moment he had Puffer by the hand, and hailed his appearance with a sort of wondering enthusiasm as if it gave him great joy to find him there and to take him again in a friendly grasp. Hobbleshank interchanged a few words with Mr. Jarve Barrell as to the influence of certain recent enactments relating to oyster-beds upon his own trade and custom, to which Mr. Jarve Barrell gave very lucid and convincing replies, and they set out

forthwith for the Bottom Club. This they were not long in finding, for Hobbleshank guiding Puffer rapidly through sundry dark alleys and bye-ways, for which he seemed to have a peculiar inclination, they reached a building in front of which a dusky lamp was glimmering, ascended two flights of stairs, and knocked at a low dingy door.

The door was opened from within, and Puffer advancing, with Hobbleshank in front, found himself in a long narrow room, with a plain pine table stretched through the centre, a forlorn-looking eagle, with a bunch of arrowy skewers in its talons and a striped flag about its head for a turban, two or three carpenters' benches along the walls, and the whole lighted by four sombre tallow twopennies at the farthest extremity.

Upon the table was planted a large earthen pitcher, with an emblematic toper with his leg cocked up, in a state of happy exaltation, displayed on the side thereof in white ware—and around the board were established a dozen individuals or more, constituting the chief force of the immortal Bottom Club.

The gentlemen of the Bottom Club, as they presented themselves at that moment to Puffer Hopkins, certainly furnished a remarkable spectacle; the most remarkable feature of which was, that all the large members of the Club, by some inscrutable fatality, were constrained and restricted in small hats and irksome jackets, while all the small members, by some equally potent dispensation, were allowed to revel in an unlimited wilderness of box-coat, petersham and tarpaulin. The delicate gentlemen wore great rough neckstocks, and commanded huge iron snuff-boxes on the table: and the robust and muscular members assumed dainty black ribbons and elegant turn-down collars, with more or less ruffle crisping up under their broad heavy-bearded chins.

A thin, thoughtful gentleman, at one corner of the table, was enveloped in an overgrown vest, hideous with great red vines creeping all over it, and large enough to serve the purpose of a body coat: and confronting him, at an opposite corner, sate a stout omnibus-driver, making himself as comfortable as he could in a waistcoat, so many sizes too small, that it gaped apart like a pair of rebellious book-covers, and drew his arms into a posture that resembled not a little that of the wings of a great Muscovy gander prepared for the spit.

"We welcome you," said the pale thoughtful man, rising and extending his right hand toward Puffer as he advanced, while with his left he secured the sails of his great red vest, "We welcome you, Mr. Hopkins, to this association of brethren. In us you see exemplified the progress of Social Reform: we are wearing each others' coats and breeches in a simultaneous confusion, and, laboring under a passional excitement, we may yet ameliorate our condition so far as to undertake to pay each others' debts. We are subjecting ourselves to a great experiment for the benefit of mankind, the interests of the total race. You see what hardships we are undergoing"—he did, for at the mere mention of the thing, the whole Club wriggled in their ill-assorted garments like so many clowns in the very crisis of a contortion—"to test the principles of an ameliorated condition of things. Yet, sir, we are happy, very happy to see you here to-night: this spot on which you stand is consecrated to freedom of opinion; to the festival of the soul. This is no Musical Forest, no Hindoo Hunters' Hut, got up for effect at the amphi-theatre: we haven't trees here alive with real birds! the branches laden with living monkies! the fountains visited by long-legged Flamingoes! the greensward covered with Gazelles, grazing and sporting! Oh, no: we are a mere caucus of plain citizens, in our every-day dresses, sitting in this small room on rough benches to re-organize society, and give the world a new axle: that's all."

Hereupon the thoughtful gentleman sate down; the Club looked at each other and shook their heads, as much as to say, "This Chairman of ours, is, certainly, a born genius"; and Puffer and Hobbleshank were earnestly invited to the upper end of the board, where they could possess the immediate society of the intellectual president, with the convenient solace of the beer-pitcher. As soon as they were seated, and furnished with a draught from the earthen jug to make them feel at home, (a man always feeling most at home when his wits are abroad), the legitimate business of the Club proceeded with great spirit.

The first subject that was brought before them was, a general consultation as to the part the Club—the friends of Social Reform and a Re-organization of Society—should play in the approaching election of a Mayor for the City and County of New-York: something striking and decisive being always expected from the redoubted Bottom Club. One

member hinted and proposed that there should be a general destruction of the enemy's handbills; which was amended so as to embrace a thrashing of the enemy's bill-stickers, wherever found; which was still further enlarged, so as to cover the special case of freighting a hostile bill-sticker's cart with building-stone and breaking a bill-sticker's donkey's back. The cutting of flag-ropes and sawing down of liberty-poles next came up, and passed promptly—a stout man in a small roundabout asseverating vehemently that the price of fire-wood should be brought down, if he staid up till midnight three nights in the week to accomplish the benevolent object. The Club then proceeded to preamble and resolve that they considered the liberty of the citizens of this metropolis in imminent danger, and that they would protect the same at the hazard of their lives: by which the Bottom Club meant, that they would hold themselves prepared to breed a riot at five minutes' notice, if found necessary to prevent a surplus of voters on the opposite side from enjoying the invaluable franchise of depositing their ballots. Two sturdy members belonging to the intellectual and highly refined fraternity of omnibus-drivers, next pledged themselves in the most earnest manner, to conduct their respective vehicles, at such time as might be most apposite, through the centre of any well-dressed crowd that might be in the neighborhood of the Poll, and also to indulge in such incidental flourishes of the whip on their way, as would inevitably persuade the gentry to stand back. As beer and brandy flowed through the Club—which they did with a marvellous depth and celerity of current—the tide of heady resolution deepened; and they at length, in their extreme heat and fervor, determined to throw off their coats to a man, and enjoy a regular break-down dance about the table.

With wonderful alacrity they carried this judicious resolution into effect, by disrobing themselves of coats, shad-bellies and jackets, and casting them into a heap on a sailor's chest established under the eagle's wing. They then, hand in hand, Hobbleshank and Puffer Hopkins joining in, commenced capering in a circle, dashing down, first the right heel and then the left, with astonishing energy, and as if they were driving in the nails of the floor all over again; meantime roaring out the tag-ends of a partizan song, which intimated that, They were the boys so genteel and civil, That cared not a straw for Nick nor the Devil: with other choice

sentiments metrically stated. While they were immersed in this elegant recreation, a single gentleman—a member of the Club—who did not choose to partake thereof, sate apart indulging in his own profound cogitations. He was in many respects a peculiar personage, and seemed to enjoy a copy-right way of his own; which copy-right might have borne date as early as his birth and entrance into the world, —for Nature had given him a pale, chalky countenance, a sort of blank betwixt youth and age, a pair of knavish grey eyes, always turned upward, and a nose of the same class, which appeared most honestly to sympathize with them: he was of a small, shrunken figure, with a slight indication of a hump at the shoulders, long, thin fingers, and legs of a somewhat mis-shapen and imperfect character.

This singular little gentleman, as we said, sate apart indulging in his own thoughts; the purport of which appeared presently to be, a determination to investigate and scrutinize the pockets of the various coats, jackets and shad-bellies, which had been laid aside by the dancers, for to this task he now assiduously applied himself, and while his companions were enjoying themselves in their way, he enjoyed himself in his own way, by divesting them of such of their contents as suited his purposes, whatever they might be. In this general scrutiny it would have been an impeachment of his talents as an inquisitor to have charged him with neglecting the remotest corner or out-of-the-way borough of the apparel either of Hobbleshank or Puffer Hopkins.

Having accomplished this undertaking to his own satisfaction, he established himself at a side of the long table, planted a fur cap of great antiquity, after a drunken fashion, over his brows, dropped his head upon his folded arms, and devoted himself with great apparent zeal and sincerity, to the business of sleeping.

Meantime the gentlemen of the Bottom Club had wearied of their sport, and oppressed by beer and hard work, they dropped into their seats.

The pitcher went round, once, twice and thrice, and by this time they had attained an elevation of conduct and expression that was truly sublime to behold. The heavy-bearded man swore and laughed, and dashed his fist upon the table, with the uproar of half a dozen bakers at kneading time. The two omnibus-drivers, for some unknown, and at this remote period from the event, unconjecturable cause,

entered solemnly into a set-to, in which much muscle and science were displayed, and which ended in a most fraternal embrace under the table.

A cadaverous thoughtful man—not the chairman—who was no talker but a wonderful deep thinker and metaphysician, grew mysterious and communicative, and hinted that he had that in the pocket of his swallow-tail which would raise a devil of a ferment if the public but knew of it.

A fifth associate of the Club, who still retained an insufficient hat planted jauntily on his head, thought it would be a capital idea—a very capital idea—a devilish first-rate idea in the way of a social re-organization—to get together a parcel of gilt steeple-balls, and hatch out a brood of young churches by clapping a bishop upon them.

Another gentleman was inclined to think that the Bottom Club had better mind its own business, by petitioning the Common Council to have jugglers appointed Inspectors of election, who could pass into the ballot-box two tickets for one on their own side, and no tickets for ever so many on the other.

A wide-mouthed member, the author of the ditty that had been sung, and clerk and bell-ringer to a neighboring market, became horribly sentimental, shed tears in his beer, and kissed his hand to the eagle at the other end of the room. As the entertainments were manifestly drawing to an end, Hobbleshank glanced warily towards Puffer Hopkins, and made for the door: but they were not let off so easily,—for simultaneous with the rising of Puffer Hopkins was that of the entire Bottom Club; and a general friendly assault was begun upon the person of that worthy young gentleman.

First, the gentlemen of the Club insisted on shaking hands all round toward the right, and then all round toward the left; one or two were resolved to embrace him, and did so; and at last, after the pantomime, there was an unanimous call for a speech from that gentleman, which summons was, however, without a discovery of the substitution on the part of the astute members of the Bottom Club, responded to by Hobbleshank after his own peculiar fashion, with a very happy allusion to the striped flag and the refreshments.

The unshorn man hoped Puffer Hopkins would come again, and vowed he was his friend to command, from the state of Maine to Cape May; and the metaphysical

deep thinker, struggling manfully with the beer he had imbibed, promised next time to communicate something of vital consequence to the welfare of this Union: with which promises, protestations and God-speeds, Hobbleshank and Hopkins departed.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. FYLER CLOSE AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

IT cannot be denied that Mr. Fyler Close had selected his lodgings with commendable thrift and discretion. A single small apartment over a bakery, and looking out upon a public pump, supplied him at the lowest current rate with the three primary necessaries of life; namely, warmth, from the bi-daily inflammation of the oven for the benefit of neighboring families—biscuits, the legitimate spawn of the oven—and water, the cheap creature of corporate benevolence. It could scarcely be expected that sundry fat spiders that kept their webs in the different corners of his room would be incorporated in any of the banquets of Mr. Fyler Close, although by many people they might have been regarded as a respectable addition thereto. With the exception of its inhabitants, the single small apartment was almost wholly void—there being no covering upon the floor, no curtains at the window, no paper upon the walls, and not the slightest semblance of a fire, past, present or future, on the deserted hearth-stone. To be sure, if you had opened a narrow door on one side, you might have detected in a cramped closet a pair of coverlids in which Mr. Close was in the habit of sheathing his meagre limbs every night, as a nominal protection against chilblains and rheumatism: while the door of the closet was carefully fastened and secured within, from a fear which the occupant somehow or other encouraged, that he should be roused some unlucky morning with a heavy hand on his throat, a big grim face bending over him, and his pockets all picked clean.

In the outer room stood a dilapidated candle-stand, covered with a tattered baize, with a battered inkstand and two stumpy pens lying upon the same; three chairs with decayed bottoms; and, in the corner of the hearth, a single long gloomy poker, with its head up the chimney.

The advantages of these commodious quarters were, at the present juncture, enjoyed by Mr. Fyler Close himself, who being a short, hard-visaged gentleman, in a great blue coat some three sizes too large for him, and a pair of ambitious trowsers that climbed his legs disdaining intercourse with a pair of low cheap-cut shoes, became the accommodations admirably. There was another, a long, spare personage, with a countenance so marked, and scarred, and written all over with ugly lines and seams, as to resemble a battered tomb-stone; and having old decayed teeth that disclosed themselves whenever he opened his mouth, the fancy of uncouth dry bones sticking out at the corner of a grave was still further kept up. There was something extremely sinister in the features of this individual, who sate in the nook between the closet and chimney-piece, and constantly glared about him, in a restless manner, as if the air swarmed wherever he looked with unusual sounds, and as if he caught sudden sight of faces by no means pleasant to look upon.

"I don't see that I could have managed my little monies much better," said Mr. Fyler Close, "unless I had locked them up in an iron safe, and buried the key under the walls of the house. There's only about four hours—and they 're at dead midnight—when my debtors could slip away from me; and then they'd have to do it devilish cautiously, Leycraft, not to be heard. See, sir! I am in the very centre of all my investments, and have a watch on them like an auctioneer at the height of his sales. You see that yellow house? I make the owner keep his shutters open, because I have a mortgage on his piano—which I wouldn't lose sight of for the world."

"Quite an eye for music, I should think!" interposed his companion.

"And a pretty good ear, too," continued Mr. Close, "for if I should fail to hear my little blacksmith's hammer in the old forge, off this way, I should go distracted. It soothes me very much to hear that anvil ringing from early light down to broad dusk: and you can't tell what a comfort it is to me when I'm sick!"

"Is he punctual in his interest?" asked Mr. Leycraft, well knowing that the Fine Arts must be associated in Mr. Fyler Close's mind with some such disagreeable contingency.

"Exemplary, sir:—and when he falls sick and can't make a racket himself, he always sends round word and employs a couple of boys to keep it up, just to satisfy my mind. If the

forge stopped for two days, I should be under the necessity of coming down on his shop with a sharp-clawed writ—which would be very painful."

"Excruciating, I should think," said Mr. Leycraft, smiling grimly; "It would give you a sort of moral rheumatism, I've no doubt!"

"You know it would!" rejoined Fyler Close, returning the smile. "Then here's the baker—he can't run away without my smelling the fresh loaves as they go into the cart: and the haberdasher over the way in front, couldn't escape me unless she undertook to dress up all her male acquaintance in ruffles and false bosoms, and let them out through the alley. That might do, but I guess she isn't up to it: since she lost her husband she's gone a little weak in the head, and pays an extra cent on the dollar when she is borrowing from Mr. Fyler Close."

"These are small gains and slow ones," said Mr. Leycraft, "You might sit on spiders' eggs like these for a century, and not hatch out a fortune. Let's have something bold and dashing—something where you put in no capital and double it to boot in less than a week!"

"Something modelled on the Farm-house affair, eh?" said Fyler Close, leering on his companion significantly.

"Will you let that subject alone, if you please, Mr. Fyler Close!" cried Mr. Leycraft, whose countenance darkened and lowered on his companion as he spake. "We have had talks enough about that cursed house, and one too many. I wish the title-deed was in the right owner's hands!"

"You do—do you?" urged Mr. Close, pleasantly. "Shall I ask Mrs. Hetty Lettuce, the market-woman, when she comes here next to pay the rent or renew her mortgage, if she can't find him for us? Perhaps if we paid her well she might relieve us of the property, and provide a very gentlemanly owner in our place. Shall we advertise—offer rewards—post placards? I've no doubt if the purlieus of the city were well-dragged, that an heir would turn up."

"Stuff! Fyler Close, you know well enough that an heir couldn't be brought alive off either one of the five continents that could make good his claim: and that makes you chuckle so like a fiend. Mrs. Lettuce has lost trace of him for more than twenty years—has grown fat and lazy—borrows money on bond and mortgage, and don't care a straw about the subject:"—

"Where's your grand project all this time?" interposed Fyler Close. "Shall we have something new to practice our wits on, or shall we rake among our dead schemes for wherewithal to warm our brains with?"

"Now that you are on that," said Mr. Leycraft, rapidly surveying the nooks and privacies of the apartment, and bestowing a broad glare on the door and windows, "I say freely and without the lest reserve, that my head's a nine-pin if I don't lay a plan before you will make you thrill down to your pocket-ends with rapture: it's a neat scheme—very neat,—but at the same time mighty magnificent."

Saying this, Leycraft drew close up to the side of the broker, laid their heads close together, and bending over the stand, he moved his finger slowly in a sort of hieroglyphic over it, and tapping his forehead complacently, was about to detail his notable plan, when a knock was heard at the door, which cut short any further communication for the present.

The knock was repeated a little louder; Fyler Close motioned to his companion, who vanished expeditiously down a pair of back-stairs into the yard, looking anxiously back all the time as if under pursuit, and so through the baker's; and Close, snatching from his pocket a well-worn Hymn-book, began reciting a most excellent passage of psalmody, in a deep and nasal intonation.

The knock was repeated three or four times before an invitation was given to enter; and although the broker glanced over the top of his book, as the door opened and discovered his visitor, he assumed not to be conscious of the presence of any person whatever, but proceeded steadily, in fact with rather increased energy, in his capital divertisement. "Please, sir," said the visitor, a stout-built lady, curtsying and advancing timidly a step or two, "Please sir,—what's to be done about the little mor'gage on my grounds, sir?"

This question Fyler Close seemed at first altogether unable to apprehend, but when it was repeated, accompanied by a slight jingle of silver in the visitor's pocket, he started, deposited his book open upon the stand—as if he wished to resume it at the very earliest convenience—looked about him, and pensively remarked, twitching his whiskers, of which there was a dry tuft on either cheek, violently,

"Poor old man!—There's no comfort left for you now, but psalm-singing and class-meetings every other evening in the week. These are old chairs, madam!"

"They certainly are, Mr. Close; very old. There's no denying facts," answered the huckster.

"This is a dreadful dreary room for an old man to live in!" again groaned the broker.

"Sartain!" responded the unwary market-woman, "I think in that point, to do you justice, it's but next better than a family vault, saving the death's heads and the smell."

"And now you ask me, a poor lonesome man, living like Death himself, as you admit, and that can afford to keep no better company than three poor crazy chairs, to renew your mortgage at seven per cent!—why, a cannibal, with good cannibal feelings, wouldn't ask it!"

Mr. Close, on delivery of this speech, fell silent, and dropped into a profound meditation, during which he from time to time looked up and eyed the stout person of the huckster as if he thought it would furnish a most delicate morsel for a Carribee. But his own method of devouring a victim differed essentially from that adopted by the benighted heathen, and he now proceeded to demonstrate his dexterity in his own particular line of manipulation.

"Well, you shall have it!" he cried, awaking as from an anxious reverie: "I have considered it—your business shall be done, Mrs. Lettuce."

"Thank you, sir, thank you, sir! I am very much obliged," exclaimed the market-woman, bowing and curtsying with great show of gratitude, but misapprehending slightly the meaning of Mr. Fyler Close, and promising the accruing interest in hard dollars, punctually on quarter-day.

"But I must have my summer supply of radishes!" said Close.

"Oh, for the trifle of that, master Close—we'll not differ. I can send you down a bunch or two by the girls, every now and then."

"Every now and then will not do, madam:—I must have them regularly, for I can't live without putting a few for sale, in the season of them, at the baker's window, below stairs."

"Well, I don't mind a handful of greens in the way of binding a bargain; so the cart shall stop every morning, if you please, and leave you a dozen bunches."

"Very good, very good," exclaimed the broker, rubbing his hands together, "you are a woman of sense:—and now, I must have my asparagus, that's a dainty herb—I love asparagus dearly—and it sells well when it's early. Mind, I

must have early tops, or none at all! Pick me the tops that grow near the house, close up by the foundations, will you?"

Early tops, and such as he desired, were accordingly promised, perforce: Mrs. Hetty Lettuce diving convulsively into her pockets to make sure of such small change as she had about her, as every thing appeared to be slipping away from her ownership with extraordinary velocity and dispatch.

"I'll not ask you," continued the discriminating Mr. Close, "to supply me with butter nor with eggs, although something nice might be done with them through my neighbor below —but eggs are quite apt to addle on hand, and butter must be kept in ice, which costs two-pence a pound, and melts without leaving as much as a thank-ye in your pocket."

"Your sentiments are very excellent, sir, on that subject," said Mrs. Lettuce, brightening up.

"Yes, they are very excellent; but you'll think them far nicer on the subject of good worsted stockings made with your own dainty hands, three pair for winter use—I should have three pair at least—and as many more for fall: you know we must guard against frosts and chilblains a little; made with low tops, with red clocks to show they are your fabric,—one of the sweetest knitters in the market."

With this he fell back quietly in his chair, and reminding Mrs. Lettuce that he should expect his first pair of fall socks Wednesday week, he wished her good day; which wish Mrs. Lettuce was by no means idle in accepting, for her departure was in fact accomplished with such expedition as to amount almost to a precipitate flight. At this we cannot be greatly astonished, when we consider the chance of a requisition being made upon her to furnish the entire outfit and wardrobe of the broker, by way of lightening his doleful condition and eking out the percentage on his mortgage.

As soon as Mrs. Lettuce had departed, the broker ascended a chair, and after careful inspection of an old chest in his closet, and making discovery of a single pair of fragmentary hose and an old stocking, he said, laughing to himself, "This merchandize of the old market-woman's must go into the hands of John Leycraft; that's clear. Nights are growing sharper; a little, a very little wood, must be laid in; and where fires are kept, socks should be discountenanced." He had just stepped down from this inquisition, when a sharp rap echoed through the hall, and without wait-

ing for a summons to enter, the strange old body, Puffer Hopkins' friend, marched abruptly into the apartment, with a very peremptory and threatening aspect.

"I have come again!" said the old gentleman, sternly.

"I see you have," replied Mr. Fyler Close, smiling on him with all the suavity and mellowness of an August day.

"Do you see that I am here?" continued Hobbleshank.

"Most assuredly—unless you are an apparition; and then you are here and not here, at the same time," answered the broker.

"If I were a goblin, sir—come in here with a thong of leather to strip you to your skin and stripe you all over with blows—would I be out of place, do you think?"

"Perhaps not much: a little, we'll say a little," answered Mr. Close, still smiling gently on his visiter, "Just to balance the sentence."

"And then if I carried your bruised old carcase," continued Hobbleshank, "and plunged it in a gulf of boiling fire, and held it there by the throat for a century, or so—would it be pleasant and satisfactory?"

"Extremely so," answered the broker; "Nothing could be desired more charming: unless it might be a bond on compound interest, with the interest payable at twelve o'clock, daily."

"That would be finer, you think?"

"Much finer—because that would leave one the use of his legs to get out of troubles with."

"Now, sir," said Hobbleshank, who always made it a point to subject the broker to a searching and playful cross-examination—the answers to which, as has been seen, on the part of the broker, were always extremely candid and confiding, "Now, sir, I want to know of you, whether you think a gentleman who has stood by and seen a man's wife die by inches in the veriest need of common food—has seen the man go mad—yes, mad, sir—with grief, and rush from his house in utter despair and misery—do you think this gentleman, who, when he has put the child and heir of these poor wretches out of the way—God knows how—takes the roof that should have sheltered his boy's head—do you think he deserves the use of his legs? or his cursed griping hands? or his great devilish eyes?"

"Not at all—by no means, my dear sir," answered Fyler Close, blandly. "It would be waste and extravagance to

allow such a monster any thing, but his neck: you know he might hang by that!"

"Suppose you had'nt conveniences to hang him with—no tackle—no scaffold—no murderer's cap," continued Hobbleshank, "and could'nt persuade the gentleman to lend his neck to a noose—what then?"

"What then?—I confess I should be at a stand:—The case stands thus, if I apprehend you, my dear sir," answered Mr. Close, with the same astonishing equanimity. "Here's a great villain to be punished; the law can't reach him, he won't consent to be strung up without law, and declines—is it so?—positively declines to come into any friendly arrangement to be burned or bastinadoed: what's to be done? Upon my honor, my good sir, I must allow the knave has the better of you. I am sorry for it: extremely sorry, but the ways of Providence are just, very just, and I guess you'll have to wait for them."

As Mr. Close uttered these words he assumed a benign and tranquil expression of countenance, and looked serenely forward into empty space, as if it was a hardship, a very great hardship, that such a case should exist, but that it was his duty, as an exemplary citizen, to resign himself to it without a murmur. In this seeming quietude of feeling Hobbleshank scarcely shared.

"What's to be done?" he shouted, darting forward toward the broker. "His ugly flesh is to be torn with sharp nails, like pincers; his head's to be broken, where these maggots hatch—wretch!"

But ere he could fasten upon the broker, and exemplify his notions of punishment, that gentleman, who had been warily watching his visiter all through the interview, dropped from his chair, glided athwart the candle-stand, and throwing himself into the adjoining closet, secured it from within.

Having rehearsed this performance many times before, in previous interviews with his visiter, Mr. Fyler Close achieved it at present with marvellous dispatch. For a few minutes, Hobbleshank made furious assaults upon the broker's fortress, with his feet and clenched fists, which he dashed violently against the panels; all of which proceedings were echoed from within by a hard, iron laugh, that almost set Hobbleshank beside himself. From time to time the laughter continued, and the rage of the old man increased, until at

length, in his extremity of passion, he snatched up the single piece of furniture—the prime ornament of the apartment—dashed it in fragments upon the hearth, kicked open the outer door, and rushed almost headlong into the street.

Mr. Fyler Close had no sooner heard his retreating steps than he quietly unearthed himself, and stepping along the hall of the building, hoisted a window in front, and putting forth his head, watched with considerable interest the form of Hobbleshank as it was whirled along by the rage and desperation of its owner, without much regard to children, fish-mongers—with which the street swarmed—wheelbarrows, or ladies in full dress. He then tranquilly gathered the remains of his writing-table, tied them in a bundle with a string, and placing them tenderly in the corner, produced from an upper shelf of his closet stronghold a single sea-biscuit, and proceeded to his evening meal.

DR. CHANNING.*

ELEVATION of thought united to great intensity and singleness of purpose, are the qualities which render Channing the most eloquent moral writer of the day. At any time, these characteristics would form a man to be listened to and admired by the community; even in the most sensual and self-loving age, the clear voice of such a preacher, sounding above the low pursuits of gain and pleasure, would excite the lives of many by its encouragement to noble aims and a high standard of thought; but especially, the writings of Channing are the exponent of the present, with its vast purposes of benevolence, its plans of action, its labors of improvement, both in the intellectual and physical world, its great task of extending to all those blessings of human life which have heretofore been thought the distinguished privilege of the few. It is only by contemplating men in masses, by fixing the view steadily on a few grand general truths, rising above particulars, that we can properly estimate the

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* An Address, delivered before the Mercantile Library Company, of Philadelphia, May 11, 1841. By William E. Channing. Philadelphia: J. Crissy. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 45.

influence of such a writer. Judged by the standard of the essayist or the philosophical writer, his works would be at once pronounced deficient; they tell no new discoveries of the nature of man—they analyse no old truths; in acuteness and particularity, in nicety of moral observation, they are not superior to many of the second rate papers in the Spectator; but always with more or less of truth, with unfailing constancy, they set forth lofty sentiments and ideas identified with the popular mind and inclination. With no wavering, no scepticism, no irresolute balancing of opinions, they supply the watchword of action. All is hope, encouragement and enthusiasm. We cannot conceive the most prejudiced man of opposite education and way of thinking, listening unmoved to one of his addresses to the people. He may doubt afterwards of its practicability, he may think the doctrines unsafe, but he is compelled to pay homage to the argument and style of the speaker; and no man need be ashamed to be thus carried away, to whatever habits of thinking he may return. Error is not the source of his enthusiasm, but truth, drawn forth from the concealments by which she is hidden in the world, and shown so lovely that all men must worship her. The purity of Channing's morality, coming from an honest heart, its severe aspect of duty, by which the most profligate and careless are attracted, (such is the innate reverence of the heart for virtue,) its proud independence, despising only vice and error, whatever admiration they excite, are worthy of it all. The deepest debt of gratitude one man can owe to another we owe to him who awakens us to the true worth of life, who excites in us ideas of self-sacrifice in the pursuit of duty, who compels us to grasp with energy, for some useful end, those moments which pass away for so many in mere indolence and frivolity. Any fault may be forgotten in a writer if he inspire us with a sense of the reality and value of life. Let there be anything in the world but indifference. The admission of a noble idea into the mind illuminates the whole life; it shows us every relation of our being in a new light, it makes us kind, compassionate, honest to our brother; it "vindicates the ways of God to man." As it vibrates through the soul it raises even the bodily frame. What clearness, what force of mind have we while under its inspiration. How does every thought take its true impression, how harmonious is all in us, how wise, how just,

how benevolent. It is a portion of that faith by which men may remove mountains.

A proof of the value of Channing's writings not to be overlooked, is their copiousness. No vague generalities could, for a quarter of a century, so hold the attention of the public. There must be a strong foothold of truth to stand upon. With comparatively few topics, discussed in simplicity, with a narrow range of illustration, the addresses of Channing fill volumes, with as little repetition as may be found in any class of spoken compositions on any subjects. In his last address, there is the same earnestness communicated to the reader for the welfare of society, the same freshness in the belief of pursuing goodness in the world, that charm us in his early writings.

The aim of this recent address, at Philadelphia, is to illustrate a single feature of the times; what Dr. Channing terms the tendency of the age to Universality. He exhibits this in science, uniting in all its departments, practice to theory; in literature, illustrated by its liberal, benevolent spirit; in religion, by the extension of the means of education, by Sunday School teachers, and the press; in the diffusion of secular education, in the progress of democracy in government, in the growth of free trade, and in the intercourse of nations, by the enlargement of commerce. In truth, in this idea of the extension of human improvement, consists the whole of the much vaunted, much abused doctrine of progress. Society advances—man remains the same. A wise man of this day may be no wiser than a wise man of the age of Socrates; but there may be more wise men in the world now than then. There may be no more poets now, for these are the gift of God, but there are more now who read and understand poetry, and whose lives are governed by its pure lessons. Man can never be perfect in this life, but he may commit fewer acts of injustice in society; he may do much good that he has left undone, and as this good is accomplished, the world is made so much better.

The remainder of the address is occupied with the objections to the restless activity of the times, as a means of social evil and revolt in the state: evils conclusively shown to arise, not from increased toil and labor of the mass, who are spoken against, not from the vices of the poor, but as in the case of the French Revolution, from the fearful luxury and cor-

ruption of the rich and indolent. These are the cankers of the state, not the poor laborious artisan.

The danger to property in the elevation of the laboring classes, is one of the most senseless outcries ever excited by prejudice. If the preservation of social order be all, there is safety enough for that in the interests of the mass, provided the mass once attain an interest worth preserving. The danger is in the wants of the poor, and the weak power of restraint in the hands of the rich. The safest form of government, at this period of the world, is one under which property is most equally divided. The pursuit of wealth is the conservative power of the state. "If we look at the chief direction of the universal activity of the age," says Dr. Channing, "we shall find that it is a conservative one, so as to render social convulsion next to impossible. On what, after all, are the main energies of this restlessness spent? On property, on wealth. High and low, rich and poor, are running the race of accumulation. Property is the prize for which all strain their nerves; and the vast majority compass in some measure this end. And is such a society in danger of convulsion? Is tumult the way to wealth? Is a state of insecurity coveted by men, who own something and hope for more? Are civil laws, which, after all, have property for their chief concern, very likely to be trodden under foot by its worshippers? Of all the dreams of fear, few seem to be more baseless than the dread of anarchy among a people, who are possessed almost to a man with the passion for gain. I am especially amused, when, among such a people, I sometimes hear of danger to property and society, from enthusiastic, romantic reformers, who preach levelling doctrines, equality of wealth, quaker plainness of dress, vegetable food, and community-systems where all are to toil and divide earnings alike. What! Danger from romance and enthusiasm in this money-getting, self-seeking, self-indulging, self-displaying land! I confess, that to me it is a comfort to see some outbreak of enthusiasm, whether transcendental, philanthropic or religious, as a proof that the human spirit is not wholly ingulphed in matter and business, that it can lift up a little the mountains of worldliness and sense with which it is so borne down. It will be time enough to fear, when we shall see fanaticism of any kind stopping ever so little the wheels of business or pleasure, driving ever so little from man's mind the idea of

gain, or from woman's the love of display. Are any of you dreading an innovating enthusiasm? You need only to step into the streets to be assured, that property and the world are standing their ground against the spirit of reform, as stoutly as the most worldly man could desire."

But though this activity is a safeguard, it has its dangers too, not overlooked by the sagacious mind of our author. "The saddest aspect of the age," resumes Dr. Channing in a characteristic passage afterward, which may stand for the sequel to the one we have quoted, and with which we shall leave the present address, "the saddest aspect of the age is that which undoubtedly contributes to social order. It is the absorption of the multitude of men in outward material interests; it is the selfish prudence, which is never tired of the labor of accumulation, and which keeps men steady, regular, respectable drudges from morning to night. The cases of a few murders, great crimes, lead multitudes to exclaim, How wicked this age! But the worst sign is, the chaining down of almost all the minds of a community to low perishable interests. It is a sad thought, that the infinite energies of the soul have no higher end, than to cover the back, and fill the belly, and keep caste in society. A few nerves, hardly visible on the surface of the tongue, create most of the endless stir around us. Undoubtedly, eating and drinking, dressing, house-building and caste-keeping, are matters not to be despised; most of them are essential. But surely life has a higher use, than to adorn this body which is so soon to be wrapt in grave-clothes, than to keep warm and flowing the blood which is so soon to be cold and stagnant in the tomb. I rejoice in the boundless activity of the age, and I expect much of it to be given to our outward wants. But over all this activity, there should preside the great idea of that, which is alone ourselves, of our inward spiritual nature, of the thinking immortal soul, of our supreme good, our chief end, which is to bring out, cultivate and perfect our highest powers, to become wise, holy, disinterested, noble beings, to unite ourselves to God by love and adoration, and to revere his image in his children. The vast activity of this age of which I have spoken, is too much confined to the sensual and material, to gain, and pleasure, and show. Could this activity be swayed and purified by a noble aim, not a single comfort of life would be retrenched,

whilst its beauty and grace and interest would be unspeakably increased."

In a former article* we alluded to the want of personality in Channing's writings, dealing rather with general principles and addressed to masses of man, than meeting the daily wants of the individual in his struggle with daily difficulties and prejudices, though the two cannot be entirely separated. At present it has been our design to do justice to the force with which he urges great moral truths. Channing's eloquence is altogether that of the moralist; he is the orator of the pulpit and the lecture-room. It would be unfair to judge him by the severest literary standards; it were equally unjust to the true standard of literature, to give him praise as an author commensurate with the rank he holds before the public. His books are greatly deficient in the variety of resources we are accustomed to find, for instance, in the writings of Burke. He occupies but a corner of the mind of that thoroughly furnished philosopher. He is wanting in the qualities of Burke's imagination, his naturalness, his grace of mind, his sympathy, his varied accumulations of learning. The best thing that can be said of Channing is, that he appeals to all minds—but he reaches them all but by a single avenue. He does not secure the reluctant consent of the reader to his argument by an intricate passage of wit, or wrap his imprisoned senses in the conviction of a metaphor. He has none of the inventions of the skilful rhetorician, by which a happy style is made to exert its influence over the mind; he is not learned in instances, or refined in argument; but he has that without which these talents are of no avail: a cause that carries with it its own witnesses in the lives of all. His subject is human right—his only aid the silent voice of duty in the breast of each. Before a popular uncultivated audience, the directness and confidence of his declamation may often succeed better by the very absence of these high qualities. In fine, Channing is a memorable example of the success of diligent perseverance aiming at a lofty end. D.

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*Arcturus, Vol. I., page 124.

A SUMMER MEDITATION.

ONE MORNING of the last month—the first of summer—on a day that invited by its fragrance and purity, we found ourselves, almost unconsciously, pursuing the walks at Hoboken, marking with delight the trim avenues at our feet, leading away with patches of broken shade and sunshine, beneath curved and twisted branches, into far ideal fields of heavenly splendor. The union of order and design with the careless beauties of nature, provokes, at such seasons, in the minds of the contemplative, a harmony and regularity of thought better than the wild mirth and extravagance of more boisterous enjoyment. The man who has followed nature through all her haunts of grandeur and beauty, may, at his travels' end, return to a calmer and wiser pleasure among the simple avenues of a garden. Love nature as we may, the true man will ever seek for some resemblance, some hint of human kind, something in these better moments to love and cherish.

Verily, for one with a heart for his fellow man and nature, there can be no better enjoyment than, in a state of good physical digestion, to walk these hills, courted by the old gods and goddesses of the wood in every rustling branch, and the play of sunshine upon the leaves, like glancing fountains, while the mighty, solemn river in its restless course, flows by the more restless life in the gray city rising beyond. Truly, there are no wreathed statues or altars here to the god Pan, or the goddess Pomona, but the trees verdant and luxuriant, and the brown soil, and the flowers, and birds, and intermingled sunlight remain, that lived before the statues were invented; that taught men their use, that survive them in eternal nature. Flora is here on this American soil, and Diana, with her honorable court of maidens, sports in the groves, though there be no ceremonies to their praise; the idea that gave them all their worth exists in the breast yet. If we do not worship them even now, we would have been but poor spectators on the soil of Attica. We may enjoy, too, the traditionary wealth of other days, and assemble the fays and fairies of the middle age as well; for the heart has no fear of anachronism, and can harmonize them all, by one kindred touch of sympathy.

From such a stately height as this, Milton drew, in vision, his picture of Athens:—

> Behold
> Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
> Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil:
> Athens, the eye of Greece.

Listen, and you may hear the vexed cry of human life struggling in the modern city of gain, borne across the water; a ceaseless monotone to the varied voices of nature. Will there be no morning carols ever for the sons of men—no mid-day rest, or evening lullabies? Let philanthropists walk over these fields, and learn a lesson from the wisdom of nature. Still rises the complaint of the city, like the heavy breathing of some huge leviathan floating on the waters.

> The great humanity which beats
> Its life along the stony streets,
> Like a strong unsunned river
> In a self-made course, is ever
> Rolling on! Rolling on!
> I sit and hear it as it rolls,
> That flow of souls!
>
> The infinite tendencies,
> In the finite, chafed and pent,—
> In the finite, turbulent!
> The long drear monotone,
> Made of many tones that rise
> Each to each as contraries!—
> The rich man's ambling steeds—
> Lolling their necks as the chariot comes
> With its inward gleam of the eddying plumes!—
> The poor man's abject needs—
> The feet that wearily, wearily roam,
> Unquickened by thoughts of the fire at home—
> The cry of the babe unheard of its mother,
> Though it lie on her breast, while she thinks of the other
> Laid yesterday in tomb!
> The whine of voices that have made
> Their own grief's sacredness a trade—
> The curse that ringeth hollowly,
> The crime against the misery—
> The haggling talk—the organ's grinding—
> The grinder's face being o'er it leant,
> Most vacant even of woe,—
> While the children's hearts leap so
> At the merry music's winding!—

The rapid pace of the business-men
Whose eyes do glitter cold,
As still they saw the gold—
The funeral's long slow train
Plumed black, beside
Many a house where the rioters laugh
And count the beakers they shall quaff
At the morrow's festivals—
Many a house where sits a bride
Trying the morrow's coronals,
With a red blush, ev'n to-day!
Slowly creep the funerals,—
As none should hear the noise and say,
The living, the living, must go away
To multiply the dead!*

Nature to-day, in her cheerfulness and grace, mocks at these grave thoughts; the perfect and glossy form of the poor worm at my feet, knows nothing of infirmity; the whisper of the grass, and the careless notes of the birds, have nothing of fear or the future. It is wise to surrender oneself to unreflecting nature, and mark her beauties with all the voluptuousness of fancy we can command. No gold-tipped staff of office, no jewel in the ear of girlhood were ever more worshipful, than that little wren just alighted on the end of a tapering branch with the effort of his song just swaying the tender spray.

Afar are the pictured hills of the Hudson, lying in broad masses of shade in the uppermost view, and close at the left is the picturesque fine old country residence, crowned with honeysuckle, and surrounded by a set of bulbous, hard-limbed, ancestral trees, the family retainers at Castle Point. Near one of the piazzas is a remarkable old tree, the bark corrugated with warts and pimples, and swollen out of all reasonable proportions, like the puffed landlord Pantagruel met in his travels, who had been cut and slashed in his body like a taffeta doublet to make way for the flesh.† The portentous knobs and bubucles on its surface beget the idea, supported by its neighborly position to the mansion, that it has derived its chief nourishment from the wine-cellar.

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* Poems of Miss Elizabeth B. Barrett.

† The humorous account of the last moments of this individual, we recommend to our readers as a companion-piece to the death of Wouter Van Twiller, in Knickerbocker's New-York. It occurs in Rabelais, Bk. v., Ch. xvii.

It reads an eminent lesson in behalf of temperance, and we pray may have its effect with the visitors to the "bar" at the Elysian Fields.

There is but one human being in sight—a young amateur, imbedded in thick grass, studying what appears to be a circulating library twelvemo. Doubtless it is a poet, or a good novel, which is the same. His presence has led away our thoughts in a new direction, for there is so much that appeals in his sensible dress and manner, that we feel it wrong to be silent. A few words spoken at this time might influence the lives of both us for good through years to come. The best friendships have been formed in this accidental way; but while we remain silent all does not perish. Men who ought to be friends are thus often separated by so little an interval,—yet though much is thus lost, much also is rendered in silence unsuspected. Nature may teach us something here: the good she renders is silent and secret, unknown to herself whether any ear listens to her ceaseless harmony, or any eye sees her miracles of beauty. Unconsciously, too, may man in many ways benefit his fellow men, without speech, acquaintanceship or personal friendship. In building a fine house on an eminent place, especially in writing and publication, by grace and refinement of dress and manner. Therefore all should be careful of outward propriety and decency, nay somewhat of mere elegance, for so the world receives much innocent pleasure. How much society owes to the sights of beauty in man or woman—beauty, the symbol of divine harmony, the mirror of heaven, a curse of envy to the uncharitable, the morose and the cynical, a blessing to the pure-hearted, its enjoyment the best reward of a simple virtuous life, of the cultivation of the heart and the affections. D.

ON PREACHING.*

AN irreligious, profane clergyman, does but declaim when he preaches. —LABRUYERE.

I SEE no reason that so high a princess as Divinity is, should be presented to the people in the sordid rags of the tongue; nor that he, which speaks from the Father of Languages, should deliver his embassage in an ill one.—OWEN FELLTHAM.

PREACHING is the expression of the moral sentiment in application to the duties of life.—R. W. EMERSON.

WHEN we consider the frequency of the occasion, the nobleness of the topics, their supreme importance, the efficacy of the act well performed, the genius requisite, the variety of congregations, the number of preachers, we are at a complete stand to account for the deplorably low state of preaching. This confession, extorted from us by the facts of the case, may afford matter of astonishment to many, who are very well satisfied with the present state of the pulpit—who ask for nothing better—who, perhaps, could not comprehend anything superior. We have always been well pleased at the recollection of that passage in the Spectator, where Sir Roger de Coverly's parish clergyman being asked who was to preach on the next Sunday for him, replied, Doctor South in the morning, and Doctor Barrow in the afternoon; meaning, that he intended reading a sermon from those great divines on both occasions. We heartily wish some of the divines of this day would have the courage, as well as the good sense, to adopt a similar practice at suitable opportunities. In points of essential merit, no critic, any way qualified, would hesitate to give the preference to one of South's best sermons over a majority of modern dis-

* Without pledging ourselves, in all cases, to the sayings of contributors, we are yet anxious, for the sake of liberty of opinion, to extend as little as possible the class of prohibited subjects. The pulpit we do not think one of them. The voice of an intelligent laity—hitherto too much neglected in the affairs of the church—should be entertained and heeded; its exercise, within due limits, with proper intelligence, would soon elevate and sustain the pulpit in its just position—the most desirable station for the best minds. As it is, the pulpit is not generally equal to the bar in manliness, energy and talent.—EDS. ARCTURUS.

courses, even by divines of considerable eminence. What pithiness of sense and point of expression in the old divines! what weakness, flaccidity, baldness in the present race! If the excessive length of Barrow, or the local satire of South, or the extravagant erudition and overflowing fancy of Taylor, be excepted to, let Barrow be condensed, expunge South, and prune the excrescences of the Bishop of Down and Connor. Taste, no mean talents, judgment, are requisite for this selection and purgation, and only to the hands of a first rate man, would we consign the task. Inferior intellects, if admitted on the plea of piety into the church at all, should not pretend to this, but take the best sermons as they find them. It is not for them to abuse and dislocate the fine thoughts of genius, which learning may have overloaded or temporary allusions rendered quaint and obscure. It is almost presumption in a man of equal genius, to try his skill on the same subjects that have engaged the attention of those master intellects; for Cowley to attempt a flight with the Theban eagle. It is absolute profanation for a petty parson to endeavor to hurl the thunders of Avenging Justice, or to imitate the silver eloquence of an Angel of Mercy.

From the practice of reading the best published sermons of standard and orthodox divines, two good results, if no more, would follow; the art of elocution would be much more attended to, and the sermons could be studied and carefully meditated, by which means, the preacher might deliver it with greater effect. We suspect that many a minister would then understand his theme better than now, that he is obliged to write so frequently, and at such comparatively short notice.

To this practice, the majority of congregations might demur—so strong is the hold of ancient usage upon men's minds. The curse of political, seems to be the predominant vice of religious corporations; viz. a blindness to innovation—even when wholesome—to reform; a prejudice in favor of existing practises. Many good people appear to suspect indolence or indifference on the part of a preacher who reads a printed sermon. They call it an imposition. They must have a return for the salary. But, is a meagre discourse from your parson as well worth your attention, as a sermon from the lips of the English Chrysostoms and Austins? As it is, are they all original preachers who deliver written sermons? a sermon may be transferred as well as any thing else. There are other "conveyances"

beside those of a legal description. The very critics who speak so authoritatively, are not always acquainted with the sources of the finest thoughts and most sparkling fancies. When they abuse the preacher's tediousness, they may be reflecting upon Tillotson; and when pleased with a graceful expression they may be only assenting to the sentiment of Sherlock or Aterbury.

The defects of contemporary preaching, are twofold: literary and religious. We must premise two considerations before entering upon these points of criticism. Preaching is too *general* to have any special efficacy. It is directed against vice and sin in the abstract; it enforces virtue and goodness in the general. It recognises passions and sentiments, rather than a separate act or an individual feeling. It wants particularity.—The preacher addresses his congregation, rather than any single member of it. Perhaps there is no speciality in his ideas; he may, himself, entertain only general impressions of the beauty of holiness, or the heinousness of crime. His own soul may not be truly alive to the convictions of his reason; his own spirit may not be wholly imbued with his own doctrines. As a matter of course, he can produce no impression, who feels no strong motive for exciting any.

Preaching is also too frequent. It is made too common. In the early history of the church, priests, or at least one class of them, were allowed to preach only at stated times; some, if we are not mistaken, not oftener than once a month. This, too, at a time when preaching, as a means of making proselytes, was much more essential to the growth of the church than at present.

The true intent of preaching, the object of a sermon, it seems to us, is not comprehended. We are impressed with the truth, that a preacher should teach rather than declaim; convince than speculate; persuade and exhort, and not merely amuse or entertain. His business is to teach men doctrine and duty; but, of the two, duty rather than doctrine, as practice is more important than opinion. He must be himself sincere, if he would gain influence; and of his sincerity, a good life is the only test. He must speak from experience who would speak with authority. The mere orator in the pulpit is contemptible. What audacity to play off rhetorical tricks before high heaven, for the admiration of a gaping crowd. At the same time, severely as

we repudiate hollow display, even of the finest genius, we yet hold the noblest exercise of the faculties to be, the worship and adoration of the Almighty Father. To his service should the richest genius, the costliest research, the most accomplished talents, be dedicated: yet with humility, and all in his honor. But what is to be taught? Everything—both Physical Science and the Belles Lettres: and the first of these may be often introduced by way of illustration of natural theology; and the last, for ornament. History must be included, for she records deeds and characters by way of example; politics, for government is based on religion; morality, for that is the practical exponent of Christianity. Nothing is too high for the sacred chair, that refers to nature; nothing too low, that is connected with humanity. Religion, a matter of universal concern, includes everything else; whatever is to be known, can be felt, or ought to be done. The pulpit should be the school, the lecture room, the press, for the people. How many glean all their scanty stock from the preacher. Many take all their religious and moral views from their clergyman. This alone should incline us to fix the standard of preaching high; to make it very comprehensive.

Of all the varieties of preaching, we place the moral discourse at the head; that which impresses our highest duties, and directs our familiar offices; that which regards man as a social creature, as well as a spiritual being; that which, in its zeal for heavenly things, does not overlook the period spent here on this bank and shoal of time! Such preaching is *Christian*, for it is after the model of the Sermon on the Mount—that compend of Christian duties and doctrine. Much idle cant has been expended on a distinction between evangelical and moral sermons; as if a good moralist was not, from the philosophical nature of the case, religious. Not that morality is better than religion. It is as good. It is the same with it. It is Christianity applied to action. Christianity is, in a word, a divine morality. The law of God and the moral law coincide, are contemporary. Morality is not only as old as the creation, but existed long before it—before all time—in the bosom of the Supreme Being. An awful sense of duty governs all beneath the Creator of the world, down to the meanest of his intelligent and responsible creatures. This, we would have preached. The most sterling of the old divines afford abundant precedents.

The sermons of Barrow, in particular, are almost entirely moral treatises. Tillotson founds revelation on the law of nature; and speaks of the latter as antecedent to the former.

Evangelical piety, often pure and sincere, has as often been assumed by those, who, disregarding the common rules of morality, expect from their very wickedness, to shine out as brilliant lights;—"the greater sinner, the greater saint." Is it harsh to suspect such repentance half the time? About strict morality, there can be less mistake. It affords ground for fewer deceptions.

There is another vulgar (though time-honored) error, regarding the personal character of the priest, which would teach us a bad man may still be a good priest; that the office sanctifies the clerical acts of the incumbent. This cannot be so. It is too revolting to common reason, let the sophisms of controversialists be marshalled as they may. For our own part, (and we think we share the feeling with many), we cannot hear the sermon of a preacher, let him be ever so eloquent or acute, if we do not reverence his personal character. The two are inseparable—and of the two, the man should predominate. When the man is good and the priest perfect in his function, then we find the true character. The formalist and the hypocrite sometimes usurp his place, and in passing we will glance at each. The formalist in the pulpit, is as injurious to the cause of religion, as the sceptic in company; perhaps more hurtful, because with less art and without an armed design. The one disgusts the man of sense and sincere christian: the other, by specious logic alarms the wary and puts his opponents on their guard. We find a passage in Mr. Emerson's Divinity Address, so germane to the matter, that we cannot forbear quoting it.

"Whenever the pulpit is usurped by a formalist, then is the worshipper defrauded and disconsolate. We shrink as soon as the prayers begin, which do not uplift, but smite and offend us. We are fain to wrap our cloaks about us, and secure, as best we can, a solitude that hears not. I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say, I would go to church no more. Men go, thought I, where they are wont to go, else had no soul entered the temple in the afternoon. A snowstorm was falling around us. The snowstorm was real; the preacher merely spectral; and the eye felt the sad contrast in looking at him, and then out of the window be-

hind him, into the beautiful meteor of the snow. He had lived in vain. He had not one word intimating that he had laughed or wept, was married or in love, had been commended, or cheated, or chagrined. If he had ever lived and acted we were none the wiser for it. The capital secret of his profession, namely, to convert life into truth, he had not learned. Not one fact in all his experience, had he yet imported into his doctrine. This man had ploughed, and planted, and talked, and bought, and sold; he had read books; he had eaten and drunken; his head aches; his heart throbs; he smiles and suffers; yet was there not a surmise, a hint, in all the discourse, that he had ever lived at all. Not a line did he draw out of real history. The true preacher can always be known by this, that he deals out to the people his life,—life passed through the fire of thought. But of the bad preacher, it could not be told from his sermon, what age of the world he fell in; whether he had a father or a child; whether he was a freeholder or a pauper; whether he was a citizen or a countryman; or any other fact of his biography."

The hypocrite is much worse, and, next to the man of cold malicious heart, the worst man in the world. Cant, always despicable, in the pulpit is blasphemy. Yet, there is a cant (if we are not wrong) without hypocrisy; a professional style of speech, an assumption of using common words in a particular and pedantic sense. Such is the phrase, "professing" christian, a puritanical expression, that has become quite common; a presumptuous term, vainglorious, pharisaical. The character of the good parson is far removed from either of these.

The style of sermons cannot be too plain and simple, in general. The best, is perfectly clear and earnest. Strength and seriousness are the great qualities. Let it be rather a labored plainness than a labored eloquence. The greatest truths, like the richest gems, show best plain set. The best character, for a writer of sermons, is Ben Jonson's character of Cartwright the dramatist, also a preacher. "He, my son Cartwright, writes all like a man." Joined to this manly sense, let there be a liberal spirit of humanity; a sympathy with men, as men; compassion and fellow feeling. Let suavity modify the rigour of doctrines, and let a Christian feeling breathe over your whole spirit. Thus we would address the preacher.

Action and gesture, when natural, are always right—when artificial, very seldom.—To the young preacher, we would further say, the old divines afford a good school, but a knowledge of human nature is better. Still, of the old divines drink your fill—of wisdom, and fancy, and piety, and acute knowledge, and ability of every kind. What pictures, and fair conceits, and rich harmonies, in Taylor! what ingenious thoughts, so fine, so delicate, in Donne! what massy arguments, and ample discussions, in Barrow! what sharpness, what force, what satire, in South! what liberality and fairness, in Tillotson! what closeness and accuracy, in Clarke! And he that reads the great contemporaries of these great men, will find them to have "written with a crisped pen."

J.

THE MATERIALS OF HISTORY.

INDIFFERENCE to the past, considered as a national characteristic, is a mark of rudeness and incivilization. A purely savage people live only in the present moment. The satisfaction of immediate wants, the enjoyment of the passing hour, make up the sum total of their existence. They have no monuments, and they leave none. To them, the deeds of forefathers, the exploits of other times, the good or the evil that marked an earlier day, afford no examples and impart no instruction. It is as if none had lived before them, and none were to come after. Equally indifferent to the future, they make no provision for a day beyond that which already dawns upon them, and care as little for the next generation as the last.

Such are mankind in their natural and uncultivated state. But as they emerge into the light of civilization, a change comes over the scene. An enlarged horizon exhibits new objects to the view. Their gaze is no longer fixed, animal-like, upon the narrow compass of earth that suffices for present indulgence; but looking upward towards Heaven, and around upon the out-spreading landscape, they begin to feel the sublimity of their intellectual nature, and to call into exercise the faculties that God has endowed them with, but of which they have hitherto remained unconscious. Now awa-

kens the thirst of knowledge—the strong and insatiable desire to grasp at something beyond mere sensation. The well-spring of thought bubbles up, fertilizing and stimulating the perceptions, and a thousand imaginations and conceits pour forth in undisciplined confusion. Reason and reflection soon, however, assert their rights, and the plastic hand of cultivation moulds all into shape and order.

The present moment is now no longer the limit of the mind's ken. It supplies too gross a material for the exercise of the awakened powers, and the imagination scorns to feed upon it. Stretching back to the past, or diving deep into futurity, it delights to take to itself the wings of fancy, and revel and riot amid the scenes that lure it away from the sensualities and follies, the cares and distractions, of the fleeting moment. It conjures up the realities of a by-gone age, and seeks to learn the motives, the principles, the habits both of mind and body, and all that was comprised in the career of those who once lived and flourished, but have long slumbered in the Valley of Silence. At this stage of progress the father of history unfolded his luminous page, and recited to his assembled countrymen the glorious deeds and chivalric achievements of their departed sires, or traced the daring exploits of the half-fabulous heroes, who made Greece the arena for the display of super-human courage and unrivalled prowess. It is needless to add that the land rung with the praises of the man, who had thus successfully appealed both to the new-born thirst for historic lore, and to that other scarcely less civilized sentiment, the love of one's own country.

Advancing improvement strengthens the desire to converse with departed excellence, and national pride leads to the erection of lasting monuments to perpetuate its fame. Memorials are sought on every hand; but, alas! it too often happens that inattention or neglect on the part of contemporaries, occasions the loss of what a subsequent age would be sure to prize, as the precious reliques of genius or distinguished merit. How little is known, for instance, of the private history of England's great dramatist, and with what eagerness are the faintest traces of his every-day life sought and treasured up! Yet with a little care exercised either in his own day or by those of the succeeding generation, enough might have been gathered to enable his admirers in all ages to form a correct conception of the life and personal

character of the man, whose genius is the proudest boast of English literature. Great national events likewise often fail of a proper appreciation, from the want of due care in preserving the memorials of their occurrence. To the historical student, many cases in point will suggest themselves. The history of American discovery may be mentioned, as singularly deficient in the requisite materials for its elucidation. The important voyages of Sebastian Cabot and Amerigo Vespucci are involved in much obscurity, and the chart or map drawn by the former to illustrate his discoveries, has long been classed among the things "lost on earth." Navarette is doing much in Spain to rescue from oblivion the services rendered by his countrymen in the discovery of the new world; but had the work in which he is engaged been earlier begun, the results would have been far more satisfactory and complete.

In this country, little has been yet accomplished towards preserving the materials of history. The federal government has shown great attention in preserving its own records, and a highly important work is in progress under its patronage, which, if completed according to the plan of its industrious and intelligent projector, will constitute the greatest repository of historical documents extant.* Something has been done by individual states, but with a few exceptions their publications have been confined to legislative journals and documents. Massachusetts has done more: she has recently published the laws of the old Plymouth Colony, and the journals of her Provincial Congress during a part of the Revolutionary War; and for several years a highly competent person has been employed in arranging the great mass of public papers belonging to her archives. Our own State is not without claims to respectful consideration in regard to this subject. Besides an almost uninterrupted printed series of legislative journals, for a period of a century and a half, twenty-six volumes of the early Dutch records have been translated at the expense of the State, (during the administration of De Witt Clinton), and an agent has been lately sent to Europe for the purpose of collecting materials illustrative of our colonial history. At the last session of the legislature, a resolution was adopted with great unanim-

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*The Documentary History of the United States, by Peter Force.

ity in both branches, authorizing the Governor to procure the printing of the journals of the New-York Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety, from 1775 to 1777, including the journal of the Convention for framing the first State Constitution. Georgia has likewise acted with a commendable spirit in relation to her colonial history. In 1824 her general assembly made an appropriation "for the purpose of collecting, arranging and publishing, all papers relating to the original settlement or political history of the State, now in the Executive or Secretary of State's office." More recently, by virtue of a resolution of the legislature passed December 23d, 1837, the Governor appointed the Rev. Charles Wallace Howard an agent of the State, "to repair to London for the purpose of procuring the colonial records, or copies thereof, now in the colonial department of Great Britain, that relate to the history and settlement of this State." The result of this mission was, twenty-two large folio volumes of public documents, averaging over two hundred closely written pages each.

Historical associations form, without doubt, the most important auxiliary for the promotion of the same object. Massachusetts enjoys the honor of having set the example, in establishing a society for this purpose, which was organized as early as the year 1791; it has since published about thirty volumes of Collections, all of which abound in valuable historical materials. The New York Society was the next institution of the kind, and dates from the year 1804. It has published six volumes, and collected a library of American history almost without a rival in this country. Among its early friends and active members were, De Witt Clinton, Gov. Tompkins, Dr. Mitchell, Judge Benson, and others of the most eminent men of their day. In New Hampshire a society was formed in 1822, which has also published several volumes. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Georgia, Connecticut and Virginia, have also their historical associations, occupied for the most part in the collection of materials relative to the history of their respective States.

In this connexion may be noticed the enterprise of Alexandre Vattemare, whose plan of promoting an interchange of duplicate productions in science, literature and the arts, among institutions in various parts of the world, is well calculated to favor the collection of historical materials. Having visited the different capitals of Europe, and explored

their libraries, cabinets and museums, he often discovered, in the progress of his researches, works of the utmost importance to the historical collections of one country, preserved in another where they were of much less value and interest. And wherever he went, he met with relics of inestimable value for the illustration of the early stages of European society, the existence of which was scarcely known, owing to the little care bestowed in preserving the memorials of departed times. The plan of instituting a general system of exchanges throughout the civilized world, cannot fail to awaken a general attention to this subject and lead to a better appreciation of the antique and historical treasures possessed by different countries, while the proposed interchange of duplicates, if carried into effect, must add greatly to the value of their respective collections.

It rejoices us to see this subject gaining friends and acquiring interest in the public mind. We are, indeed, a youthful community, and it was unreasonable, not to say absurd, in Monsieur Vattemare, to expect to find among us "vast public libraries, splendid museums, and institutions of all kinds, which should far outstrip even the most munificent establishments of the old world*;" but we have a history worth preserving, and something may be done with the most limited means in amassing the materials that should enter into its composition. Our libraries and public collections may be enlarged; the exertions of zealous individuals, who are willing to devote their time to the promotion of these objects, should be encouraged; and by and by, in due course of time, our deficiencies in these matters may not be so glaring as to excite the especial wonder and amazement of intelligent persons from the other side of the water.

G. F.

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* See the report of his remarks on a late occasion, in the New-Yorker.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.*

THE REPUTATION of Bolingbroke is now almost wholly a matter of tradition. The courted and caressed minion of fortune, the "all-accomplished St. John," the petted darling of fashion, the favorite son of genius, is, at the present day, a name and little else. The personal qualities of a brilliant manner and polished address, which, together with copiousness of language, both in writing and speaking, a certain elegance of air, and a superficial stock of showy erudition, conspired to render the name of Bolingbroke, a talisman of magic power in his own day, have all now given place to an oblivion, rightly merited, by an absence of the chief virtues of the heart, and of all the really admirable qualities of the head—the only sure antidotes to mortality. We find in the history of Bolingbroke, a lesson to those who would elevate the character of a friend into that of a demigod; who judge too much from personal feeling, and make little allowance for the just, because utterly impartial, verdict of posterity.

If we gather our opinion of the genius of Bolingbroke from the reports of private friendship, we would place him on the pinnacle of fame; if we judge from his personal history, and from his own writings, we come to a quite opposite conclusion. The writers of his day seemed to have conspired to raise him to the heights of renown; but he had not the internal force to make good their endeavors. Resting on his own merits, he soon sank to his proper level of inferiority, and general obscurity.

The praises bestowed on Bolingbroke fall little short of adulation. Pope's strain is always that of extravagant eulogium. Swift was not far behind in this respect. Later writers have kept up the ball. Bulwer, and the younger D'Israeli, in their early novels, painted him the hero of the boudoir and the saloon of fashion. The latest professed eulogy we have read of Bolingbroke, is from the pen of Lord Mahon, in his history—who coincides with the vulgar

* The Works of Lord Bolingbroke; with a life, prepared expressly for this edition; containing additional information relatative to his personal and public character, selected from the best authorities. In 4 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1841.

idea of a past school of criticism, in the opinion, that Bolingbroke was, perhaps, the finest of English writers.

Writing chiefly either on political, and hence purely ephemeral topics, or on moral and religious, and hence permanent themes, Bolingbroke is to be judged as a pamphleteer, and as a philosopher. In the first character, he was eminently successful; his tenets were those of a strong partizan, and defended with animation and considerable force of declamation. Sometimes, he rose into eloquence; but generally, his declamation was as cold and artificial as his reasoning was specious and shallow. Pitt, to be sure, used to say, the Letter to Sir William Wyndham was the most masterly composition in the English language, but his wretched literary taste is well known. It suited his own style of political eloquence: being wordy, full and musical. The moral essays of Bolingbroke, are equally worthless for the thought and the style. Some of his religious speculations, were close on the verge of atheism; he adopted the French cant of freedom from prejudice, and denied the genuineness of certain parts of the Bible. His platonic aspirations have the appearance of utter insincerity; and his mouthing rants about patriotism and public good, can deceive only the most credulous of his readers. In a word, we look on Bolingbroke as a literary charlatan; and concur entirely with Blair—who, for once, forgot his formality and indifference, when he told his pupils, that for profit, no English writer could be read with such little advantage as Bolingbroke. His style, however meretricious, has the merit of copiousness and harmony. In music, we consider it unrivalled; but that is the least part of good writing. A few sentences, taken at random, from the Letters on the Study of History, may serve to display this beauty to advantage.

"I had rather take the Darius whom Alexander conquered, for the son of Hystaspes, and make as many anachronisms as a Jewish chronologer, than sacrifice half my life to collect all the learned lumber that fills the head of an antiquary. . . . . * * * The school of example, my lord, is the world, and the masters of this school are history and experience. I am far from contending that the former is preferable to the latter; I think upon the whole otherwise: but this I say, that the former is absolutely necessary to prepare us for the latter, and to accompany us whilst we are under

the discipline of the latter; that is, through the whole course of our lives. No doubt some few men may be quoted, to whom nature gave what art and industry can give to no man. But such examples will prove nothing against me, because I admit that the study of history, without experience, is insufficient; but assert, that experience itself is so without genius. Genius is preferable to the other two, but I would wish to find the three together; for how great soever a genius may be, and how much soever he may acquire new light and heat, as he proceeds in his rapid course, certain it is that he will never shine with the full lustre, nor shed the full influence he is capable of, unless to his own experience he adds the experience of other men and other ages. Genius, without the improvement, at least, of experience, is what comets once were thought to be; a blazing meteor, irregular in his course, and dangerous in his approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any. Mere sons of earth, if they have experience without any knowledge of the history of the world, are but half scholars in the science of mankind; and if they are conversant in history without experience, they are worse than ignorant; they are pedants, always incapable, sometimes meddling and presuming. The man who has all three, is an honor to his country, and a public blessing; and such, I trust, your lordship will be in this century, as your great grandfather was in the last..... * * * * Now if all this be so; if reason has so little, and ignorance, passion, interest, and custom so much to do, in forming our opinions and our habits, and in directing the whole conduct of human life; is it not a thing desirable by every thinking man, to have the opportunity, indulged to so few by the course of accidents, the opportunity '*secum esse, et secum vivere*,' of living some years at least to ourselves and for ourselves, in a state of freedom, under the laws of reason, instead of passing our whole time in a state of vassalage under those of authority and custom? Is it not worth our while to contemplate ourselves and others, and all the things of this world, once before we leave them, through the medium of pure, and, if I may say so, of undefiled reason? Is it not worth our while to approve or condemn, on our own authority, what we receive in the beginning of life on the authority of other men, who were not then better able to judge for us than we are now to judge for ourselves..... * * * To set about acquiring the

habits of meditation and study late in life, is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, and learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs. In general, the foundations of an happy old age, must be laid in youth; and in particular, he who has not cultivated his reason young, will be utterly unable to improve it old. *Manent ingenia senibus, modo permaneant studium et industria.* . . . . . * * * Your lordship may think this perhaps a little too sanguine, for one who has lost so much time already: you may put me in mind, that human life has no second spring, no second summer: you may ask me what I mean by sowing in autumn, and whether I hope to reap in winter? My answer will be, that I think very differently from most men, of the time we have to pass and the business we have to do in this world: I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal common-place complaints, which we prefer against the established order of things: they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business, for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being, for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who misspends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorizes this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it;—his master, Aristotle, found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals: both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better, for his quarrel with the Stagyrite on this head. . . . . * * * * That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficent, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long: we render it short; and the want we complain of, flows from our profusion, not from our poverty. We are all arrant spendthrifts: some of us dissipate our estates on the trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we

all complain that we want the necessaries of life. The much greatest part never reclaim, but die bankrupts to God and man; others reclaim late; and they are apt to imagine, when they make up their accounts and see how their fund is diminished, that they have not enough remaining to live upon, because they have not the whole. But they deceive themselves: they were richer than they thought, and they are not yet poor: if they husband well the remainder, it will be found sufficient for all the necessaries, and for some of the superfluities, and trifles too, perhaps, of life: but then the former order of expense must be inverted; and the necessaries of life must be provided, before they put themselves to any cost for the trifies or superfluities."

In the best passages, we are sometimes reminded of Cowley and Sir William Temple, among his predecessors; and in the present day, we see a revival of the same power of amplification in a nobler spirit, in the works of Channing and Macaulay.

As an orator, Bolingbroke was rated very high by his contemporaries. His successors in public life, (Pitt and Brougham), have estimated him the very first of English orators. Lord Chesterfield thought him superior to the ancients. But, in his printed works, he is infinitely beneath Burke—who, singularly enough, commenced his career by an imitation of Bolingbroke—which proved superior to the original. We can imagine him, however, a very popular speaker. He had all the arts of oratory, and a fine person. He was quick, brilliant, energetic, fiery; his manners, soft, elegant, refined; his scholarship, dazzling and deceptive. He was also, when necesssary, untiring in business; and, perhaps, the best negotiator and diplomat, among the English statesmen of his time.

The personal character of this "brilliant knave" was, in early life, grossly sensual;—he was a sort of Marquis of Waterford: only rivalling him in reckless licentiousness. He kept the most expensive mistress in the kingdom, and boasted of being able to drink more than any other man could bear. He once ran a race naked through Hyde Park. Lord Byron was quite a puritan compared with Bolingbroke. His lordship's ambition, when a collegian, and until the age of near thirty, was wholly of the puerile sort that distinguishes rich young men of fashion of the present day.

As he advanced towards maturity, he became the statesman and political leader. After the loss of power and influence, he turned philosopher. It may look like want of charity, but we confess we suspect it to be too true, that philosophy was the last resort of Bolingbroke; as politics has been said to be "the last resort of a scoundrel." And it is astonishing, how men are allowed to conduct the affairs of the nation, whose private business is entirely neglected, and whose personal character is highly valued, at the very smallest premium.

Religion, Bolingbroke repelled with disdain; but rested firm in the consolations of philosophy. He died at an advanced age, and holding the same doctrines to the very last.

There must have been in the company and private character of this celebrated man, more than appears in his writings and public conduct, else how were the best men of his time so duped by his fascinating qualities. The stern sense of Swift, the acute satire of Pope, the comic subtlety of Gay, had pierced the hollow surface of pretence, and lashed the age; yet they united in one chorus of applause to the genius, the patriotism, the purity of Bolingbroke! It is a curious problem.

We cannot close this slight notice, without paying a tribute of just compliment to the enterprising publishers. The work is printed with great neatness; the portrait admirably engraved. It is a cause of regret with us, that the subject matter, at this time, is not more worthy of the execution. How many far superior works lie mouldering in the rubbish of ancient libraries. St. John may be popular at the south. He inculcates a lax morality; and the style may suit the Virginia idea of eloquence—frothy and high sounding. But here, in these middle states, and at the east, we know better what true eloquence and sound philosophy mean, and have living models of both.

The editor deserves some notice, but wholly by way of censure. In a pert, pragmatical preface, he speaks slightingly of the elegant compilation of Goldsmith, who has sifted the facts cleanly, and given the gist of the matter. It is a common criticism to speak of the indolence of Goldsmith, who, however, left a goodly number of volumes behind him, and wrote as no other man of his day could write. A similar vulgar error prevails with regard to Irving, (our Goldsmith), who has written his shelf full of choice classics.

With all his pretensions, the editor has only contrived to make an unsightly piece of patchwork from Goldsmith, and some review articles. He employs the text of Goldsmith without remark, even after his scornful criticism; which reminds us of a similar spirit in the Wild Tartar, mentioned by Hudibras, who,

> When he spies
> A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
> If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
> His wit, his beauty, and his spirit:
> *As if just so much he enjoy'd,*
> *As in another is destroy'd.*

J.

THE CITY ARTICLE.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THE ABOLITION of punishment by death is a measure demanded by the enlightened philanthropy of the times. We do not believe in all the schemes of social, political or moral reform, brought forward by those who call themselves philanthropists; the pretension of an individual is no measure of worth or right, but his abuse of the name should not injure the sacred cause of humanity. The ignorant errors of self-styled reformers, advocates of the re-organization of society, the crudities of men with one idea obtruded upon the community, should not deter us from the noble work of reform itself—which will ever remain for the exercise of the best minds, while society is in existence with the present inequality of conditions, the confusion of right and wrong, the existence of error in all shapes among its members. For the evils of society there is no cure but the efforts of reformers, and unhappy must that state be where the work of reform is regarded with contempt. Obvious as these remarks are, we cannot but think the neglect of them is the most general cause of whatever opposition has been made to the recent exertions for the abolition of capital punishment in this state. It is not unusual for many men, bound by their position in society and opportunities of education, to save themselves the labor of thought, and

dismiss any new claim upon their attention, by referring it to some popular class of objections or prejudices, conveniently at hand and plausible enough to satisfy their conscience and self-love. It gives a man an air of superiority to deny a proposition, though to the contempt of all intelligent observers he has to shelter himself under a paltry prejudice. By no other reason, than the prevalent indolence with regard to all new matters of inquiry, can we account for the fact that the resolution based upon the report of Mr. O'Sullivan is not now the law of the State.

The argument for the abolition of capital punishment is clear and obvious, and supported on every side by the example of fact and experiment. The prejudices in favor of the present system are weak and inefficient, and already have crumbled to pieces, leaving the statute in many cases a dead letter, of no force or efficiency without the sympathy of the public. There never was a matter more rife for legislation than this—for the law would only express the sense of justice already indirectly uttered in the actions of the community. Cases arise in legislation in which the morality of the law is in advance of the morality of the people—where decision and courage are required on the part of the legislator—where his work has to be judged by after ages: but on this subject the mind of the people is already awake, and only the most ignorant prejudice can oppose it. But that prejudice must be overcome. So once again we must advance the old irrefragable arguments which have been the common property of all writers on this theme for the last hundred years.

In 1764, the Marquis Beccaria published his Essay on Crimes and Punishments, the enlightened judgment and humanity of which rank him with Howard, Franklin, Bentham, Edward Livingston, and those other philanthropists who have felt deeply and reasoned wisely on the misfortunes of social life. With a prescient spirit of wisdom, Beccaria opposed the theory and practice of capital punishment. His leading argument against its infliction is political; that it is the exertion of a power over the individual by the state, never conceded by any compact of its members. The sovereignty of the laws, he argues, is founded on the portions of liberty relinquished by each individual for the security of the rest in a well governed social state. "But no man would ever give to others the right of taking away his life. If it

were so, how shall it be reconciled to the maxim which tells us, that a man has no right to kill himself, which he certainly must have, if he could give it away to another."* This, it must be seen, involves a still higher principle—the idea of the sacred inviolability of human life: so sacred, that its destruction must ever rest on man or the nation as the greatest crime in the catalogue of sins. Suicide, war, murder, capital punishment, are all violations of the same high law, the sanctity, enforced by conscience and revelation, of the life of man, "made in the image of God." Reverence of human life and its objects is the foundation of every duty we can practice in this world; is obedience to the one great act of the Supreme in placing us in the world. Whoever seeks to injure that, commits the highest act of rebellion against the Sovereign of all.

If man cannot resign the right of life to society, neither can society assume it on the score of expediency. Fancied necessity never can make wrong to become right. Only in one case is there a necessity that permits the destruction of human life, the necessity of self-preservation; which applies both to the wars of the state and the homicide of the private citizen. But the exercise of this power is one of fearful responsibility, and even where it is rightly employed, good men may well weep over the fallen temple of the divine spirit of man. When evil passion is subdued by an all-embracing Christianity, war and homicide will cease: right they can never be, for the sad necessity that permits them comes from the most violent wrong.

Beccaria appeals to "the experience of all ages" to show, that the punishment of death has never answered the proposed end of deterring man from crime. It is inexpedient, for practically it has not been the most efficient safeguard to the welfare of society: its use has on the contrary multiplied crime; and philosophically it does not create by fear a sufficient barrier against the murderous hand of interest, jealousy, revenge.

The only ends of punishment are to restrain the guilty from further offence, to reform the perpetrator, and to hold out a warning to others to deter them from repeating the offence. If these objects are gained, it is all that society can have—

* Beccaria's Essay, Ch. xxviii.

and in one way or another they are all defeated by the present law for the punishment of death. The popular sentiment on a capital trial in the State of New York is always on the side of the criminal, ready to seize upon the slightest palliating circumstances to acquit a villain, sending him forth without amendment free upon society, rather than incur the guilt of taking his life. On this point Mr. O'Sullivan remarks in his able report,

"The *uncertainty of conviction*, by juries, for capital offences, has grown almost into a proverb. There can be no criminal lawyer in this State, of any extended practice or observation, by whom this remark will not be received as a truism. Even after the rejection from the panel, by challenge, of all who have formed a decided principle of action or opinion on this subject, juries are always, and will always be, powerfully swayed in their judgment, as well as in their feelings, by that horror of shedding the blood of their fellow man, which the laws of God have planted too deeply in the hearts of all to be eradicated, however it may be weakened by the influence of any laws of man. In the clearest cases, it is constantly seen they *will not* convict; and the criminal, whatever both the heinousness and the certainty of his guilt, must be singularly unfortunate indeed, if the ingenuity and eloquence of an able advocate cannot find, in the circumstances of the case, some point or other, great or small, on which he can urge to the hearts or the imagination of the jury such appeals, as cannot be counteracted without extreme difficulty by the sober voice of truth and justice. It is vain to talk of jurors' oaths. They *will* violate them, by what their consciences regard as only pious perjuries, under a thousand pleas of technical deficiencies or imperfections of evidence, however immaterial in their nature. In strong cases they will do it openly, and without even a shadow of other reason or justification, than simply this invincible repugnance which holds back their hands from the deed of blood."

The other end of punishment with regard to the guilty, to reform him, is wholly cut off, for "there is no device in the grave." The poor mockery of a religious service through the six weeks given to the convict between sentence and execution, under these circumstances, cannot be called reform. At best, it is to be feared, the miserable victim catches at self-delusion, and cheats himself into a fancied resignation

to the death he cannot help; and we know in most cases his profligacy is hardened by excitement: he is fool-hardy by despair, and perhaps he goes out of the world wreaking his last spite and malice in insults on the only being within his reach, the devoted prison chaplain. If we believe that the welfare of the soul in the next world depends upon its virtuous discipline and education in this, we cannot cut off the life of a human being. The man, indeed, who commits the crime of murder, must forfeit many social privileges and lose many opportunities of self-improvement; for the welfare of society requires a fearful punishment for his crime, in imprisonment for life. He is cut off from wife and children, and the sweet discipline of home; the thousand incidental influences which form the manly character in the varied contact of men in society, indeed, he cannot share; he loses the impulses of men engaged in one common cause for political or social advancement; he is not stimulated by the enthusiasm of the crowd; his faculties are not sharpened by the inferior pursuits of interest or trade; he is no longer free with Nature to follow her infinite variety over hill and dale, and read in the wilful sport and energy of the elements the response to the restless passion of his own heart. The noble education of a free man struggling in the world he has forfeited, but under the direction of a wise and benevolent legislation much is left. The prisoner confined, it is true, alone, may have all the opportunities of physical health, the occupation of a trade, the use of books, with proper religious and secular instruction. Though necessarily imperfect compared with the education he might receive in the world, his situation would be better than that of many imprisoned to the dull walls of a sick chamber by disease. He might still amend. He might have time for reflection and repentance, and might learn to connect the idea of duty with his daily labor and respect for his teachers. We can conceive a man living virtuously and dying happily in a prison, when, if the gallows were the punishment, his end would be one at which reason and religion alike teach us to shudder.

For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, doe most dismay
The feeble soul, departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

The remaining condition of punishment is, that it be such as may deter others from the like crime. For this, as a preventive of murder, the fear of death is inadequate. This fear, indeed, where it is felt in its intensity, when the calm voice of reason or reflection announces to a man the coming dissolution of those ties with earth which every effort of life has only bound more strongly, when the thought of death is aggravated by doubt or despair, is the most terrible of human emotions. But the impression of death, even to the man of reflection, is but momentary; it is equally transient and far weaker in force with the inferior class, who are most likely to incur its penalty. On this subject the philosophy of Beccaria does not fail him. "It is not the intenseness of the pain," says he, "that has the greatest effect on the mind, but its continuance; for our sensibility is more easily and more powerfully affected by weak but repeated impressions, than by a violent but momentary impulse. The power of habit is universal over every sensible being. As it is by that we learn to speak, to walk, and to satisfy our necessities, so the ideas of morality are stamped on our minds by repeated impressions. The death of a criminal is a terrible but momentary spectacle, and therefore a less efficacious method of deterring others than the continued example of a man deprived of his liberty, condemned, as a beast of burden, to repair by his labor the injury he has done to society. If I commit such a crime, says the spectator to himself, I shall be reduced to that miserable condition for the rest of my life. A much more powerful preventive than the fear of death, which men always behold in distant obscurity." This argument might be enforced by passages from philosophy, by the practical evidence of facts, but to our minds the conclusion is irresistible. Succeeding writers have added nothing to the forcible statement of Beccaria.

The objections to the abolition of capital punishment range themselves under one or other of these three heads: either that the penalty is commanded in the Bible, and it is a matter of religious duty to adhere to it; that it is the most signal punishment for the offence, and one that will best conduce to the preservation of society; or that compared with its substitute, solitary imprisonment for life, it is really the most humane for the subject of it. The second and third of these objections have been answered in the preceding remarks: we have seen that capital punishment is inefficient

for the end proposed, and that it is more humane to reform a murderer than to hang him with the burden of sin on the soul. For the first objection, we can regard it only as a prejudice, based upon a false statement of a passage accompanied by an immediate withholding this power from man and reserving it for God alone. "At the hand of every man will *I* require it." The reader may profitably consult the report of Mr. O'Sullivan, for an elaborate reply to this reiterated prejudice.

Facts drawn from the history of crime might be quoted in support of these various positions, but we do not argue this question by the support of facts and statistics; these the knowledge of every intelligent citizen who has watched the course of criminal jurisprudence will easily supply: to all, the fullest materials for the confirmation of the principle we advocate may be found in the different works devoted to this subject, and especially in the elaborate report of Mr. O'-Sullivan, to whose ingenious argument and philanthropic views, the friends of reform are largely indebted. The argument drawn from statistics is commonly unsatisfactory; the facts of any case are after all but imperfectly known; many, perhaps the most important, may be omitted, others misrepresented, and at best they partake of the weakness of human evidence, and the judgment based upon them, of human frailty. But if there is one principle felt to be true, irresistible to the conscience and reason, that is involved in the question—on this fearlessly taking our stand, we may speak with a more settled conviction, an intuitive sense of right, a diviner judgment, than can be drawn from the exact deductions, the most careful impressions of facts. Not on questions of expediency, but of right, is the matter to be argued. The last court of appeal is the court of conscience—here sits the enlightened judge. This principle is the sacred inalienable right of human life, the preservation of which is the highest test of civilization and true government. This is illustrated by the mode in which punishment by death has been administered. As punishments have become less cruel, society, leaving the barbarous state, (in which life is lightly regarded), has become more virtuous. Compare the complicated machinery of justice in ancient times with its present simplicity: the neglected barbarous customs of the old English common law, the severities of trial by battle, the tests of witchcraft, are stories now for the amusement of

children. The gallows has shrunk from the highway into the retirement of the cloistered prison; legislation is ashamed of wreaking its inhuman vengeance in the light of day before the assembled people: the next movement, it requires no spirit of prophecy to predict, will be to abandon it for ever. D.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BALLET.

FANNY ELSSLER has again returned to the Park, after a brilliant winter at the South, and with her, once more the ballet reigns supreme. The theatre that was deserted in the winter, at the only season when crowded houses are tolerable, is now, from night to night, in this summer month of June, filled with eager audiences. The newspapers prophecied a decline of the Elssler mania; the share of Elssler of the first night's engagement proved to be eight hundred dollars! An enthusiasm in which the press does not share is to many people a miracle; we shall endeavor to account for it. Undoubtedly, fashion, as alleged, has much to do with the matter. The audience is composed of several distinct classes: one of which is easily selected as the fashionable. This is the mob who follow wherever they are led; whose presence tells nothing in favor of any cause, who ought as little to prejudice any. The same faces and figures would soon be seen filling the seats of a church, to the exclusion of better men, were any great pulpit orator to appear in the city. The appearance of these people indicates nothing but their own folly; which is very visibly written in every fold of their dress, every lineament of the countenance, every turn of the eye. The part they play is a very harmless one—nay, sometimes it has its uses, for it is no uncommon thing for the eccentricity of this class in the boxes to afford, in the intervals of the acts, a great deal of entertaining mirth, to the good sense of the democracy in the pit. The press is sometimes very indignant that such worthless fops should lead the admiration of the audience; but they do not lead, they only follow. They may be regarded as the lacqueys and attendants of the men of wit; and as the servants of the great are commonly more studiously dressed than their masters, these keep up the resemblance by a proper display of jewelry and new coats.

The Ballet has a firmer support in the opposite class of the most intelligent. The true secret of its success is, that it has heart and soul—it appeals to the sentiment. The dance, as portrayed to the eye in airy measure by Elssler, invokes latent ideas of grace and harmony; it reaches a sentiment of beauty little cultivated here as a study, but which in ancient Greece gave birth to the most exquisite proportions in sculpture, architecture, the severe graceful form of literature itself. There is a limit of correctness, a source of refinement in the merely sensual. As we turn from Elssler on the stage, to the female figures around us, who does not wish that they moved and walked like her. This involuntary compliment of admiration, should teach us to pause before we censure, and "distil the soul of goodness." A wise man, in his thorough accomplished education, will reject no just sentiments of his nature; he will cultivate all his faculties; those which are ministered to by his senses, as well as the intellect. If there is an art of eating he will find it out; or a science of hearing, or a poetry of motion. This innate desire for cultivation of beauty, in the movements of the form, is met, until we see a better dancer, by the performances of Elssler. If the common prejudices against the ballet were verified, we should find that the most successful dancers were the grossest; that the best of this kind, in the popular estimation, were the worst; but this is not the case with Elssler. The audience, generally, is composed of the most intelligent and cultivated; the coarse and vulgar prefer coarse and vulgar dancing. The number of old men who attend the theatre on these occasions, has been remarked; we have thought them none the older, or nearer the folly of age, as the eye brightened at the sight of the infantine simplicity of motion on the stage.

After what we have written, we need not say that we regard dancing as an art. It is to be feared that some, dazzled by the novelty for the time, mistake it for the chief, or only art. Much as we admire the Ballet, as a source of gratification, and like all pure delight, of useful culture, we would still remember what is due to the other departments of the Drama. It should hold only its proportionate rank on the stage. It should not drive lofty tragedy from the boards, with her higher lessons controlling human passion—exciting kindling motives for human effort; it should not mar gayer comedy, with her varied instructions of counterplots, masks and laughter; it should even spare poor farce, with its drolleries and incongruities. But we would place it by the side of opera, which presents, perhaps, as wide a departure from the legitimate drama; for the difference between the two is only that, in the Ballet dancing and pantomime are substituted for singing.

THE THEATRE AT NIBLO'S.

THE entertainments at Niblo's are an evidence of what the Drama might be, and how well sustained, if divorced from certain peculiar features that disfigure it at the larger houses. From this circumstance, the audiences differ essentially from any other; including many faces that never show themselves in any other theatre, and many coats of a solemnity and demureness of cut that would never grace the benches of the Bowery, the Chatham, or even the more staid and chastened Park. Niblo's houses are in the main pure and unsophisticated, and such as relish thoroughly whatever is presented. All the pleasure-seeking malcontents of the town haunt his Saloon and Garden. We are pleased to see this, as well for the encouragement it furnishes to the cause of pure stage performances, as the reward to the spirit and enterprize of the proprietor.

The chief supports of the establishment at the present season are, Chippendale—the best general actor, we are inclined to think, in this city, if not in the Union—whom we have seen to advantage in a cockney barber, (in Burlington Arcade), and as a monosyllabic sexton, (in Angeline Le Lis); Lambert, with a comic twang in his voice, and excellent in Uncle Foozle and other pragmatical old gentlemen; Bishop; Miss Ayres, grown a trifle too stout; Miss J. Wallack, a pleasing tenor; and Chapman, with a savour of genius in everything he undertakes. With these, in spite of all counter-attractions, Mr. Niblo must be wafted through a pleasant and profitable season.

THE LOITERER.

The Science of Government, founded on Natural Law. BY CLINTON ROOSEVELT. New-York: Dean & Trevett, 121 Fulton Street. 1841.

IF one were to go out on a day—if such a day there could be—when the clouds were falling piece-meal to the earth—earth itself breaking up from internal spasms—and the sea pitching about uneasily in its bed, as if it would turn on its side and overlay the continent—he would have perhaps a more sublime, but nevertheless very similar sensation, to that which is excited by an entry upon the pages of this new Apocalypse of Mr. Roosevelt. Discomfort, uncertainty, and a vague wonder as to what the end of all this disjointure and chaos will be, are the feelings in-

spired by the twelvemo in which he undertakes to disavow all past orders and conditions of things, prefatory to a grand re-construction on a new basis.

Mr. Roosevelt contemplates the world through stained glasses, and like all social theorists, stung by the undoubted evils, wrongs and inequalities of society, would fain sweep out of sight whatever it accomplishes of good. All social changes must begin in the mind of man, and work their way outward into action and conduct. It is, it seems to us, an ignoble and unworthy view of our nature to suppose that its whole destinies hang on forms of government, fiscal agencies, and the regulation of the exchanges. God forbid that it should be in the power of any man or men to trample or fetter the spirit, by enactments merely arbitrary and legislative: enactments, too, relating only to trade and commerce. Let Reform and Re-organization begin at the heart's core: let noble and manly thoughts and principles of action be there planted by the hand of generous instruction; and the social state—for we have that trust in human nature—will bloom with a healthful and cheerful beauty. We have faith in man, and hope of social progress, but it cannot arise from systems and the ingenious marshallings of Mr. Roosevelt, or the artful phalanxes and masses of Mr. Brisbane.

Truth is figured of old to reside in the form of a fair and lovely woman, and not in a piece of mechanism or artificiality, however skilfully constructed. Mankind cannot be straitened and restrained by mechanical contrivances, like so many pike-staffs or water-pipes, but must be governed by impulses springing from every part of an ample nature—hope, love, charity, faith, ambition, reverence for God, trust in their fellows. Whatever can be suggested, by philosopher or layman, that aids in the culture of these great powers and mainsprings of our social being, is well worth heeding. In Mr. Roosevelt's book itself there are—through a certain severity and rugged abruptness of style—occasional gleams of truth, which might guide to useful results—but for the most part baleful, volcanic and treacherous. Sampson bore away the gates of Gaza: we doubt whether our author has sufficient puissance to unhinge the social order, and open the way to a new condition of government.

Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Miller Davidson. By Washington Irving. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

The care of Washington Irving has been shown in the preparation of this volume as a tasteful editor. It is a simple record of

the early maturity of the poetical faculty, in the extreme youth of a girl of great purity and sensibility of mind: illustrated by materials drawn from her own poems, her letters, and the recollections of an intelligent mother. The quiet history of the fireside furnishes all the incidents, with scarcely a single episode, unless we may so regard the visit of the "English gentleman," whose name is not mentioned, while yet his introduction by a few appropriate allusions betrays the delicate pen of Irving. "His manners, appearance and conversation, and, above all, the extraordinary interest with which he regarded her, sank deep in the affectionate heart of the child. His departure from the country was a severe disappointment to Margaret, who had conceived for him an enthusiastic friendship. His letter was accompanied by presents of books and various tasteful remembrances, but the sight of them only augmented her affliction. She wrapped them all carefully in paper, and treasured them up in a particular drawer, where they were daily visited and many a tear shed over them." At the age of six years, Miss Davidson would recite passages of verse, and, on being requested to write them down, would connect them as prose, so unconscious was she of the rhythmical process. She showed an early talent of story-telling, and if we remember aright resembled Mrs. Hemans in the early possession of both these faculties. About the age of ten, she contrived the writing and getting up of a "Tragedy of Alethia," a slight work which showed great aptness and readiness of resources. We are more interested by the exquisite tenderness and sentiment of her character, than by her talent, which, however extraordinary, was only the spectacle of the premature developement of the faculties of later life. The pictures of her illness and death may remind the reader of similar scenes in the touching portrait of Nell. There are many of the most beautiful traits of the novelist here: the air of sanctity, the forbearance of complaint, at times the tender secret sorrow that she should die, *so young*, the early death at the age of fifteen. "Except when very ill," writes her mother, "she was a bright dreamer. Her visions were usually of an unearthly cast: about heaven and angels. She was wandering among the stars; her sainted sisters were her pioneers; her cherub brother walked hand in hand with her through the gardens of paradise."

In all her pursuits, the daughter was the companion of her mother—but the fate of Miss Davidson was written in her fragile constitution, which no mother's care of education could alter. It is the custom of weak parents to overload the quick susceptible intellectual faculties of their children, when they show signs of early developement; but in the present case there is nothing of this kind to regret.

Fragments from German Prose Writers. TRANSLATED BY SARAH AUSTIN. Illustrated with Notes. London: John Murray. 1841.

THE evidence afforded us by a work like the present, on the fertile theme of German literature, is far more genuine than could be given by a professed volume of Specimens or Beauties. The fragments are extracts from the note book of a diligent and accomplished student of the authors, a lady to whom the public has acknowledged its thanks for her "Characteristics of Goethe." They are gleaned from the study of the most opposite writers: civilians, philosophers, men of learning, science, professors of theology, poets, essayists; but through all of them, are visible a few striking qualities. The foremost of these is sincerity. Whatever the authors have to say, they say it in earnest. The style is characterized by its faithfulness and particularity. The writer is not ashamed of his daily life, or its minuteness, but infuses the commonest details with the spirit and force of a strong mind. The motto of a German is, that the life that is worth living is worth writing about; and he goes on to give us realities. This is first the wonder, then the charm of Jean Paul, for instance—his familarity and his reverence. There is nothing "common or unclean," nothing too low to be elevated by the lofty mind.

With this reality is united the wisest æsthetical culture, disciplining the various powers. Thus, the literature is rich in its resources, from the single faculty of the minor author, to the collected self-possession, various training, and wisdom of Goethe. We might point out sentiment reigning in one, fancy in another, judgment in a third, and good sense the basis of each; a golden thread connecting all together in a network of poetry and argument.

One of the fragments is an Eulogy of the German Character, from the pen of an old writer in the sixteenth century. Written at that time, before the present literature was thought of, it may be regarded as prophecying from the very elements of the national mind; and doubtless, then the seeds were sown of that very excellence in the literature to be gathered in so late a harvest in the nineteenth century. Let Americans not despair of a National Literature; the Germans were a great people long before the world was really taught so in their books. "The German people," wrote old Jacobus Polychorus, "is more especially a trustworthy, veracious, constant, bold and manly people; likewise liberal, mild, hospitable, undaunted, laborious, temperate, honest, cheerful-minded, and covetous of a good name; one that in all things seeketh to lead the wits of men, and to be beforehand

in all knowledge." This is a noble rent-roll of virtues for a nation's or an individual's patrimony.

We glean a few passages from the volume, which, as it appears to us, are worth thinking of at present.

OF PREMATURE EDUCATION.—"How did he long after the learning and the teachers of whose existence he had a dim presentiment! But so much the better! It is only hunger that digests, it is only love that fertilizes; the sigh of longing is the *aura seminalis* which must quicken the Orpheus egg of knowledge. This you bethink not yourselves of, you expeditious teachers, who give your children drink before you give them thirst—who grant young souls no quiet hours—but, like unskillful vine-dressers, are ever busy about the young vines, trimming, manuring and pruning them even in the season of their blossoming. And now, after having driven them untimely, and with unripe organs, into the great empire of truth and beauty, thus blunting them against lovely nature, can you in any way compensate to them for that Great Year which they would have lived, if they had grown up, like the new created Adam and looked around the magnificent, intellectual world with open thirsty mind? Hence is it that your pupils are so like footpaths, which in spring are green the earliest, but afterwards are but a sere and yellow track through the blooming meadow."—*Jean Paul.*

OF POVERTY.—"One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people."—*Isaak Iselin.*

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—"They came, saw and conquered—all who were at table expecting them. Heavens! they were enlightened, eighteenth-century men. They stood up stoutly for moderate freedom, and good amusing reading, and moderate deism, and moderate philosophy. They delivered themselves most clearly against the apparition of spirits—against all allusions and all extremes. They liked very well to read their poets—as models of style to be advantageously used in business, and as relaxations from solid affairs; they relished nightingales—roasted; and liked myrtles as Spanish bakers do—to heat their ovens with; they had killed the great Sphynx, who sets us the riddle of life, and carried off the stuffed hide, and they held it for a wonder that anybody else could now submit to be puzzled. Genius, said they, we would certainly not throw away; we would keep it for sale. And their icy souls burnt but for one object—for the body; this is solid and real; this is the true state, and religion, and art."—*Jean Paul.*

POETRY.—"There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in an inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers."—*Jean Paul.*

Watch Returns. REPORTED FOR THE BROTHER JONATHAN. New York: Wilson & Company, 162 Nassau-Street.

The writer of these sketches of Police Reports, who is understood to be J. M. MOORE, Esq., which appear constantly in the columns of the Brother Jonathan newspaper has evidently a genius for his vocation. Though an art thought peculiarly to belong to the skilful reporters of the London press, we have it in its greatest perfection in New-York. No city extant perhaps offers better materials for the humorist, for here meet the unfortunate refugees of all nations, crossed and intermingled with a miscellaneous native population, not deficient in humors compared with any on the face of the earth. It will happen that in the various exhibi-

tions of human nature among such a people, a few will periodically revolve before the desk of the magistrate to answer for a variety of eccentricities, peccadilloes and petty crimes, which however allowable in the benevolent eyes of a philosopher, are precisely those which police magistrates were first contrived and set up to prevent. The faithful scribe sitting by the side of the bar of petty judgment will observe many rare traits of human nature in her undress, as she is brought up in the early daylight to answer for the misdemeanors of the day before. It has been objected to the exhibition of this class of humors, in writing, that crime and misfortune are not legitimate subjects of laughter; that the hardness of feeling that lurks in a jest makes us forgetful of those finer impulses of pity we should feel at such recitals. Now we cannot but think this a mistake. To the Heraclitus class of philosophers, who think this world is chiefly a spectacle to weep over, there is doubtless here a reasonable fund of tears, but we maintain that to a really wise and benevolent philosopher, uncramped and unafflicted with theories, the bright side of this dark picture is necessary as well as the shade. It is not that we love human nature less that we find amusement in her misfortunes, but that being friends to cheerfulness and mirth, we cling to such little portions of either as we can find in the darkest circumstances. If a man in a tattered garb laughs, his misfortune is so much diminished. If he is a wit, and wits are apt to be bankrupt, his mirth is so much the more eminent. There is a variety of classes of crime and punishments, between which some distinction should be kept up; the villain in high life should look serious, while on the contrary he commonly plays the part of the gay villain; the poor devil who offends in the least injurious particulars, partly from necessity and habit, may be allowed to smile.

We confess we can see no more inhumanity in drawing amusement from the circumstances of the lower classes, than in these very lower classes sporting so liberally over the manners of the wealthy; provided in both the amusement be drawn in a spirit of honesty without malice. The class of humorists and lovers of humor are proverbially benevolent; it is the cynical and morose who refuse alms and violate the charities of life. We have no doubt the Reporter of the Brother Jonathan is at heart a benevolent man: the minuteness of his pictures shows a sympathy with his small heroes that could only spring from love, disguise it with ridicule as he may. At any rate we have pleasure in quoting one of his recent speculations for the relish of true humor, at bottom. It is evidence in favor of the genuineness, if the auther be, as we believe he is, an Irishman.

AN OLD FRIEND.

The sunny weather has brought out the loafers, and the codgers, and the dock wallopers again, in all their glory.—Many old faces, which we have not seen, or which have only visited us in our dreams, since the fall of the leaf, are again beginning to manifest themselves in the watch house; but alas! we also find many who by birth, genius and inclination, should adorn that establishment, among the missing, by reason that some of them have betaken themselves to the world of spirits—some to speculate in the regions of the upper police office—and that not a few have followed the way of most loafer's flesh—i. e. gone to Blackwell's Island.

And, by the way, we here beg leave to enter our protest against the modern practice, most feloniously indulged in by the new magistrates, of sending loafers to the Island any time between the months of April and October. Loafers should be permitted to flourish, so long as the trees flourish; and only punished for their sins during the season when there is no chance for enjoyment out of doors, and when a good fire makes imprisonment and oakum-picking decidedly luxurious. That man has no true poetry in his soul, who does not feel that our loafers, especially our thorough-bred pump-scratching, genuine up-and-down no-mistake dock-loafers, are the peculiar ornament and pride of our city in the hot season; and that any one who would wilfully deprive us of them, would be just such a fellow as would have robbed Lazarus of his share of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table.

We were led into this train of reflection by the appearance of an old friend in the watch-house this morning—an old and valued friend—the very prince of his tribe—who thinks, but is by no means sure of it, that his name is Jemmy Hickey—and who has some odd notions that he might have had a mother in his time; but is occasionally possessed with the philosophical idea, that some men have mothers, and that others grow like potatoes.

When we say that Jemmy is the tallest kind of a no-mistake practical philosopher, we mean what we say. Give Jemmy a kicking on a cold day and he'll thank you for it, on the ground that it puts his blood in circulation, and makes him feel comfortable; and he finds an enjoyment in all his misfortunes—or, at least what other men would call misfortunes—on the same principle. Jemmy, of course, never washes his face, unless when he accidentally rolls into one of the docks, which occasionally happens when he has been a little too free in his devotions to a stray hogshead of rum; and if you ask him why he don't wash his face, Jemmy will tell you that its 'unnatral to take any thing away that natur puts on the body to save it from the weather;' and thus whatever falls to Jemmy's share in the line of hair, beard, whiskers, mud, dirt, &c. &c. &c., is graciously permitted to remain there, and to do duty in lieu of his general deficiency in the more popular articles—such as shirt, stockings, &c.—of the wardrobes of common-place people.

Jemmy rarely troubles himself about anything but the main chance—i. e. looking out for a piece of junk; hooking an apple from a stall, or tapping a liquor hogshead; but nevertheless, he occasionally indulges in politics, albeit he isn't quite sure that Great Britain don't lie somewhere down towards the middle of New Jersey, and that General Washington isn't still President of the United States. But there are two things he is quite sure of—i. e., that the world will never go on well until people give over working, and take to philosophy; and that junk-stealing in general should be regarded as a profession, and not as petty larceny.

Jemmy don't know how old he is, or where he was born; and he has never been out of New York, unless when making his annual pilgrimages to Blackwell's Island;—and he lodges nowhere in particular, but patronises all open halls, cellars and gate-ways in general; of course varying the entertainment by an occasional luxuriation on the velvet banks of the Park or Battery; and Jemmy never worked an hour in the whole course of his life—(oakum-picking excepted) and entertains the worst sort of a contempt for any one that does work;—and Jemmy never strips from the moment he equips himself in a new garment until it goes to pieces, and falls off of its own accord.

And in short Jemmy Hickey is in all points the very perfection of a New York dock loafer, and as such we trust he may live for ever, and that his shadow may never be less.

The re-appearance of our friend, Mr. Hickey, has thrown us into such a state of rapture that we have lost sight of the cause that brought him to the watch-house; which was neither more nor less than a charge of stealing a cap from a little boy's head; Jemmy, however, repelled the charge with scorn, resting his defence on his

former *good* character; for when his worship asked him if he was sure he didn't steal the cap?

'Vy, to be sure I is,' answered Jemmy, 'cos as how your vorship knows I never steals nothing but junk, vich if right vos right, vouldn't be stealing no how; an' also as how all the cap stealin' as is done down about the docks is done by von Billy Martin, who keeps all that ere line of bizness to hisself, an' wont have no hopposition.'

And his worship (all sorts of good luck to him for that same) took Jemmy's evidence of his innocence as conclusive, for there was no proof direct against him touching the hooking of the cap, and ordered him to make himself as scarce as possible.

Collections of the New York Historical Society. SECOND SERIES, VOL. I. New York: Printed for the Society. 1841. 8vo. pp. 486.

THE contents of this volume are of remarkable interest and value. It includes a valuable historical discourse by Chancellor Kent; an original translation of Verazzano's Voyage, by J. G. Cogswell; a translation of Lambrechten's History of New Netherlands, a Dutch historian of the present day; a translation of Vander Donck's description of New Netherlands, a work hitherto unapproachable in English, and of great rarity in the original: translations by the Editor, George Folsom, from De Laet's New World, a Dutch writer who had access to Henry Hudson's journal; passages of the journal of Juet, the mate of the HALF MOON, from Purchas' Pilgrims; various documents from the Colonial Records; a catalogue of the members of the Dutch Church in the city of New York, A. D. 1686, and many other important articles, accompanied with a map of the Colony, a drawing of the U. S. Government House, and a mezzotinto portrait of Peter Stuyvesant.

The work is ably edited, in a solid and unpretending manner, by George Folsom, the present Librarian of the Society. The materials are arranged in an accurate and scientific form; the notes are pertinent, and the book altogether, in design and execution, contrasts favorably with the former publications of the Society. We are pleased to see that a new series has been adopted, and trust that a work so honorably begun will be pursued with the same energy and spirit. The next volume, it is said, will embrace various curious tracts relating to the early history of Virginia, and will be edited by Rev. Dr. Hawks.

In a few prefatory remarks we perceive the editor has revived the old fault-finding with Washington Irving's humorous Knickerbocker, for its ridicule of the Dutch. This is rather late in the day, when the work has taken its place on the shelf as a classic. The truth of the matter really is, that Irving's mock-heroic burlesque, so far from interfering with the dignity of history, rather

attracts and invites us to the original heroes themselves. The present work will be read with more interest for the sake of old associations with Knickerbocker—instead of being a source of contempt, the harmless jests of Irving ought rather to be a matter of pride with all genuine New-Yorkers. The names mentioned in Knickerbocker belong to the gentility and refinement of the elder days—his veracious chronicle is a test of ancestry; and should Americans ever grow aristocratic, will be referred to as implicitly as the celebrated Roll of Battle Abbey in England, and the followers of Peter Stuyvesant to Fort Christina be as immortal as the companions of William the Conqueror at Hastings.

The Progress of Democracy; illustrated in the history of Gaul and France. BY ALEXANDER DUMAS. Translated by an American. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1841.

THIS is the most philosophical chart of French history we have ever seen; the most comprehensive, and yet the most distinct epitome of modern civilization in the most refined state of continental Europe. The author, a democrat of enlarged views, is remarkable for acuteness and condensed vigor. His romances and tragedies have left marks of their composer on many pages of this narrative. The book is a singular union of the dry annalist and the picturesque chronicler. It is in many places as dry and bald as Crowes' History of France, or Mr. Grattan in his History of the Netherlands: the two books, of all others we can recollect, on which the seal of unmitigable dullness is indelibly impressed; and yet at least one half of it is spirited, lively, and graceful; abounding in brilliant portraits, pithy apophthegms, novel illustrations, and glowing descriptions.

The progress of the democratic principle is traced through three epochs.—I. The Franco-Roman monarchy, from the first settlement of Gaul by the Romans, to the accession of Pepin. II. The Frank monarchy, to Hugh Capet; and III. From his reign to Philip, the first monarch of the house of Valois. The conclusion embraces a summary of the whole French history to the present king. The growth of the popular strength is chronologically recorded; the gradual decline of monarchical authority is regularly measured.

A striking feature of the book is the amount of curious yet most useful knowledge it contains.

The translation is exceedingly well executed. It has all the freshness of an original production.

As a specimen of the author's skill in grouping characters—in

which he succeeds to the same perfection that he does in grouping events—we quote a few sentences. He is pointing out the analogy subsisting between those of the kings who re-organized the society of the different epochs, and those who composed that society.

"Louis Phillippe, with his costume so well known as to be proverbial, his manners so simple as to become a model,—is he not the type of the great landed and operative interests?"

"Louis XV., with his coat of velvet, covered with embroidery and spangles, his silken vest, his sword with hilt of steel and knot of ribbons, his profligate manners, his libertine spirit, his selfishness for the present and recklessness for the future,—is he not a complete type of the aristocrats?"

"Francis I., with his cap surmounted by plumes, his doublet of silk, his shoes of slashed velvet, his spirit elegantly haughty, and his manners nobly debauched,—is he not a perfect type of the grand seigniory?"

"And Hugh Capet, their common ancestor, encased in his iron cuirass, leaning on his iron sword, and severe in his iron manners,—does he not appear, standing on the horizon of monarchy, an exact type of the grand vassalage?"

The Life of Petrarch. By Thomas Campbell. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

We can scarcely bring ourselves to speak of a work written by Campbell with a proper degree of critical impartiality. The Classical Poet of our youthful days has claims on our attachment that no subsequent sins of commission can efface. We feel a common interest in his fame, and a consequent regret on the appearance of any work that can in no wise increase it. All that patient industry and research could effect, has been already done for the elucidation of the Life and Times of Petrarch, as bear witness the Nine Hundred Volumes of the "Bibliotheca Petrarchesca" in the library of the King of France. Had the theme been a favorite one with Campbell, no fitter Biographer existed to condense and animate this ponderous mass—but the whole character of the book betrays its real origin as a mere piece of Literary task work, in which the author engaged at the will of a bookseller, with scarce an average knowledge of the History and Literature of the time. As might be expected, a total want of sympathy with his subject is apparent in every page of the life—the weaknesses and inconsistences of Petrarch are reviewed with a keen-eyed, worldly glance, inconsistent with a true appreciation of the poetical character; indeed he is frequently lost to our view amid the stirring political transactions of the age, that form the back-ground of the narrative. A ceaseless flippancy of style, debased by continual use of the lowest colloquialisms, is but too conspicuous throughout the book, and we cannot notice without regret, the ungracious and petulant spirit of criticism on his pre-

decessors, habitually indulged in by the present Biographer. That the book contains much vigorous writing, and is enlivened with many sparkling observations, needs no assurance—it is with reference to the high standard erected by the author himself that the work will be judged and condemned.

I. Quadruple Boston Notion. O. Roberts.
II. The Ladies' Magazine, 8vo. Monthly. E. G. Squier, Albany.
III. The New-York Athenæum. Weekly.
IV. Life in New-York. Weekly, folio.
V. The Gothamite: small 4to. Semi-monthly.
VI. The Military Magazine. Monthly.

HERE is a sea-full of sails, from the light perogue to the quadruple sheeted Boston galleon, (R. W. GRISWOLD, Master,) that carries all before it. We see at the helm, commanders of various skill and enterprise, but in the main, men of a jovial and hearty temperament, and well entitled to cruise in the waters they are launched upon. Even while we look, two of them (the "Athenæum" and "Life in New York,") have vanished by some mischance or other; but the others, so far as we can see, keep on with good resolution, as if they had a profitable port in view. We trust they have; and that the present sudden growth is, to shift the figure, an evidence of a healthful soil, and not of any fungous tendency in the literary crop.

Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L. BY LAMAN BLANCHARD. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

THE charm that for years attached to the mysterious letters, L. E. L., so fatally dissipated by the intelligence of her premature death, has revived on the perusal of these volumes. A purer, simpler hearted being, or one more universally beloved, than Miss Landon, it is impossible to imagine: yet the very qualities that most endeared her to her friends—her noble frankness of spirit and conduct—occasioned the most improbable calumnies that embittered many of her years, and cast the dark shade over her "golden prime," that tinges all her works. Mr. Blanchard has faithfully discharged his duty to the dead, by presenting us with copious extracts from her correspondence, connected by a chain of narrative, written without pretence but sufficiently full to convey a vivid impression of the genius and worth of this ill-fated lady. The second volume is composed of her fugitive writings,

now first collected, an unpublished tragedy, etc., all displaying the same wealth of imagination and richness of diction that characterise her former works.

Willis Gaylord Clark.—We have to record the death of this accomplished prose writer and poet, within the last month at Philadelphia, in the thirty-second year of his age. The testimony borne to the worth and excellence of his character by the press has been unanimous. Mr. Clark was the author of a series of papers entitled Ollapodiana, in the Knickerbocker, which exhibit the warmth and enthusiasm of his mind. His poetry was marked by elegance, tenderness, and a luxuriousness of language. The best tribute we can offer to the memory of an author is, to cherish his verses. The following lines, which we have lighted upon by chance, exhibit the poet's enjoyment of life; they are of a more cheerful strain than others which might have been selected, and thus we would always think of the dead, associating their memory with their best enjoyments of earth. The lines are from a poem, "The Spirit of Life," delivered at Brown University, in 1833.

"Who that hath stood, when summer brightly lay
On some broad city, by a spreading bay,
And from a rural height the scene surveyed,
While on the distant strand the billows played,
But felt the vital spirit of the scene,
What time the south wind strayed through foliage green,
And freshened from the dancing waves, went on,
By the gay groves, and fields, and gardens wan.
Oh, who that listens to the inspiring sound,
Which the wide Ocean wakes against his bound,
While, like some fading hope, the distant sail
Flits o'er the dim blue waters, in the gale;
When the tired sea-bird dips his wings in foam,
And hies him to his beetling eyry home;
When sun-gilt ships are parting from the strand,
And glittering streamers by the breeze are fanned;
When the wide city's domes and piles aspire,
And rivers broad seem touched with golden fire—
Save where some gliding boat their lustre breaks,
And volumed smoke its murky tower forsakes,
And surging in dark masses, soars to lie,
And stain the glory of the uplifted sky;
Oh, who at such a scene unmoved hath stood,
And gazed on town, and plain, and field, and flood—
Nor felt that life's keen spirit lingered there,
Through earth, and ocean, and the genial air?

TO "PHIZ,"—GREETING.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR:

I owe you other than banker's thanks for the good service you have done me in illustrating the Sixth Chapter of Puffer Hopkins. Conceptions shadowed forth doubtfully on the page, have been endowed by you with a real, vivid and genuine life. The rockets which I touched from this side of the water, and which ascended half their course through a darkling path, have completed it on your side, in a shower of sparkling gems and brilliant fancies. If not so fortunate, as the wagging of the wooden heads of certain critical mandarins among us would fain persuade me, (and they may be right,) as to possess any wit myself, I enjoy the supreme good luck of being greatly the "cause of wit in others,"—having drawn forth, if I may be permitted to say so—one of the very best, if not the best, of the many designs which have made the familiar appellation of "Phiz" loved and cherished throughout the world. In commending your illustration of the "'Prentice's Vision," it is due, perhaps, to the captious spirit which is an established part of the editorial privilege, to say, that if the author's text has been departed from in any particular, you have incorporated a trifle too much, say a stone or two, of Cheapside or Covent Garden, in the person of the portly gentleman, and have imparted a waggish air of resignation to the upturned eyes of the little parson, which the really sincere and honest spirit of the character would scarcely justify. A single test of the excellence of your design is, that it seems to me, one studying it for a while, might frame from it almost *totidem verbis*, the very story it was intended to illustrate. Would that we had some artist like yourself endenizened in our metropolis! How many new turns and complexions would the daily life we are living catch from your inspired graver! How would our shop windows brighten with humors and merry thoughts, and the care-worn faces of our citizens grow joyous—every man of them—with the mirthful spirit of Phiz!

Gratefully Thine,
The Author of "PUFFER HOPKINS."

New-York, June 20, 1841.

The Pantaloon Union.

ARCTURUS.

No. IX.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER V.

THE AUCTION ROOM.

ANXIOUS to become familiar with the people in their assemblies and public gatherings—to learn how crowds are excited and assuaged, and made to do the bidding of cunning men: how that which would be folly and sheer madness with one, may, practised upon many in a confused mass, take the hue of profoundest wisdom and justice: and having at heart withal the suggestions of his strange old friend of Fogfire Hall, Puffer Hopkins now made it a point to haunt meetings and congregations of every sort, anniversaries, wharf crowds and lectures, and to detect how the Leviathan populace is snared in a fair net of silvery words and pleasant speeches.

At the lower extremity of the great thoroughfare of Chatham Street, just below the theatre, lies an oblong deep shop, into which is drawn, between the hours of seven and nine, evening, a portion of the metropolitan life, where it is kept raging and fuming—pent up in a close mass—and struggling with the black-haired demon of the place. The genius of the oblong warehouse is none other than a gloomy looking auctioneer, who hangs over a counter fixed on a raised platform, calling on the individuals before him—who are chiefly clerks, news-boys, journeymen and innocent gentlemen from the country—to sustain him in his disinterested desire to advocate the elegance of binders, the instructive and entertaining qualities of authors, and the gorgeous genius of colorists, engravers and paper-rulers.

This gentleman is ably sustained and seconded, in the performance of these arduous duties, by a sable-haired associate, who makes it his business to stroll cheerfully up and down the enclosed space behind the counter, rubbing his hands from time to time, as in token of internal satisfaction at the success of their joint efforts, and dashing down upon the counter such wares as a sagacious glance at his audience satisfies him are most likely to be competed for.

On some occasions, one or other of the black-haired gentlemen behind the counter condescends to be facetious, and says remarkably funny things for the special benefit and solace of the citizens underneath: this department properly belongs to the auctioneer, but is incidentally filled by the feeder, with such chance morsels of humor as may suggest themselves to him as he rambles to and fro.

Into this oblong region of sale, as one of the resorts where his plans might be furthered, Puffer one evening made his way.

"Gentlemen," cried the black-haired auctioneer with increased animation as Puffer Hopkins entered; discovering perhaps in the peculiar costume and manner of that excellent young gentleman some indications of a melo-dramatic tendency: "Gentlemen, here 's the primest article I 've offered to-night: this is 'Brimstone Castle,' a native melo-drama, as performed one hundred nights at the Bowery Theatre, Bowery, New York. The hero of this piece, gentlemen, is a regular salamander, and could take out a policy in any company in this city at a low hazard: he 's fire-proof. In the first act, he appears sitting on a log, meditating; is sud-

denly surprised and taken by a band of savages of a red-ochre complexion, from whom he escapes by ruthlessly cutting off the right leg of every mother's son of them—rushes over a bridge—rescues a lady with dishevelled hair and a small boy in her hand, climbs up a cataract, waives his cap to the rescued lady, loses his appetite, and is finally re-taken by the savages, and burnt at the stake for an hour—when he walks out of the flame, advances to the footlights, and, with a very cheerful smile on his countenance, announces 'Brimstone Castle' for the next twelve nights, with an extra savage and fresh faggots every night. How much gentlemen? Going, going. How much? It 's a master-piece, gentlemen—a perfect work of art. How much?"

The melo-drama was bandied about for more than a quarter of an hour among sundry young gentlemen in round-crowned hats, with sleek shining heads of black hair and broad-skirted blue coats, but finally fell to the lot of a bidder with a stout voice, just one of those voices that are irresistible in an auction-room, and a terror to gentlemen that desire cheap purchases.

"I now offer you," cried the auctioneer, "one of the most astonishing and wonderful works of the present day. It 's full of thought, gentlemen, expressed in the very happiest words *out* of Todd's Johnson and Noah Webster, as clear as a moonbeam, gentlemen, and profound as the Atlantic. It treats of various subjects, such as"—here the auctioneer turned the pages of the book in his hand rapidly, after the manner of a quarterly Reviewer, with the hope of gleaning a comprehensive knowledge of its contents, but, judging by the face of ineffable despair he assumed after thrusting his nose half a dozen times between the leaves, with little success. "Excuse me," he continued, smiling sardonically on his audience; "It would be presumptuous in me, a plain, unlearned citizen, to undertake to convey to your minds the substance of a volume like this. Gentlemen, I'll read you a passage from the 'Introduction,' which explains itself. 'Ponds have presented turtles in two aspects: either as turtles or as not turtles. In the one, turtle, the living, breathing, air-cased creature, the individual in his pneumatic being, sitting on a rock pond-centred, is mighty, supernal, vastly infinite—more than frogdom at bottom, blind eel or muscle life: not he theirs, or for them, but they

nothing save for him. Outward world—to them, mud-encompassed—otherwise dead, as door-nail: in the other, slidden from pond-centred rock down to the depths of the unsearchable (pond ?) frogdom, blind eel and muscle life—each more than turtle; he theirs—being thick-headed, obfuscated by lack of light and doltish—and for them, he little or nothing save a black lump, part of the general pond-bottom, pavement, chips, wind, gas, snake-grass and bulrushes.' "

It need scarcely be added that the lucid work on which the auctioneer was engaged, was nothing more nor less than a volume of Transcendental lectures. Puffer Hopkins detected the same burly voice bidding for this—and triumphing in its bid—that he had heard twice before.

At this juncture a member of the great fraternity of lay-bishops—in other words, a very worthy cartman in his short frock—came in, and supposing, from the few words that he caught as he entered, that the work in hand was illustrative of some new and improved method of "bobbing for eels," was rash enough to invest seven shillings in the purchase of a second copy. Paying his money very awkwardly at the counter—out of a blind-pocket in his cart-frock—he carried his purchase to a lamp in another quarter of the auction-room, and proceeded very slowy and painfully to enlighten himself on the favorite pursuit of eel-bobbing. He bobbed, however, in that pond to very little purpose—and becoming confused and horribly enraged at the constant recurrence of the phrases a "oneness," an "obscure and unreachable infinite," "divergence towards central orbits," and "revolutionary inwardnesses,"—intemperately sold it (for six cents and a fraction) to a match-boy, who stood by with a basket ready to catch such purchases as might prove unavailable or disrelishing to the buyers. "There's an acre of fog-bank there, boy," said the cartman from between his teeth, "take it away. My horse has a better head for writings, and authorships, and what not, than the stupid journeyman fellow that spoked this wheel together. Just away with it."

"If there's a patriot in the room," continued the salesman, "a single young or middle-aged gentleman that loves his country and the story of her achievements—let him come forward and lay down his one dollar fifty. I offer you, gentlemen, the 'Battle of Bloody Puddle,' a narrative poem, in six books. This master-piece of genius has nine

heroes—each one of whom accomplishes more in the way of slaughter, swordsmanship and small-talk, from various elevations, peaks, cliffs and hill-tops, than any nine heroes ever let loose on the world before. The stanza is irregular, to correspond with the thought, which is very wild and super-human. The chief hero—the A. No. 1,—pattern warrior, is discovered by moonlight sharpening his sword on a boulder of granite, in two nimble-foot octosylabic stanzas —he loses his scabbard and temper in four Spenserian—entering a cave to conceal himself from the bloody British foe—who are tracking him about like dogs, in twenty-five hexameters—but recovers both in an eleven-syllabled song; in which he grows very happy about wine, war and woman —particularly Isobel the fair—until, all at once, he discovers a cloud on the moon; which reminds him to prepare for a few elegiac verses and death. He ultimately hangs himself in a hemlock sapling, and leaves his pocket-book—with a counterfeit bill and some forged letters in it—to his Isobel; bidding her, in a brief touching epistolary farewell, never to part with these relics of his affection—never, never! which it is'nt very likely she ever will: particularly the counterfeits. The rest of the poem corresponds; how much, how much? Cheap—going cheap—as politicians' consciences, a penny a dozen. It 's yours, sir, at twenty-five cents. It 's perfectly ruinous to sell this work at that price," sighed the auctioneer, wheeling round and stoically receiving from his assistant a bundle of two dozen more of the same.

There was something in the voice of the bidder who had borne off the chief purchases of the evening, that excited the curiosity of Puffer Hopkins; he thought he had heard it before, and, to ascertain the owner, now mounted a bench, and peered over the heads of the audience towards the quarter whence it had issued.

In a remote angle of the auction room, apart from the crowd, in a little domain of his own, stood a square, broad-breasted gentleman, with his arms folded and gazing at the auctioneer with a fixed and intense look, that could not have been readily surpassed by a Spanish inquisitor, or a petty justice reproving a constable. The fury of his demeanor was heightened by the close buttoning of his coat, to the very throat, the inflation of his coat skirts with a thick bundle of newspapers and a large bandanna handkerchief, the strapping of his pantaloons firmly down upon the boot, and still

further, by his being a gentleman of moderate stature, in whom, it is well known, fierceness is natural and quite becoming. It was this gentleman that bid for the melo-drama, the poem of Bloody Puddle, and the volume of Transcendental Lectures; and now that he had attained a full view of his person, Puffer felt quite sure that he knew him. Pushing through the mass of bidders, he reached the little Zahara which this gentleman's frowns and dignity had created for himself.

"Mr. Fishblatt—I think," said Puffer, respectfully contemplating the figure before him.

"The same, sir," responded the broad-breasted gentleman, starting back a pace or two, dropping his brows, and regarding the questioner steadily for a minute or more. "You are one of our speakers I believe," continued Mr. Fishblatt, still maintaining his survey, "one of the oratorical youth of Fogfire Hall—am I right?

"You are," answered Puffer Hopkins: "I had the honor of speaking before you at the last general meeting; you were a Vice-President."

"What!" cried Mr. Fishblatt, in an earnest whisper, "you are not the young gentleman that used the simile of the rainbow? On my soul you are; don't blush, my dear sir, and turn every color in a minute, for that convicts you at once. I'm glad to see you: it 's quite a treat. Take my hand, Mr. Hopkins."

Hereupon Mr. Fishblatt took possession of Puffer Hopkins' right hand, shook it strenuously, and then turning to the auctioneer on service, said:

"That man 's worthy to be a Quarterly Reviewer. He 's a Jeffrey, a Babbington Macaulay, sir; an Edward Everett, with the devil in him. He tells books by the smell of the leather. And see how daintily he holds an annual up, as a fishmonger does a bass by the tail, so as to send the circulation to the head, and give the eyes a life-like look. Don't he play on the leaves and illustrations like a musical genius? See, my good sir, how he displays that volume with colored plates; it 's like a glimpse into the fall woods. This is the shop for sound criticism; writers that are disdainfully treated in the weeklies and monthlies, need'nt be afraid to come here; if they're hacked and hewed so that their best friend could'nt know them, all they need do is to huddle themselves into a coarse blue-cloth apparel, and throw themselves be-

fore that black-haired gentleman; and they'll have a blast sounded in their behalf that will bring every two and six pence in the place rattling on the counter."

While the broad-breasted gentleman was engaged elaborating this artful encomium on his friend, the auctioneer had produced a huge bundle of controversial tracts and almanacs, black with wood-cuts, and dashed them upon the counter with great spirit; at which Mr. Fishblatt started, again grasped Hopkins by the hand, gave him the street and number of his residence, and urged him to call speedily.

"You can't mistake the house; it 's a red front, with tall chimney-pots—grenadier pots we call them—and a slab of brass on the door, with 'Halsey Fishblatt' in large text. Any of the hackmen on the Square can direct you, for they can all read my plate as they stand, nearly two rods off. Come soon!"

Pouring out his passages of description and invitation vehemently, Mr. Fishblatt gave Puffer a strenuous good-night—advanced and threw his card upon the counter, and thrusting his right hand into the breast of his coat, marched out of the auction room with great vigor and self-possession.

Now that the chief bidder, who had held the room in awe by his peremptory and majestic manner of calling the price, had departed, the minor customers immediately swelled into consequence, and a horrible conflict was forthwith engendered betwixt the match-boy—whose imagination always kindled at the slighest suggestion of a goblin; a small retail clerk, who had sympathies with coffins and family vaults, as he slept every night in an unwholesome and grave-like cabin at the rear of the dry-goods shop; and a broken-down gentleman—a speculator in cemeteries—who was on the look out for information on sepulchral subjects.

"Here's a rare morsel for you, my lads," said the auctioneer, whose style grew more familiar on the departure of the majestic Fishblatt: "a dainty mouthfull, I can tell you. '*The Vision of the Coffin-maker's 'Prentice*—a story in manuscript—never published.' It 's a copyright, boys: as good as new in first hands. It 's said the author starved to death, because the publishers would'nt buy his book; they could import goblins and bugbears cheaper than they could be grown on the spot." "The biggest bugbears always come from abroad," said the feeder, pausing a moment from his rambles—facing the audience, and laying both hands on the

counter. "Come, bid up—will ye? Don't go to sleep, if you please, in that corner. Others say the author choked himself with a chicken-bone—nobody believes that. Poets and poultry have never been on good terms, that I could learn. Will the band be good enough to strike up!"

"Sixpence—there 's a dodge," cried the match-boy.

"I'll go nine," said the retail clerk. "That 's a more superlative go, I know."

"Nine and one," cried the match-boy, reddening in the face, and glancing spitefully at the retail bidder.

"No penny bids in this shop," interposed the auctioneer, authoritatively. "Try again, gentleman—yours, twelve and a half—twelve and a half!"

This last was the bid of the cemetery speculator.

"Twelve and a half. Fifteen, fifteen, fifteen—one and nine." The bids ran on; the auctioneer chanced to turn the volume toward Puffer Hopkins, who discovered at the side of one of the pages, a pen-and-ink drawing of a stout gentleman, standing in a coffin, with his right arm outstretched as if on the point of beginning a speech. Not knowing but that this might be some new exercise in oratory, and seeing at once the facilities for the pathetic afforded by a snug-built coffin, Puffer entered the field, and overtopping all competition by a half-dollar bid, paid the purchase money in silver—which it employed him some ten minutes to hunt into a corner of his pocket and secure—and bore it away.

In less than a quarter of an hour, he was at his own room in the Fork; had called in his poor neighbor, the tailor, and by the light of a dim candle, (snuffers not being within the appointments of his establishment), entered upon the perusal of his new-bought story.

The manuscript was bound in a black linen cover, worn threadbare and ragged by much handling; was ornamented with rude drawings of cross-bones and tombstones, with quaint inscriptions on the margin; and the leaves were spotted in various places, and the ink faded, as if many burning tears had fallen on the page.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VISION OF THE COFFIN-MAKER'S 'PRENTICE.

"What was more natural than that the thoughts of Sam Totton, the coffin-maker's 'prentice, should be running on death's heads and grinning skulls, and damp, dark vaults, deep down in the earth; with now and then a cheerful feeling of the pleasantness of country church-yards, with tombstones interspersed among sweet-scented apple-trees, and rich green palls of bright meadow-grass spreading over the grave. Now and then, too, he might think of ghosts releasing themselves from the grave, and taking a night's ramble, and whistling down tall chimnies in cities, or glaring in, with great cold eyes, at farm-house windows, and frightening the quiet circle at the fireside with a dread token of death near at hand, or some heavy evil about to burst on the unlucky house. By the hour would the young 'prentice sit in the undertaker's shop, meditating on the sorry chances of life; the wonderful demand for coffins in the summer months, and the strange world into which many merry stout gentlemen, and joyous ladies, would ere long be transported, screwed close down in the cruel coffins that stood in a grim row before him.

"Some he knew would stretch themselves quietly at length, and fall asleep; others would fight and wrestle, like very demons, ere they could be brought to bear to be shut down and cabined in forever; and others again, in whom life was furious, and not to be readily extinguished, would smite and dash their deadly hands against the coffin-lid, and would cry out, in voices stifled in the damp thick clay, to be freed.

"With this turn of mind, the 'prentice was sitting one night in the shop, on an undertaker's stool, and watching the various shadows that came through the door, as the August sun settled in the sky. Now the shadow would flit in at one coffin, filling it only breast-high; then shifting itself, it would take entire possession of a child's, that stood next; and so flitting past, from one to the other, it brought into Sam's mind the thought how these coffins would one day be tenanted, and what manner of people it might be that should be laid in the coffins that stood about him—large

and small—and how soon they would all be filled and borne silently away.

"The thought had scarcely formed itself in Sam's mind, when the shop-bell was rung very gently—a glass door that was between him and the street was opened, and a figure, more wo-begone, wretched and disconsolate than he had ever before beheld, presented himself, and paused for a moment, just long enough for the 'prentice to take note of his appearance. His eyes were wild, and sunken far behind pale, ghastly, hollow cheeks, in which there was no drop of blood; his head was without covering of any sort, except a shock of uncombed, matted hair, and he limped sadly forward on disproportioned, infirm legs, in scanty apparel, and with an apologetic appeal in his looks to the young 'prentice, shambled away into a remote corner of the shop, and planted himself as nearly upright and with as great show of decorum as he could, in a cheap pine coffin that stood by itself.

"Sam felt strongly inclined to enter into conversation with the Poor Figure, and to learn by what chances it had been brought into that lean and melancholy beggary. Ere he could do this, the door was pushed forcibly open, and a portly personage entered, and stalking across the shop with great dignity and majesty of bearing, proceeded to an inspection of the coffins; going close up to them, examining nicely the grain of the wood—yea, even smelling of it, and turning away with an air of vast disdain whenever it proved to be cedar or baywood—the quality of the muslin and the action of the hinges. After turning up a majestic nose, discolored slightly by the use of wine or table-beer, at two-thirds of the undertaker's assortment, the portly gentleman at length pitched upon a magnificent tabernacle of mahogany, with fine rolling hinges, that could'nt jar on his delicate ear when he should come to be fastened in, and an enormous silver-plate, with a chased border of cheerful flowers, that took away the very appearance of death. Having concluded to occupy this tenement, the portly gentleman proceeded to take possession, and with great difficulty crowded himself into the coffin; forgetting, however, to put off his hat, which remained fixed on his head in a very sturdy and consequential position; and there he stood, bolt-upright, staring at the young 'prentice, as if it was his determination to chill him into an icicle. Sam was, however, not so ea-

sily over-awed, but on the contrary felt greatly inclined to burst into a good hearty laugh at the comic figure the nice portly gentleman made in his dainty brass-hinged mahogany coffin.

"As he turned away his eyes, they encountered a spectacle which came nigh changing their merry humor to tears—for a sweet lady, all in white, floated gently past him; of a fair, meek demeanor, and bearing in either hand two little children, a boy and girl, whose faces ever turned toward the lady's with an expression of intense and tender regard. Clinging to her with a firm grasp, they glided by, and tried at first to find rest in one coffin together, which proving ineffectual, they chose coffins neighboring to each other, and quietly assuming their places, they stood calm and patient, as if death had fallen kindly upon them; the two children turning reverently toward their dear mother, and hanging on her pale sweet look with passionate constancy.

"Directly in the steps of these visiters, there entered a personage, who, judging from the dotted apparel in which he presented himself, might have been the ghost of some black-spotted card or other, come to take a hand with Sam's master, who was greatly addicted to the sport and entertainment of whist-playing. However this might be, the new-comer entered with a couple of somersets, turned about when he had reached the centre of the shop, took off his piebald cap, and made a leg to Sam, and then scrambled into a coffin directly opposite that of the portly gentleman.

"For a long time these two personages stood regarding each other; the one grinning and hitching up his leg, as if he felt the irksomeness of confinement; and the other, with a solemn look of consequence and self-importance, determined the very grave itself should not get the better of him.

"'This is pleasant!' said the portly gentleman, at length, with a slight tone of irony and condescension, to his neighbor, the clown.

"'Very, but not so airy as the ring!' answered the merry-andrew.

"'Nor as snug as a corporation pantry, with a cut of cold tongue between two debates,' returned the portly gentleman. 'But then it has its advantages. No taxes, mind that, (those

tax-gatherers used to be the torment of my life), no ground-rents, poor-rates; no beggar's ding-ding at the front-door bell.'

"'But consider,' responded the clown, 'tho' we lodge in a cellar, as it were, a good under-ground, six steps down, where are the oysters and brandy? Did that occur to you?'

"'I confess it did not,' said the portly gentleman, slightly staggered, 'but I was thinking now what a choice storage this would be for half a gross of tiptop champagne, with the delicate sweat standing on the outside of the bottles.'

"'There 's no room for a somerset here, either,' said the clown.

"'Nor to deliver a speech in,' answered the portly gentleman. "See, I could'nt stretch out my right arm half its length, to make even my first gesture; rather a cramped, close place, after all.'

"'Vanities! vanities!' cried the Poor Figure, from his distant coffin, unable to suppress his feelings any longer. 'Cramped and close is it! It's a paradise compared to the dark, damp dungeons on the earth, where the living body is pent up in dreary walls, and the cheerful light of day comes in by stealth through grim bars. When the world moves past the poor prisoner's window without a look of recognition; when no man's hand takes his in a congenial grasp —is that life, d'ye say? He is dead—I tell you, dead!' cried the Poor Figure, in a voice of piercing agony, 'as if the marble slab was laid upon his breast, and the grave-diggers piled mountains upon his corse!'

"'Many 's the jolly time,' resumed the portly gentleman, without much heed to the Poor Figure's declamation, 'we've had at city suppers. How tenderly the turkey's breast—bought by the commonalty, purchased by the sweat of the hard-worked million—yielded to the shining knife. How sweetly the popular port-wine, and the public porter, glided down the throat. Choice times were those, my good sir, when the city paid the hackman's fare for dainty rides to the suburbs, and when we made the poor devil paupers stand about us licking their thin chaps, while we rolled the rich morsels under our tongues. But now,' he added in a rather melancholy tone, 'I am little better than one of the heathen. I smell nothing but the musty earth; my gay apparel is falling piecemeal into doleful tatters, and I can get nothing to chew upon but an occasional mouthful of black

mould, that sadly impedes digestion, if one had any digestion, in such a place as this worth speaking of.

"'Think but of one thing, sir,' said the clown, with an uneasy movement in his coffin, 'and you cannot fail to be content. Where are the duns in this new empire of ours? We are as inaccessible to the vile creatures as the crown of an ice-berg. Why, sir, there was a poor wretch of a collector that haunted me for a vile debt of twenty-two and sixpence, until I was sorely tempted to take his very life; and put myself upon contrivances how I could take it with most pain and torture to his body and soul. I thought of all sorts of man-traps, and pit-falls in blind-alleys, and leaden-headed bludgeons; and at length—heaven save the mark! —I pitched upon the scheme of carrying him off in a balloon, and about two miles up, letting him slip with a cord about his neck, and hang dangling by the neck until dead, ten thousand feet high. He was got safely into the balloon by a dexterous accomplice; was carried up—and, now that my mind was at ease as to the result, I went home to take a quiet cup of tea, and to settle up my books, meaning to run my pen through the twenty-two and six as a settled account, when—the Lord save us—who should knock gently at my door, and march in with his old impudent smile, than my old enemy the collector, with his customary phrases—hoping he did'nt intrude—and, if it was'nt too much trouble, he would like to have the small amount of his bill, which, as I knew, had been standing some time. The rope had broken, sir, just as they passed over my house, the vile little rascal had pitched upon the roof, and making the best of circumstances, had walked down my scuttle, and availing himself of the opportunity, had looked in with his cursed little bill. We're free from the scamp now.—I'm not sure, isn't that he in the pine coffin?'

"Sure enough, there stood the Poor Figure, leaning toward them, and listening in an attitude of intense regard, to every word that had fallen from the lips of the clown.

"'I am the man!' he cried with great emphasis, when the clown had ended. 'None other but I. On the little paltry debt of twenty-two and sixpence, hung my old father's life, who lay rotting in the cold jail: waiting for deliverance, which I had promised him many times—with as false a tongue as man could. I said I would come to-morrow at such an hour, and the next to-morrow at such an hour—

naming, in my desire to bring him definite hope, the very minute and second: and I did not come. Was not that a lie? And did you not stand behind me, another liar? How many lying, false tongues wagged with yours and mine, in that little business of the twenty-two shillings and sixpence, God only knows! I forgive you the debt: the old man's bones are at the bottom of the prison well where he perished. They should plead for truth from its gloomy womb, and have a voice to shake prison walls and fetters from manly limbs. God grant they may.'

"The Poor Figure had scarcely ended when the door was slowly opened, and disclosed a meek little man clad in a neat suit of plain black, with two snow-white bands falling under his chin. His gait and aspect denoted many solemn thoughts, and with a slow pace, and a seeming consciousness of the gloomy realm in which he was treading, he advanced to an obscure corner of the place, and folding his arms calmly upon his breast, stood silently in his coffin—his head only inclined a little to one side, as if he expected momently to catch the sound of the last great trump, and to welcome the summons.

"Sam heard a noise in the hall, as of some person shuffling about in heavy boots in search of the door, and after the lapse of a few minutes a large man in a white coat with a dirty cape, a ponderous leather hat, and a club in his hand, swaggered boldly in, and after looking about him for a while as if on the watch for a ghost or apparition, walked quietly off, and taking his station in a comfortable cedar coffin in the middle of the apartment—obviously mistaking it for a watch-box—fell gently asleep. From all that he saw, Sam imagined that this was a city watchman; and the presumption is, that he was not far wrong.

"After a salubrious slumber of some ten minutes or more, this gentleman waked up, and thrusting his head out of his coffin, stretched his neck, and gazed up and down the apartment, and then toward the ceiling.

"'How the devil 's this?' he at length exclaimed, 'the lamps are out early to-night: and the alderman must have put the moon in his pocket, I guess. That 's the way they serve us poor charleys. We wouldn't catch a rogue more than once an age if we didn't take them into porter-houses and get 'em drunk, and study their physiognomies, and so set them a stealing half fuddled!'

"'What 's that you say, my man?' cried the voice of the portly gentleman. 'What fault have you to find with the corporation, I 'd like to know? Do you pretend to impeach their astronomy, Sir; and to say, Sir, that the moon doesn't rise when she is set down for in the almanac? I 'd have you know, Sir, the moon 's bespoke three months ahead; and that the oil-dealers know when they put a short allowance in the lamps! I 'll have you broke, if you haven't a care how you speak of an aldermon. A word to the wise in your ear, Sir.'

"The watchman was making up his mouth for a reply, and it is impossible to say what choice specimens of rhetoric might not have been furnished between them, but at this moment the shop-bell was rung with great fury: Sam started up with wonderful alacrity—distinguishing the ring at once from all other possible rings—and receiving, as he advanced to the front of the warehouse a thumping blow on the side of the head, was asked what he meant by leaving the shop open at that time of night, and coffins out at the door to be rotted by the night dew and chalked up by young vagabonds in the street?

"This was of course Sam's master: Sam's visiters mistook it, however, for a summons of a very different kind; the watchman, supposing it to be an alarm of fire, rattled his club against the coffin-side and sprang for the door: the portly gentleman thought it a melodious supper-bell, and, disengaging himself, exhibited equal activity: the Poor Figure followed, hobbling along like a waiter in a hurry: the clown, for the call-boy's notice, and somerseted through the door: the sweet lady in white, for the last peal of the Sunday summons, and glided away with her children at her side: and the little parson, smoothing down his bands and calming his thoughts to the purpose of the hour, taking it for the Wednesday-evening lecture call:—and so the company dispersed.

"Sam busying himself in obeying the undertaker's orders, soon closed the warehouse; and as he moved past the empty coffins, to his bed at the end of the shop, and thought how they had been lately filled, it occurred to him how inopportunely men might be laid in their graves: debtors lying nearest neighbors to catchpoles and deputies, whose approach was the curse of their life: the clown and the alderman, parsons and profligates, in a tender vicinage: tapsters and favorers of the pure stream, perchance murderers and

their victims, and breakers of troth and violators of faith pledged to woman, in a proximity so close, that the skeleton arm outstretched might reach into the grave where the broken heart lay, and take its cold and ineffectual hand back into that which had done it such deadly wrong. On Judgment Day, when the trump sounds among burials like these, if aught of fiery or human passion remain, what awful scenes will bear witness to the fancy of the young 'prentice-boy: when forms shall start up and have life again but to glare on other wakened forms—to loathe, curse, scorn and abhor that on which they gaze. Grave-yards would then know a strife and passionate conflict, that battle fields could not match, with all their sanguinary stains, and cries of horror, vengeance or despair."

STEPHENS' CENTRAL AMERICA.*

WE desire to occupy neither the position of outriders, keeping in advance of the public judgment, making boisterous announcements of the approach of eminent or distinguished personages in the fraternity of authorship; nor on the other hand that of guard at the rear of the progress, catching, as it were, a post-obit view of whatever is noteworthy or memorable. Seated, comfortably as we may be, in our monthly voiture, we are satisfied in taking a leisurely and discriminating survey of such objects as meet us as we pass along—being neither confused by the dust and racket that disturb the van, nor on the other hand tardy enough to lose, like the quarterly rear-guard, all advantage of the freshness and novelty of the pageant. If we do not express our surprise and astonishment at the merits of a new work, quite equal to the spontaneous outbreaks of our brethren of the daily press, we imagine our critical opinions will in the long run prove quite as satisfactory to our readers at least; if not always to publisher and writer.

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* Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan. By John L. Stephens. Illustrated by numerous engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1841. 2 vols., pp. 424, 474.

Perhaps this is to be charged to a singularity of constitutional temperament, which fails to be impressed with or to recognize every new work in octavo as an accession to the literature of the country or an ornament to the age.

We are not a jot better satisfied that the work before us, for instance, is an addition to our native literature, from the circumstance of its presenting itself in two massive volumes with numerous engravings: if it had come in the humblest eighteen-mo habiliments, it would have met with an equal share of our critical regards. It is true, in the case of Mr. Stephens' book, we owe a certain debt of gratitude to the paper-maker, the printer, the engravers and publishers, and to them we beg leave most respectfully to remove our hat and say, "Gentlemen, you have our thanks!" The author's account is a separate one; and to the fair adjustment of that we now proceed to give our attention.

It appears to be conceded on all hands that Mr. Stephens has furnished us two volumes of an entertaining and agreeable character; and that he has done his best to place the antiquities of Central America before us, as far freed from all scholastic or learned incumbrances as was possible. Whether in attempting this task he has not erred on the other side, and deprived his work too greatly of all the supports that such a subject should derive from careful research and copious inquiry, admits of question.

It does not seem to us that Mr. Stephens at any time contemplated the preparation of an elaborate work on South American antiquities. He was carried, formerly and in his first experiment at travel, into a country which happened to be remarkable for its remains of the past; and discovering there many things which struck his fancy, he gave to the public, on his return, a lively and readable account of what he had seen. We do not suppose there was any original bias in Mr. S.'s mind toward antiquities. If he had met any eccentric or peculiar race of men or tribe of animals, he would have described them with the same gusto. If therefore he fails in the qualities and acquirements desirable in the antiquary, the public need not be greatly surprised.

What, then, has Mr. Stephens done as an antiquarian? So little, and in such a way, that for all aid to the scholar, the historian, or even the man of general information, it had better have been left undone. We are indebted, indeed, to his partner in the expedition, Mr. Catherwood, for accurate and

well executed drawings of different objects hitherto unknown, at Copan, at Palenque and Uxmal. Whatever has been done in this way appears to have been well done. There is much that is entirely new; many improved drawings of sculptures hitherto imperfectly represented, though the scale of the present work is humble compared with the costly publication of Waldeck. With the representation of what he saw in an able, artist-like manner, Mr. Catherwood leaves his portion of the subject. Mr. Stephens, while he expressly disclaims any attempt to elucidate the vexed question of the origin of these cities, continually draws inferences by the way, and at the close devotes one chapter to disprove any remoter antiquity than that of the race found in Mexico at the time of the Spaniards. Without a theory, without historical landmarks, without the zeal or means of learned research, Mr. Stephens is yet ambitious of the fame of an antiquarian. He would wisely connect his name with that of the vast structures he visited, knowing that as those sublime monuments have outlived uncounted generations, they will survive the present race, in transient glimpses of whom the remainder of his book is occupied. The story of South American warfare, of international squabbles and uncivilized revolutions, is written in water. Already the details given by the traveler of the parties Morazan and Cabrera are handed over to oblivion; there have been a hundred struggles like them, there will be a hundred more; their plots and counterplots are connected with no advancement of the race; they are of no value to the philosopher or the statesman. But when the present and succeeding generations have passed, the monuments of a lost civilization will remain, fresh in the attention of the learned, as a curious problem on the page of history, to be solved by intelligence and research—will still rise to provoke the imagination of the poet, and point with the pathos of fallen greatness the reflections of the moralist. To be connected, incidentally, with the history of such monuments, is no mean ambition; but it is a result not to be attained at this day without the exercise of several remarkable qualities—and of these the most indispensable are, learning, taste and ingenuity. The key to unlock their mystery must be forged in the school of patient, laborious study. The knowledge of American antiquities requires acquaintance with something more than can be *seen* at the present day—it requires skilful analysis and scientific hypothesis to connect

the broken piers and span once more the waste of centuries with the perfect outline of regular, authentic history. It needs a mature consideration of the labors of the learned. Such materials as were within his reach Mr. Stephens rejected; but he has attempted to build a structure, without the materials, of such disjointed fragments as lay before his eyes. Need it be wondered at that at the first breath of inquiry his theory totters to its fall?

After asserting that he will not enter into the primary question, whence came the first settlers of the country; without a knowledge of which, it is evident he can never understand the history of the buildings he saw; he yet does undertake to determine the very point he has disavowed. Upon page 455, Vol. II, he says, "We are not warranted in going back to any ancient nation of the old world for the builders of these cities." On page 348, Vol. II, he says, speaking of a building at Palenque, "Altogether like the rest of the architecture and ornaments, it was perfectly unique, different from the works of any other people with which we were familiar." At page 442, Vol. II, he says, "We have a conclusion far more interesting and wonderful than that of connecting the builders of these cities with the Egyptians or any other people. It is the spectacle of a people skilled in architecture, sculpture and drawing, and beyond doubt other more perishable arts, and possessing the cultivation and refinement attendant upon these, *not derived from the old world*, but originating and growing up here, without models or masters, having a distinct, separate, independent existence; like the plants and fruits of the soil, indigenous." Our author, it will be remembered, denies the antiquity of these works. Now, if Mr. Stephens means that the arts, refinements, &c., were not derived from the old world; then as no vestage of their history remains, they must be of *very great antiquity*. Writing would have been among those arts of refinement; we know, indeed, from the hieroglyphics of Palenque, that it *was*—and old indeed must have been the people that could write, of whom all written memorials are now completely obliterated. Further, if Mr. Stephens, in this sentence of doubtful import, means that the *people* were not derived from the old world, he then makes two origins for the human family, and contradicts the Mosaic history.

If Mr. Stephens were in earnest in his denial of a remote antiquity to the builders of the ruins, he has certainly very

unwisely encumbered his book with a mass of contradictory arguments and inferences. He has, undeniably, confuted himself. Vol. II, page 356, he says of Palenque, "there was no necessity for assigning to the ruined city an immense extent, or an antiquity coeval with that of the Egyptians, or any other ancient and known people. What we had before our eyes was grand, curious, and remarkable enough. Here were the remains of a cultivated, polished and peculiar people, who had passed through all the stages incident to the rise and fall of nations; reached their golden age, and perished, *entirely unknown.* The links which connected them with the human family were severed and lost, and these were the *only* memorials of their footsteps upon earth." Now take Palmyra of the desert for instance. It is very old, but yet we know what it was, and when it flourished. Will Mr. Stephens admit Palenque to be older? He should do so in consistency, for it takes centuries for any people to grow up into "cultivated, polished and peculiar," to pass "through *all* the stages incident to the rise and fall of nations," to reach "their golden age," and then to have "perished" so long ago, that now they are "entirely unknown."

Listen to our author again—"I am inclined to think, that there are not sufficient grounds for the belief in the great antiquity that has been ascribed to these ruins; that they are not the works of people who have passed away, and whose history has become unknown; but that they were constructed by the races who occupied the country at the time of the invasion by the Spaniards, or of some not very distant progenitors." (page 442, Vol. II). Hear him once more, and mark his consistency. "Cortez must have passed within twenty or thirty miles of the place now called Palenque. If it had been a living city, its fame must have reached his ears, and he would probably have turned aside from his road to subdue and plunder it. It seems, therefore, but reasonable to suppose, that it was *at that time* desolate and in ruins, and even the *memory of it lost.*" (p. 357, Vol. II).

Further still, let us hear from our author whether these natives, whose not "very remote progenitors" built these cities, (and who, by the way, had hieroglyphical writing), possessed any traditionary, or other knowledge, about their fathers' work. They know nothing about their origin any more than we do. (page 423, Vol. II). "The Indians regard these ruins with superstitious reverence. They will not go near them at night,

and they have the old story that immense treasure is hidden among them." To all inquiries about their history, their answer is "*quien sabe*"—who knows?

Still further, let us see whether Mr. S. thinks the present race (undeniably descendants of those whom Cortez subdued) are really sprung from the builders of Palenque?

At Palenque are certain basso relievo representations of the human figure, all marked by a striking peculiarity of the facial angle. (Vol. II, page 311). "The upper part of the head seems to have been compressed and lengthened." "The head represents a different species from any now existing in that region of country; and supposing the statues to be images of living personages, or the creations of artists according to their ideas of perfect figures, they indicate *a race of people now lost and unknown.*"

(Page 358, Vol. II). "Among the Indians who came out to escort us to the village, was one whom we had not seen before, and whose face bore a striking resemblance to those delineated on the walls of the building. In general, the faces of the Indians were of an entirely different character, but he might have been taken for a lineal descendant of the perished race. The resemblance was, perhaps, purely accidental," &c.

Now, is it not strange that our author should talk of "some not very remote progenitors" of the present Indians, as being the builders of these cities, when he himself tells us, 1st. That the builders could *write.* 2d. That the present race cannot, and cannot read what their fathers wrote, (no people ever lost writing). 3d. That the builders had a marked physiognomy. 4th. That their descendants have not. 5th. That their descendants have not even traditionary knowledge of their progenitors and their doings.

Mr. S. seems sometimes to think that these cities are ancient, and sometimes modern. If he understood himself thoroughly, he would unquestionably refer them to different dates, for no country ever had all its cities built at the same period—he would refer them, too, to builders of very different regions, and springing from different portions of the one human family. Palenque is, undoubtedly, older than Uxmal, so too is Copan. It may also be conceded, that the Mexicans could build large stone houses before Cortez came; all this is perfectly consistent with the fact, that a race long before the Mexicans, (whose coming we know the

history of from their own pictorial writings), could also build stone houses. Marvellous is it, that if Palenque, for instance, was built by the Aztecs, (the ancestors of the Mexicans), its very existence and origin should have been unknown to their descendants in a few hundred years; and that no Mexican can now decipher the writings at Palenque; and that the Mexicans should have had *pictorial* writings, while their immediate ancestors had *hieroglyphical* solely.

As to hieroglyphical writing among the Mexicans, it existed, as some suppose, but certainly pictorial was far more common. It may be doubted whether any Mexican MSS., in hieroglyphics, are *originals*; some think them but copies of other MSS., or sculpture found by the Mexicans, and not understood, and certainly not interpreted by them to this day. Admit them to be original if you please—a specimen (badly executed) may be seen on page 454, Vol. II, in juxtaposition with one from Palenque—Mr. Stephens thinks they are alike: about as much alike as Hamlet's cloud and the camel.

The great interest of these monuments is to us identified with their antiquity. For the sake of poetry we would willingly be at some pains to erect a firm basis of historical support, whence the imagination might wing its flight securely over the past and distant. Until we have a greater array of learning, or a more consistent opponent, we shall still cling to our belief in the remote antiquity of these ruins. Like those on our own soil, they return no answer to the inquirer. They have led us away to a new field of investigation in the south; but we confess that we still feel a deeper interest in the antiquities of our North American portion of the continent. In antiquities, as abstractions, as remains or collections of masonry and rude images, we have no interest whatever. It is as relics of our kindred of the human family, which they have left behind them to remind us of their modes of life, their forms of worship, and the circumstances incident to them as men of the same kith and kin with ourselves, that we are persuaded to regard them at all. The nearer these are brought home to us, the more deeply do we feel their worth. The western mounds are a part of our territory, a portion of our native land; in a few years they will be embraced within the walls of our dwellings, the enclosures of our gardens, and will silently admonish the citizens of the great empire of

the west, in their public assemblies and exercises of religion, that they are but renewing *there* scenes enacted long ago. Around them it is our duty to gather the most solemn interests; to make them instructive, and profitable to our own generation, and our own people.

Here we part company with Mr. Stephens, an easy gossiping narrator, a good companion in his books, which are of a class to be popular, without learning or any distinct literary claims. His writings are popular, with many faults of style and manner. The defects are often so lively as to be mistaken for merits. The free colloquialisms of expression pass for humor; the undisguised egotism, for frankness.

We regret that it has been thought proper in any quarter to claim for these volumes the character of an addition to the stock of American literature. They are not such, and cannot be so accounted when measured by any fair standard of examination. We do ourselves great wrong, by greeting, with such extraordinary clamor, any new work of more than ordinary pretence in its binding, typography, or dimensions. When any genuine product shall appear, we trust we shall not be found among the last to greet it; to give it a careful and respectful consideration, and a welcome equal to its merits. Until such time arrive—which would that it were now hastening upon us—we shall hold ourselves in readiness to measure the publications of the day by standards of truth, which will not make our approval of truly great works a mockery and an echo of what unworthy or insufficient claimants had already engrossed.

STERLING'S POEMS.*

IF we may judge of the poetical cultivation of the last few years by the best occasional verses that appear in the literary journals, and higher periodicals, the standard of the

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* Poems. By John Sterling.

Feeling, Thought and Fancy be
Gentle sister Graces three;
If these prove averse to me,
They will punish—pardon Ye!

London: Moxon. 1839. 18mo. pp. 245.

day in poetry is high and honorable. If we look for the signs of poetry to great poets, we may ask for them in vain. There is now no Byron, or Scott, in his different way, or Wordsworth, (who does not belong to the present generation), or Coleridge, or Shelley, or Keats. There is no one name around which centres the popular admiration; no idol of the people to gather the suffrages of all, and in the name of fashion send the winged leaves of the press into the saloon of the wealthy, even the counting-room of the merchant, and unite the sympathy of the poor artizan in the crowd. Such tributes were rendered to Scott and Byron, and like all generous gifts, the popularity and favor given to the authors personally, flowed back upon the giver. An enthusiasm for literature, a belief in the thoughts of men of genius, were silently engrafted on the public mind. After these authors had written, the people were not the same they were before. The enthusiasm for intellect they had shared in, changed the whole character. It is not too much to say, looking back upon the period, that men afterwards were less selfish, had wider sympathies; that they began to pursue with greater interest purity and elevation of thought.

Much of the practical good that has been effected within the present century, may directly be traced to the popularity of a few great writers. Their influence was on the side of intellect and intelligence; their sayings became watchwords of refinement along the world; the test of conversation. Not to have read Sir Walter Scott, was to be out of the pale of society. After making all allowances for fashion and imitation, it must be admitted a new idea had been interwoven with the thoughts of the age: an idea opposed to sensualism and dull commonplace living—the idea of literary merit—the introduction upon the stage of a new hero for the popular gaze, the "hero as man of letters."

But the race of heroes is very precarious. The cries of the people cannot even raise a succession of tragedians at the theatre, only to *imitate* (with proper physical accomplishments) the intellectual processes of the great dramatist; much less can the wants of the time produce the original poet. In the dearth of great authors, we begin already to look back with wonder upon the writers of the last twenty-five years; the oldest of us with pride that they lived in that era, the younger with satisfaction that they are born to enjoy its maturest fruits.

Deficient as the present moment is in great poets, (for there are none now writing of sufficient power to *compel* booksellers to print and republish their works), it is superior in the love of poets and poetical cultivation, to the period preceding the one we have mentioned. We have not relapsed into heartlessness and frivolity. Nay, has not the battle been fought against those odious powers of the eighteenth century, and are we not now gathering, with greater or less faithfulness, the fruits of victory? If we look at the list of publications in the Edinburgh Review, at the beginning of its career, and at its last bulletin of poetry, we will be struck with the change. It is a task to read the names of the verses there put forth; now, at this barren period, we have minor names, it is true, but they will live with the Donnes, the Carews and Marvells of the classic poetry, by their simplicity and sincerity. If there are few poems, there are, at least, glorious lines and verses in Elliott, Keeble, Miss Barrett, Mrs. Norton, Tennyson and Sterling: the last, a name little familiar to American ears, but well known as "Archæus," in recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

If our republishers had a portion of that faith in which booksellers are commonly deficient, and had the ambition to lead the public taste by some nicety in their choice of publication, and were not content so often to give a good book grudgingly to the public at the last moment, we would have but little to say of these last mentioned names. If their works were accessible to the reader, we should be in no haste to review them, for we have no fault to find, nor do they need any prosaical gloss to set forth their poetical merits.

But if publishers are silent, a magazine, too, is a book, and is not Arcturus specially pledged, in a prospectus circulated from Nantucket to St. Louis, to "promote the cause of good literature?". Beside, there is a tacit understanding between a journal and the public, that it is to be a faithful record of all sound books; and the author, too, has his fair demands for justice, at least, and encouragement, if need be, from the press. Alas! he is often met with no sympathy, and sad misconstruction. He asks for bread, and receives a stone.

In calling Archæus a poet, we would be mindful of the higher claims of the old poets his fanciful designation calls to mind. Of the unconscious process of the highest poetry,

he has little. He writes, it may be premised, more as the teacher than the bard. He pours forth no unpremeditated lay. His imagination calls up no "fiery, delectable shapes." He is a poet, not of passion, but of feeling, reason and philosophy, and in his own peculiar school, he is not a leader, but a follower of the modern master, Wordsworth. The volume of Archæus is the result of philosophic meditation; recalling from history noble examples of ancient worth, and reproducing bygone poetical elements of character, as in the sketches of Lady Jane Grey, Joan of Arc, Dædalus and others; gathering scattered reflections in so-called Songs, (to be meditated, not sung); or trusting boldly to his wishes in the expression of sentiment, as in the Tale of the Sexton's Daughter. In all, we discover a secondary process of analysis, the labor of the artist, it is true, but far below the freedom of Chaucer and the old bards in their transcripts from nature and life.

There is one merit that should not be withheld from Mr. Sterling; that of the accomplished poetical workman. He has an ear for melody, and submits his lines to the severest refining process. They are often as solidly compacted and wrought to the fineness and firmness of the forge of Vulcan, as he is described in Homer, tempering some celestial work for the immortals.

These are lines on Shakspeare, formed of a sinew and muscle to live.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast!
Though naught of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakspeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning now from him forever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words, from many a mother's voice,
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice,
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth,
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round
Of life that tills and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught,

Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation,
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O! shaping brain, O! flashing fancy's hues!
O! boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dews!
O! wit humane and blythe! O! sense sublime
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendent Form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed;
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

The tale of the Sexton's Daughter occupies the largest portion of the volume. It is a smooth, artless ballad, as the simplicity of the tale requires. One stanza flows in upon another, like the succeeding current of a noiseless river, and like that, too, the disaster of the story is gloomy and inevitable. It is a narrative of affection and disease; the daughter is marked for death, and her lover, a plain village teacher, dies before her. Out of the simplest natural feelings, the story is woven into a brief drama of intense interest. The reader may weep over its pathos. We select from it two brief passages, one a picture of the maid and her lover: worthy the painter's smoothest pencil.

Retired and staid was Henry's look,
And shrank from men's tumultuous ways;
And on the earth, as on a book,
He oft would bend his gaze.

But then at sight of bird or flower,
Or beam that set the clouds in flame,
Or aught that told of joy or power,
Upon the man his genius came.

Most flashed his light when near him shone
That face of youth, those eyes of blue,
Whose looks re-echoing every tone,
Paid heartfelt words with smiles as true.

His Jane was fair to any eye;
How more than earthly fair to him!

Her very beauty made you sigh
To think that it should e'er be dim.

So childlike young, so gravely sweet,
In maidenhood so meekly proud,
With faith sincere and fancies fleet
Still murmuring soft, ne'er clashing loud.

It was, in truth, a simple soul
That filled with day her great blue eyes,
That made her all one gracious whole,
Needing no charm of gaudy lies.

She had no art, and little skill
In aught save Right, and maiden Feeling;
On Henry's wisdom leant her will,
No ignorance from him concealing.

And so she freshened all his life,
As does a sparkling mountain rill,
That plays with scarce a show of strife
Around its green aspiring hill.

The other lines are the last breathings of wisdom of the student, as he sinks into the grave. They give evidence, too, of the Christian spirit of our author, the source of his sound spiritual philosophy. Is not a Christian the highest spiritual character of a man, and does it not embrace all that genuine poets can sing? These, verily, are words of good cheer. He whispered,

That Reverence is the bond for man,
With all of Best his eyes discern;
Love teaches more than Doctrine can,
And no pure Hope will vainly yearn.

That Conscience holds supernal power
To rend or heal the human breast;
And that in guilt's most dismal hour
God still may turn its war to rest.

Through all on earth that lives and dies,
Still shines that sole Eternal Star,
And while to its great beams I rise,
They seem to make me all they are.

But all from depths of mystery grows,
Which hide from us the root of things;
And good beyond what Science knows,
To man his faith's high Reason brings.

To thee, to all, my sinking voice,
Beloved! would fain once more proclaim,
In Christ alone may those rejoice,
Deceived by every other name.

In all but Him our sins have been,
And wanderings dark of doubtful mind;
In Him alone on earth is seen
God's perfect Will for all mankind.

Blessings be upon those who thus bear their evidence of the Everliving Truth; the men of simple heart and no vain pretence, who write for us in verse the story of our immortal nature. Wherever thus a true word is spoken, let the speaker be honored. We profess no party feeling in poetry; we would not reduce all contemporary poetry to one form, though it must be judged by one standard. If we look with patience, there will be seen something genuine in every school that has yet had worshippers; something honest in the enthusiasm of every age; and for every sect of poetry there will now be found as many admirers. There are men of all ages mixed up in this multifarious present. The spirit of the age is the spirit not of one man, but of all—of all the past. If some of our modern poets have turned moralists, and in plainness of speech abandoned the old somewhat faded, titled equipage of verse, it is necessary that poetry sometimes should sustain the cause of morality with plainness and dignity. Poetry is not rhyme or verse, but lofty passion. The divine Herbert, looking to the reality of the thing, sang long before the lake school was ridiculed,

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbors shadow coarse-spun lines?
Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
Must all be veil'd, while he that reads, divines,—
Catching the sense at two removes?

The Poet, whether ornament predominate or not in his style, is first of all the Teacher, the first of teachers; withdrawing men from the pursuit of the material, the low and frivolous, to the admiration and enjoyment of the good and permanent. He recalls the errant mind to the love of goodness, to a sympathy with the beautiful. All have in them the germ of poetry, all men are in some things poets. To unfold this to perfect harmony of life, is it not rather than the art to please, the noblest aim of the poet? D.

O. A. BROWNSON.

THE character of a Reformer, in the present state of civilization, cannot, with prudent thinkers, be expected to meet with much favor. In the first place, it implies a presumptuous confidence, and an overweening assumption, that naturally excite opposition, since they appear to court it. Beside this, it displays some ignorance, certainly, and a great deficiency of reverence, to slight the endeavors and actual experiments commenced, and in some instances consummated, by the wise counsellors of a past age. The aims of the reformer are too often wild and unsatisfactory. He employs little discrimination in his schemes of ameliorating the world. He would undo all that has been done; the good as well as the bad. He seems to consider the whole body politic as corrupt, rather than that certain portions of it are diseased. He looks on all present ills as pervading every part of it—as chronic disorders, instead of being merely local, and in many instances temporary, affections. Such is, too often, the picture of a modern reformer.

The true reformer, like Time, which Bacon represents as the greatest of innovators, is more cautious in bringing in new measures; before he concludes a plan, he first considers the cost. There are, doubtless, many evils in the world—much suffering—genuine wretchedness, not always brought on by folly or crime. There is ungenerous oppression, and virtual tyranny, and hardness of heart in the rich and powerful, and selfishness in the easy and luxurious. Still, evil is to be conquered by good, not by new evils.

The true government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves, and allows full scope for independent, but intelligent action. Reformers are apt to talk of government as if the people did not create the state, but rather the state the people.

Mr. Brownson is, perhaps, the most prominent example we can present of the general class of reformers.

The recent popular address, on the fifth of July, at Washington Hall, offers an occasion to speak of his traits as writer and speaker. As editor of the Boston Quarterly, he deserves this praise, at least, which is wholly unconnected with the tendency of his doctrines, of being the hardest working editor of a periodical, perhaps, in the country—gen-

erally writing two-thirds of every number of his Review. In his capacity of critic, Mr. Brownson's judgments are very far from infallible. He tries matters too much by a political standard. Moralists, poets, novelists, historians, if not strongly tinged with the spirit of democracy, are as bad as those not connected with the court, in the judgment of Touchstone—"Hast never been at court, Shepherd? thou art in a parlous state—thou art damned."

The style of these articles has great merits, and greater faults. It is full of vigor and ardent zeal; but to the last degree copious, and running over into diffuseness. At the same time, it is never a vague diffuseness. It is always clear and direct. Probably at first assumed for the purpose of impressing distinct ideas on common minds; of thoroughly imbuing vulgar judgments with his doctrines; the editor may have originated this manner for popular effect. It is just the style for the illiterate, from its admirable clearness and one-sided declamation. But it is not the style for scholars, nor for men of education. It is gold attenuated to the thinnest surface—to mere leaf. It is all surface, without depth or bulk. It is not a mine for the thinker, but rather a thin veil. It discloses all on the first reading.

The pamphlet, published last summer, on the laboring classes, which is the favorite subject of our reformer, has appeared in different shapes since in the Review, and latest of all, in the recent address. Much as we must dissent from it, in point of doctrine, we yet recognize in it many separate truths, and cannot but admire its popular form. The style in this, perhaps the best production of Mr. Brownson, is exactly adapted to its end. It has not a little of the personality of feeling, and colloquial energy that mark the political articles of Hazlitt, and if not so polished and terse as Paine, is freer, and even more popular in its tone.

At the address, delivered in Washington Hall, we sat attentive auditors, and we must candidly confess, often forgot the judgment we feel bound to exercise as critics, in our assent to the really valuable portions which displayed the bold and honest character of the man. Mr. Brownson told those of his audience who knew anything of the subject, nothing new. But to most who were present, the whole discourse was original. It certainly was original in force and spirit—the doctrines were old—the main ideas borrowed from Guizot's Lectures, (that storehouse of historical lectu-

rers); the leading theory was included in Dumas' Democracy, and some of the details in Dr. Channing's last lecture. Most of the body of the address was true and sound, but here and there *extravagances* were seen, arising from a disordered state of personal opinion and feeling. The high eulogy on the new French novels was utterly erroneous; the other literary illustrations very trite. Mr. Brownson speaks with considerable exasperation of feeling—there are waters of bitterness in him. Perhaps he has encountered hard trials, and untimed fortunes. We trust such experience will not alter the truth of abstract doctrines. The hits at Webster and Clay were a little far-fetched, and not quite just. Though we are in the habit of thinking of neither of these gentleman except as able public men, and we see nothing *divine* in either, we still wish an outward observance of courtesy, particularly from a man of the force of character and ability of Mr. Brownson.

Much as we may find to censure in the previous writings of Mr. Brownson, and somewhat in this late address, we yet cannot help being impressed with his sincerity, and manliness of character. Right or wrong, Brownson is not a man to be put down by enemies. He may be reasoned with, not forced. He stands on his firm footing of humanity, and speaks independently of party, as a man. Though far from entertaining any supposed agrarian doctrines, we yet heartily sympathize with the generous views of Brownson. That we agree with his practical mode of carrying them out, we cannot affirm; since we consider him unsound in many particulars. Most of them we could not ourselves correct to advantage, but others can, and the legislator, it may be foreseen, must, sooner or later, take the matter in hand. Much is to be done for the laboring classes before they can wholly emancipate themselves. We know no man, at least in this country, who could do more for them by his pen, than Mr. Brownson. But he must be ruled by counsel, and work with moderation. Personally, we trust he may encounter as little difficulty in this noble work as his warmest friends would allow; and with these good wishes, we leave him. J.

MR. J. SILK BUCKINGHAM.*

IF it should ever occur to the admirers of mediocrity to erect a temple, and set it apart for their own exclusive and especial use, we respectfully suggest to them, as a prime ornament and conspicuous object of regard in the same, an image in wood of Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, the traveler, after the manner of the idols represented by Mr. Catherwood from Central America. Mr. Buckingham is the very Genius of common-place; being deficient, like the respectable idols aforesaid, in eyes, nose and ears, to see, hear and apprehend the objects he contemplates; with a mouth, however, at all times sufficiently obvious, and a tongue—and here he has the advantage as well of his worshippers as of the solemn functionaries of Mr. Catherwood—that constantly wags to and fro, with a burthen of truisms and trivialities.

Mr. Buckingham is essentially a mere talker; of any intermediate process between the fluency of public speaking against time and the refined arts of composition, he seems to have no conception.

Why Mr. Buckingham has written these three volumes octavo, published in London, we cannot tell, nor can we state any reason why he should not write three hundred more just like them. The style of composition of Mr. Buckingham realizes the idea of a perpetual motion; having in itself no discoverable principle of cessation, but ever running on, and on, and on—to the very crack of doom. It seems to be modelled somewhat on the large lottery wheel, with this difference, that the disconsolate reader gets nothing but blanks, put in his hand when he may.

Mr. Buckingham had exhausted the patience of the old world, and like an old distinguished monarch sighed for new worlds to conquer. After the fashion of all potent conquerors, from the days of Knickerbocker downwards, he determined to commence his career by a public manifesto. He issued an address to the American people, which, for open vanity and ill-concealed insolence, has not been surpassed by the most impudent advertisement of quackery. He traced his course as a philanthropist through India and England;

* America, Historical, Statistic and Descriptive. By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. In three volumes. London: Fisher, Son & Co. 1841.

derived his profession of a lecturer from Socrates, Plato, Epicurus, through Marco Polo, Columbus, Camoens, Raleigh and Bruce, and summed up his own personal history in the persecutions and mode of life especially of Herodotus and Pythagoras. He declared himself engaged on a grand philanthropical tour, in which he was taking the United States by the way, to return by the Indian Archipelago and the Red Sea to London. The chief object of his visit was to lecture, and this it is believed he fully accomplished, exhausting every possible listener, wherever he went, from the lordly citizen who paid a dollar admission for the privilege, to the bourgeoise at fifty cents, and the gatherings of the suburbs at twenty-five. Incidentally he was to examine the resources, institutions, literature and manners of the country. The study of the resources of the country, as we have seen, he found profitable; the institutions are properly described, as Peter Parley would describe them for children; of the literature we shall show he learnt nothing; and the manners he found in some things better, in others worse, than those of England. The people in the street were mostly better dressed; but in the Attic city of Boston his son was in danger of martyrdom as he passed through the streets, from the mob who detected his English blood—and the case was very little better when the youth was attended with a man servant.

One of the departments of inquiry that Mr. Buckingham proposed for himself was, an examination of the literature. Notwithstanding the extraordinary opportunities of investigation set forth in the introductory chapter, the result, dilated and extended by our author, is a mere *caput mortuum*, —there is not even the show of a few popular names. We shrewdly suspect from this, as well as the innate evidence of the writer's style, that literature is not the forte of Mr. Buckingham. If we may judge an author by the company he keeps, the literary acquaintances of our lecturer are of congenial dullness. The gods have not made Mr. Buckingham poetical, nor has any scholarship introduced him to the good society of the muse. The verses occasionally quoted, (with the exception of a few poems by Pierpont in an Appendix), are essentially commonplace. We have a few lines from "one of our English poets, Burroughs," that commence euphoniously:

Laws formed to harmonize contrarious creeds, &c.

and three stanzas that "breathe the spirit and feeling that seems to animate every American bosom," by "an American poet, Andrew M'Makin!"

> Cradle of Independence, hail!
> Within thy walls first breath'd the fire
> Which, Heaven-directed, shall prevail,
> 'Till Time's own power itself expire.

Mr. Buckingham rarely gives us an opportunity to judge of his acquaintanceship with the state of his own native literature, but he does Thomas Campbell, "our own poet," the honor to attribute to him the lines of Smollet,

> Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.

After these things, we are not surprised at the paucity of our author's ideas developed on the literature he came to examine. We are not surprised to see "Mr. Dewey, an Unitarian clergyman," called the Editor of the New York Review, or the "Common School Union" pronounced "a cheap little paper, of more value and importance to the formation of the public mind and public morals of the rising generation of the United States, than all the other newspapers, magazines and reviews put together." Entertaining this view of the matter, and finding suitable literary nutriment in the food for the infant mind, Mr. Buckingham was certainly right in subscribing, as he informs us, for two hundred copies.

Of anything like anecdote, the volumes are remarkably deficient. Mr. Buckingham represents the Americans as a serious people, with little disposition for mirth; but the fault is not in the meagreness of American wit and humor, but in the impenetrable dullness of Mr. Buckingham. Laughter was profusely poured out before him—but he saw nothing, heard nothing. A harmless jest in the newspapers is only a symptom of levity; such specimens of originality as met his view are oddities, and mentioned with compassion. He is shocked at the unfeeling remark of an obituary in the Boston Centinel, recording of Deacon Coolidge, aged eighty-five, that he had subscribed to the Centinel for half a century, had always paid his bill punctually, and deserved a crown of glory!

In all this there is a want of ability to penetrate the source

of character. American editors, to the view of Mr. Buckingham and Mr. Cooper, are mere fools and rogues; the secret of their mirth and carelessness is not looked for in the actual circumstances of the country, judged by which it might be found to be genuine, but only thought of in comparison with a few journalists of the old world. The American newspaper editor is a man of great sense and humor, and it requires some sympathy with both these qualities, possessed in a higher degree than Mr. Buckingham enjoys, to appreciate them.

There is a single personal anecdote preserved by our author. It is of Mr. Webster, and, taken in connection with another popular anecdote of the same statesman, while it exhibits Mr. Buckingham's decency, affords an amusing parallel between the kitchen and the parlor. To leave a good impression of Mr. Webster, we will give our author's "leetle anecdote" first. Mr. B. accompanied the former to Newark, on a political excursion, and tells us that "Mr. Webster, though a handsome man, with fine large expressive eyes, beautiful teeth, and a commanding and intellectual countenance, has a remarkably brown complexion, so much so as a native of the south of Italy or Spain." After dinner, our narrator continues, Mr. Cushing, the representative from Massachusetts, "went into the kitchen to light his cigar," and returned with the following scrap of conversation from the servants: "Well, Betsey, we colored people may begin to hold up our heads now; for they say that Mr. Webster is to be the next president, and surely he ought to be in our favor, for he 's as dark as any of us, and is a colored man himself." This is the unsophisticated language of the kitchen. Miss Sedgwick, in her forthcoming travels, writing of the saloons of London, among other observations upon Webster, mentions that of a painter, who exclaimed, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what coloring!"

Upon more important topics Mr. Buckingham seems equally deficient. In his researches into the economy of the New York bar, we shrewdly suspect him to have been accompanied by some idle facetious young member of the profession, not in the happy condition in which our author sets forth his brethren. The younger members of the profession, we are told, "readily make an income of three thousand dollars,—rising from this minimum to as much as ten thousand dollars! The smallest fee of a barrister of any standing and in almost

any cause, is one hundred dollars! the greatest fee to the most distinguished barrister in any regular cause, tried in the city courts, is five thousand dollars!! but when a special cause of importance arises, as large a sum as twenty-five thousand dollars has been paid!!!" After this, we are told the judges are paid according to their *age*. We have no desire to injure the profession by disabusing the English mind of the truth of these innocent statements; but as each member of Mr. Buckingham's sentences rolled on, increasing so rapidly in amount, we must remark, we could not but tremble for his veracity and future spiritual welfare.

Whether such statements throw any collateral evidence on Mr. Buckingham's oriental tales, as a lecturer, we leave to better judges than ourselves to determine. We have reluctantly noticed this book at all, for we have been more than once tempted to throw the page aside as we felt the thick deleterious atmosphere of dullness rising around us—but a sense of duty compelled us to proceed. We thought of Buckingham, bolstered in pulpits by men of clerical eminence and the distinguished public officials of the city, as he lectured to admiring audiences; of the gaping attention and breathless wonderment with which his eastern fables were listened to; of the public honors he received; and of his parting desire, expressed in the introductory to these volumes, to give publicity to nothing to weaken with the American people "our reciprocal regard, or render my name and memory less revered among them or their children than it has hitherto had the honor and good fortune to be." We, too, have our feelings in the matter, and earnestly beg Mr. Buckingham to withhold the three future threatened volumes. If he values at all the fruits of his assumption and plausibility, let him not hasten the rapid decline of his ephemeral notoriety—let him write no more.

NOTORIETY.

A WRITER who could unite the philosophy of Bacon and the satire of Churchill, would be the author to undertake an essay on Notoriety. In the absence of any such extraordinary combination of talent, we venture to address ourselves to the subject; to revive certain moral sentiments

of equal worth and antiquity, an abundant apology for which, if any were necesary, would be found in the very fact of the great excellence of the sentiments themselves.

Ancient fame has given place to modern notoriety. Solid repute is, nowadays, lost in fashionable applause, and the hero and bard, whose praise has furnished the theme of centuries, is cast into the shade by the idol of the hour. Of the different varieties of notoriety attainable by the arts of intrigue, the quackeries of impudence, or the settled fraud of a lifetime, we shall, after running over the titles of a few, confine ourselves at present, chiefly to notoriety in literature, to the means of making a reputation by cant, imposture, and the influence of fashion.

Notoriety is spurious fame; a desire of obtaining it, false ambition. One intoxicated with the love of public fame, (in the lower view of fame), had rather be ill known than unknown. At any sacrifice, he would make a name. He would be talked of, if not cared for; had rather be in men's mouths than in their hearts. He would be well spoken of rather than trivially thought of. It is not that he would be always praised—nay, sometimes he would prefer abuse, as an object of attack, and to give him an opportunity of replying to it. It is the weak man's diseased ambition; the fool's fame; the knave's bane; the courtier's life; the fopling's breath; the wise man's detestation; the honest man's disgust.

Notoriety is attached to every calling and profession, art, science, trade or mystery. There is nothing in life which it may not affect; no face it cannot assume.

It haunts the pulpit, the university, the bar, the surgeon's hall; it is found in political assemblies and literary meetings; it rules supreme in the drawing-room, the theatre, the street, the watering place, the tavern.

What ways and means are employed to accomplish the great end; what struggles and anxieties to appear what one is not; what endeavors to hide these very attempts. A private scandal, or a newspaper paragraph; an abusive letter written by the party in question to himself; a self-inflicted libel; a domestic quarrel; a course of libertinism made public; these are a few of the thousand baits to catch the public ear. A public official relieves a poor woman, the act is at once translated into the newspapers; a wealthy citizen has fallen ill, it is immediately chronicled; a valuable shawl is worn by the wife of a celebrated statesman,

it is universally made known. It is the whole business of the entire lives of most of the butterflies of fashion, to plot how they shall make themselves conspicuous from day to day. Absurdities in dress or equipage, are getting to be stale devices; what we shall have next, we are wanting in imagination to conceive.

How to make a reputation in letters, is a nice problem for him to solve who has neither learning, genius, talents nor enthusiasm. It is generally persons devoid of these fundamental requisites, that most affect the fame of author and scholar; though it must be confessed, their purposes are ulterior, and do not rest in the bare enjoyment of a name. They catch at the chance of reputation for the sake of an introduction into what is called (one would think from irony) good society, or for the mere gratification of seeing their names in print.

Cant in literature is, next to cant in religion, the most despicable thing in the world; the cant of the pretenders to literature is always so thorough-going as quite to obscure a really worthy but modest scholar. The quack will carry off by far the plurality of votes by the mere force of external display.

Fashion is never more absurd than in her patronage of letters. She inevitably mistakes pretence for performance, and fails to distinguish between merit and presumption. A fashionable author is, generally, a writer whose books are read only by people of fashion, and that only for a season or two. The fashionable author is made such, more by his manner and address, than by any quality in his writings worthy of notice. He dresses well, therefore takes rank as an elegant poet: he can carve neatly, hence is granted station as a critic or philosopher. The true poet, the genuine philosopher, is never fashionable—except as an incident to his reputation—it being a peculiar quality of the servile crowd to join in wherever they hear a shout. The great author writes for the whole world; the writer of fashion for a very circumscribed sphere or clique of readers. What is in cant phrase styled the "great world" of fashion, is, in fact, the most insignificant field of authorship. Fashionable people take more pleasure in creating reputation out of nothing, than in worshipping established idols, inasmuch as it gratifies their self-love. Of an inferior scribbler they make a genius for a season, and then cast him off, as

they do their tailor or their hounds—whence, the poor victim readily concludes, or should, that notoriety, like all matters of fashion, is merely a reigning folly, a current prejudice.

Somewhat connected with the subject of fashionable reputation, is the question of the public taste, more influenced by mere notoriety, than, perhaps, most readers imagine.

As a general rule, the public taste is vicious to a great degree. This is abundantly proved by the innumerable instances of ephemeral popularity, and consequent neglect of many, perhaps of most writers. Their works happen to hit a particular taste, or favor a prevailing fashion; they chime in with the prejudices, and foster the passions of the day, and are rewarded by a short-lived reputation. In judging of poetry, in particular, one can hardly be too fastidious, who recollects that at one time, Jonson lorded it over Shakspeare: at another, Cato was esteemed the first of English tragedies: and still later, Darwin and Hayley were thought great poets. How many schools are extinct, how many great men have proved in the eyes of posterity, (that severe judge), very small persons indeed. How many philosophical systems have been consigned to oblivion, with their inventors and promulgators! What shoals of tragedies, epics, novels of every description, lives, travels, sermons, speechs and periodicals, choke up the river of Lethe —across that stream who can venture unless first drugged to sleep by the pages of a writer

Sleepless himself, to give his readers sleep.

Taste is a natural sensibility to excellence, heightened by the nicest observation, and perfected by close study. If we allow this, how dare the great multitude of readers to set up their critical claims. Every man now is a reader, and a critic of course. What a monstrous absurdity is this! In other things, we see its ridiculousness, but we seem blind here.

The purest poetry and the noblest philosophy, are so much above the comprehension of vulgar minds, that they never can be popular—so with the most delicate wit and humor, and the finest works of fancy. Pure language, and an elegant simplicity, are also out of the reach of common intellects.

Sure fame is a very different thing from notoriety. Cowley has placed the idea of fame in the proper light. He says, "I love and commend a *true good fame*, because it is

the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others."* The true fame is "that which follows, not that which is run after;" the companion of goodness, not the lacquey of fashion.

We have treated notoriety as a fraud of men; it is sometimes the dream of youth—an honest dream. When we are young, we are goaded by a false impulse, and would be famous without any regard to the conditions of obtaining fame; but when years have brought a certain equable gravity of temper, and calmness of judgment, we begin to see things in their true colors, and to value a life of virtue above a life of honors. We at last discover the pitiful shifts of those who would obtain notoriety, and the incredible meannesses to which they subject themselves, by their ignorant zeal in the pursuit of worldly glory. Titles, wealth, applause, what chimeras ye are! what bubbles ye make of us your greedy followers! The highest powers of intellect, the most brilliant gems of poesy, are incomparably inferior to the possession of a peaceful conscience, and a heart filled with none but good intentions.

The fame of the popular poet, or the great general, has an almost overpowering charm for the young man; but a later age, which cools his blood, clears his mind also, and he only wonders how he ever happened to entertain such images of greatness, as the gods of his idolatry. The flashes of the skilful rhetorician captivate the youthful student; but the powers of the philosophic reasoner attract his maturer judgment. Light, airy poetry, is fit food for the raw critic; but experience and reflection give the palm to a deeper and more majestic vein. Amusement gains us then, but instruction holds us now. Then, we imagine we have learnt all that is to be known; now, we feel our real ignorance of the highest mysteries, and would die learning. Thus we see the love of applause (in its place, and in its integrity, a noble incentive to generous action), is still an insufficient motive. Milton, in that well known passage, which summons all the powers of the soul as with the sound of a trumpet,† has written nobly of fame—as

The spur which the clear spirit doth raise,

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* Essay, Of Obscurity.

† Sir Philip Sydney.

Though he feels obliged to add,

> (That last infirmity of noble minds,)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days.

Yet as fame is not altogether of a disinterested nature, (though the interestedness is of the highest character), it cannot furnish the only sure foundation for a life of virtue. The sense of duty is our only resource; and on that, as on an eternal and immutable foundation, we may erect a superstructure as high as our genius may serve to raise it, sacred to both genius and virtue.

J.

A FANTASY PIECE.

FROM ERNST T. W. HOFFMANN.

THIS is a slight sketch, a transcript of the visions of the German, Hoffmann; a man of genius, eccentricity and passion, who lived intensely, and consumed, at a fiercer rate than it is fortunately the lot of most to comprehend, his physical energies in wild bursts of indulgence and excitement. Life for him had many trials which he bore with honor, but in others he failed. His admirable critic, Carlyle, who has measured the man and his works by the same high standard he has applied to Burns, admits his defects in Art and Morality, but not less wisely than charitably, adds, "among the ordinary population of this world, to note him with the mark of reprobation were ungrateful and unjust."

Hoffmann's fantastical tales were echoes of his own moody humors. He was struck with the genius of Callot, an old painter of the seventeenth century, whose burlesque vein, united with a fondness of his own for caricature painting, he transferred to his writings. "A whole scale," says Carlyle, "of the most wayward and unearthly humors, stands recorded in his diary; his head was forever swarming with beautiful or horrible chimeras; a common incident could throw his whole being into tumult, a distorted face or figure would abide with him for days, and rule over him like a spell. It was not things, but 'the shows of things' that he saw; and the world and its business, in which he had to live and move, often hovered before him, like a perplexed and spectral vision." One of these visions is translated in the fol-

lowing pages. It is an incident at Berlin of the night of St. Sylvester, which will be recognized by all readers of old almanacs, where such matters are registered, as our own New Year's eve. Those who have made the acquaintance of the wonderful Peter Schlemihl, in La Motte Fouqué's Tale, (as who has not?) will be pleased to get another glimpse of his wayward movements in the scene at the Cabaret, and to all we commend the sentiment and moral which will be always found to lurk under the most eccentric productions of the author, who is, as in this case, a man of genius.

THE CABARET.

Promenading among lindens may doubtless be very agreeable at times, except upon the night of St. Sylvester, when the frost is splitting the stones, and the storm is driving against the face whirlwinds of snow. For myself, I came to this satisfactory conclusion as I ran bare-headed and cloakless, while the night wind met the fevered gusts of heat in my frame. I passed the bridge of the opera near the chateau; I turned again and traversed the Pont-aux-Ecluses, leaving the Exchange behind me. I was in the street of the Chasseurs, near the shop of Thiermann. The soft light shone from the windows: I was about to enter, for I was perishing with cold and dying with thirst, when a noisy troop issued forth in great force. They were talking of superb oysters, and the delicious vintage of 1811. I involuntarily made a few steps in the street, and stopped before a cabaret illuminated by one single light. Henry V. of Shakspeare was once reduced to such a degree of weariness and modesty as to think of the poor creature, small-beer. The same thing happened to myself. I felt thirsty for a bottle of good English beer, and threw myself speedily into the inn. "What will you have, sir?" said the inn-keeper, who advanced towards me cheerfully, touching his bonnet with his hand. I called for a bottle of beer, a pipe and tobacco, and soon found myself in a state of quietude so profound that the devil himself respected it and left me in repose.

Without hat or cloak, I must have appeared singular enough to the worthy inmates. Some query was lost on the lips of the host as there was heard a knocking at the window. A voice cried out in a high pitch for admission. The inn-keeper made his exit in a hurry, and returned immediately, holding two lights aloft in his hands, followed by a tall thin man. In

passing beneath the low portal, he neglected to stoop, and struck his head roughly, but a black bonnet he wore received the blow and preserved him safe from all harm. He took particular care to pass as closely as possible to the wall and seat himself before me, face to face, while the lights were placed on the table. He might be said to wear the look of a fascinating and at the same time discontented man. He called angrily for beer and a pipe, which he had scarcely whiffed when we were enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Withal his physiognomy was so characteristic and attractive, that I was charmed with him at once, in spite of his gloomy manner. His hair, black and abundant, was separated in front and fell on each side in curls resembling the portraits of Rubens. When he threw off his vast cloak, I saw that he was dressed in a black kurtka, ornamented by various folds; but what surprised me more was, that he wore elegant slippers over his boots. I noticed, as he shook his pipe, that he had smoked it in five minutes. Conversation was kept up with difficulty between us; the stranger appeared too much occupied with all sorts of rare plants, which he drew from a traveling bag and examined with interest. I testified my admiration for his beautiful plants, and as they appeared freshly gathered I asked if he had obtained them in the Botanic Garden or from Boucher. He smiled oddly as he replied, "Botany does not seem to be your forte; otherwise you never had asked a question so,"—he hesitated—I added in a low tone, "so ridiculous." "Exactly," he answered, with no little frankness; "an eye more practiced than your own would have recognized at once these Alpine plants, such as grow on the summit of Chimborazo."

The stranger pronounced these last words in a low tone, and the reader may well imagine they threw me into a very remarkable state of mind. Questions died upon my lips, but confused presentiments arose before me, and it seemed that without having often seen the stranger, I had at least dreamt of him.

There was a fresh knock at the window; the host opened the door, and a voice was heard, "Have the goodness to cover your mirror!"

"Ah! ah!" said the host, "it is General Suwarow, who comes something late." The landlord covered the mirror, when a little weakly man leapt into the cellar with clumsy speed, or if I may be allowed the expression, with a ponde-

rous levity. He wore a mantle of a singular color, verging upon brown, and whilst the little man frisked about the chamber, the mantle, which formed innumerable folds, floated around him in an incredible manner, so that by the light of the flambeaux there seemed a crowd of figures to unfold and return upon themselves again like the phantasmagoria of Ensler. He continually rubbed one hand against the other under his capacious sleeves, crying out, "cold, cold, it is cold indeed; in Italy, it is another thing, a different element entirely." He finally seated himself between the first stranger and myself. "Here is an insupportable smoke," said he, "tobacco upon tobacco—if I had only a pinch." I had with me a tobacco box of polished steel, which had been given me as a present. I drew it from my pocket, intending to offer a pinch to my little neighbor—who scarcely perceived it when he seized it violently with both hands, and thrust it back, crying out, "away! away! the abominable mirror!"

His voice inspired me with horror, and when I raised my eyes to look at him, he had become quite another person. The diminutive gentleman had leapt into the cellar with a sportive and youthful physiognomy—now, his visage was pale, withered, with the furrows of an old man about his hollow eyes. Affrighted, I approached his neighbor. I desired to warn him, but he took no part in what was passing, wholly absorbed in the contemplation of his plants from Chimborazo. At this moment, Suwarow demanded "some wine of the north," in phraseology not at all well picked. Conversation somewhat animated him after a while, but the man in the cloak did not wholly reconcile me to him again: but the other could speak of apparently the most frivolous things with grace and meaning, although he had to contend with a strange language, sometimes introducing unaccustomed words, which only gave his remarks a more piquant originality. Thus gaining rapidly in my esteem, he weakened the disagreeable impression of his chance companion.

The latter individual seemed to be seated on springs, for he did nothing but move his chair from one side to the other; he gesticulated rapidly with both hands, but a torrent of cold sweat ran from my hair when I ascertained clearly that he used two different faces. Above all he affected to get back his first visage to look upon our companion, whose calm and tranquil air contrasted with his mobility.

In this grand masquerade they call life, often the spirit

looks out with keen eye beyond its mask, recognizing those of its kind, as it happened to us three persons, so wholly different from the rest of men, we looked upon, and knew one another in the cabaret. Our conversation took the sombre turn, incident only to those souls deeply diseased, wounded to death. "There's another nail standing out in the path of life," said the earliest of my two acquaintances. "Heavens! sir," I exclaimed, "how busy the devil is in fixing nails for us in all places; in the walls of our apartments, in the woods, in the thickets of roses. We pass no place without leaving there something of our spoils. It appears to me, gentlemen, that each one of us has met with some similar loss. I, for one, have lost this evening my hat and cloak, both are suspended on a nail, as you say, in the antechamber of the counsellor of justice."

The little man and his companion started as if they had been struck by an unforeseen blow. The dwarf looked upon me frightfully, with his ancient countenance, but jumped promptly on a chair, and re-fastened the veil which hung over the mirror, whilst the other carefully snuffed the candles. Conversation was renewed with difficulty. A young painter was spoken of, by the name of Philip, who had just finished the portrait of a princess, inspired in his work by the genius of love, and the desire of perfection religiously planted in his soul by his sincere passion. "It is a striking likeness," said the stranger, "but it is not a portrait—it is the very reflection of her image." "It is indeed," I answered, "as much as if it were stolen from the glass."

The shorter gentleman thrust himself violently out of his chair, and regarding me with his *old* visage, and with eyes burning with anger, cried out, "it is ridiculous—it is insanity. Who could steal an image from the glass? was it the devil did it? Yes, yes, my good sir, he would break the glass with his blunt claws, and cover with his wounds and blood the white and delicate hands of a lady's image. It is madness. Give *me* the image stolen out of a mirror, and I will send it a dangerous journey of two or three thousand miles in the air—the stupid idea!"

His neighbor got up, stepped toward our companion, and remarked, "be a little less embarrassed, my friend, a little more modest, for I am pretty well assured, that your own reflection is in a rather pitiable condition." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the dwarf; "that indeed is said with a good grace.

I, at least, carry with me my beautiful shadow, you miserable scoundrel, I have, at least, my shadow." At these words, he fled; we heard him laughing and dancing in the street, "my shadow—I have, at least, my shadow."

My remaining companion had fallen in his chair, pale and breathless; he leant his head on his hands, and drew a stifling sigh from the bottom of his breast. "What is the matter with you?" I asked with eagerness. "Oh, my dear sir," he replied, "this wretched fellow who has so villianously appeared to us, who has followed me to this cellar, my customary cabaret, where I have ordinarily been alone, or at worst, visited by some imp who would squat under the table and mump the crumbs of bread—this vile fellow has plunged me in an abyss of misfortunes. Alas, I have lost without return, my ——— adieu!"

He rose, traversed the chamber, and gained the door. All was brilliant around him—he projected no shadow. Ravished, I ran in pursuit. Peter Schlemihl! Peter Schlemihl! I cried, full of joy; but he had thrown off his slippers. I saw him pass before the barracks of the gendarmes, and disappear in the night.

When I wished to return to the cellar, the innkeeper shut the door in my face, and cried, "God preserve me from such guests!"

THE CITY ARTICLE.

DUTIES ON FOREIGN BOOKS.

THE important question of the tariff is one that is likely, ere long, to claim the particular attention of Congress. The friends of the Protective System and the advocates of Free Trade, will probably soon be engaged in a fierce conflict of interests, and the arguments of each of the contending parties, in the form of pamphlets, speeches and newspaper essays, may possibly deluge our land, as in the former days of nullification and proclamations. Fortunately for us and our argument, we are compelled, in the present instance, to side with neither party, and may, without the least detriment to our cause, preserve the most determined silence as regards our individual sentiments on this exciting subject.

We are in favor of a reform, indeed, in our present revenue laws; but it is one in which so few are interested, and of so unobtrusive a class, that we fear if we should fail to speak in their behalf, they, from sheer diffidence, would suffer their interests to be again overlooked, as they have heretofore done in times past. Unlike the overgrown capitalist seeking employment for his surplus wealth, or the vigilant agriculturalist watching every enactment that may impair his annual receipts, the student is too apt to shrink from a contest when his own interests are the only ones to be protected. Refined in his feelings, a sense of delicacy is too often apt to interfere with his advancement, and the justice he is entitled to he is more apt to solicit as a favor, than to demand as a right. Upon this class, as we shall show, the present duties on Foreign Books press heavily, and a modification, or rather a repeal of them, is due, as well from its intrinsic claims, as from the magnanimity of the government.

By our present tariff of duties, all books in the English language, not specially imported for the use of public institutions of learning, published prior to the year 1775, are chargeable on importation with a duty of four cents per volume. By the construction given to this law, and by which our officers of the customs are guided, dictionaries and lexicons, printed in France or Germany, if half English, or if the definitions alone be in English, are charged with the full rate of duties, as if they were published in England, or the contents were entirely in our own language. So far has this rule of construction been carried, that a Chinese and English lexicon, printed at Canton, has been decided to be within the operation of this law.

Duties on importations are either for the purpose of raising a revenue for the support of the state, or for the protection of the industry of the country. We propose to inquire whether by our present laws either of these purposes has been materially advanced.

Viewed as a question of finance, the duties above mentioned can hardly claim any considerable attention at our hands. The total amount of receipts in any one year, from this source, and we are willing to take the most favorable one, scarcely exceeded the sum of thirty thousand dollars, a sum wholly insignificant, and which is still further reduced by the extra expense attendant on its collection. To secure to

the government this pitiful amount, (if such *could* have been the intention of our national legislature), books of the utmost value to the scholar, have, from the limited number imported, been rendered extremely difficult of acquisition, or in other cases, from the great enhancement of their price, placed utterly beyond the reach of all except the most opulent.

In illustration of the operation of our present system, we shall avail ourselves of some important facts, furnished us by an intelligent friend, upon whose knowledge and veracity we place the fullest reliance: stating first, however, what should have been mentioned before, in connexion with our reference to the duties prior to 1775; namely, that books published subsequent to that year, are charged at the rate of about 26 cents per pound, in sheets or boards, and 30 cents in leather.

The Philosophical Transactions are large quarto volumes and generally bound; cost about $10 each, duty averages $3 each, or more than $150 on the volumes since 1775.

Gentleman's Magazine, 170 volumes, 8vo., costs in London, about £20; the volumes weigh 2 to 2½ each, and the duty on those published since 1775, is more than the cost of the same.

Pinkerton's Collection of Voyages and Travels, 17 large quarto volumes. This work, bound, weighs about 100 lbs., and the duty is more than the original cost.

Cook's Voyages, 8 large quarto volumes and 1 folio, plates and maps; costs in London about $25, duty 50 per cent.

Parliamentary History of England, by Hausard, 32 vols. royal octavo; duty more than the original cost.

Playfair's Family Antiquities, nine very large imperial quartos; the duty on this book is *twice* the original cost in London.

Sir Wm. Jones' Works, 7 volumes, quarto. Lord Oxford's Works, 8 volumes, quarto. Asiatic Researches, 18 vols. quarto. The Transactions of the various Literary and Scientific Societies, which are usually printed in large quarto vols. Rapin and Tindall's History of England, 5 large folio volumes. Hargrave's State Trials, 11 volumes, folio. Howell's State Trials, 32 volumes, royal octavo. The Literary Gazette, 20 volumes, quarto, and other periodicals in long series, pay a duty amounting from 50 to 100 per cent on their original cost. None of the foregoing have ever been

published in this country, nor will they ever be. The London editions are sufficiently large to supply the demand both in Europe and America.

Such are the works which, together with an immense number of scientific and philosophical books, treatises on the fine arts, and works on theology, are virtually withheld from the eager curiosity of the scholar, or granted him only upon terms more extravagant than are demanded for an indulgence in the most corrupting luxuries which the whims or the caprice of the wealthy may suggest. The revenue derived from this source, affords no satisfactory excuse for this injustice.

Is this tax upon knowledge imposed for the protection of domestic industry? are these heavy charges imposed on the student for the building up of our home manufactures? Perhaps such was the intention of the legislature. Yet if it were, the measure has been signally inoperative. Our vast and increasing trade in books owes not its success to such expedients. The success of this branch of domestic industry must be ascribed to other and far different causes. These duties, heavy as they are, and oppressive as they have been felt to be by the scholar, have afforded scarcely appreciable protection to our publishers. Their protection has been found in the very different styles of publication required by the reading portions of the two countries. Added to this, the want of an international copyright law has saved them the charge of any remuneration to the author, they are spared the difference in expense between printing from manuscript and letter-press, and wholly escape the heavy tax which in England the advertising of a new work imposes.

These advantages surely serve as a protection, an ample protection, to our publishers. They require no duties such as are at present imposed, to secure for their reprints a monopoly of our market.

The chief reprints in our country are of works of a class thus adequately protected. They consist of novels, popular histories, popular theology, scientific compends, short treatises on ethics, with works purely literary. That this is the case, a comparative view of the prices charged in both countries will satisfy the most skeptical.

In England, the ordinary price of a popular novel is $7,87; here, the cost of the same work rarely exceeds $1 or $1.50. Turner's Anglo Saxons costs abroad $13; with us, not to ex-

ceed $5. Ranke's Popes, $12; our reprint $5,50. Campbell's Petrarch, over $7; here republished for $2,50. The London prices are exclusive of duties.

The reader will perceive in an instant that duties are not required to protect these works. The causes before mentioned afford a sufficient protection, and any addition to the foreign cost serves only as a tax upon the scholar, who may require for purposes of reference, access to the originals.

It may perhaps be urged that were we to remove all duties from foreign books, publishers abroad, finding thus opened to their enterprise a new and rapidly extending field, would soon accommodate their style of publication to the wants and the taste of the market they had to supply. That such would not be the case, their present practice evinces. Great Britain has ere this offered bounties on exportation, and would be likely to do so now, were she able to secure a monopoly of this important trade. But the disadvantages under which she labors are not thus easily to be overcome. The attempt is too wild ever to be made by a nation of her intelligence. The activity of our citizens, their local facilities, and the peculiar knowledge absolutely requisite for this trade, must tend to secure for us (independently of the feeble protection of the tariff) this important branch of domestic manufacture.

Looking at the subject in this light, are there any valid grounds for the retention of our present duties? Insignificant in point of revenue, they are inefficient for the purpose of protection. The law operates only on such works as it is the interest of the country should be disseminated as extensively as possible among our citizens. Works which, from their size, their scientific character, and their want of popular interest, it would be ruinous to reprint. Upon a class of works of which the quantity abroad is sufficient for the present race of students. Through the impolicy of our legislation, our scholars are debarred from the advantages to be derived from these works, save through a recourse to colleges or public libraries. Our population is sparse and widely diffused. Hence this provision is necessarily insufficient. Many of our most studious and intelligent citizens must of necessity reside at such a distance from these depositaries as to render a reference to them inconvenient, both from the loss of time and the attendant expense. That this deserving class is neither few in number or deficient in influence, all must admit. The physician, the lawyer, the divine, the stateman,

and the student proper, are scattered throughout every village and hamlet of this extended republic. If less distinguished than their fellows in older countries, very much of the fault must remain with the government, that with a suicidal policy has to the extent of its ability withheld from them the necessary means of advancement.

In behalf of this class, therefore, we would ask the attention of the public and their representatives to this subject. We are willing that the latter should adopt such restrictions —consistent with an enlarged justice—as may be requisite to protect our publishers; but we require that in consideration of this subject they should think also of the scholar, nor suffer his equitable claims to be set aside. He is worthy to be so thought of. Unobtrusive and retiring though he may be, he is still affecting, for good or for evil, the opinions and the conduct of the public. Let us render this silent but effective agency productive of good alone—by allowing him to supply himself as cheaply as is possible with the means of strengthening his reason, maturing his judgment and correcting his opinions. The people cannot be otherwise than gainers by so doing—in the increased amount of useful knowledge, correct notions and scientific truth, they will find an ample reward for this mere act of justice.

THE LOITERER.

The Zincali; or an account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original collection of their songs and poetry, and a copious dictionary of their language. BY GEORGE BORROW, late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. In 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1841.

THIS is an extraordinary book on an extraordinary subject, and one that by the novelty and interest of its details will better repay perusal, than any other volumes of the season. It is chiefly an account of the Spanish gypsies, though it contains many curious hints and reflections upon gypsy life in all parts of the world. It is written by a man of sense and spirit, the first stranger to the race ever, perhaps, conversant with their language, habits, modes of thinking and acting. The account he has presented is free from all conventional ideas, has nothing of the stage or novel in

its story, but is drawn as it were from the very life and breath of the people. Mr. Borrow had always devoted particular attention to the language and manners of gypsy life, and when he found himself in Spain, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he turned his acquaintanceship to account, and employed his new friends as agents for the furtherance of his missionary operations. They carried the Bibles to others out of good will to a brother Rommany (thus they term one another in their native language) but profited little themselves. He spoke their language, and they believed him an ancient member of the craft, at present existing on the world in a state of metempsachosis. They unmasked to him their dwellings, their ceremonies, their thefts and rogueries, and when he preached to them they received his words with a blank incredulity. At one time, he called them together in a congregation, and one of them commenced and concluded all ceremony by asking him for two ounces of gold; at another he drew a heightened picture of the Israelites in Egypt, whom he compared to the gypsies in Spain, but looking round at the close, he found the countenance of each auditor fixed in one perverse, unmitigated squint. They were incorrigible, and Mr. Borrow went on with his observations.

Notwithstanding his situation, our author is clearly a man of the world. He has a strong dash of the gypsy in himself, sufficient, we fear, to disqualify him for active membership in any Bible Society extant among us. We hear of hearty livers in the church, and of fox-hunting clergy in England, but this is the first time a man of so spicy and jovial a character ever turned up before us in the dress of a missionary. The author, we are inclined to believe with the Rommany, is a real brother of the craft, a full blooded descendant of the monarch recorded in song.

> Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
> And a merry old soul was he;
> He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
> And he called for his fiddlers three.

The first business in life, with Mr. Borrow, was to become thoroughly acquainted with the gypsies, following them into whatever haunts he might; he did accompany them in doubtful places, his knowledge of them is universal, and much do we rejoice, sitting afar away in a distant country, where gypsies yet are a subject of speculation only, at the fruits of his investigations.

The social morality of the Spanish gypsies would have puzzled Montaigne: apparently destitute and abandoned, barbarous in the midst of civilization, rogues in principle and cheats by profession, they subsist on the very outskirts of society, with just enough virtue to hold them together and preserve the race in a stubborn independence. As the body is sometimes indurated to

resist disease and contagion, their souls appear to have gone through some hardening process, by which they are proof against the ordinary laws of morality. Of compunction and regret for many of those crimes for which the civilized man feels remorse, they are conscience proof; they can steal with pleasure, and enjoy the fruits of victory with an unblushing, unrepenting effrontery, it requires years of hard practice for a dishonest attorney to assume; yet, in their own way, they acknowledge the existence of certain virtues which they preserve with as honorable or devoted a feeling as ever a merchant stickled for his integrity, or a saint for the crown of martyrdom. The men are rogues and cheats, but they eschew drunkenness; the women are lascivious and procuresses, but they worship chastity and keep it with life.

The poetry of the Zincali is traditionary, or created in the enthusiasm of the moment as the gypsy is struck by some passing incident of life or manners, some momentary thought which impresses itself upon his mind in the interval of his usual avocations of cheating, shearing of mules, horse-stealing or fortune-telling. The rhyme and the mode of recitation give it its best claims to the name—for of poetry written to be read and admired, they know nothing; but in scattered fragments of morality and chance reflectors in verse, the burden of a lonely hour, the recitative of a joyous meeting, they have much. The rhymes of the Gitános disclose good honest gypsy sentiment, or in other words, a very roguish one-sided view of things; yet with occasional sentiment and glimpses of a better order of society. From Mr. Borrow's specimens we select a few instances of all kinds. Aphoristic as the poetry of the Dial, the gypsy verses are at any rate sufficiently clear and practical. Witness the bard who sings:

There runs a swine down yonder hill,
  As fast as e'er he can,
And as he runs he crieth still,
  Come steal me, gypsy man.

A better brother of the craft records—

Along the pathway as I trod,
  A beggar met my eye,
And at her cries the Almighty God
  Descended from the sky.

Here, too, is affection and beautiful simplicity—

Extend to me the hand so small,
  Wherein I see thee weep,
For O! thy balmy tear-drops all
  I would collect and keep.

The work is miscellaneous in its character, full of personal incident, sketches of passing scenes, historic reminiscences and an

ample gathering of materials for the learned. Though not so carefully digested as we might have wished, it is, in its spirit, clearness, and a rough honesty of expression, the true book to admit the reader to a genuine acquaintance with gypsy character. As an instance of the writer's graphic enthusiastic vein, we select a sketch of the Gypsy of Seville, a fine example of vivid painting, rather than description only.

THE GITANA OF SEVILLE.

She is standing before the portal of a large house, in one of the narrow Moorish streets of the capital of Andalusia; through the grated iron door she looks in upon the court; it is paved with marble slabs of almost snowy whiteness; in the middle is a fountain distilling limpid water, and all around there is a profusion of macetas, in which flowery plants and aromatic shrubs are growing, and at each corner there is an orange tree, and the perfume of the azabin may be distinguished; you hear the melody of birds from a small aviary beneath the piazza which surrounds the court, which is surmounted by a toldo or linen awning, for it is the commencement of May, and the glorious sun of Andalusia is burning with a splendor too intense for his rays to be borne with impunity. It is a fairy scene, such as nowhere meets the eye but at Seville, or perhaps at Fez and Shirez, in the palaces of the Sultan and the Shah. The gypsy looks through the iron-grated door, and beholds, seated near the fountain, a richly dressed dame and two lovely delicate maidens; they are busied at their morning's occupation, intertwining with their sharp needles the gold and silk on the tambours; several female attendants are seated behind. The gypsy pulls the bell, when is heard the soft cry of "Quien es;" the door, unlocked by means of a string, recedes upon its hinges, when in walks the Gitána, the witch-wife of Multan, with a look such as the tiger-cat casts when she stealeth from the jungle unto the plain.

Yes, well may you exclaim "Ave Maria purisima," ye dames and maidens of Seville, as she advances towards you; she is not of yourselves, she is not of your blood, she or her fathers have walked to your clime from a distance of three thousand leagues. She has come from the far east, like the three enchanted kings to Cologne; but unlike them, she and her race have come with hate and not with love. She comes to flatter, and to deceive, and to rob, for she is a lying prophetess, and a she Thug; she will greet you with blessings which will make your hearts rejoice, but your hearts' blood would freeze, could you hear the curses which to herself she murmurs against you; for she says, that in her children's veins flows the dark blood of the "husbands," whilst in those of yours flows the pale tide of the "savages," and therefore she would gladly set her foot on all your corses first poisoned by her hands. For all her love—and she can love—is for the Romas; and all her hate—and who can hate like her?—is for the Busnees; for she says the world would be a fair world were there no Busnees, and if the Romanibs could beat their kettles undisturbed at the foot of the olive trees; and therefore she would kill them all if she could and if she dared. She never seeks the houses of the Busnees but for the purpose of prey; for the wild animals of the arena do not more abhor the sight of man, than she abhors the countenances of the Busnees. She now comes to prey upon you and to scoff at you. Will you believe her words? Fools! do you think that the being before ye has any sympathy for the like of you?

She is of the middle stature, neither strongly nor slightly built, and yet her every movement denotes agility and vigor. As she stands erect before you, she appears like a falcon about to soar, and you are almost tempted to believe

that the power of volition is hers; and were you to stretch forth your hand to seize her, she would spring above the house-tops like a bird. Her face is oval, and her features are regular, but somewhat hard and coarse, for she was born amongst rocks in a thicket, and she has been wind-beaten and sun-scorched for many a year, even like her parents before her; there is many a speck upon her cheek, and perhaps a scar, but no dimples of love; and her brow is wrinkled over, though she is yet young. Her complexion is more than dark, for it is almost that of a Mulatto; and her hair, which hangs in long locks on either side of her face, is black as coal, and coarse as the tail of a horse, from which it seems to have been gathered.

There is no female eye in Seville can support the glances of hers, so fierce and penetrating, and yet so artful and sly, is the expression of their dark orbs; her mouth is fine and almost delicate, and there is not a queen on the proudest throne between Madrid and Moscow who might not, and would not, envy the white and even rows of teeth which adorn it, which seem not of pearl, but of the finest elephant's bone of Multan. She comes not alone; a swarthy two-year-old bantling clasps her neck with one arm, its naked body half extant from the coarse blanket which, drawn round her shoulders, is secured at her bosom by a skewer. Though tender of age, it looks wicked and sly, like a veritable imp of Roma. Huge rings of false gold dangle from wide slits from the lobes of her ears; her nether garments are rags, and her feet are cased in hempen sandals. Such is the wandering Gitána, such is the witch-wife of Multan, who has come to spae the fortune of the Sevillian countess and her daughters.

"O! may the blessing of Egypt light upon your head, you high-born lady! (May an evil end overtake your body, daughter of a Busnee harlot!) and may the same blessing await the two fair roses of the Nile here flowering by your side! (May evil Moors seize them and carry them across the water!) O! listen to the words of the poor woman who is come from a distant country; she is of a wise people, though it has pleased the God of the sky to punish them for their sins by sending them to wander through the world. They denied shelter to the Majori, whom you call the queen of heaven, and to the Son of God, when they flew to the land of Egypt, before the wrath of the wicked king; it is said that they even refused them a draught of the sweet waters of the great river, when the blessed two were athirst. O! you will say that it was a heavy crime; and truly so it was, and heavily has the Lord punished the Egyptians. He has sent us a wandering, poor as you see, with scarcely a blanket to cover us. O! blessed lady, (accursed be thy dead as many as thou mayest have), we have no money to purchase us bread; we have only our wisdom with which to support ourselves and our poor hungry babes; when God took away their silks from the Egyptians, and their gold from the Egyptians, he left them their wisdom as a resource that they might not starve. O! who can read the stars like the Egyptians? and who can read the lines of the palm like the Egyptians? The poor woman read in the stars that there was a rich ventura for all of this goodly house, so she followed the bidding of the stars and came to declare it. O! blessed lady, (I defile thy dead corse), your husband is at Granada, fighting with king Ferdinand against the wild Corahai! (May an evil ball smite him and split his head)! Within three months he shall return with twenty captain Moors, round the neck of each a chain of gold. (God grant that when he enter the house a beam may fall upon him and crush him)! And within nine months after his return, God shall bless you with a fair Chabo, the pledge for which you have sighed so long! (Accursed be the salt placed in its mouth in the church when it is baptized)! Your palm, blessed lady, your palm, and the palms of all I see here, that I may tell you all the rich ventura which is hanging on this good house; (May evil lightning fall upon it and consume it)! but first let me sing you a song of Egypt, that the spirit of the Chowahance may descend more plenteously upon the poor woman."

Her demeanor now instantly undergoes a change. Hitherto she has been pouring forth a lying and wild harangue, without much flurry or agitation of manner. Her speech, it is true, has been rapid, but her voice has never been raised to a very high key; but she now stamps on the ground, and placing her hands on her hips, she moves quickly to right and left, advancing and retreating in a sidelong direction. Her glances become more fierce and fiery, and her coarse hair stands erect on her head, stiff as the prickles of the hedgehog; and now she commences clapping her hands, and uttering words of an unknown tongue, to a strange and uncouth tune. The tawny bantling seems inspired with the same fiend, and, foaming at the mouth, utters wild sounds in imitation of its dam. Still more rapid become the sidelong movements of the Gitána. Movements! She springs, she bounds, and at every bound she is a yard above the ground. She no longer bears the child in her bosom; she plucks it from thence, and fiercely brandishes it aloft, till at last, with a yell, she tosses it high into the air, like a ball, and then, with neck and head thrown back, receives it, as it falls, on her hands and breast, extracting a cry from the terrified beholders. Is it possible she can be singing? Yes, in the wildest style of her people; and here is a snatch of the song, in the language of Roma, which she occasionally screams.

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,—
Wild Moors come trooping o'er the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

Such was the Gitána in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and much the same is she now in the days of Isabel and Christina.*

Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 *to* 1625,—*now first collected, and illustrated with notes.* By Alexander Young. 8vo. Boston: Little & Brown.

The execution of this handsome and elegantly printed volume redeems the promise of its title. It is a complete collection of the contemporary accounts of the emigration and settlement of that venerable body, distinguished by the respectful affection of their descendants as the pilgrim fathers, revised and arranged in chronological order. Fortunately for our infant history, the first settlers of New England were men who both acted and wrote history—acknowledging as they did the continual guidance of a particular providence, no step was of slight importance—no action trivial—their trials or triumphs were to them alike worthy of record—for doctrine—for reproof—or for example,—and to the prevalence of this feeling we owe the privilege at this day of "hearing them speak in their own tongue the wonderful works of God." The book commences with Governor Bradford's long-lost history of the people and colony of Plymouth, now first re-

covered and identified by the industry of the editor. This is followed by "Bradford and Winslow's Journal," "Winslow's good news from New England," and four other tracts of equal interest, the volume closing with a collection of letters by Robinson and other elder worthies of the pilgrims at Leyden and Plymouth. The editor has judiciously allowed the ancient documents to tell their own story, throwing his researches into the form of notes on the main narrative. They are copious and satisfactory, showing a thorough acquaintance with the sources of American history. We receive this book with pleasure as another evidence that the time of indifference to the deeds of our forefathers has passed away, that the reproach of apathy to their fame is no longer deserved. It has been said, and with truth, that the age most likely to abound in glorious examples for the imitation of posterity, is that wherein the memories of the past are most carefully cherished. Mr. Young has secured a place amongst those who have deserved well for their labors in this honorable field.

Lectures on Spiritual Christianity. BY ISAAC TAYLOR, author of "Physical Theory of another life," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1841.

THIS volume, though aimed in opposition to certain doctrines advanced of late by certain leading divines of the Church of England, is surely the offspring of a quiet and gentle spirit. And yet there is a clear, manly and independent tone in the spoken and candid mode of argumentation, and the far stretching glance into moral ends, and unwearied searches amidst theological theories. One can form a picture of the life of such a man as the author, from the book; its practical tone, and earnest simplicity of manner would tell us, that he was a good and gentle father, with frequent changes from books to the family circle of instruction, guidance and protection; full of all kind sympathies, such as home teaches; judging not often, and then not harshly; and carrying even into the world of debate, the same desire as he would to reason with an erring child, and convict of error, not to glory over defeat, but to make manifest the truth. We could imagine him comfortably on his glebe; enjoying the competence of life, not its pampering superfluities, well read and instructed in each branch of learning, though perhaps neither a Newton or a Porson. In disposition, divided between the discursive rambling of the bookworm, and the strong meditation of the ever thoughtful

philosopher. Rationally pious, but with the goodness that rests not on passionate zeal, how quietly steal along the days of such a man, between active duties, meditations and studies; the world, his family and his maker present before him, and calmly aiming to fulfil towards each, the true Christian character? It is no little honor that the enlightened theologian deserves; for from our spiritual relations, from religious feeling, springs, as from an inexhaustible fountain, motives of love to our fellow men, and acts that shall be as flowers, and fruit and perfume in the world of man.

Christianity, as the title page says, is spiritual; it is the words and doctrines of spirit, discerned by the soul, acknowledged by reason, and is the light of conscience. Thus considered, Christianity proves with itself freedom and immortality, and vindicates from an army of doubts and fears, the condition and the safety of humanity. Vast are the concerns, glorious the new world and its furniture, that this religion discloses. Yet all is rational; spirituality is not mysticism seeing ghosts, and zeal mistaking ends, frantic and aimless. Calmly and intelligibly does the author teach and endeavor to free from bondage of error; and sow the fruitful seed of good doctrine, like a faithful husbandman. His very style, so full of Christian courtesy, and the sentences soft as a kind voice falls on the ear, shows how far from the mind of the author is rude polemic jar, and contentious personal blame. In it, we see the reason of the rhetorician's rule of art. With humble and patient attention, his deductions ought to be followed; whilst he shows the universal character of our religion; its destiny infinite in diffusibility; unlimited in its application to the work of destroying all of evil upon the earth; and capable in each individual of changing the soul's essence to purity and love. The will, the source of human activity, that drives imagination and the intellect to do its pleasure, and takes counsel of reason as with the chancellor of a realm, seems that which is most individualized, most spiritual in man; hence Christianity addresses itself to this inmost faculty, and that good will should be in man, working outside to all mankind, is its aim. In its operation upon the heart, purifying and elevating its motives, refining, with a new law of universal application and flexibility, the instincts of reason and the judgments of conscience, it shows how superior it is] to all the inventions of restless man, the blind fervors of mysticism, the cunning devices of imposture. Looking forward then from these characteristics, it is easy to argue that this doctrine is the hope of the world; that universal love and peace alone, through the operation of this upon the hearts of individuals, can embrace the wide nations in a new league, as universal as that of

the ocean-waters covering its vast bed. There can be no doubt the day dawning indicates the future noon, and the true golden age returns again; a better garden than that of old is planted, and the souls of men are the living trees; again the voice of God walking is heard, and speaks strongly to the conscience of all in this divine and spiritual revelation, the life of Christ. Deep in the soul these realities must penetrate; no rites, no forms nor ceremonies but are its mere husk. Love, and Christian love, is every thing. The changing ideas of men may modify the ceremonials of the church, yet whenever the harmonious doctrines of this religion have had their influence on the heart, there will decorum and decency, the vestment of honor, the outward respect of bended knee and clasped hands, remain—symbols of thanks to the worker of the greatest of miracles, man's redemption. With the author all men agree, that charity and faith are the weighty matters of this our Christian law. They will teach us to bow in the communion, and fellowship in good feeling, with our brethren, whatever may be their mode of worship; reserving to ourselves the freedom of choosing the most precious gold, the finest linen to adorn our own sanctuary. Nay, we could seek the great retirement of nature, the woods or the sea-shore, read an earnest kind discourse of our author on the quiet morning of the first of the week, and then make one short prayer to the Father in Heaven and go away justified, as if the soul by faith had heard the solemn absolution, the pledge of an earnest repentance and a true confessional.

The Works of William E. Channing, D. D. First complete American edition, with an introduction. 5 vols, small 8vo. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1841.

THE consideration we have recently given to the writings of Dr. Channing, permits us at present merely to announce to the reader the publication of his complete works. It is the contemporary of two different editions recently published in England; in a notice of one of which the British Critic lately undertook to say the reputation of Channing was on the decrease, a courageous assertion in the face of facts, showing that an ecclesiastical review can sometimes lay aside conscience for the convenience of its argument.

The present edition is admirably executed in the best Boston style, and has the advantage of extraordinary cheapness. The whole works of Channing may here be bought for five dollars.

This is as it should be: the popular works of an author always recommending improvement, are here an improvement themselves on the usual style of publication, and may carry to the house of the poor man an idea of literary taste and elegance, while they are strictly within his means.

The edition is accompanied by a new preface, in which the author sums up his labors and topics of discussion. There is an extended allusion to his theological views, of which he says he intends to write a fuller and maturer account than he has yet given. The remarks on practical matters of morality are able and eloquent, and show no sign of weariness in a good cause. We extract a passage on War.

Must fresh blood flow forever, to keep clean the escutcheon of a nation's glory? For one, I look on war with a horror which no words can express. I have long wanted patience to read of battles. Were the world of my mind, no man would fight for glory; for the name of a commander, who has no other claim to respect, seldom passes my lips, and the want of sympathy drives him from my mind. The thought of man, God's immortal child, butchered by his brother; the thought of sea and land stained with human blood by human hands; of women and children buried under the ruins of beseiged cities; of the resources of empires and the mighty powers of nature, all turned, by man's malignity, into engines of torture and destruction; this thought gives to earth the semblance of hell. I shudder as among demons. I cannot now, as I once did, talk lightly, thoughtlessly, of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home. It consists of affectionate women and sweet children. It consists of Christians, united with me to the common Saviour, and in whose spirit I reverence the likeness of his divine virtue. It consists of a vast multitude of laborers, at the plough and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours, and given life to my intellect and best affections. Here is the nation I am called to fight with —into whose families I must send mourning—whose fall or humiliation I must seek through blood. I cannot do it without a clear commission from God. I love this nation. Its men and women are my brothers and sisters. I could not, without unutterable pain, thrust a sword into their hearts. If, indeed, my country were invaded by hostile armies, threatening without disguise its rights, liberties and dearest interests, I should strive to repel them, just as I should repel a criminal, who should enter my house to slay what I hold most dear, and what is intrusted to my care. But I cannot confound with such a case the common instances of war. In general, war is the work of ambitious men, whose principles have gained no strength from the experience of public life, whose policy is colored if not swayed by personal views or party interests, who do not seek peace with a single heart, who, to secure doubtful rights, perplex the foreign relations of the state, spread jealousies at home and abroad, enlist popular passions on the side of strife, commit themselves too far for retreat, and are then forced to leave to the arbitration of the sword, what an impartial umpire could easily have arranged. The question of peace and war, is too often settled for a country by men, in whom a Christian, a lover of his race, can put little or no trust; and at the bidding of such men, is he to steep his hands in human blood?

Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai and Arabia Petræa; a journal of travels in the year 1838. By E. ROBINSON and E. SMITH. Drawn up from the original diaries, by EDWARD ROBINSON, D. D. 3 vols., 8vo. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

Dr. Robinson brings to the performance of his task advantages which have never before centred in one individual. In the former imperfect state of intercourse between Asia and Europe, the traveler who, for a love of gain, or in a restless spirit of adventure, hastily traversed the sacred scenes of Holy Writ—steering a dangerous course among the perils incident to a stranger amidst a hostile and semi-barbarous population—was the only source of information for the student, whose hours were consumed in a vain attempt to reconcile the discrepancies of inaccurate observers with consistency and truth. It has been reserved for the present day to unite the two characters, and, through the increased facility of communication, render a tour to the Holy Land a safe and attainable object. Of this altered state of circumstances, Dr. Robinson has been the first to avail himself. Distinguished in both hemispheres, as a philological scholar of the greatest eminence, his whole literary life has been passed in studies that formed a fit preparation for this journey, which, in the words of the author, "had been the object of his ardent wishes, and had entered into all his plans of life, for more than fifteen years." He was also fortunate in securing the companionship of the Rev. E. Smith, whose intimate knowledge of the Arabic language, derived from a long residence in Palestine, proved of great use in furthering the objects of the journey.

The plan of the tour made by Dr. Robinson and his Reverend coadjutor, was sufficiently extensive to embrace the most interesting points of observation in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries. His narrative begins with Greece and Athens, where a fortnight's stay sufficed to afford a hasty view of the transition state through which that country is now passing. From thence he crossed the Mediterranean to Alexandria, and after a short time devoted to the ancient glories of Egypt, (while the hollowness and mockery of its much-vaunted modern civilization were at every step too apparent), was joined at Cairo by Mr. Smith—and from this point the actual commencement of the expedition may be dated. We can but briefly indicate the route pursued. Mount Sinai and "the secret top of Horeb" were the first objects of their search—these were reached by the usual way, through Suez and the desert. After a careful investigation of the disputed sites in this region, they proceeded to Akatah, at the head of the Red Sea, and from thence through the desert to Jerusalem. Their

residence at this central point was prolonged some time; the antiquities of the Holy City demanded and received a thorough examination, and various excursions were made to the Dead Sea and other adjacent parts of the country—the most important being an expedition to the mysterious Petra, through Gaza and Hebron, which was safely and expeditiously performed. On finally leaving Jerusalem, their course was directed through Nazareth, and by Mount Tabor, the lake of Tiberias, Tyre and Sidon, to Beyrut. Here the illness of Dr. Robinson prevented the farther prosecution of their travels, as originally intended, to Damascus and Lebanon, and our tourists took leave of the Holy Land from Beyrut, precisely one month before it was laid in ashes by a bombardment by the combined English and Austrian fleets, in September, 1840.

In the three bulky volumes now before us, the public are presented with the results of this journey. It is to be regretted that the size of the work will necessarily limit its circulation within narrow bounds. We think this is in a great measure owing to the injudicious use made of the materials collected by our travellers. For the sake of enabling the reader "to follow the process of inquiry and conviction in the traveler's own mind," Dr. Robinson has thought it best to arrange his book in the shape of a most accurate and painfully minute daily itinerary, (so thickly sprinkled with bearings and distances that many of the pages resemble a land-surveyor's field-book), interrupted continually by disquisitions on historical and geographical subjects: these are always instructive and often the most interesting parts of the book, but their frequent occurrence quite destroys the homogeneousness of the work—it is neither a book of travels or a treatise on biblical geography, but a hybrid compound of the two. We have never met with such difficult reading as the itinerary portion of the narrative: all the usual comparisons fail us in characterising it—the sands of the desert are not drier—the waters of the Dead Sea are not so heavy. The historical illustrations are laboriously compiled from a great variety of sources, forming a valuable digest of information from ancient and modern writers, especially valuable to future travelers in assisting them to penetrate the dark cloud of tradition that has for centuries disguised the truth and localities of history in the Holy Land.

This work, however, is too important to be neglected for the minor defects of composition or arrangement. Most of our American readers are familiar with much of the ground traversed, through the lively volumes of Mr. Stephens. The differences of the two travelers are amusing subjects of comparison. Gifted by nature whith close powers of comparison and a considerable degree of native shrewdness, and these sharpened by a thorough

training in the staitest sect of German philologists, Dr. Robinson forms a striking contrast to the imaginative or poetical class of travelers, of whom Chateaubriand and Lamartine may be taken as examples. The spirit of his work is essentially analytical: no belief is indulged in where the evidence is insufficient for conviction. Many a pleasing delusion vanishes when brought under the focus of historical and chronological evidence, and we are forcibly reminded that the day is indeed passed away, when the pilgrim, triumphant over toils and dangers, felt his labors overpaid on his first views of the "sacred earth" of Palestine, and in a spirit of holy enthusiasm and trusting faith, that was its own reward, tracked the footsteps of his Lord from the Grotto at Nazareth through their last painful progress along the "Via Dolorosa" to that "New Sepulchre wherein was never yet man laid."

To all those who are desirous of obtaining authentic information respecting the ancient and present state of the most interesting country in the world, and are comparatively indifferent to the guise in which it is offered them, we commend Dr. Robinson's work as, an inexhaustible mine of instruction, worthy of the best days of sound learning and classical scholarship.

I. The Northren Light. 16 pp. 4to. Monthly. Albany.
II. The Yale Literary Magazine, July, 1841. New Haven.
III. The Classic or College Monthly. Middletown, Conn.
IV. The Musical Magazine. Monthly, 4to. Bradbury & Soden. Boston.
V. Jonathan's Miscellany. 4to. Weekly, Wilson & Co. New York.

Of these various publications, the Nothern Light is the most original in its plan. It is edited by an association of gentlemen at Albany, familiar with public life and anxious to set forth sound materials for judgment in the useful interests of the day. It is devoted to political economy, agriculture, scientific improvements and other sources of the well being of the community. Confined to these practical topics with continued good sense and industry, it deserves to sustain a place among the periodicals of the state.

The Yale Literary Magazine, contains a well-written opening paper on College Literature, a sufficient vindication of its own plan and conduct. The Classic is another academic magazine, and like the preceding, answers the good purpose of schooling writers for a broader field of authorship.

The Musical Magazine resembles, in its general appearance, the well known similar journal published by Charles Knight, London, to which it is not uniform in mechanical execution.

Jonathan's Miscellany, a new issue from the press of Wilson & Co. is admirably supported by the pens which have made the Brother Jonathan and Dollar Magazine so widely popular.

ARCTURUS.

No. X.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER VII.

PUFFER HOPKINS RECEIVES AN APPOINTMENT.

TOWARD the close of an afternoon, a few days after the visit of Puffer Hopkins to the auction-room, a deformed little personage was strolling through the street, with his arms nearly to his elbows in his breeches-pockets, his head thrown back a trifle, and his eyes turned up as if he were in the very depths and profundities of a cogitation of some consequence: in short, it was our gentleman of the Bottom Club, who practiced upon certain pockets, as has been seen, on a former occasion.

"Three pair of fowls at three shillings, makes nine," said the little gentleman, "the old red rooster at five shillings—though his liver 's disordered, for I smelt his breath this morn-

ing—fourteen. That 's for after-breakfast work. Then before, there 's twenty pound of hoop, twopence a pound, and a sheet of copper, seven pound, at five pence—thirty-five and forty; as good as seventy-five: and all the afternoon for a holiday, to find out where this Puffer Hopkins lives, and to hatch out an acquaintance with him. There 's something brewing in the wind 'twixt him and that shabby old lunatic, Hobbleshank: something going on that ought to be put a stop to; and as the Wice Chance-seller of Law wo'nt interfere to separate such good friends, we 'll see what Mr. Small, Ish Small, of Pell street or thereabouts, can do." He walked a few paces further, and again broke out, "Let me catch that old fellow trying any of his tricks on uncle Close, as he did ten year ago, when he pitched his family watch at my crown, and we 'll see if there an't a spice of sport from it. Strike up, old 'un, I 'm here!"

Saying this, he trotted down the street, turned into a byway, crossed that at a good pace, and speedily reached a corner building, from which a great striped flag was waving and a tumult of voices issuing. Into this he made his way, selected a suitable position, and at the proper moment, (a great deal of the same sort of business going on at the time), he called out the name of Puffer Hopkins, which was duly entered by one of the clerks of the meeting upon a roll, and the agile little performer, thereupon, departed.

This time he selected a different course, striking straight towards the heart of the city, for several blocks, and emerging upon an open square. He now looked about him for several minutes, indulging in a severe scrutiny of the neighboring buildings, and at length fixed his eye upon a dingy, yellow house, which stood facing the square and forming the fork or extreme point of two streets.

"I think I should know the house by the description," he said, measuring it again with his eye, from top to bottom, "it is n't quite a palace, that 's clear: I don't believe the Grand Signior lives here, nor his Highness the chief of the Seneca tribes. There 's considerable poverty written in dirty paint all about the front; and, judging by the windows, I guess it 's had a hard fight with the brick-front across the way, and got an eye or two put out." At this moment, the light of a lamp fell from a window of the upper story, and Mr. Small, turning his face up towards it, exclaimed, "His light, by all that shines! It an't a astral, anyhow! He 's studying a speech,

or mixing a dose of resolutions, now—and I 'll step in and surprise him! I 've no doubt the stairs will hold out till I get up and down, although they look as if they was on their last legs."

Climbing a narrow and ill-arranged way, he attained the topmost landing, where he stood for some time, in doubt which door, of the many that presented themselves, to select; when turning suddenly, as he heard some one ascending the stairs, he stumbled, and falling against a door, dashed it open and landed in the very centre of a room. It would be perhaps a sufficient description of this apartment to say, that it was hardly large enough to fight a boxing-match in, with the attendant spectators; that besides the person of Puffer Hopkins, it held the heads of Demosthenes and John Randolph, a solitary chair, a small auction-bought desk, and a long fragment of looking-glass established in one corner.

"Your humble servant, sir; your most obedient! I thought I 'd just stop as I was passing, and tell you, you are a regularly elected member of the Vig'lance Committee of this Ward!" said the visitor, grasping his cap in both hands, assuming a countenance of great simplicity and innocence, and travestying a bow, a good deal in the style of a theatrical waiter, retiring.

"By whose goodness is this?" asked Hopkins, eagerly.

"Mine, for lack of a better, sir:—I thought it would be a little sort of a treat, now that strawberries are out of season!" answered the little gentleman, licking his lips.

"Yours, sir?" exclaimed Puffer, seizing him by the hand; "I owe you a debt of gratitude for life for this. Do n't I know you, sir? you are a member of the Club, I believe; the memorable, and immortal Club—the Bottom, I mean?"

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he ran on in a very fluent and enthusiastic style, pronouncing his introduction to the Bottom Club one of the most fortunate incidents of his life; his acquaintance with the gentleman before him as one of the greatest pleasures he had ever known; said that he was attached to his party and his principles, no man more; and that he was resolved to perform his duty as a member of the Vigilance Committee with the utmost zeal, promptitude and dispatch.

The stranger, although a small man, was not a little astonished at this tide of eloquence, (for Puffer Hopkins was in the middle of a declamation to his looking-glass on some suppo-

sed festive occasion when the visitor had broken in, and which declamation, in the flutter of the interruption, he applied to his unexpected advent): we say he was not a little surprised, but it was with main effort he subdued his mirth, when, at the end of all these elegant promises and professions, Puffer Hopkins asked him "What he had to do?"

Now, there are many things that a member of a Vigilance Committee, giving a liberal construction to the designation, might be supposed to be engaged in with great propriety. Possessing the sharp eye that of right belongs to a functionary so entitled, he should pierce into the heart of hidden abuses—following them with close, wary steps, into obscure dens and haunts—getting at awful secrets of crime, veiled from all other eyes—detecting, through the world, in their thousand disguises and hypocritical mantles, fraud, cruelty, domestic wrong, and the whole brood of cozenage and knavery.

It is pretty clear that it was to none of these varieties of service that Puffer Hopkins was expected to devote his very promising talents: and of this Puffer himself had some faint conception—for when he puzzled his brain in search of the duties of his new character, it did not occur to him that it had ever been the business of any politician, past or present, or would be in all future time, to subserve in any possible way the plain, simple, every-day interests of humanity.

At this question, Mr. Small laughed; not, however, as if any circumstance of the present interview, or relating thereto, had struck him as at all humorous, but as if his thoughts were fixed upon some remote incident, away off a good many miles, and arising from such innocent sources as might be supposed to move the mirth of so simple-minded a gentleman. Laugh he did, however, with such violence as to compel him to place a hand upon one of his ribs, while he planted his elbow against the wall to support the other.

From all which, it might be presumed that the little gentleman thought it quite a diverting question to be asked, What the members of a Vigilance Committee had to do? Laughing, and still holding his sides, the dwarf gentleman again burlesqued a bow and hurried from the apartment: leaving Mr. Puffer Hopkins in a state of no little wonder and bewilderment.

Determined, nevertheless, to acquire a more definite knowledge of the functions and duties of this majestic office, Puffer snatched up his hat, shifted himself into a bright blue coat

with intense brass buttons, and went forth. In the excitement and anxiety of mind resulting from the sudden knowledge of his appointment, he had enjoyed a brisk walk of two squares or more before it occurred to him that it would greatly further his inquiries if he would take a minute or two to consider where they should be made.

After many misgivings and fluctuations of opinion, he at length fixed on Mr. Fishblatt, and, for a variety of reasons, selected that gentleman as an adviser in his present emergency: to whose residence he turned his steps with all becoming expedition. Glancing about for an overgrown door-plate and a red front surmounted with gigantic chimney-pots, Puffer was not long in discovering the domicil of which he was in search; which domicil was, however, adorned, beyond the description of Mr. Fishblatt, by an oblong sign stretched across the entire front, and cutting the house unpleasantly into halves, indicating that the safe, cheap and accommodating corporation of the Phœnix Fire Insurance Company harbored within.

Mr. Halsey Fishblatt, therefore, inhabited a second floor; and after a due performance on a door-bell, and ringing all the customary changes, Puffer was led by a frouzy-haired servant girl through the hall, up one flight of stairs and into a small supplemental building, in a small room whereof—comprehending the entire breadth and length of the same—he came upon Mr. Fishblatt, seated grandly in a very high-backed chair—holding in his outstretched arms an enormous newspaper, on which his eyes were fixed as keenly and comprehensively as if he expected by the perusal of the sheet before him at that very time and the mastery of its contents, to become one of the finest scholars and profoundest critics in the country. He was assisted in the achievement of this mighty purpose, if he entertained it, by a gorgeous spirit-lamp which was fed by a ball, and blazed away on a table at his side, like a meteor.

On the entrance of Puffer Hopkins, the reader sprang to his feet, cast down the paper, and rushing anxiously towards his visiter, fixed upon his right hand with the tenacity of a griffin. "My dear fellow," cried Mr. Fishblatt, earnestly, "I 'm glad to see you. Down with your hat. Make yourself at home: this looks like home, does n't it? Every body thinks so that comes here. I do n't suppose you could find a snugger room of the kind in the whole planetary system:

you see how cosy and quiet it is; here are all my books around me—pamphlets, sermons, speeches, documents from Congress, documents from Legislatures, catalogues, tracts, and lexicons. Is n't it very nice?"

"I certainly think it is," answered Puffer, contemplating the questioner with considerable astonishment.

"There 's something on your mind," continued Mr. Fishblatt, scarcely waiting an answer, "I know it: I see it plainly, something that harasses and worries you. You don't sleep, you can't rest, it troubles you so. Come, out with it, my boy; let 's have it, at once. What is it that makes you look so anxious?"

"To tell the truth, I 'm a member of the Vigilance Committee, and do n't know what my duties are," answered Puffer. "And I have taken the liberty to come and ask you what I am to do, in my new capacity?"

"If I was a member of a Vigilance Committee," said Mr. Fishblatt, regarding Puffer Hopkins with great gravity and steadiness, "I should consider it my duty to have immense telescopes constructed—and I would plant them, sir, where I could look into the very interior of every domicil in the ward, and know what was in every man's pot for dinner six days in the week. This may not be your view of duty, sir; but I should feel bound to have great ledgers kept—with leaves that opened like doors—and there write down every man's name in large letters: and I 'd have a full length of him drawn on the margin, and colored to the life. I 'd give his dress, sir, down to the vest buttons, and if there was a mote in his eye, I 'd have it there to be cross examined, when he came up to vote. Now don't say you can't do this—you have n't the physical strength to keep such a set of books."

"Would you inquire so very particularly," asked Puffer, timidly—for he felt abashed by the grand conceptions of the imaginative Fishblatt—"into the private habits of voters?"

"I would, sir!" answered Mr. Fishblatt, peremptorily; "I 'd know whether they slept in trundle-bedsteads or high-posts; whether they preferred cold-slaugh cut lengthwise or crosswise of the cabbage; whether their shoes were hob-nailed or pegged. Can you tell why I 'd do this?"

Puffer Hopkins frankly and heroically confessed that he could not very readily, without the aid of Mr. Fishblatt.

"I knew you could n't," said that distinguished rhetorician. "Don't you see that the public conduct of the man is

foreshadowed in his personal habits? A man that wears red flannel shirts is always for war: a man that employs night-caps is opposed to riots. The voters that browbeat their servants at home, sir, always cry out for strengthening the Executive. Go into that man's house over the way, sir—the house with the meek, salmon-colored door:—that door is a hypocrite and deceiver, sir! Climb to the fourth shelf of his pantry, and you 'll find two red-handled rawhides:—that man approves of despatching the Florida Indians by drugging their brandy with ratsbane. That man 's on his knees every Sunday, in the Orthdox chapel—wears out a pair of knee cushions every year—and has breeches made without pockets, to escape the importunities of beggars in the streets and highways. Put him down in your journal, sir, as a knave, a villain, a low base fellow—will you?"

"The laws hardly reach such men," suggested Puffer.

"I 'd make them reach," said Mr. Fishblatt, confidently, "I 'd stretch 'em till they did reach. I 'd hang such men higher than Haman: I 'd invent every kind of rack and thumb-screw, and worry their lives out by inches: I 'd fill their houses with bugs and alligators: they should have pirates to wait on them at table: and they should sleep with bandits swarming about their beds—great black-whiskered bandits—with pistols charged to the muzzle and always on the full cock. Would that serve them right?"

"I think it would—strictly speaking," answered Puffer; "But as member of a Vigilance Committee, should I undertake to spy out such abuses?"

"Oh, no: your business is—have I told you what your business is?—to go along the wharves, and up into alleys, and down into cellars, and inquire for voters—disseminating the right doctrine by the way, and making every body of your opinion, by having no opinion at all. Are you on the Dock Committee, or one of the Alley Committees?"

"Neither," answered the young politician; "I think mine is known as the Rear-Building section."

"Are you advised whether there are any old women there—to give iron spectacles to? or small children—to nurse with gingerbread? or any recent deaths in any of the families—that you may sympathize in the bereavement, by wearing a strip of crape on your hat?"

"I have no instructions," answered Puffer Hopkins.

"Then you had better go prepared for all emergencies—

you had better carry a piece of calico under your arm, to cut into gowns; half a dozen papers of confectionary in your pockets; a gross of clay-pipes, for the superanuated voters or their aged relatives; a bale of corduroys; and, perhaps —I only suggest this—a basket of sheep's pluck."

"What is this last for?" asked Puffer, gaping with astonishment at the personal services required of him, as a member of the high and mighty Ward Vigilance Committee.

"To wheedle their dogs with," answered Mr. Fishblatt, "if they happen to keep any in the front yard."

Surprised and perplexed by the requisitions of the Vigilance branch of the service—as expounded by Mr. Halsey Fishblatt, the extraordinary fervor of whose fancy Puffer Hopkins had not yet quite learned to appreciate—he directed his steps towards his lodgings in the Fork, striving his best to project the means by which he should procure the articles enumerated, and the kind of conveyance by which they were to be transported to voters' houses.

As to the latter, his mind wavered between a porter's go-cart and a small boy, with broad shoulders,—and as to the first, he had not reached a conclusion when he reached home; where he was opportunely relieved from further perplexity for the present, by having a dirty billet placed in his hands, inviting him to a meeting of the very Vigilance Committee itself, at the Head Quarters, at half past seven that evening.

Disposing of a thrifty meal, consisting of two cheap slices of bread, a saucer of onions in vinegar, (an excellent thing for the voice), and a bowl of black tea, he whirled his hat half a dozen times about his left hand, applying to its nap, meantime, the sleeve of his right arm, buttoned his coat as smartly as he could, and leaving word that he had gone to a public meeting, the young politician put forth.

A few minutes' rapid walking—for he was behind his time —brought him to the room in which the Committee assembled, and halting for a moment for a general survey, he entered, and assumed his seat on a bench against the wall with his fellow-laborers, who were present in great force, looking as vigilant and shrewd-minded as their station required. A member was on his legs, expounding, in very animated and felicitous style, the glory to be reaped by any adventurous canvasser—who, in the service of his country and impelled by a desire to transmit a name to his children, should plunge down a certain cellar—which he described—and secure the

names of several desperate villains who there harbored with the intent of coming forth as voters at the spring election, and perjuring themselves in the very face and eye of heaven.

This gentleman was followed by a second, of equal power and comprehensiveness of vision, who declared, on his personal honor and well known character for integrity, that they might look out for a riot; and one of a very serious cast. He had said serious cast, because the size of the clubs in preparation was unusual. He had a friend (thank Heaven!) whose confidence he believed he possessed. He was a turner: he had been secretly employed to furnish a gross of heavy bludgeons—in the disguise of balustrades. For this fact they might take his word. He did n't mention it to alarm any gentleman present. He did n't wish any gentleman to stay at home or to put himself at nurse on election day, to avoid anything unpleasant that might be abroad, in the shape of clubs or bludgeons. For his part, he had nothing to fear—he only wished to put gentlemen of the Committee on their guard, and to drive them to take into serious consideration the expediencyof reviving the use of the ancient helmet.

These words had scarcely escaped him, when a pale young gentleman sprang up from a table at the corner of the room, and offered a resolution embodying the suggestions of his friend; which was promptly seconded by a respectable and worthy tinker, across the room, who had a presentiment that the helmets in question must be made of sheet-iron quilted with tin—which would all fall in his line of trade. The resolution was, notwithstanding this able advocacy, doomed not to become an heroic determination of the Committee corporate, being extinguished and quenched forever by a flood of invective and ridicule issuing from a gentleman who condescended to perform journey-work in a hatter's establishment, and who properly enough regarded such an attempt as an invasion of the rights of the guild.

The early part of the evening proved, therefore, very tempestuous and windy; but as soon as the various gusts of debate and declamation had blown over, a very plain-looking gentleman, at about ten o'clock, rose; and beginning in a very soft voice, which seemed to grow softer as he advanced, proved himself to be a very sensible fellow, by calling the attention of the meeting to some little particulars which had been overlooked. These particulars consisted of the division and organization of the Committee into sections, enrolling

their names in a book, each section having its own head or chairman, and the allotment of their duties to the various members of the Committee.

There was the Dock Committee—they wanted a gentleman on that, who would n't feel the inconvenience of a tarpaulin hat, a wide-skirted shaggy box-coat with two sepulchral pockets, for his fists to be carried in, at the sides, and who could n't well live without a cigar. Then, they wanted a short man for cellars and areas: a thin man to go up the allies: a spruce-looking member to visit at the quality houses: a supple man, of an enterprising turn, for rear-building and garret service: and a jolly-looking portly dog to talk with the landlords and tavern-keepers.

The plain man described, in a few words and with becoming modesty, what he thought the duty of the members of the Vigilance Committee then and there assembled: they should be keen-eyed in discovering voters, artful and insinuating in approaching them, copious of tongue, subtle in argument, and prepared to clinch anything they might choose to assert.

He thought vilifying the opposition was n't bad, if it was done in a christian-like way—and by describing them as "some persons," or, "there were people who he (the member) knew could n't bear the poor; who would take the last potatoe out of a poor man's pot," and similar fetches of expression.

When this gentleman had occupied the floor for about an hour, Puffer Hopkins very discreetly held himself to be as well advised as to the services required as he was ever likely to be; and determining in his own mind not to be easily outdone, and to set about his portion of the task on the morrow, he departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES OF PUFFER AS A SCOURER.

The sun had certainly made up his mind, that morning, not to see company; and if all the Vigilance Committees in the seventeen wards had turned out expressly for that purpose, it would have been impossible for even their well-known and extraordinary astuteness to have detected the slightest glimpse

of his benevolent features anywhere in the very murkiest sky of a November day. The forty-five spirited fire-companies of the metropolis—who had seen proper, at a very early hour in the day, to take a run at a horse-shed near Bowling Green, which had extinguished itself the moment it was discovered nothing else could catch from it—might with equal propriety have turned in and staid at home, smoking long-nines and talking over past achievements: for the rain came down in torrents, and kept every combustible plank in the city as nice and moist as heart could wish.

Omnibus-drivers and hackmen carried a proud head, and looked down on the sinful world of dry-goods men and indoor trades-people, from their box seats, with an air of pleasant disdain; and the proprietors of livery-stables peered forth from their small office-windows, smiling and making themselves happy and comfortable at the prospect, as Noah might have done, on a similar occasion. Pedestrians with umbrellas looked melancholy, and buried themselves in their blue-cottons and brown-silks, to indicate their misanthropy; and pedestrians without umbrellas looked small and miserable, and making the most of their wrappers, hurried along, in a supreme unconsciousness of the inhabited character of any window they might pass, or the identity of any possible friend in the street.

Others pushed along, thinking more of the respective errands on which they were bound than of any violence of weather, and heeding the plashing shower no more than if it had been sunshine and fair walking. Among these was the resolute Hopkins, who, embowered in a cheap blue-cotton umbrella, strided along, bent on the thorough and faithful discharge of his arduous duties as scourer or canvasser of the Ward.

He had selected for the first visitation, a rear-building in a bye-street, inhabited by sundry gentlemen of doubtful politics, and making all proper speed, he arrived in a short time in the neighborhood where he intended to operate. Opening a blind gate, which worked with a pulley and closed swiftly behind him, Puffer found himself in a square enclosure, filled with carts, fragments of boarding, old iron pots, broken pieces of garden-fence standing against the walls, two cistern-heads, and, at the rear, a row of cheap wooden houses, with the windows dashed out, sundry breaches in the casing, and various red-pots, supposed to contain stunted specimens

of horticulture, arranged in the upper windows. Directly in the middle of the yard, there stood, under one large ivory-handled umbrella, a couple of well-dressed white-haired individuals—one of whom was very stout, portly and commanding, and the other very shrunken, round-shouldered and obsequious—looking up at the buildings; the portly gentleman staring at them with great severity and talking boisterously, and the round-shouldered, glancing up at the portly gentleman, meekly, and making minutes of what he said.

"Draught of the chimneys, heavy: note that down, will you?" said the portly gentleman, peremptorily.

"I will," said the meek man, "It 's down, sir."

"Supposed equal to two factory furnaces, with the blowers on: down with that—and put my initial to it, if you please."

"I have, in large capitals," said the timid gentleman.

"That 's right," said the portly gentleman, promptly. "Skuttles always open, and children allowed to smoke burnt rattans: I see one of 'em at it now. Will you mark *that* down?" cried the stout gentleman, evidently very much enraged, and with a startling emphasis that caused the meek man to jump out from under the shelter, which compelled his superior to order him back, twice, very distinctly, before he could be induced to return to his duty, and chronicle what fell from the stout gentleman's lips. "They dry their hose at No. nine, on the back of a rocker before the fire; and use a decayed Duch-oven at No. eleven,—this last attributable to the extravagance of the lower orders, who are too proud to patronize the baker."

"That 's a very happy observation," said the meek man, "Shall I print it out large, like the play-bills?"

"Stuff!" cried the portly gentleman, smiling haughtily, "just mind your business, and recollect that all private feelings are absorbed in the Company's interests—will ye?"

"I 'll try," said the meek man, timidly.

"Do! and just say, if you please, that the first floor 's occupied by a journeyman lightning-maker."

"A journeyman lightning-maker!" echoed the meek man.

"None of your nonsense, now, Crump—but down with what I tell you: a journeyman lightning-maker, in the employ of one of the theatres. Say, we are informed, that he lives on brandy, (brandy 's a pretty inflammatory article, I believe, and cases of spontaneous combustion have occurred: put that reflection in a note, and mark it J. B. in the corner),

and makes lightning in the garret. Now, for the cisterns. Have you smelt No. eleven?"

"I have, sir," answered the secretary, making a wry face, "and it 's uncommon noxious."

"Do you know the cause?" asked the portly gentleman, disdainfully.

"I do not, sir?" answered the meek gentleman, groping in his pockets.

"A child—a juvenile small child—that went to a Public School, took his own life in despair, one day, in that very cistern, sir—because he could n't spell phthisic, sir!"

"That was strange, was n't it?"

"Very strange, Crump. The child came home in the afternoon, with the same green bag—take notice, sir—the same green bag on his arm that he 'd carried for fourteen months, and said, 'Mother, there 's a pain,' laying his hand on his head, 'a great violent pain here.' That was all he said, and then he went up stairs, made up his little couch, tied his wooden horse to a bed-post, with a new ribbon about his neck, put on his Sunday hat and a clean apron, and stepping stealthily down stairs, walked comfortably into the cistern, and ended all his agonies."

"That 's a remarkable affair," said the secretary, with his mouth and eyes wide open. "Do n't you think it 's a serious argument against the Public Schools, sir?"

"It 's a smasher, Crump: an extra-hazardous smasher," said the Insurance President, for that proved to be his official station. "There 's something wrong in the system, you may depend on it; or children would never destroy themselves in this way because they can't spell dipthong words of two syllables. Now, to business, if you please. Say, it 's the opinion of the President, that no engine will ever consent to draw water from the cistern of No. eleven; that engines can't be expected to take little boys or little girls into their chambers and extinguish their bereaved parents' burning dwellings with the rinsings. Firemen have feelings, (this is a moral axiom, for the benefit of the Directors), engines have works: and although the coroner did sit on the cistern-lid the better part of an entire night, inquiring into this melancholy case, and sent down several courageous small boys with boat-hooks, and called patriotically into the cistern himself, yet add, the boy was never found; and from the fact of deceased's never having been seen to come out, a strong suspicion prevails in

the neighborhood that he is still in: but what makes the corpse so very outrageous and stubborn, nobody can say. Is that it, Crump?"

"All down, sir," answered Mr. Crump.

"Stand out from the umbrella, then, if you please, Mr. Crump: business is over. You 're Crump and I 'm Blinker." And the Insurance President looked down upon his assistant in the most commanding fashion.

Crump obeyed, and, withdrawing from the brown-silk protector, stood outside, awaiting the further pleasure of the portly gentleman.

"This is a sweet day, Crump," said the President, contemplating with evident satisfaction the huge drops that pashed in one of the puddles.

"Charming!" said Crump, slily inserting a cotton pocket-handkerchief between his coat-collar and the back of his neck, for Crump was slightly rheumatic.

"Stocks should rise, in weather like this," said Mr. Blinker. "The roofs are all good and wet, cellars under water, and a good number of garrets flooded. Now, if we could have a little rain horizontally, the second stories would be nice and safe. To be sure, families might suffer a little inconvenience —but it would be morally impossible for fires to show themselves, and I should look in the papers for two or three melancholy cases of incendiaries' having made way with themselves. It 's a pelter, Crump."

"That, I believe, is admitted," answered that worthy individual, with a slight tinge of impudence in his manner—buttoning up his side-pockets, which began to fill, and throwing his hands behind him under his coat-tails, which arrangement, as he stooped forward, formed a commodious roof for the rain to run off at.

"It 's lucky we 're not in the marine line," continued the President, glancing at the Secretary: "Goods, not under hatches, will be nicely soaked, I 'm sure; particularly woolens and drabs."

Now it so happened, that the unfortunate Crump was the owner of a very pretty pair of woolen drabs—rather old fashioned, to be sure—which, very singularly, he was wearing at that very moment, as he stood in the shower in the open yard: but as Mr. Blinker was well known as a benevolent-minded gentleman, and above all manner of personalities, Crump was

bound to regard his observation as one of those happy general reflections for which he was equally remarkable.

"The shower comes down so nice and straight," said Mr. Blinker, erecting his umbrella, and drawing himself close under its centre, at the same time consulting his watch, "so nice and straight, that it must put out a good many kitchen-fires; which all helps:—but it 's time to be at the office. Do you go on, Crump, and have the grate well piled—do n't spare the coals, for I am chilly. But stop—whose buildings are these, did you say?"

"I did n't say," answered Mr. Crump, flushing slightly.

"Whose?" cried Mr. Blinker, in his official key, which started the secretary into a small pond.

"Fyler Close's, sir," answered the intelligent Crump, speedily.

"Humph—very well," said Mr. Blinker. "Go on: and do n't forget to wheel my chair out, and warm my slippers. And if the lime-dealer calls for his policy, tell him it is n't made out, and that he may call the first fair day. This is fine weather for slacking that article, Crump; excellent weather to set houses on fire with water and white chalk—do you understand? Go!"

At this, the secretary picked his way through the yard, carrying his head obliquely, to avoid the rain that dashed directly in his face, and holding the gate for a moment, was followed by the superior functionary, in great state; who paused once or twice, however, and turned about to take a glance at the buildings under survey for insurance.

"Very well," said Puffer Hopkins, stepping out from under a shed, where he had ambushed himself during this instructive conversation: "These gentlemen must be on the relief-committee—they have a wonderful tenderness for poor people, and would n't see 'em made martyrs of by a conflagration, for all the world. Let me see: I think I 'll visit the lightning-maker in the garret, first. He 's a genius, no doubt—and, belonging to the melo-dramatic school, may dazzle two or three weak minds in the neighborhood."

With these words, the young politician proceeded to the house which had been pointed out as the residence of the lightning-maker, and knocked gently at the door.

The summons was answered by a small girl, with an unclean face and eyes that twinkled through the dirt like a ground-mole's, who gave him to understand that the gentle-

man in question was at that moment in the garret of the building, busy upon a two-quarter, and that he, Puffer Hopkins, if he went up stairs, had better come upon him cautiously, lest he might, in the confusion of a sudden surprise, let slip a volcano, or something horrible of that nature, in the combustible line.

Taking to heart the suggestion of the small adviser, Puffer walked up stairs, and knocked at the door of the artizan's laboratory with great discretion, beginning with a rap in the very lowest key, and ascending gradually to a clear double-knock.

"Hold a minute," cried a voice from within, "till I mix in a trifle of red and blue. If you should come in now," continued the voice, pondering and speaking a word or two only at a time, at if it was interrupted by some manual operation, "you 'd lose us three good rounds with the pit. They always loves to see a sheet of red fire, provided there 's a cross of blue in it."

In a moment Puffer was admitted, and discovered a lean man, bending over a mortar, with great staring eyes, and cheeks discolored with brimstone or yellow fumes of some other kind; and surrounded by black bottles, two or three broken pestles, an iron retort, and various other implements of his trade. Puffer introduced himself, and proceeded at once to the exercise of his function as a scourer.

"This profession of yours," said Puffer—he dared not call it a trade, although the poor workman was up to his eyes in vile yellow paste and charcoal-dust—"This profession, sir, must give you many patriotic feelings of a high cast, sir."

"It does, sir," answered the lightning-maker, slightly mistaking his meaning: "I 've told the manager, more than fifty times, that lightning such as mine is worth ninepence a bottle, but he never would pay more than fourpence ha'penny: except in volcanoes—them 's always two-quarters."

"I mean, sir," continued the scourer, "that when you see the vivid fires blazing on Lake Erie—when Perry 's working his ship about like a velocepede, and the guns are bursting off, and the enemy is paddling away like ducks—is not your soul then stirred, sir? Do you not feel impelled to achieve some great, some glorious act? What do you do—what can you do, in such a moment of intense, overwhelming excitement?"

"*I* generally," answered the lightning-maker, with an em-

phasis upon the personal pronoun, as if some difference of practice might possibly prevail, "*I* generally takes a glass of beer, with the froth on."

"But, sir, when you see the dwelling-house roof, kindled by your bomb-shells, all a-blaze with the midnight conflagration—the rafters melting away, I may say, with the intense heat, and the engines working their pumps in vain—do n't you think then, sir, of some peaceful family, living in some secluded valley, broken in upon by the heartless incendiary with his demon matches, and burning down their cottage with all its out-houses?"

"In such cases," answered the lightning-maker, "I thinks of my two babies at home, with their poor lame mother—and I makes it a point, if my feelings is very much wrought up, as the prompter says, to run home between the acts to see that all 's safe, and put a bucket of water by the hearth:—is n't that the thing?"

"I think it is: and I 'm glad to hear you talk so feelingly," answered Puffer Hopkins; "our next mayor 's a very domestic-minded man—just such a man as you are—only I do n't believe he 'd be so prudent and active about the bucket on the hearth."

At this, the lightning-maker smiled pleasantly to himself, and unconsciously thrust a large roll of brimstone in his cheek.

"Is this your natural complexion that you have on this morning?" resumed Puffer Hopkins, seeing how well the personal compliment took, and glancing at the lightning-maker's yellow chaps. "If it is, the resemblance between yourself and the gentleman I have mentioned is more striking than I could have expected: his nose is a copper—is n't yours inclining a little that way?"

"I believe it is," answered the journeyman lightning-maker, complacently.

"Your eye is a deep grey, I think, as far as I can see it by this light: that 's what the Committee of Nomination, when they waited on the next Mayor, thought was his."

In the flutter of nerves created by the scourer's instituting these pleasant comparisons, the lightning-maker unadvisedly brought together a couple of hostile combustibles, which occasioned the premature bursting of a small bottle of azure lightning—without scenery to match; and a small sky-light was opened thereby, through a decayed shingle in the roof.

Instructed, by this, of the tropical climate of the lightning-maker's garret, and thinking that a sufficient train had been laid for a future vote, Puffer—who had been advised of the residence of a stout cobbler in the neighboring attic—trotted up a ladder and through the open skuttle, and scrambling over the pitched roof, plunged down a similar opening in the next house, and came very suddenly upon the object he sought. The burly shoe-maker was seated on a cobbler's bench, working away merrily enough: at his side was laid a long clay-pipe, filled ready to be lighted, and hard by him a bundle of chattels, corded up, and arranged, apparently, for instant transportation.

"How is this?" cried the cobbler, as his eye caught the person of Puffer Hopkins: "This is n't fair—nor is it legal in any courts, whether of Chancery or common law. Writs do n't descend, sir—I know enough for that: no deputy sheriff was ever enough of an angel to come from above. I resist process—do you hear that?"

Saying this, the cobbler started up, and seizing his bench, planted it on end in front of the corded bale of chattels, and standing between the two, he glared fiercely, through the circular broken seat of the bench, on the suspected deputy.

A few words, however, calmed his agitation: he threw down his bench, resumed his seat, and in token of his perfect satisfaction and pleasure in the explanation Puffer had given, of the character in which he visited him, he kindled his pipe and smoked away in good, long, hearty puffs.

Growing communicative, as their intercourse continued, Puffer at length learned that the gentleman was the proprietor of the Dutch oven down stairs—the terror of Mr. Blinker, the President—was greatly distressed by creditors, who hunted him with catchpoles and marshals from morning till night, that all his proprietary interest on the lower floors lay in the oven aforesaid and a very comfortable little fat wife, (whose pride and comfort consisted in a turkey browned before a slow fire), and other little necessaries allowed by law. The corded bale, held his valuables; and with these, he was prepared to mount, at a moment's warning, through the scuttle, and to convey himself to the peak of the house, where he made it a point to sit in the shadow of a broad chimney and smoke his pipe at ease, until the cloud of pursuers was fairly dispersed or blown over.

"They shall never catch me, while I live," cried the cob-

bler, energetically. "If they come on the roof, I 'll climb down the lightning-rod with that bundle on my back; I can do it:—and if one of the rascals attempts to climb up to me, I 'll drop it, and break his neck off, short—depend on that. My dear fellow, I 'd be at the expense of the board, lodging and education of a South American Condor, and teach him to bear it off in his beak, before they should touch a thread of it. Now you know my mind!"

At this, he struck a thick heel, on which he was at work, a thumping blow with his hammer, and kicked his lapstone across the whole breadth of the garret.

Puffer Hopkins of course applauded the spirit of the cobbler, and artlessly suggested that no man, with the soul of a man, would submit quietly to such impertinent intermeddling with his private affairs.

"However, my friend," he continued, scouring as industriously as he well knew how, "I trust this will not always be so. These gentlemen of the law may yet have their combs cut: I do n't think they will always be allowed to crow and chanticleer it over honest men!"

"Why not?" asked the cobbler, looking at Puffer Hopkins anxiously, and planting his great hands upon his knees.

"For no very particular reason," answered the scourer, "except that I have heard it suggested that our new Common Council—mind, I say our new Common Council—will abolish the office of sheriff, and all others that interfere with the enjoyment of a man's property by himself. They 'll do away with writs, and executions, and all that sort of thing," said Puffer, coolly, "that 's all!"

"Say you so?" shouted the cobbler, springing from his bench and seizing Puffer by the hand: "I 'm your man! Now try your luck on the down-stairs people—do n't let me keep you back a minute. Try the bereaved mother, down stairs: her husband 's a'wavering—have him, by all means. Dogs! you 've done me more good than the sight of the big boot in the square the first time I set eyes on it. God speed you! Luck to you!"

With these ejaculations, the cobbler dismissed his comforting visiter, who hurried below, and opening, according to the instructions he had received, the first door to the right, arrived at a new field in the domain to be canvassed.

Taking a rapid and comprehensive survey, Puffer Hopkins was aware that he had entered the apartment of the bereav-

ed mother—for there upon the mantel in a glass case, dressed in crape, stood the identical wooden horse, with the ribbon about his neck that had been attached to the bed-post by the little misanthrope, on the day he had taken his own life in the cistern.

As he discovered this, a gloom suddenly came over the countenance of the scourer, and he approached the afflicted parent with an aspect as wo-begone and dolorous as the wood-cut frontispiece of the most melancholy Mourner's Companion ever printed.

"Mr. Hopkins, of the Ward Committee," said Puffer, advancing and taking the bereaved one by the hand. "The good man of the house is not in, I think?"

"No, he is n't, sir," she answered; "it 's very little that he is in now, since the event. He can't bear the sight, poor man, of that grievous monument there"—pointing to the quadruped in the glass case—"always in his sight. It e'en a'most drives him mad."

Puffer Hopkins wondered—if the sight of a miserable caricature of a horse in wood, under a glass cover, was so near making a lunatic of him—why he did n't go mad at once, like a sensible man, and shiver it all in atoms, which would have done something towards making it invisible: but he did n't utter these thoughts, but on the contrary kept them hidden in the very darkest recess of his bosom.

"You do right, madam," continued Puffer, "to keep that constantly before your eyes. It 's a softening object—a mellowing spectacle for the heart to contemplate. Oh, no; there is nothing, there can be nothing," pursued the scourer, in a voice choked with agony, and turning away as if he was too manly to expose his feelings, "like a mother's grief. A mother's grief—it is a sacred and a solemn thing: and when the affliction comes thus—in this ghastly shape—it 's too much to think of. Who can repress their tears at the thought of the agony of this family on the day of this fatal discovery? the father frantic with sorrow and exertions to get the body; sisters and brothers—how many have you, madam?"

"Five small ones—one at the breast."

"Five little ones, shouting for the departed angel: and his mother—his poor, bereaved, broken hearted mother—when she thinks of the suit he had on, his nice, tidy Sunday suit, bends over the cistern and drops in her tears till it overflows! Oh, there 's a picture for the moralist and the patriot!"

"Do n't, sir—do n't," cried the afflicted mother. "Do n't—your eloquence quite breaks my heart: it makes me feel it all over again."

"I will not," said Puffer, "I 'll resist my feelings, and say no more about it: not if you 'll be good enough to take this little order on the dry-goods dealer—just so that the poor boy, if he should ever be found, may be put in a decent shroud; he was a small boy, I think—the order 's for a small boy—a very small boy. And oblige me by telling your husband that Puffer Hopkins, of the Vigilance Committee, called. Good day: good day—poor child." Uttering these last words with a pathetic glance at the toy on the mantel, and heaving a profound sigh, the scourer closed the door.

With the door, he closed his labors for the day, and shaped his course homeward, satisfied that he had done his country some slight service, and that two or three minds, at least, had been sufficiently enlightened to vote the proper ticket at the next charter election.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THREE points strike us, as peculiar to American literature, thus far: the early age at which our authors have attained the maturity of their powers—generally, in their first works; a tendency to imitation, now less seen than at first; and the prevalence of elegance, growing out of the inclination to write after models, and to the cultivation of the faculty of Taste.

A glance at the productions of American writers, since the commencement of the present century, will satisfy any one as to the facts of our first position. Of writers who have published their best works some years since, and in their youth, Bryant, Dana, Halleck, and several others might be mentioned. Of our contemporary poets, (those who have published poems quite lately), Longfellow, Willis and Holmes are still young. The first speeches of our orators have been incontestably the best. The earlier speeches of Webster, for example, are classic models, while the later are comparatively mere newspaper harangues.

As to the second point, the tendency to imitation, facts again are abundant. Dennie, our first essayist, was a professedly Addisonian writer. Dr. Franklin copied after the same original at first, but gradually fell into a characteristic style of his own. Irving and Paulding, in their Salmagundi, imitated the English comic essayists. Paulding's John Bull was a meagre copy of Arbuthnot's original. Charles Brockden Brown, our first novelist, was a pupil of Godwin. Our latest writer of fiction, Nathaniel Hawthorne, is tinged with German romanticism, and a vein of fantastic sentiment peculiar to the authors of that country. Dana and Bryant are followers of Wordsworth. Halleck's muse is a composite of Campbell, Sir John Suckling and Byron's Don Juan. Longfellow unites—as far as his genius extends—the fancy of the Germans, the sentiment of Wordsworth, and the fastidious elegance of Gray. Willis is, in his prose, essentially a Frenchman. Holmes has cleverly caught a variety of styles.

This tendency to imitation springs somewhat out of the nature of the genius of our writers, instinctively directed towards elegance. Taste seems to have been the ruling faculty of our authors. The only classic book of travels has been written by an American: the Year in Spain. The only classic English histories, since the time of Hume, Gibbon and Robertson, have been written by Americans: Bancroft, Irving, Prescott. Irving is the only classic humorist, since the old novelists. Ames, Wirt, Everett, Webster, are the only classic orators, since Burke and his splendid contemporaries. To the predominance of taste, too, may be ascribed the early maturity of American genius. With a certain portion of genius, highly cultivated, our writers have gathered an early and rich crop, in a soil that soon became effete.—Taste is not a progressive faculty—it stops at a certain point; varying with the different characters of men. It soon reaches its limits. Beyond a degree of cultivation, clearly enough defined, it cannot proceed. A man of fine taste affects a certain line of study or composition and attaches himself to none other. He is

Content to dwell in decencies forever.

His taste, repelling the common, as too low for it, equally shuns the sublime, as above it, and is willing to remain in a safe mediocrity.

Edward Everett is one of the best specimens of American elegance. A finished scholar, a graceful writer, an accomplished orator, he is an incarnation of the very spirit of elegance. We can no more imagine his doing an awkward action, than his writing a clumsy sentence. With this characteristic trait, he has little pretension to grandeur of imagination or brilliancy of fancy, laying claim to not much besides comprehensive sense, ingenuity, and the utmost propriety—rarely reaching beauty—of sentiment.

Mr. Everett may be ranked among our instances of an early exhibition of talent. At the age of nineteen, he succeeded his amiable friend Buckminster, as pastor of the Brattle street Church, the year before having been appointed Latin tutor at Cambridge. Two years after, he was called to the chair of Greek Professor, at the same University. Shortly after this, again, he went to Europe, for the purposes of study and observation, where he remained nearly five years. More than two years of this period were passed in Germany, in study, and in the observation of the different methods of instruction pursued in the public universities. On his return to the United States, he accepted the editorship of the North American Review. He continued editor of this periodical between three and four years. About the year 1824, he entered political life, having previously resigned his professorship, and since that time, he is best known to the public as the orator and statesman.

In so diversified a career, considerable knowledge was to be gathered, and has been, we dare say, treasured up. So observant a mind must have remarked much, which, polished by study and enlightened by research, should be left as the record of a life devoted to religion, letters, taste and public spirit.

The chief character which Everett will sustain with posterity, will be that of a polished writer and elegant orator. As a scholar, he has certainly been in his time very industrious, and with his fine taste to guide him, his acquirements are of the most select character. Of his editorial career we know little. Few articles are ascribed, with certainty, to his pen. He spoke and wrote strongly, on the books of the Hall and Trollope school of travelers: he labored to infuse an American spirit into our growing literature, and the proper idea of right and duty into American politics. It is not as a periodical writer, however, that he has attained so envia-

ble a reputation. His chief success lies in another field of display.

The literary address has, in the hands of Everett, become a classic form of composition. This species of oratory is the growth of the present century. Differing from the lecture, in being less strictly didactic and more popular in its cast, it is still the elaborate eloquence of the fine scholar. The audience it addresses is of the most intelligent class: the occasion, generally, the celebration of a literary festival. Historical celebrations have also formed the frequent occasion of Mr. Everett's oratory. Important epochs in our history have furnished the most appropriate topics for his talent. He has delivered orations of this description at Plymouth, at Concord, at Worcester: fourth of July orations at Cambridge, at Charlestown, and at Lowell. Turning over the collected volume, we should judge the first oration to be the best. At a single bound, he reached his present rank. The oration was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and the topic, "the peculiar motives to literary exertion in America." Highly finished, ingenious, elegant; it was more—even glowing and eloquent. In a different walk, Everett almost equalled this admirable composition in his famous eulogy on Lafayette. Taking Mr. Everett on different ground, in a comparison with Daniel Webster he sinks to an inferior station. The orations of the two orators, each containing the eulogy of Adams and Jefferson, if paralleled, will give the true characters of the men. Webster is sometimes inelegant: Everett always correct. Webster is powerful where Everett would be feeble. Strength and grace are mutually opposed. The Corinthian structure of Everett wants the force and manly solidity of the Doric edifice of Webster. Webster lacks the fineness and accomplishment of Everett's mind, but he has an inherent and original force, that has made him one of the greatest orators of his age and country.

This style of literary eloquence has been adopted in the Senate and at the Bar, with great effect. We have among our own countrymen two models, in Ames and Wirt. Fisher Ames was the Isocrates of his day—sweet, fluent and musical. His eulogies on Washington and Hamilton are masterpieces, steeped in the most tender strains of elegiac eloquence. His great speech on the British treaty contains passages imitated from, and almost equaling, some of the best passages of Burke.

William Wirt—a name dear to the lovers of the classic essay and polished oratory—before the time of Mr. Everett, was, unquestionably, the most elegant minded of all our statesmen. It is to be regretted that he did not cultivate his talents for literature in later life, as his early prose compositions are much superior to those of Dennie, who was placed foremost among the periodical writers of his day. We are satisfied that Wirt would have equalled the best papers of Mackenzie, in the Lounger, in his mingled humor and elegant sentiment, and in his oratory have surpassed his own famous defence of Blennerhasset.

In England, the only professed literary orator, is at once the greatest of their political writers and one of the first of their philosophers—Edmund Burke. He, alone, of his great contemporaries, carefully elaborated his speeches, to such perfection, that they might be called Attic, did they not surpass anything left to us of Athenian oratory. In richness of imagination, subtlety of thought, and brilliancy of style, he is incomparable. The great orators of England, generally, left no memorials of their eloquence behind them. Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Mansfield, Pultney, Charles Townshend, (Lord North), are now only glorious names.

Mr. Everett does not limit himself to merely literary or purely historical orations. He occasionally addresses an association like the mechanics' institutes and scientific lyceums of Boston, or the American Institute of this city, before which he delivered an address of this nature several years ago. Everett is an ardent patriot, and wishes to diffuse the privileges of education and political intelligence throughout the country. His endeavors have ever been warmly excited on behalf of the people, though he is far from being a demagogue in his appeals or in his views of politics. His innate purity of character would deter him from this, as well as the influence of his elevated pursuits.

J.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT,

THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

TO those who profess a love for letters, no plea is needed for the sacred function of the poet: he may not ask, as a suppliant, permission to explain a new or strange doctrine; for his are the words of lasting truth, not the passionate utterings of heresy or madness. The caution is needless, "Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;" and even contumelious neglect is self-punished. The poet is the only teacher, and his prelude is to be the birth of thought, as thoughts are pregnant with actions; and so as the cycle of poetry passes, philosophic systems, laws, theories, and heroic deeds spring up, like a world from the touch of light. The philosopher is thus the eldest of pupils only, and his lesson is wrapt in the music of poetry, so that sharpest ears are required to hear. But it is not lost, for as there never was yet a drop of water that did not work out its office in the universe, so these divine words, falling on the barren earth of some poor Adamitic heart, and sucked into its secret fountains, thence welling up shall make a better, a greener, and a fresher world. Then be not like the foolish Ethiopian, and mow at the angry clouds because they scatter blessings with a frown, and refuse the reproofs of the poet, who would make men kind, lovers of God and lovers of men, compassionate, soft-hearted. For if you gainsay admonition, you are self-convicted of the offence.

Without, then, provoking the objurgation of any against our poet as a political partizan, it is permitted to glance at the evil which is the subject of his musing. In forming an estimate of poetic character, it is often necessary to learn the circumstance and the subject that warmed into harmonious rage. To know that Æschylus at Salamis, and Cervantes at Lepanto, helped check Persians and Turks from barbarizing the world, gives us power to fathom in a measure their ardent hope and truth. Our sympathy with the Corn-Law Rhymer is the more awakened, since the brunt of a political battle has reached our ears from old England's shores; and the Persians victorious on the hustings, and Turks laurelled at St. Stephens, were events not more startling than the result. How does it come to pass, that Justice should be

repudiated, and that by the injured; and the oppressor's despair worshipped, instead of the hope of a better future? Here a measure that has slain thousands by aid of a detestable taxation, is at an issue, and when the trial comes, the grand assize of England find for the disseizors; and wrong, they say, has the better right. The stain of cowardice, venality, or stupidity, must cleave to a decision that sanctions the present corn-laws, and guards the wicked splendor of those, whose glitter is but the misery of their fellows, whose fatness is torn from the lean ribs of famished wretches. It is indeed much to be prayed for, that that tyranny which lives in the heart of man, and makes that living temple the sepulchre of a vampyre, should be exhumed, and burnt as it must be in penitential and purifying flames. Then the land of England might enjoy her Sabbaths in peace. What wonder at the indignation and the bold phillipics of our true hearted poet, looking at these things; at seeing the golden bounty of the field taxed, the strong man searching for food and labor, and finding much of the latter, and so little of the former as scarce to keep starvation from grappling with his life. Do you not wonder, that all the virtue and knowledge of the realm have not driven, with a shout, the tax-makers of England therefrom, along with the worse than devilish curse they affix to the soil? Truly it was a hard curse Lucifer brought into Eden; but more thorny is the harvest of the poor in England: they labor, and in the sweat of their brow—they starve.

The operation of these laws, we are told, is about equal to a tax of twenty per cent., or an increase of the price of bread thus much; of which amount, the mere duty levied, which goes partly to keep down debt and support government and laws—always a benefit—is but a small fraction, say one fifth, of the appreciation; while the rest goes to the revenue of those, whose estates produce wheat and other edibles, and who thus can, by a pleasant juggle, reap literally grain out of the blood of the life of their brethren, as well as the acres of their inheritance. Now here, all that the poet can look at, is the foul wrong; and through the world of manhood, not fiendhood, raise a pity and a shudder of sympathy. The poet is no false-title-pleading lawyer, who declaims in well-turned sentences aptly fitted with winding phrase, and precedents drawn from time when ancient memory finds no stop to injustice, arranged to make reasonable people believe

that the descendant of William the bastard and his Parliament can tax at will, though thousands die; he is in nothing like a statistico-politico-economico zany, who would make our reason turn a somersault, like his cat-backed conscience, over statistical tables, and tell that manufactures and wealth have vastly increased, by the Egyptian policy of making men work harder for their bread, through these laws that deprive not of straw but food, men of the same race, confined in a bondage where there are no flesh pots, but an abundance of tax and task mastering.

Let it not be said, that this is a subject not heroic and suited for the poet, like the narrative of desolation on the field, where nations drop in blood. Each one of these families, where the bread tax has been a ban, with its world of suffering and painful thoughts, successions of hope and fear, till death came, is a subject for our contemplation, a mean to awaken our tears till the eyes run over, and thrill the soul like a harp string. Tell us that the great elder poets reprove in lofty abstractions, and far removed allegories striving at the fountains of life, to purify the thought, teaching virtue rather than good manners, and their audience lawgivers, founders of cities and kings. Each man is a world, each man a lawgiver: some are poets, all can learn of the poet: all love the flowers, and bless the hands that sow them and the hearts that are God's best flowers, full of the perfume of love. But then, this national starvation is no unheroic matter. Riding with noiseless steps like the pestilence, it chokes with its air fingers the child, and sucks the marrow of the man. The Florentine poet could draw the sad dungeon, and condemning all tyranny in that one impious deed, make terror sempiternal, while the page should last that told of Count Ugolino and his children, some in manly strength, some in childhood, all murdered by famine. Oh, when Justice at her day reveals the suffering of England, scenes may show out more horrible than the Italian. Alas! for the sad subject of our author, in a moiety of his productions. His corn-law rhymes, one half almost of the volume of his works, form a choral wail, expressing the effect upon him of this sad drama; where the impending fate is the corn-law tax, bringing a more startling action along, than ever rose before the eyes and prompted the modulated sobs of Theban or Argive Choretide.

But what theatre was like the factory, the workhouse, the

cottage, and starved figures who are men? And there is much diversity of feeling shown, as different actors advance; there are songs of threatening indignation if the spoilers repent not; of sympathy and kindness to the spoiled, pointing a home and a hope behind the dark clouds, and showing the earth giving types of beauty yet, and an earnest of a better time. Sorrow, and a little joy mingled as it is in life, and a soul confidence in the great Arbiter of life, are characteristic of the Corn-Law Rhymes. One feature of Elliott is the impassioned earnestness of all that he says; it is what he thinks in his heart; and to this essential of the orator he adds a power of expression, the amplification by perfect description, in word of adjunct and attribute, rather than by illustration and similitude. You might fancy him a Gracchus, his voice mixing with the flute of the servant as the sound of the sentences meet the ear, and epithets of remonstrance and monition mingling, you acknowledge the orator pleading a just cause. Among the poets of similar rhetorical power, enumerating every quality and exhausting points of view, see Young:—he is a solemn poetic orator, declaiming like the toll of a bell lamenting the dead. So Elliott, though far removed in style from Young, seems an orator. He supplies descriptions rather than similes, and places the object in a flood of light express, not forms a phantasm surrounded with a halo of party-colored tints. This quality, joined with the passion of the lyric poet, makes the noblest display of rhetoric, the word of truth and the divine song—and this renders the odes of our modern British Tyrtæus stirring as the brazen voice of a trumpet. In contrast with this honest bold denunciation and free expression of the thought, the natural softness that embraces the beauties of the outward world of sights and sounds harmonious, which man cannot all destroy, is seen in our poet's writings. The trees and flowers may sometimes prove tyrants, the elements slay, but mostly they smile; and though they owe man no allegiance—"he never gave them kingdoms"—they have given to the oppressed and the poor a good realm, teaching comfort and giving assurance of a happier season.

This lesson taught by external nature, the bee murmuring at his sweet task, the flower dispensing beauty, and the rill chiming as it nurtures all, has charmed the poet into an ecstasy of devotion. He joys in it, and he blesses the eternal source of all things so gloriously good; he is transported into an

Elysium, and has learned unutterable things from the kind sky that embraces him, the winds that kiss him, the chalices of the flowers that offer him incense; and then to wake from a dream of love, universal, spreading love, and find those whom this bounty surrounds clutching the children of the same father by the throat, and claiming some paltry debt, ignorant of forgiveness and kindness, ignorant of justice, insensible to all the voices of angels around whispering mercy, to the aims of the Creator that end in happiness to all, and trampling with "clouted shoon" the remembrance of an Eden to the dust—no wonder the poet condemns the spoilers that disturb his devotions, and the tones of his upbraiding harp are like shadows of clouds, chasing over the green sown and yellow stubble in autumn.

FOREST WORSHIP.

Within the sun-lit forest,
  Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow and wild flowers blow,
  We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
  Our country's strength is bowing;
But thanks to God! they can't prevent
  The lone wild flowers from blowing.

High, high above the tree tops,
  The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds,
  His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men
  The poor man's worth is dying;
But thanked be God! in spite of them
  The lark still warbles flying.

The preacher prays, "Lord bless us,"
  "Lord! bless us" echo cries;
"Amen!" the breezes murmur low,
  "Amen!" the rill replies:
The ceaseless toil of wo-worn hearts
  The prond with pangs are paying;
But here, O God of earth and heaven!
  The humble heart is praying!

How softly in the pauses
  Of song re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay
  O'er rill and river glide!

With evil deeds of evil men
  The affrighted land is ringing;
But still, O Lord! the pious heart
  And soul-toned voice are singing.

Hush, hush! the preacher preacheth
  "Wo to the oppressor, wo!"
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun
  And saddened flowers below.
So frowns the Lord! but, tyrants, ye
  Deride his indignation,
And see not in his gathered brow
  Your days of tribulation.

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
  The tempest bursts above;
God whispers in the thunder; hear
  The terrors of his love!
On useful hands and honest hearts
  The base their wrath are wreaking;
But thanked be God! they can't prevent
  The storm of heaven from speaking.

The wo is denounced honestly enough, though savoring too much, perhaps, of the preaching of the prophet to the Ninevites, to be exactly consonant to the morality of the Christian and the poet. He frequently corrects this vein, and more nobly begs forgiveness and a better mind for the enemies of mankind. Let the following Apostrophe to the Church of England attest the well-spring of love at his heart.

Church bedewed with martyrs' blood,
Mother of the wise and good!
Temple of our smiles and tears,
Hoary with the frost of years!
Holy Church, eternal, true!
What for thee will bread tax do?
It will strip thee bare as she
Whom a despot stripped for thee;
Of thy surplice make thy pall,
Low'r thy pride, and take thy all,
Save thy truth established well,
Which—when spire and pinnacle,
Gorgeous arch, and figured stone,
Cease to tell of glories gone—
Still shall speak of thee, and Him
Whom adore the Seraphim.

Our author but infrequently overwhelms the mind by representing the stern conflict of active powers, which excites

admiration or affright—there are "masters of terror" among poets as well as warriors—but he would show affections and virtue dwelling in a sad and sick house; he would show the man, the warrior, the world wounded to death, and all overpowered, looking only in trust and resignation to that which is but discerned in a distant future. The creative faculty is mere self-contemplation, it is the only practical mode and measure of justice, investing other men with the mind's own feelings; and as, when describing, it is only the individual's impression that is the object of thought, so, in forming a conception of character, there is but one actor, though many persons, in the possible changes that the thinker might undergo. The judge who can conceive the crime is the criminal who is condemned, and no one else. And the poet, though all blameless, is like the shield forged by the hands of Vulcan, which contains cities of men, fora, fields, conflicts and peaceful leagues:—at times the living imbossments, ruddy with wrath, freeze with gorgonian stare, and then the sad chamber, the unhoused wandering sufferers, and death, call us to the contemplation of our weakness, and how sorrowful, dependent, and pained, humanity may become. Thus is pity roused, when the weak, the suffering, the overborne, are shown holding fast to their integrity; the outward form of the body bowing in care, wo, and longings disappointed, beside what such small matters as the wholesale tyranny of traitorous bad men can deal out, in the way of starving robbery, and privation of light and air in factory prisons, (for they cannot spoil the poor man of his heaven-sent feast of love—the poet shows that these ravens with black wings can bring heavenly food, while they pluck the perishing meat away), and still the life of life remaining, love of father and mother, reverence to the dead, faith towards God. If bad men could kill these things in the heart, they could kill angels. All things are teaching to us affection; most of all, pictures of our brethren suffering, with their kindliness, and ah! their woes, their death, and the living faith and hope of the survivors, all passing in that phantasmagorical shade which the light of the poet illuminates, and which is our self. Call the records of man's soul, poor and mean! Why, these are what elder bards mean, when they tell of Achilles or Protesilaus' death; and the life of a single man is the action of all epics. "Take this single captive," with his poor bereaved father and mother, his sister removed from him and them, longing for happiness,

yes, for the world's comfort for them; willing to twine deeper and stronger the bands that hold each to the other, bands that shall last while stars forget to attract, because souls are worth more than stars or suns, and showing in the midst of all that is tearful, all that in recurring series since the flood has been the lot of generations, that the omnipotent Father is Father and friend, and by friendly afflictions has been luring to his own heart of infinite comprehensiveness, pity and forgiveness.

COME AND GONE.

The silent moonbeams on the drifted snow
Shine cold and pale and blue,
While through the cottage door the yule log's glow
Casts on the iced oak's trunk and gray rock's brow
A ruddy hue.

The red ray and the blue, distinct and fair,
Like happy groom and bride,
With azured green, and emerald-orange glare,
Gilding the icicles from branches bare,
Lie side by side.

The door is open and the fire burns bright,
And Hannah, at the door,
Stands—through the clear, cold, mooned and starry night,
Gazing intently towards the scarce-seen height
O'er the white moor.

'Tis Christmas eve, and from the distant town,
Her pale apprenticed son
Will to his heart-sick mother hasten down,
And snatch his hour of annual transport—flown
Ere well begun.

The Holy Book unread upon his knee
Old Alfred watcheth calm,
Till Edwin comes, no solemn prayer prays he;
Till Edwin comes, the text he cannot see,
Nor chaunt the psalm.

And comes he not? yea, from the wind-swept hill
The cottage fire he sees,
While of the past remembrance drinks her fill,
Crops childhood's flowers, and bids the unfrozen rill
Shine through green trees.

In thought, he hears the bee hum o'er the moor;
In thought, the sheep boy's call;

In thought, he meets his mother at the door;
In thought, he hears his father, old and poor,
"Thank God for all."

His sister he beholds who died when he,
In London bound, wept o'er
Her last sad letter—vain her prayer to see
Poor Edwin yet again:—he ne'er will be
Her playmate more!

No more with her wilt hear the bittern boom
At evening's dewey close!
No more with her will wander where the broom
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom
And budding rose!

Oh, love is strength! love, with divine control,
Recalls us when we roam!
In living light it bids the dimmed eye roll,
And gives a dove's wing to the fainting soul,
And bears it home.

Home!—that sweet word hath turned his pale lip red,
Relumed his fireless eye;
Again the morning o'er his cheek is spread;
The early rose, that seemed forever dead,
Returns to die.

Home! home!—Behold the cottage of the moor,
That hears the sheep boy's call!
And Hannah meets him at the open door
With faint fond scream; and Alfred, old and poor,
"Thanks God for all!"

His lip is on his mother's; to her breast
She clasps him, heart to heart;
His hands between his father's hands are pressed;
They sob with joy, caressing and caressed;
How soon to part!

Why should they know that thou so soon, O Death!
Wilt pluck him, like a weed?
Why fear consumption in his quick-drawn breath?
Why dread the hectic flower which blossometh
That worms may feed?

They talk of other days, when like the birds
He culled the wild flowers' bloom,
And roamed the moorland with the houseless herds;
They talk of Jane's sad prayer, and her last words,
"Is Edwin come?"

He wept. But still almost till morning beamed
They talked of Jane—then slept.
But though he slept, his eyes, half open, gleamed;
For still of dying Jane her brother dreamed,
And dreaming, wept.

At mid-day he arose, in tears, and sought
The churchyard where she lies.
He found her name beneath the snow wreath wrought;
Then from her grave a knot of grass he brought,
With tears and sighs.

The hour of parting came, when feelings deep
In the heart's depth awake.
To his sad mother, pausing oft to weep,
He gave a token, which he bade her keep
For Edwin's sake.

It was a grassy sprig and auburn tress
Together twined and tied.
He left them, then, for ever! could they less
Than bless and love that type of tenderness?
Childless they died!

Long in their hearts a cherished thought they wore;
And till their latest breath,
Blessed him, and kissed his last gift o'er and o'er;
But they beheld their Edwin's face no more,
In life or death!

For where the upheaved sea of trouble foams,
And sorrow's billows rave,
Men, in the wilderness of myriad homes,
Far from the desert, where the wild flock roams,
Dug Edwin's grave.

You that shed tears over dead Cordelia and darkened-minded Lear, restrain not a few drops from falling on the grave of the true-hearted brother and sister, and the clouded path of Alfred and Hannah. But does the poet suffer them all to die? are there no voices of singing birds, no perfume of blooming flowers in their churchyard, as voices from above when tragic horrors reach to a fifth act's deadly close? Yes, the poet could not suffer his darlings to lie forever in the damp clay. Like a brother in affliction—John Bunyan—he shows a golden gleam from the towers of a distant city of refuge made magnified and glorious since it falls on weeping eyes, angelic anthems more harmonious since sorrow-wounded ears are hearing.

Loving Hannah! Gentle Alfred! to you the whisper is coming, in silent night, at amber dawn; when the heart is prayerful it comes, it blesses with tears. Edwin speaks to you from under the green sod or the white snow.

Mother, I come from God and bliss;
Oh bless me with a mother's kiss!
Though dead, I spurn the tomb's control,
And clasp thee in the embrace of soul.
No terrors daunt, no cares annoy,
No tyrants vex thy buried boy;
Why mourn for him who smiles on thee?
Dear mother, weep no more for me!

Where angels dwell—in glen and grove—
I sought the flowers which mothers love;
And in my garden I have set
The primrose and the violet:
For thee the wo-marked cowslip grows,
For thee the little daisy blows;
When wilt thou come my flowers to see?
Nay, mother, weep no more for me!

Christ's mother wept on earth for him
When wept in Heaven the Seraphim;
And o'er the Eternal Throne the light
Grew dim, and saddened into night;
But where through bliss Heaven's rivers run
That mother now is with her son.
They miss me there, and wait for thee:
Come, mother, come—why weep for me?

I set a rose our home beside—
I know the poor memorial died—
The frost hath chipped my lettered stone;
My very name from earth is gone.
But in my bower that knows not wo,
The wild hedge rose and woodbine glow,
And red-breasts sing of home to me;
Come, mother, come—we wait for thee!

Like all true men on the earth, Ebenezer Elliott owes an inspiration to the glorious things of the creation. The harmony that makes such music, though springing from what seems the meanest and smallest weed unworthy false-styled wisdom's most passing glance, to him is the voice of God walking in the garden of the world, speaking to all honest and faithful hearts. Putting himself into the situation of a toil-worn boy, he in a lyric strain teaches what the fresh air and ruddy

light can do in driving away all selfishness, while the high mind disregards the long weary months of toil past, and even the to-morrow with the same prospect of cruel labor, inadequately paid, the to-morrows interminably the same. This is the only description. What thoughts, what feelings the pictured scene calls up in the mind of man. This is knowledge, when the effect of the impression reaches to the source of action; otherwise assent is but the nod of dreaming sleep. And then how pious to give a soul to all created things, how immediately consequent from acknowledging their power. From the blood of Ajax there rose a sorrow-marked flower, as if the spirit of the hero yet could warn the nation to which he was once the fortress. In that Grecian camp there must have been honest men, who loved the flowers, and Ajax too. And in like way, the blood of the thousands of starved Englishmen, dried out by famine into the air, moulding itself into a plaintive song, or the perfume of a sad flower, comes from the heart of their brother. This simple poem might express their magnanimous wo.

HOLIDAY.

O blessed when some holiday
  Brings townsmen to the moor,
And in the sunbeams brighten up
  The sad looks of the poor.
The bee puts on his richest gold,
  As if that worker knew
How hardly and for little they
  Their sunless tasks pursue.
But from their souls the sense of wrong
  On dove-like pinions flies;
And throned o'er all, forgiveness sees
  His image in their eyes.
Soon tired, the street-born lad lies down
  On marjoram and thyme,
And through his grated fingers sees
  The falcon's flight sublime;
Then his pale eyes, so bluely dull,
  Grow darkly blue with light,
And his lips redden like the bloom
  O'er miles of mountain bright.
The little lovely maiden hair
  Turns up its happy face,
And saith unto the poor man's heart
  "Thou 'rt welcome to this place."
The infant river leapeth free,
  Amid the branches tall,

And cries FOREVER there is ONE
  Who reigneth over all;
And unto Him, as unto me,
  Thou 'rt welcome to partake
His gift of light, His gift of air,
  O'er mountain, glen and lake.
Our Father loves us, want-worn man!
  And know thou this from me:
The pride that makes thy pain his couch,
  May wake to envy thee.
Hard, hard to bear are want and toil,
  As thy worn features tell:
But wealth is armed with fortitude,
  And bears thy sufferings well.

In one of his prefaces, Elliott says that there are many in Sheffield and Birmingham, good poets as he, echoing all his feelings, knowing as he does injustice and forgiveness. It may be so, but it seems that if a score of such spirits dwelt in England, the corn-laws would be dissolved in one peal of scornful laughter. Knowledge alone can guard liberty; on the watch-tower of our governmental Valhalla that watchful ken must be placed, that is sharp of hearing, even to the sound of the growing grass on the mountains, and when the insidious steps of cunning aggression are heard, the horn should waken echoes in every corner of the universe, and call the heroic to battle. Elliott is most learned, as his expression shows,—he modulates the British reed as Crabbe, Byron, Wordsworth, Burns, Milton do. For learning is the learning of such men's modes of expression, not commiting the Penny Magazine to memory, or swallowing Aristotle or Locke's theories upon the division of the human mind into bureaus and portfolios of ideas. It is impossible to learn aught but words, and Milton, in copying the mere style, might be considered a plagiarist from Homer. No—the ideas are stamped on the heart by the one Maker, and the only plagiarist is the one who repeats what he does not feel.

Enough has been quoted to awaken love, if you have the heart of a man; indignation, if your imagination can cross the Atlantic to your suffering brethren; and hope and ardent prayer, that this epitaph may long remain uninscribed upon the tombstone of Ebenezer Elliott.

Stop, mortal! here thy brother lies,
  The poet of the Poor.

His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
  The meadow and the moor.
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
  The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
  The palace, and the grave!
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
  He feared to scorn or hate,
And honored in a peasant's form
  The equal of the great.
But if he loved the rich who make
  The poor man's little more,
Ill could he praise the rich who take
  From plundered labor's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
  A heart to feel and dare,
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
  Who drew them as they are.

A.

MISS SEDGWICK'S TRAVELS.*

THE peculiar characteristic of Miss Sedgwick's book, which calls for more particular notice at our hands than we would otherwise give to a traveler's sketch book of the usual hackneyed Continental scenes and adventures, is, its genuine American spirit of observation. In this lies its force and originality. There have been better descriptions of foreign scenery than Miss Sedgwick has here attempted—indeed, she has generally avoided such descriptions altogether, we cannot say to the improvement of her work, for common as such descriptions are, the bare hints she offers are less satisfactory—there are frequently more varied incidents in other books of the kind, the route taken has no charm of novelty; but in a quick ardent sympathy with the real truth of things, an intelligent appreciation of social manners and customs varying from our own, in charity and faith in man of whatever nation, these volumes convey a new source of interest to the reader. Nor is this high moral value without a corresponding literary interest. Though written in the

* Letters from abroad to kindred at home. By the author of Hope Leslie. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1841.

form of familiar letters to kindred, and presented to the reader in a negligent undress, the style is marked by neatness and accuracy, and the occasional illustrations exhibit our author's characteristic grace and wealth of fancy.

The two classes of travelers most in vogue, are those who err at opposite extremes; the one with a silly affectation of foreign manners, forgetting their own country and admiring all that bears the stamp of England or Paris; the others, carrying with them a flippant, consequential impertinence, of domestic growth, measure the Thames or the Tiber by the size of the Ohio or Mississippi, judge of the value of an hotel by the hundreds it can accommodate, of the social defects of an Englishman by their own restless sociability, of the morals of a Frenchman by the naked statues in the Louvre, of the virtues of Italians by the depradations of couriers and the inroads of swarms of begging lazzarroni.* With nothing to do with either of these classes, Miss Sedgwick is too much of a reformer at home to be governed by a blind admiration of her own country; she is too much in love with goodness and patriotism everywhere, not to seek them out and reverence them abroad. In whatever can be done for men by free laws and equal government, she is never forgetful of the righteously earned superiority of her own land; in all that God has done for man by implanting in his heart the virtues of contentment and happiness under any government, she adds her tribute of gratitude for the blessing.

The first letter of Miss Sedgwick is dated at Portsmouth, June, 1839, on her arrival in England, and the last about a year afterward, at the commencement of her homeward route from the south of Italy. Little more than a month of

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*There is a quiet keen rebuke of this race of travelers, in one of Miss Sedgwick's letters from the Rhine, that we cannot forbear quoting in this place. "We met a countryman, to-day, who has been traveling through France and Italy with his sister, 'without any language,' he says, 'but that spoken on the rock of Plymouth,' which, true to his English blood, he pronounces, with infinite satisfaction, to be the best and all sufficient. He is a fair specimen of that class of Anglo-American travelers who find quite enough particulars, in which every country is inferior to their own, to fill up the field of their observation. He has just crossed the deck to say to me, 'I have let them know what a *tall* place America is; I have told them that an American steamer will carry two thousand people and one thousand bales of cotton, and go down the river *and up* twice as fast as a Rhine steamer.' He has not told them that a Rhine steamer is far superior in its arrangement and refinement to ours."

this period was given to England; then follows a short stay in Germany, and the remainder of the time was occupied on the road, and in the study of churches, paintings, and antiquities, in the principal cities of Italy.

The first page of the book exhibits Miss Sedgwick's enthusiasm for England. "When I touched English ground," says she, "I could have fallen on my knees and kissed it"—and thenceforward, wherever there is a chance for praise, all is represented in a glowing rose-colored medium. Our author's love for flowers and the neatness of a well managed domestic economy, is unbounded. The Isle of Wight, the miniature of English garden scenery, that she first visited, in its quaint churches, its cottages, and out of door plants, presents her with the reality of the images she had conceived at home as the ideal of cultivated country life. The first impression to an American landed from the confinement of ship-board amidst such scenes is, that he is walking through a gallery of pictures. In the long progress of refinement and taste united to wealth for many ages, with the softening influences of a delightful summer climate, every object has long since assumed its appropriate place and relative position. Art has been the hand-maiden of time, and all has grown up together into a delicious beauty. There is no sense of awkwardness or incompleteness in half finished villages, or consciousness of future effort to replace with improvements unsightly and inappropriate houses, as in the rude country towns of America. Miss Sedgwick's sketches of English rural scenery are full of enjoyment. "History, painting, poetry," she says, "are at every moment becoming real, actual." The way-side pictures, the transient glimpses of fine scenery, illuminated by the personal feeling of the authoress and the enthusiasm of her companions, are to us, next to the quick moral perceptions of individual and social character—for man must ever precede nature—the finest portions of the volumes. Such is the beautiful incident in Bon Churchyard, a picture ready sketched for the pencil of Chapman. "Bon Church, at a short distance from the road, secluded from it by an interposing elevation, enclosed by a stone wall, and surrounded by fine old trees, their bark coated with moss, is, to a New World eye, a picture 'come to life.' 'Sixteen hundred and sixteen,' said I to L., deciphering a date on a monument; 'four years before there were any white inhabitants in Massachusetts.' 'Then,' she

replied, 'this is an Indian's grave.' Her eyes were bent on the ground. She was in her own land; she looked up and saw the old arched and ivied gateway, and smiled—the illusion had vanished."

When our authoress arrives in London, she visits the usual localities, and, considering her short residence, is fortunate in meeting many of the prominent lions of the metropolis. Her sketches of the latter are very spirited. We have heard these allusions to individuals objected to; but in the hands of Miss Sedgwick, with her sense of social courtesy and judicious manner of narrative, our only regret is that there are not more of them. It can do no one any harm that she has mentioned the curiosities, autographs, and hospitality of Rogers, the overflowing talk of Macaulay, that she has transmitted a fresh oracular saying from the lips of Carlyle, or commemorated his first acquaintance with Emerson. It is surely a privilege to learn that Sidney Smith continues to let off his fireworks of brilliant wit in conversation, and it cannot injure Mrs. Norton to unite her with our ideas of ancient sculpture, and exhibit her "a most queenly-looking creature, a Semiramis, a Sappho, or an Amazon—the Greek ideal Amazon, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy—or anything that expresses the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty." The sentiment that raises objections to such details, is over-strained and over-delicate. There is a difference, it must be allowed, between the liberty of private conversation and the freedom of publication in print; but the principle in both cases ought to be the same. Where private confidence is not betrayed, the names of individuals of sufficient importance to the public may be brought forward, and such anecdotes freely related of them as charity, good sense, and the love of truth may permit. The privilege of thus entering upon matters of some delicacy, should be used with caution—it is one that should be carefully watched: the tale-bearer or the notoriety-monger are indeed never to be allowed: but, within proper limits, the public has a right to information of the life and habits of an author or a statesman who puts himself forward to live upon their favor. Concerning the lives of private individuals, the Smiths, Johnsons and Thompsons, it is surely an impertinence to interfere with them at all, and it is a still greater impertinence to trouble the public with the least portion of their inglorious affairs. Objections to the reports of the witty sayings of authors and

the eccentricities of men of genius, are much oftener the solicitude of those little minds, sharing neither wit nor genius, than the anxieties of the great themselves—as ladies of a certain age are said to be far more jealous of their reputation than maiden nymphs in the height of bloom and beauty. There is one point of view in which, at first sight, a similar objection appears to be less easily answerable. It is the frequent use of initials, scattered over the pages, referring not only to members of her own party, but to strangers and traveling acquaintances. The references to personages at home in the same way surprise us—but we remember these are private letters, in which such allusions are natural, and the public are only admitted to their perusal by special favor; a plea that in case of a lady, and that lady Miss Sedgwick, we are very ready to receive. The compliments and sayings thus introduced are a matter of interest, perhaps of pride, to the parties named; to the rest of the world the initials stand for mere *dramatis personæ*, the personages of a dialogue.

Less pardonable in our view of the matter than Miss Sedgwick's treatment of the animated lions of London, is her hasty immature judgment of St. Paul's. There are very few blots like this upon her volumes. "I was grievously disappointed in St. Paul's. I early got, from some school book, I believe, an impression that it was a model of architecture, that Sir Christopher Wren was a divine light among artists, and sundry other false notions. It stands in the heart of the city of London, and is so defaced, and absolutely blackened by its coal smoke, that you would scarcely suspect it to be of that beautiful material white marble. *A more heavy inexpressive mass can hardly be found cumbering the ground.* It takes time and infinite pains, depend on't, to educate the Saxon race out of their natural inaptitude in matters of taste. As you stand within and under the dome, the effect is very grand and beautiful. The statues here and at Westminster struck me as monstrous and even curious productions, for an age when Grecian art was extant, or, indeed, for any age; for there is always the original model, the human form. The artists have not taken man for their model, but the *English* man, of whom grace can scarcely be predicated, and the Englishman, too, in his national, and sometimes in his hideous military costume." We are strongly inclined to believe that Miss Sedgwick never fully saw St. Paul's, it being in truth a difficult matter to get a

full view, or form a comprehensive notion of that wonderful pile. Our fair writer may have first approached St. Paul's in a cab or been rudely jostled by the crowd of Ludgate Hill; she certainly had not the time or patience to let that venerable building grow upon her heart in steady love and admiration. St. Paul's is most typical of London and the English: its ponderous base and towers are images of the firmly cemented ground-work and strength of English individual and social character. Its blackened and discolored sides with great patches of white, are not out of harmony with the sad and gay life that has flowed beneath its walls in ill-assorted union for ages. Its bulk alone is an image of gigantic greatness. If London is destined ever to perish and be conquered by time, the destroyer of cities, its huge fragments will be perpetual as the walls of the Coliseum at Rome. But we can figure to ourselves no such resemblances of decay.

> If this fail,
> The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.

St. Paul's is truly the most expressive work in London. Standing as it does, at the very centre and summit of the city, the Acropolis as it were, it would not be fairly exchanged for the most graceful edifice of ancient or modern times, for the Madeleine at Paris or the Parthenon at Athens. From the central point beneath the dome at its very foundation where repose the ashes of Nelson, to the summit of the cross, its crypt, its choir, its ancient library, a chamber built out of its solid walls, its beautiful dome that seems ever rising with the grace of a balloon springing aloft in the air, its monuments and sculpture, it is grand and significant. The gilded cross in early morning, may be seen touched by the rays of the sun, while even the dome is hidden in the fog that lies outstretched over the highest houses around. The bright line of light suddenly looked upon, has the effect of lightning. An edifice capable of such phenomena can hardly be inexpressive or cumber the ground.

What Miss Sedgwick means by objecting to artists taking the *English* man for their model we cannot conceive. At St. Paul's, Flaxman, in his figure of Nelson, must needs

represent the faded form, the fallen sightless eye, and cover as best he may with a military cloak the armless shoulder of the hero, without reference to the perfection of Grecian elegance and grace, and truly Dr. Johnson, except a slight leaning towards the Farnese Hercules, must for aught we can see stand as he is represented at the corner of the transcept, in the heavy guise of an unwieldy plethoric Englishman. Miss Sedgwick extends her remarks to Westminster Abbey, but surely she must have overlooked the labors of Flaxman there assembled, instinct with beauty, of Westmacott, of Roubillac.

There are many domestic and some political topics slightly touched upon by our traveler in the remarks upon England, and many home thrusts for which we have known a great American satirist to be severely handled, but which coming from this source, are likely to do much good. These we could willingly dwell upon, did we not remember that space and time in this world are limited, and that we have yet a goodly volume and a half to travel over.

Next to England, Germany, for its many warm hearted traits of domestic life, and constitutional benevolence, is dearest to our authoress. If there is one subject more frequent than another in the writings of Miss Sedgwick, it is that of the charms of cheerfulness. Where people are contented and happy, goodness is indeed not far off, for these are its outward insignia. In the simple living and plain manners of the Germans, the absence of obsequiousness, the prevalent good nature, our authoress saw many a reality that might have been modelled upon the ideal portraits in her own books. She thus concludes her observations upon this point: "I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the 'Guten tag,' 'Guten abend,' and 'Gute nacht,' (good day, good evening, and good night) murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads, as we passed them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverley, came from the 'overflowings of humanity'—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never 'are' but always 'to be blessed.' They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life,

make the most of the materials of contentment that God has given them."

Mingled with notes of such objects as presented themselves to the travelers in Northern Italy, are frequent allusions to Spielberg and the Italian refugees to the United States. She carried letters from the latter, to their friends and relatives in Italy. Silvio Pellico she saw, "a little man more shadowy than Dr. Channing, a mere etching of a man." She finely compares the snow covered Alps to Austrian tyranny, an image of chilling despotic power brooding over the beautiful plains of Italy.

The Italian letters are the least interesting of the whole. Though they are brief and many travelers' common places are avoided, yet they are somewhat drily filled up with names of pictures, details of ceremonies, and ruins. We have nothing new respecting the manners or society. Two of the most interesting pages are devoted to Crawford and Greenough. The former, at Rome, she commends to the support of his countrymen, "while there is yet some faith and generosity in doing so." The statue of Washington by the latter, she saw at Florence; it has now arrived in this country, soon to be placed in the capitol. With the relish of these noble American names fresh on our page we leave our authoress—who, wherever she travels, bears with her a noble spirit of charity and sympathy, without which every literary undertaking is vain, a love of country, inspiring a love of all men, nowhere better taught, we may deduce from this example, than from the American soil.

OLD MERRYTHOUGHT.

WHO does not regret, in the Taming of the Shrew, that we hear not more of Christopher Sly; that his flagging attention so soon drops off at the acting of that memorable comedy, leaving us with only a taste of that beer-nurtured vagabond conversation, with which he entertained Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincott and her maid Cicely, in default of better compensation for his increasing unpaid reckoning. In the passing humors of

Catherine and Petruchio, there was surely something that might have awakened his drowsiness and prevailed even over the omnipotent small pots of ale that he loved. But Shakespeare made it otherwise, and gave us only the prelude of his merry talk, instead of a running commentary that would have afforded many witty contrasts between the romantic life of Italy, and the coarse home-fed humors of such an every-day English character as Christopher Sly. The few touches betray the hand of Shakespeare, indeed, and have made the poor devil ale drinking tinker a proverb, but we could have desired more of him. The Dramatist so seldom drew from the actual English life of his own day that for this reason too we might have wished the picture more complete. The by-play of this character in lordly-drunken new-awakened dignity at the side of the stage would have been well received by the audience. The comedy, indeed, off the stage, even within the circle of the pit and boxes, has its humors often not less than among the actors, with the additional advantage that what on the stage is feigned, off it is genuine. Who as he sits in the pit of the theatre by the side of some substantial grocer or plan country farmer, does not listen with a relish to his side-remarks or watch the very turns of his countenance to catch the image of the mirror held up to nature? The audience has often more of Hogarth than the stage. If the reader would enjoy the sight of honest hearty mirth-streaked faces, a joyous comic picture to be hung up in the chamber of memory, let him glance along one of the benches of the pit when Hackett has full possession of the house, or Chapman is playing off as in a kaleidoscope, those humorous repetitions of himself. In an English theatre, this enjoyment is enhanced where bevies of simple uneducated women, with unchecked tears for tragedy and illimitable laughter for farce, nestle on the benches. Then pass commentaries on Shakespeare that would puzzle Malone, and perversions of the text that would wither the emphasis of Macready—did he hear them.

Even such a scene is passing in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of the Knight of the Burning Pestle, where the chance topics and conversation of the times are bright and animated to this very day, the small talk and timidity of an old London housewife are preserved encrusted on the text of the play as perfect specimens, and if human nature be anything, a great deal more curious and interesting than the most

vaunted trilobite or geological formation extant. While men of science are examining with microscopes the serrated back of some antediluvian insect, we may glance at the philosophical traits of the citizen's wife, of the days of Elizabeth, without risk of impeachment. She is a notable woman in her way, just what an uneducated woman with the difference of manners is at this day, or rather with such an education as the mere necessary facts and circumstances of every day life, without more recondite instruction, are apt to beget. What literal simplicity there is in such minds —what an apparent affectation of ignorance—a seeming independent rejection of all grammatical or ornamental learning. In spite of the march of mind, a homely housewife in Chatham street is quite the same now, under the burden of a few old fashioned daily domestic avocations, with our citizen's wife of Cheapside.

The Knight of the Burning Pestle is a burlesque rhapsody. The epilogue is disturbed by a London citizen and his wife, quite out of patience with the caricatures of city life, brought upon the stage, and who recommend their own apprentice, Ralph, to play the grocer, do all sorts of adventurous acts, and especially kill a lion with a pestle. Ralph is handed up on the boards, and in the mock heroic quixotism of the authors, assumes a burning pestle, a badge of his grocership for his shield. The play goes on with burlesque love-making and plots and counter plots. The light nonsensical tone of the play is peculiarly characteristic of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakespeare could not have written it. He could not have descended so low. When he has attempted similar scenes, as in the player's company of Nick Bottom, the weaver, the comic invention is just and deeply charged with the weightiest moral reflection. His very trifles are philosophical. The highest effort of Beaumont and Fletcher in this instance, is to raise a laugh at the ridiculous. These authors had the good will of their audience and were never loth to use their privilege of a jest at the expense of Shakespeare. Thus Ralph begins by trying his voice on a passage of Hotspur, "By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap, &c.," and at the conclusion of the play, parodies the address of Henry V. to the soldiers at Harfleur. Our modern reverence for the poet, does not lightly brook these contemporary impertinences. Shakespeare, to enjoy his fame, should awake *now*.

The pride in the city wife for the apprentice is humorously jealous of his honor. Her impatience for his coming on the stage, is only exceeded by her regret at his leaving it; when Ralph gets well beaten, like Don Quixotte in similar emergencies, she attributes it to enchantment, and threatens the parties with the police. The good wife talks with wondrous fluency: her husband she calls "good lamb," and receives the endearing appellation of "mouse." The latter was not an uncommon epithet of affection as we see in the letters of Alleyn, the player and founder of Dulwich college, who writes thus encouragingly to his wife. Ralph talks of conquering giants, and wonders the armies of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men are no longer employed against them. "Faith, husband, and Ralph says true, for they say the king of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him." The credulity of those days had something romantic in it: ignorance still gapes and wonders, but its marvels and its poetry of belief are gone. Tobacco was then a novelty, and gentlemen smoked it at the theatre, a circumstance which produces an angry expostulation from our talkative dame. "Fy! this stinking tobacco kills men! would there were none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you? nothing, I warrant you; make chimnies o' your faces!" When violins are introduced at the close of an act, she calls up more of her popular admirable small talk. "Hark, fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 't is present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebecks before the great Turk's grace; is 't not George!" So gossips our citizen's wife to the end of the play, interrupting the action, disturbing the sentiment and adding to the humor; and her sayings are some of the best on the stage, for they form a rich antiquarian picture of the tradesman's manners and topics of those poetic times when chivalry long before on its decline, yet lingered in the images and proverbs of the popular mind.

Old Merrythought is the best among the personages of this neglected play—which like most of Beaumont and Fletcher's indelicate productions deserves its fate. The comedies of that period too often resemble the poisoned Italian dishes of the same age, out which there is no little difficulty to gather the plums and sound meat, and avoid the infection. But Old Merrythought has too much that is

honest and natural in him to shrink from an introduction to the most fastidious modern society. His merryment is medicinal, and purges the soul of the diseases that gather around it in this world of harsh realities. If his humor is impossible to some minds, it is not the less credible to others. He is just such a character as would grow out of the airy lightness, the wit bordering on extravaganza, of Beaumont and Fletcher: a gay, careless, well-fed, fortune-cherished old fellow singing scraps of ballads and songs all day long, and sporting his merry philosophy between the intervals of eating and drinking. He is in league with fortune and knows it. He is an etherealized vagabond, a thriftless ne 'er do well, a character that Crabbe would have off to the workhouse in a twinkling, the very poetry of improvident good nature. He is a reality of the world of might be 's—a citizen of that country were the clouds are curtains, the forests houses, the rivers flow wine and "*macaroni an parmesan* grows in the fields." He has an unlimited faith in his own happiness. He lives in a perpetual security of animal food and home comforts. His next day's dinner is as sure to rise as the sun. Compare this English "sober certainty of waking bliss," with the contingencies of a meal in Spain, as exhibited in the old hungry Spanish novels. Such a character could not exist far from the ribs of beef and ale of old England. A delightful picture of a merry careless old age. Humor of this kind is natural enough, though it exists but seldom. We would prove it from the very contradictions of human life. It is a common reproach that old age is avaricious, timid, chilling: in the intellectual destitution of that too often barren period, when the soul, tired of her long residence in the body, leaves it with the best part of her retinue before death, mean fears enter and take possession: some lord of a thousand acres sits cowering over a few embers, lest he should want a stick of wood to warm him before he dies—for the honor of human nature, we have sometimes too the other extreme, and age is careless, prodigal, boisterously merry. There are old boys as well as childish men. Real life, like the drama, has its Old Merrythought as well as its Sir Giles Overreach.

TALFOURD'S DEFENCE OF MOXON.*

THE recent prosecution of Mr. Moxon, the London publisher, for a libel upon the Christian religion, under the laws of England, by the publication of a complete edition of Shelley's writings, from the celebrity of the parties interested, has something more than a passing interest. The cause itself is of little consequence, for there was no great principle brought in question in the English courts, the law itself not being discussed. And in this country it is of still less, for a similar prosecution is not likely to arise here, and probably, whatever the nature of the law against gross immoralities and disturbances of the public peace in matters of religion, would not be supported by an intelligent jury. The very work indicted, the Notes to Queen Mab, (chiefly containing the objectionable passages), has long circulated in this country, both as a separate infidel tract and as a portion of the library edition of the works of the distinguished poet. Yet no public prosecution has ever been undertaken. The principles of an intelligent free community are against such prosecutions in the most aggravated case, and even on considerations of policy, there is no evil religion can suffer from such stealthy publications that would not be enhanced a hundred fold by the notoriety, and so called persecution of a public trial. In the form these portions of Shelley were published by Mr. Moxon, an inconsiderable portion of his entire works, they were harmless; evil, it is true, in their original design, but in the after writings of Shelley they bear with them a sure antidote. In a world of mingled good and evil, they are at worst the errors of a misguided mind, and least of all as they were published deserved to be singled out for their deformity.

This, probably, was well understood by all parties, prosecutor, advocate, judge, jury, and publisher. Mr. Moxon was convicted, but he fell a victim to precedents and the respect for an established law. The prosecution seems to have been undertaken without enmity, with the least possible sense of

* Speech for the defendant, in the prosecution of the Queen v. Moxon, for the publication of Shelley's Works. Delivered in the Court of Queen's Bench, June 23, 1841, and revised by T. N. Talfourd, Sergeant at Law. London: Moxon. 8vo., pp. 58.

justice, merely to throw the law itself into disrepute. It was commenced by a Mr. Hetherington, who had been imprisoned for a libel upon the Old Testament, by the sale of certain infidel publications at the price of a penny. He had conducted his own defence, advancing the right to publish all matters of opinion; he was sentenced to pass four months in the Queen's Bench prison. To exhibit the folly of the law by a practical *reductio ad absurdum*, he set on foot the indictment of several of the most eminent London publishers for the sale of Shelley's works: and the result, in spite of the elaborate eloquence of Talfourd, has justified his expectations. The defence of Talfourd rests mainly on the ground that the passages are historical, that they are part of the recorded experience of a great mind, that the lesson they inculcate is obvious, the perversion of a lofty intellect, that they fairly belong to the knowledge and wisdom of the world. "When the greatness of the poet's intellect," pleads the advocate, "contains within itself the elements of tumult and disorder—when the appreciation of the genius, in all its divine relations and all its human lapses, depends on a view of the entire picture, must it be withheld? It is not a sinful elysium, full of lascivious blandishments, but a heaving chaos of mighty elements, that the publisher of the early productions of Shelley unveils. In such a case, the more awful the alienation, the more pregnant with good will be the lesson. Shall this life, fevered with beauty, restless with inspiration, be hidden; or, wanting its first blind but gigantic efforts, be falsely, because partially, revealed? If to trace back the stream of genius, from its greatest and most lucid earthly breadth to its remotest fountain, is one of the most interesting and instructive objects of philosophic research, shall we —when we have followed that of Shelley through its majestic windings, beneath the solemn glooms of 'The Cenci,' through the glory-tinged expanses of 'The Revolt of Islam,' amidst the dream-like haziness of the 'Prometheus'—be forbidden to ascend with painful steps its narrowing course to its furthest spring, because the black rocks may encircle the spot whence it rushes into day, and demon shapes—frightful but powerless for harm—may gleam and frown on us beside it?"

This is evidently the true ground of defence; for it covers the large class of similar cases, and protects a great portion of every library, even of many of those works the most com-

mon and familiar. On this ground the appeal should have been successful with a special jury, for there was probably not a single member of it who did not act from this very principle in admitting to his shelves the pruriencies, the irreligion and contempt of many classic authors. If the instances cited by Talfourd had been more frequent and drawn from more familiar sources, his speech would have been more effective. One of the chief illustrations is Clarissa Harlowe (which is termed, with a rather backward taste for English literature, "the greatest of all prose romances,") that was pure enough to teach Hannah More her first lessons of piety, and licentious enough in parts to justify the supervision of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Nothing could be more remote or far-fetched than this. The cause that must seek its arguments at such a distance, it may be plausibly inferred is a weak one. Of a similar inefficiency was the inference drawn from Milton's character of Satan. In the poetical aggrandizement of that arch fiend, it was urged Milton had conferred a wealth of imagery, a strength and energy of language, that, isolated from the context, set forth glaring expressions of blasphemy, and, colored with the specialties of an indictment, might equal the alleged impieties of Shelley. But this was a comparison that, as Lord Coke would have remarked, does not run on all fours. It is essentially imperfect. Milton labored like an artist, and in one and the same work represented the powers of good superior to the powers of evil, never confounds right and wrong in the mind of the reader, never transcends the license of Scripture itself in his portrait of an angel, powerful enough to make, as we are told in the Revelations, "war in heaven." But the object of Shelley was to preach error, wilfully or ignorantly it mattered not, and it was probably evident to the simplest juryman that the case of Queen Mab and Paradise Lost could not, by any possibility of logic, be rendered alike.

Of a higher order of philosophy were the orator's remarks on the nature of poetry herself; that the poet must speak the truth; that his art cannot lie, for it is "*Eternity revealing itself in Time!*" *

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* We quote this passage entire :—

"The poetry which pretends to a denial of God or of an immortal life, MUST contain its own refutation in itself, and sustain what it would deny! A

Such were the main topics of the defence. We gratefully take advantage of the closing appeal in behalf of Mr. Moxon personally to reiterate our thanks, in the name of the readers we represent, to a publisher associated in our minds with so much that is enduring and graceful in English literature. The goodly volumes of the British dramatists brought within the means of the poor student, offer a temple to the fame of any publisher, where the worshippers and choral singers are the readers, in silence and aloud reciting the musical passages of the poets. With such associations the most avaricious aspirant for fame may be glad to dwell. That good fortune and prosperity may attend upon fame, is the least portion of the good wishes of Mr. Moxon's friends in America.

Poet, though never one of the highest order, may "link vice to a radiant angel;" he may diffuse luxurious indifference to virtue and to truth; but he cannot inculcate atheism. Let him strive to do it, and like Balaam, who came to curse, like him he must end in blessing! His art convicts him; for it is "*Eternity revealing itself in Time!*" His fancies may be wayward, his theories absurd, but they will prove, no less in their failure than in their success, the divinity of their origin, and the inadequacy of this world to give scope to his impulses. They are the beatings of the soul against the bars of its clay tenement, which though they may ruffle and sadden it, prove that it is winged for a diviner shere! Young has said, "An undevout astronomer is mad;" how much more truly might he have said, an atheist poet is a contradiction in terms! Let the poet take what range of associations he will—let him adopt what notions he may—he cannot dissolve his alliance with the Eternal. Let him strive to shut out the vistas of the Future by encircling the Present with images of exquisite beauty; his own forms of ideal grace will disappoint him with eternal looks, and vindicate the immortality they were fashioned to veil! Let him rear temples, and consecrate them to fabled divinities, they will indicate in their enduring beauty "Temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" If he celebrates the delights of social intercourse, the festal reference to their fragility includes the sense of that which must endure; for the very sadness which tempers them speaks the longing after that "which prompts the eternal sigh." If he desires to bid the hearts of thousands beat as one man at the touch of tragic passion, he must present "the future in the instant,"—show in the death-grapple of contending emotions a strength which death cannot destroy—vindicate the immortality of affection at the moment when the warm passages of life are closed against it—and anticipate in the virtue which dares to die, the power by which "mortality shall be swallowed up of life!" The world is too narrow for us. Time is too short for man,—and the poet only feels the sphere more inadequate, and pants for the "all hail hereafter," with more urgent sense of weakness than his fellows:—

> Too—too contracted are these walls of flesh,
> This vital heat too cold; these visual orbs,
> Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim
> For any passion of the soul which leads
> To ecstasy, and all the frigid bonds
> Of time and change disdaining, takes her range
> *Along the line of limitless desires!*

THE LOITERER.

An Address, pronounced before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Union College at Schenectady, on Monday, July 27th, 1841. By William Kent. New York: Printed by James Van Norden & Co. 1841.

A single page of the present discourse exhibits as pernicious an error—as wide a departure from vital truth—as any that has fallen under our observation since the establishment of this Journal. The doctrine there set forth is, in brief, that we are to tolerate all evil for the sake of the good involved in it. A single carat of silver is to give currency to the basest alloy that was ever coined at the mint of untruth, disorder and heresy. Out of this most dangerous proposition, the writer derives encouragement for such as have of late made themselves busy to procure an appropriation of the school fund to their own particular and sectarian service. "He" says the author, alluding to this universal philanthropist, so potent in evoking a good spirit from things evil, "He may not prefer the Catholics; but having them among us, he may think it best to educate them: and if they will not accept education, except in their own way and from their own teachers, even to let them so receive it, rather than not receive it at all." In reply to this dogma, and as friends of an undivided fund, we say—in the first place—Catholics, as Catholics, are not known to our institutions, and it is flagrant arrogance for them or their advocates to assume to themselves, as they do by these claims, an independent rank and station in the community. As citizens, if they have any amendments to propose, any reforms to further, the Government has an ear and will hearken: otherwise it is and should be as deaf as the pillars of the Capitol. Secondly, while we, the friends of a fund, are exercising a portion of the delightful charity and forbearance inculcated by Mr. Kent, any clamorous petitioner that chances in our vicinity, may pluck from us whatever of our rights, our common properties and privileges he may condescend to be pleased with.

The true moderation is not the negative and paralytic virtue taught in these pages: it is an active, manly quality: seeing error, convicting it in the open face of day, of deformities and plague spots, but forbearing to press the point of truth beyond a necessary and healthful severity: withholding the hand from a foe at bay, but letting shine full upon him the serene light of truth, and assuaging ignorance and false opinion, by wholesome applications of right and justice.

Whatever truth any man has in him, let him utter it aloud, in all seasonable times and places; provided it be truth, as most truths are, affecting individual happiness or the good of the world.

This is not the age for men to sleep in: to fold their arms and preach a dumb tolerance and a blind charity. The present times have not adopted Momus as their instructor.

> Thy sword within the scabbard keep,
> And let mankind agree;
> Better the world were fast asleep,
> Than kept awake by thee.
> The fools are only thinner,
> With all our cost and care;
> But neither side a winner,
> For things are as they were.
>
> *Dryden's Secular Masque.*

It is an age when all men are enlisted, going forth with the trumpet to promulgate truth, bearing arms to do battle in her service, or else, by a patient performance of duty in quiet stations, serving her also as they stand and wait. No Luther, no Hampden, no Warren, or Adams was ever stirred to take a part in the great cause of mankind by having a false moderation sounded in his ear. The cause of enlightened and energetic right, and a wise and manly forbearance are one.

Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College: including some new particulars respecting Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marston, Dekker, &c. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. London: Printed for the Shakespeare Society. 1841. 8vo., pp. 219.

There are few monuments, even in England, where the interests of the past and present are so happily united, as in the associations of Dulwich. The thoughts of the visitor to that beautiful portion of the environs of London, are insensibly led to the days of Shakspeare, when Alleyn, its proprietor, was his companion, by a quaint time-honored building, retired from the road and surrounded by a cheerful lawn and garden, said to have been erected after the designs of Inigo Jones. This is Dulwich College. Here a contemporary of the great dramatist, who enjoys the fame of having been the first actor of his day, who personated Lear, and Henry VIII, and Romeo, retired from the activity of the great world, relinquished the celebrity of the stage and the delight of admiring audiences, when such reputation was held in

honor, and in the religious spirit of the best men of his age, devoted his maturest days, and a fortune the fruits of his whole life, to the building of a hospital and the care of a few old men and women and poor children. The work yet survives, every stone instinct with the good purpose and intention of its founder. Its aspect of quiet and old English beauty soothes the heart, disturbed by the toil and vexing cares of the great city—as it presents the image of the peaceful well-governed life of the substantial citizen of the days of Elizabeth. Some such thoughts of the permanency and air of placid enjoyment connected with this spot, doubtless influenced a modern benefactor, Sir Francis Bourgeois, when he bequeathed to the College the choice gallery of pictures, the present real attraction of Dulwich, greater than any association with the past; for it is the home of the great painters in their works, where the living meet to honor their divine conceptions of poetry and art.

The volume whose title we have placed at the head of this article, is the first publication of the Shakespeare Society, the plan and objects of which we noticed in a previous number. It is a somewhat dry antiquarian account of the life of Alleyn, taken from MSS preserved at Dulwich. The original papers are given at length, and the least important of them are valuable to the accurate study of our early dramatic literature. The compiler, Mr. Collier, is the author of a history of the English stage to the time of Shakespeare.

The chief events of Alleyn's life we have already glanced at. He became rich as the owner of theatrical property, out of the profits of which he founded his *College of God's Gift*. He commenced life poor, the son of an inn-keeper, and the circumstances of his prosperity from a similar source, throw light on the latter wealthy days of Shakespeare. In his personal habits he was a staid, domestic, home-loving man. He was a lover of music, and performed upon the lute. In the arrangements of his College he made special provision for an organist.* He bore a dignified deportment and good person, that qualified him for the serious parts of tragedy. It is certain that he took the part of Barabbas, in Marlowe's Rich Jew of Malta. He gained the applause and enjoyed the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, who has left a memorial of him in his epigrams.

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*The love of music was one of the finest traits of his day. "At that period and earlier," says Mr. Collier, "a lute, a gittern, or a cittern, were ordinarily part of the furniture of every barber's shop, in order that the customers, who were waiting for their turn, might amuse themselves with it."

'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

The chief facts regarding Shakespeare, preserved by Mr. Collier, are found in several theatrical licenses, and establish the fact of Shakespeare's residence in London at various particular dates; but there is one allusion preserved in a letter to Alleyn from his wife, exhibiting the dramatist in a little incident as an every-day acquaintance, a man who might drop in of a morning and be consulted on a small point of private or domestic economy. It seems that in the absence of Alleyn, there came a youth, one Mr. Fraun-cis Chaloner, to his wife, with the request of a loan of ten pounds, referring to the personal knowledge of Mr. Shakespeare. Shakespeare came in afterwards, said that he knew him not, only he heard of him that he was a great rogue, and expressed himself glad he did not get the money!

There is a letter of Peele, the dramatist, remaining, in which Shakespeare and Alleyn are brought together at the Globe, exhibiting a pleasant literary altercation, not free from a spice of littleness on the part of Alleyn, but admirably cleared up by the wit of Ben Jonson. "We were all very merry at the Globe," writes Peele to a friend, "when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirm pleasantly to thy friend Will, that he had stolen his speech about the qualities of an actor's excellency in Hamlet his Tragedy, from conversations manifold which had passed between them and opinions given by Alleyn touching the subject. Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sort; but Jonson put an end to the strife by wittily remarking, *This affair needeth no contention; you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: Have you not seen him act times out of number?*"

Among the miscellaneous portions of the memoirs is a copy of Wotton's celebrated lines, "The Happy Life," found with the Dulwich papers in Ben Jonson's hand-writing. Ben Jonson, according to Drummond of Hawthornden, had these verses by heart. The copy varies slightly from the one usually printed: we give it in its exact form with the old spelling.

How happy is he borne and taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And silly truth his highest skill.

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death,
Untied to the world with care
Of princes' grace or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from humors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreate;

Whose state can neyther flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who envieth none whom chance doth rayse,
Or vice; who never understood
How swordes give slighter wounds than prayse,
Nor rules of state but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace, then guifts to lend;
And entertaynes the harmlesse day
With a well-chosen booke or freind.

This man is free from servile bandes
Of hope to rise or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of landes,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

The Idler in France. By THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1841.

This is an agreeable, gossipping, superficial book, the journal of the thoughts, daily habits, and social intercourse of Lady Blessington. The reflections have no great depth, neither have the characters upon whom they are written; the habits, domestic and literary, are such as we may suppose to have been enjoyed in Paris by the ladies who gave tone to the parties of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, with the allowance of different manners and a mixture of the good sense and wider sympathies of the present day. Lady Blessington looks at every object in the point of view it presents itself from her station in society; out of that narrow horizon she sees but little. Within her circle her observations are acute. She writes well of the laws of dress, of good manners, of so called good society. She is susceptible to the charms of fashion united to sense and feeling. What is often a superfluity in high life—she has a heart. She values the charms of personal accomplishment, and detects the first wrinkles of age in her companions with a sigh; she is conscious of her own reign of beauty, and knows full well, an amiable truth which she practices, that the pursuits of literature and the cultivation of society, are the best amends for the loss of youth. In her own sphere, this book presents the fair authoress to us in an agreeable light. It exhibits a native kindliness of heart, with the acquisitions of a mind taught by experience, and furnished from the stores of books and travel,

The motive power of Organic Life, and Magnetic phenomena of terrestrial and planetary motions, with the application of the ever-active and all pervading agency of Magnetism, to the nature, symptoms and treatment of Chronic Diseases. BY HENRY HALL SHERWOOD, M. D. New York: H. A. Chapin & Co. 138 Fulton Street. 1841.

THE medical profession have peculiar notions, and an internal police, which though it has allowed theorising as far as love of investigation might urge, has restrained from a practice, that should claim to be grounded on a distinctive or more perfect system than that usually followed. For any one to hint that his was a more certain means of cure, than possessed by the faculty, draws down an instant bull of excommunication. Whether the author has fallen into this grievous plight, and how far the publication of his theory relieves him, is needless to inquire. At all events the doctor appeals to the judgment seat of the reading world to establish and pass upon his discoveries; and to reward attention he would enlighten us upon the recondite causes of life, animate motion, and even the motion of the planets and the stars, and the laws of the same. In the first half of the volume the doctor proceeds to draw and demonstrate the correctness of his notion, that the human organism is a sort of magnetic machine. He cites the discoveries and investigations of Bell, Magendie, Bichat, into the functions and appearance of the nervous system and brain, and the text is illustrated by a score of lithographic plates of nerves and various sections of the brain. But the text seems to cast but a reflected ray upon the end proposed to be proven. The doctor shows that the centres, or poles of sensation and judgment are situated in the cerebrum or fore-brain, those of motion and reproduction, (on which latter instinct we have a lecture by Broussais, in order to popularise) in the back pain and spinal marrow. The ganglionic involuntary or vegetative life has as many centres or poles as there are ganglia in the body, which act by a will underived from the cerebral brain, and unperceived by the intellect, in secret, build and conserve the fabric of the body. On the seventy-third page is the explanation of masculine action. The coat of each muscle secretes on each of its two surfaces a different fluid, and becomes a galvanic machine. To quote the doctor's words. "Every muscle is covered with a membrane, the outer surface of which has a serous, and the inner a mucous surface; hence the membranes are called muco-serous membranes. All the different surfaces then like those of the skin, and membranes of other parts of the body, are covered with different kinds of matter, presenting to-

gether immense surfaces, from which constantly issue two forces of different kinds. These forces," he continues below, "are therefore conducted from the skin and membraneous surfaces and concentrated in the brain to form poles, or a motive power to put in motion this apparently complicated yet really simple machinery."

We get thus, as far as the galvanic battery, but how the electricity by attraction or repulsion produces motion, after forming poles, the doctor seems to have forgotton to give us. Now in the whirligigs we have seen moved by electricity, and magnificently called electro magnetic *machines*, the attraction of the poles, modified by so breaking the communication and restoring it again, has in an evident manner produced the motion, but the machinery of his electric walking man is concealed by our doctor.

As it regards disease, and its cure, the fundamental of Dr. Sherwood's system is, that as the circulation of all fluids in the body depends on the degree of magnetisation, when this is but small, the circulation is impeded and clogging the small lymphatic glands, and the fluids being there exsiccated, an abnormal mass, the product of a diseased or enfeebled action, is formed.

These signs of disease, and themselves the foundation of decomposition and ulceration, are called tubercles. Now the solid and living nervous fibre is incited to increased activity by administering medicines strongly consonant to the magnetic state of the internal surface; while the effect is still farther promoted by a plaster exciting the external surface, to a different electric state from that within, and the fluids thus charged more strongly move more rapidly, and the tubercles cease to form. This seems a brief summary of the rationale of the system, the doctor proposes; upon which, with his diagnosis of tubercles, he asks the judgment of the faculty and the public. Yet the doctor, with all his candor, prevents our trying his medicines, without paying the toll due to the inventive genius, who has laid out this turnpike to Hygeia. He tells us.

"We have very successfully, during a period of more than twenty-five years, prescribed chlorine united with gold and other negative matter, (by processes which it would be both tedious and useless to describe here)." Ah, no doubt it would be tedious, but the medicines thus laboriously prepared would be useful to the tuberculous. So the doctor clearly uses this word useless in reference to the ingenious projector of the recipe. Still the truth is mighty and if the sanction of the truth is obtained for the theory, we shall not grudge a fee to the original compounder of the pill of aurum potabile.

By a sweeping generalization, the doctor passes from the mo-

tions of the microcosm to that of the universe; and shows that electro-magnetism plays the great fiddle in the dance of the planets, and that men are sick and die as the axis of our earth wheels dizzily around. He tells us comfortingly, when the respectable finger-post of the earth's axle points to a more auspicious star than that

> Red and baleful sun
> That faintly twinkles,

where it now tends with air drawn mark, that man's life will again rival Methusalem's. We remember reading a volume entitled "Exitus et Instaurationes partium mundi;" in which is attempted to be proven, from history, tradition, geology and all sources, orthodox or not, that the axis altered every one hundred thousand years, bringing irruption of spirits, mercurial, martial or jovial as the case may be, from our neighboring planets; these set to work making the planet as comfortable as possible for a sojourn of one hundred thousand years; when the axis altering forces them to depart. It is therein shown that Homer, in his Odyssey, has described the revolutions of our planet by the wanderings of Ulysses; while Penelope represents the chaste moon. At all events the doctor is serious, and the universal efficacy of the gold and chlorine pill, and his reasonings on disease and planetary changes and influences, are sufficiently interesting to reward the curious reader. The ardor and perseverance Dr. Sherwood has shown in the pursuit of novel and heterodox doctrines are entitled to respect, and although we cannot altogether approve of his system, we can at least say that it is presented to the world in an agreeable and attractive form by his publishers.

Old English Literature. A Valedictory Oration before the Society of Brothers in Unity. Yale College, July 6th, 1841. BY WILLIAM ERIGENA ROBINSON.

THIS address demands, on many accounts, a larger share of attention than is usually bestowed on works of its class. It is a manly straight forward production, free from vague generalities and high sounding common places, the besetting sins of college orations. It advocates a subject of importance in a manner calculated to excite the sympathies of an audience, and to communicate to them a portion of the speaker's enthusiasm. Old English literature is indeed a theme to attract the unqualified admi-

ration of a youthful mind. Mr. Robinson's passion, for it is characterised by all the ardor of a first love, and in this lecture he lifts the curtain from a corner of that enchanted land, (to most a terra incognita) which has been for him the scene of so much enjoyment. The address is an earnest and energetic plea in behalf of the old poetical writers, pointing out their excellences and pressing their paramount claim to the attention of the student over the mere imitative literature of the day. With this view he gives a rapid sketch of the progress of poetical cultivation, from the conquest to its meridian splendor, in the age of Elizabeth. The early minstrels and romances—the Robin Hood ballads—the mysteries and moralities of the infant theatre, are all noticed in a genial spirit, and their contributions to the common stock of English mind severally acknowledged, and (with a happy innovation on the usual practice) the generalities of the oration are supported by a stratum of substantial footnotes containing illustrative specimens of the authors referred to in the text.

We think Mr. Robinson's lecture likely to be productive of so much good in directing his fellow students to the inexhaustible riches of the rarely trodden paths of early English literature, that we are little disposed to be critical: we may observe, however, that a less ambitious style of composition would have shown him more deeply imbued with the spirit of his favorite writers. Many of the pleasing allusions he indulges in, have vanished before the searching eye of modern criticism. The glowing picture that he (copying from Bishop Percy) draws of the ancient minstrels, their station in society and influence in literature, must be received with great allowance; the oft quoted story of Blondel and Richard is no longer produceable in their behalf, but is dismissed from the pages of history. Nay, the very Robin Hood himself whose deeds find a commentator in our author, has his personality doubted, his very existence denied,* by the latest inquirers, who see in him the representative of some dim Northern hero of popular superstition, round whom the eddies of tradition have clustered the attributes of the resister of oppression, and the vindicator of the old Saxon race against the tyranny of the Norman conquerors.

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* The mystic character of Robin Hood is rendered probable by the entire absence of any authentic contemporary accounts, the current stories respecting his career being the growth of a recent age, and his ubiquitous connexion with supernatural appearances of "rock, grove or stream," in all parts of England, his name and favorite color, green, also indicate a common origin with Robin Good Fellow and the fairies of the popular mythology.

W. H. Simmons.—The late Mr. Simmons, whose recent death we have to regret in common with the sympathy of the public press, was, perhaps, of all the lecturers who have visited this city for the last few years, the most generally popular among the better class of listeners,—a popularity to be ascribed not so much to a superiority of intelligence, an uncommon acuteness in criticism and rare felicity of imagination, as to the skillful management of a very fine voice and the natural address of a man of the world. This gentleman's lectures were literally such, being confined to readings, in which critical remarks were rather introduced by way of illustrative comment than as forming the body of his addresses. Selections of poetry were employed for the purposes of elocution rather than criticism. His lectures, in another sense, were merely the results of other minds neatly arranged. The lecturer vied not with former critics. He was only a reader, though the best we have ever heard of this kind. He excelled in the expression of sweet sentiment (where he almost ran into an effeminate sentimentality), in pointed satire, or involved argumentative verse, in solemn addresses; but in rapid, vigorous dramatic bursts, he was excelled by Mr. Vandenhoff.

A master in the art of elocutionary expression—as Vandenhoff has called the art of managing the tones and inflections of the voice so as to represent the phases and movements of passion, presenting the physiognomy as it were, of the feelings—Mr. Simmons' readings gave a new air to the finest passages of English poetry. His brilliant elocution served as a new species of vivid criticism, calling out hidden beauties by a fine disposition of light and shade.

Of the personal character of this gentleman, we know nothing except the concluding act of his life, which was sufficiently generous to cancel a century of selfishness and to ennoble the basest disposition. It is said he met his death by illness incurred in the care of a poor passenger on the voyage from the Havana.

The Park Theatre.—We are pleased to observe that Mr. Simpson opens the fall campaign with new resources and undiminished hope. The old stock company is increased by strong reinforcements in Mr. Barry the new stage manager, in Browne and others. Beside the regulars, we are to have Elssler, a Russian nymph of the Ballet, Romanini from St. Petersburgh, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Buckstone, Forrest and Hackett.

The Theatre opens with "Midsummer Night's Dream," a return to the old drama that we hope to see supported with vigor by both manager and audience.

ARCTURUS.

No. XI.

The Career

OF

PUFFER HOPKINS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MOTLEY BOOK."

CHAPTER IX.

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT MR. FISHBLATT'S.

A few mornings after his adventures as scourer, Puffer Hopkins was sitting at his desk in the Fork, earnestly engaged in the preparation and composition of a handbill, for the approaching election. That this was a sufficiently arduous undertaking for the young politician, was proved by the great multitude of model placards strewn about the floor, from which he at intervals solaced himself with a line or two; by the blank looks with which he at times entirely halted in his task; and by the painful gaze he occasionally directed towards the wall, as if he expected to discover there handwriting wherewith to eke out the unfinished sentence. Having a good eye for catching phrases, and considerable

readiness in sounding words that would tell well in the popular ear, the composition presently flowed apace; line upon line lengthened out, Puffer reciting each aloud as it was finished, and in the course of about two hours, a thundering manifesto, doomed soon to echo back from wall, shutter, bulk head and house-side, great words of fearful import, and to set the whole world of meeting-hunters and politicians astir, was completed.

Puffer Hopkins was clearing his throat and preparing for a grand rehearsal of this master-piece, when he was suddenly confronted by a frouzy-headed small girl, who had got into the apartment, it seemed to him—for he had no notice of her entrance—by some underhand jugglery or legerdemain, and who, assuming a face of great mystery, levelled at him a diminutive billet, with a faint streak of gold about its edges, and his own name written elaborately on the back.

"Compliments—hopes as how you 'll come—and wishes the bearer to say, would n't feel cheerful if Mr. Hopkins should fail," said the frouzy-haired girl reciting something that had been evidently ticketed and laid away in her mind, to be delivered when called for.

Three lines of writing and a date within, worked out obviously with painful toil and a great variety of pens, explained the object of the small visiter, in a request that Mr. P. Hopkins would favor Mr. H. Fishblatt with company at seven o'clock this (Thursday) evening, at the sign of the brass plate and chimney-pots, as before; giving him at the same time street and number.

Puffer was in fine spirits, for he had been successful in his literary labors—and what author's heart is not a-glow when his invention proves ready, and his hand runs free across the page?—and he accepted the note with great complaisance, and bade the frouzy-haired messenger (who stood staring at the huge text scattered about the floor, as if the great black letters might be ogres, giants, or some other monsters), inform Mr. Fishblatt he would attend his summons with the utmost pleasure.

He was as good as his word; and two hours before the time named in the invitation, Puffer began to prepare for the party at Fishblatt's. First and foremost, he drew forth from a case, in the corner of his lodgings, a brass-buttoned blue coat, of a popular cut, and fell to beating it over the shoulders and down the back with a yard stick, as if he had under

his hand the body and person of his direst enemy in the world: then he twisted the right arm up and dashed at the place where the ribs might have been; then he fell upon the breasts and pumelled them horribly; and then, casting aside his stick, he fastened fiercely on the collar and gave the whole a mighty shaking, as if he would have the very life out of it. A pair of light drab cloth pantaloons, dragged from the same confinement, shared in like manner at his hands; a striped vest was stretched on the back of a chair like a rack; then his boots were forced into a high polish, the pantaloons drawn on, the vest released, and the coat occupied by its legitimate lord, and Puffer, first attitudenizing a little before the long glass, and running his fingers through his hair—to get his head as nearly as possible into the model he had in his eye of a great politician, whose portrait was in the gallery at the museum—was ready for the party. Sallying gently forth, and marching steadily through the streets, with a secret conviction that every eye in the metropolis was fixed immovably upon him, he shortly discovered the great brass plate of Halsey Fishblatt gleaming through the dark, where he knocked, waited for a minute in a state of awful suspense and was admitted, as before, by the message-bearer, who came to the door with a face wrinkled with smiles, and strongly suggestive of something very nice and choice to be had within. The small girl asked Puffer to be good enough to go to the third-story back room, and thither he proceeded; encountering on his way, and at the base of the second flight of stairs, a fry of dolorous-looking gentlemen, who lingered about the parlor door, pulling down their wristbands and contemplating it, as it opened and shut, with as much dread as if it had been the gate of the doomed; while others hovered about the great balustrade of the stair-case, in waiting for the descent of their lady partners from the third-story front room above. Every now and then an angelic creature, in a white gown and abundant pink ribbons, came down this Jacob's ladder, and fastening upon the arm of one of the sentinels, they marched into the parlor with great state. Returning from his toilet up stairs, Puffer Hopkins followed the general current, and discovered a scene the solemnity whereof was exceedingly impressive and disheartening.

The walls of the parlor upon which he had entered were lined all round with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, sitting as erect as corpses, and gazing into the empty space in

the middle of the apartment, as if some curious meteorological phenomenon were going on there, in which they all had a special interest. At the announcement of Puffer Hopkins by a pale young gentleman at the door, the corpses waked up a little, some twittered spasmodically, a few moved uneasily in their chairs, and by the time Puffer had attained a seat in a corner, the company had again subsided into its condition of tomb-like repose.

They were presently, however, again wakened—and with rather more success—by the entrance of the host, Mr. Fishblatt himself, bearing before him firstly a huge ruffle, which stood straight out from his bosom like a main-sail, and secondly, reposing in the shadow of the said ruffle, a black tea-board of proportionate dimensions, garnished with small jugs or tumblers of lemonade.

Mr. Fishblatt walked very erect and majestically, and holding the waiter at arm's length—smiling pleasantly, as a gentleman always does when he 's engaged in a business he knows himself to be altogether too good for, but which the crisis of affairs requires him to look after—presented it to the ladies all around, beginning at the left hand as he was bound to do and skipping ever so many thirsty gentlemen who gloated on the small jugs: and then coming down toward the right hand, as he was likewise bound, he allowed the thirsty gentlemen to glean from the waiter the tumblers that remained. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Halsey Fishblatt all this time held his peace: on the contrary, the bearing of the waiter was not a tithe of his toils, for he kept strenuously urging wherever he went the propriety of taking a tumbler —the necessity of a draught of the lemonade to cool themselves, and particularly soliciting and entreating the ladies to make a paradise of his (Mr. Fishblatt's) parlors, by enjoying themselves with all their might and main.

The lemonade had scarcely vanished and the empty tumblers been gathered and borne out of sight, when it was announced—to the discomforture and confusion of the company—that the celebrated and distinguished representative of the Thirteenth Ward in the city Councils—Alderman Punchwind, by name—was in the house: having, as it was understood, done Mr. Fishblatt the honor to call in and partake of the agreeable hospitalities that were then and there going forward. Mr. Fishblatt, at the thought of so august a presence, recoiled a little, but recovering speedi-

ly, a deputation was immediately sent out, consisting of Puffer Hopkins and two young gentlemen who wore large watch seals, and were rather ambitious of office and employment of this kind, to wait upon his eminence. In a few minutes a heavy tread was heard upon the stair, a commotion in the entry, and in stalked, in a broad-brimmed hat, a portly, capacious and solid gentleman, of such dimensions as to resemble not a little a great school-globe, stepped out of its brass ring, and taking a walk of pleasure: in he marched, accompanied by his delegation, who clung close to his skirts to watch the impression his presence might make on the commonalty assembled.

Puffer Hopkins had a glimmering reminiscence of a broad-brimmed hat, very much like the Alderman's, escaping into a pantry at the end of the hall as he came in at the beginning of the evening, worn by Crump—could it be so? —Crump, the meek secretary who had been so brow-beaten in the shower by Mr. Blinker. His brows overshadowed by the huge hat, and his chin buried in a capacious collar, Alderman Punchwind paused for a minute at the door, glanced about slowly and with an air of solemn importance, and then, without removing his hat or uttering a word, stalked across the parlor, proceeded to fill a glass from the side-board where relays of refreshment in liberal quantities were arranged, and at this moment, deigning to turn around and recognize the company, he intimated by a look that he would drink *all* their good healths; which he did, very emphatically absorbing his wine much as the Norwegian Maelstrom might if it were a corporate Alderman and fed at public charge. Having disposed of the wine, the Alderman next devoted his attention to the cake and other eatables, of which great batches disappeared from time to time; with a pause now and then, to allow him to vary the entertainment with a friendly return, just to show he had n't forgotten it, to the decanter; which proceedings were watched with painful interest by Mr. Fishblatt's guests—who were horrified at the miraculous disappearance of the provision for the party, and who looked upon the performance much as they would at the elephant at the menagerie, feeding with a bale or two of hay, or the pagan anaconda at the museum, lunching on a pair of fowls and a live rabbit, without so much as a grace to the meal.

As soon as Alderman Punchwind had concluded his

corporate banquet by stripping the board of something more than two-thirds of its contents, solid and liquid, he wiped his lips, and marching steadily toward the centre of the rooms, there planted himself by the side of a column and looked abroad upon the company: fixing his eye, now and then, with peculiar sternness on some young lady who happened to be fairer than her neighbors.

After he had enjoyed this recreation for some time, various members of the company were brought up by Mr. Fishblatt and introduced (by consent) to the distinguished functionary, who kept his ground manfully and received them all with an air of bland and gracious condecension; allowing each of them to take him by the hand and to enjoy a few minutes contemplation of his very classic and expressive features, and then pass off, making room for others.

While this was proceeding, attention was drawn toward the door by the entrance of a very uppish gentleman, of a severe aspect, who carried himself with great state and port, and cast his eyes disdainfully about, as if he held the individuals of both sexes and all ages there assembled supremely cheap and of no account whatever in making up any thing like an accurate scale of society.

This disdainful and evidently select personage was no other than John Blinker, Esq., First Director and President of the Phœnix Fire Company below stairs, who, as soon as he had heard there was a live Alderman in the room, came forward extending his hand and smiling pleasantly, quite anxious, it would seem, to conciliate the favor of a mighty Alderman and Common Council-man. These overtures on the part of Mr. Blinker were received by the Alderman, however, with an air of slight disdain, which caused the President to cower and fall back a little until Mr. Punchwind thought proper to relax his features, when the President advanced again, and had the satisfaction at last, and after many difficulties, of taking him by the hand.

"Do I understand that the fire-limits of the city are to be extended?" asked Mr. Blinker, whose mind hovered about the fiery principle of his calling like a moth about flame, after waiting in vain for a communication from the Alderman.

The question was asked, but not answered: for Alderman Punchwind, reclining his head a little toward his ques-

tioner, allowed a smile to spread over his features—as much as to say, you don't know how important, how critical and how solemn a question you have put to me—and said not a word.

"I think it would be an advantage to the city to have them extended, sir. I hope I am not so unfortunate as to differ in opinion with Alderman Punchwind!" said Mr. Blinker, meekly.

The Alderman only smiled again—intimating thereby, apparently, that there were state reasons why this anxious interrogatory of the great President's could n't be answered, just then.

At this moment, Puffer Hopkins, who had overheard the questions of Mr. Blinker, and entertaining a becoming reverence for the distinguished individual before him—feeling, too, perhaps, that a modicum of metropolitan information from the very fountain head, on a subject in which he felt an interest, from his frequent professional pilgrimages to political meetings, lectures, and other night-resorts, might be serviceable—impelled by some, or all of these considerations, Puffer proceeded to ask, in a tone of profound respect,—"Whether they were to have new windows in the public lamps?"

"New lamp-windows, did you ask?" retorted the Alderman, as plainly as he could without the trouble of opening his lips.

"I did, sir," reiterated Puffer Hopkins, beginning to feel rhetorically inclined, and so understanding the learned gentleman, "and knowing the interest felt in the answer, and your ability to give us a clear and decisive reply, I put it to you in this public manner—whether we are to have new glasses in the public lamps! A gust of wind in our streets of a dark night is equal to an eclipse of the sun in broad day, in their present dilapidated condition. The darkness of Egypt overspreads this city, sir, at times; a Siberian darkness, where bears and catamounts might dwell, perhaps, if it were not for the city police and our vigilant magistracy."

The Alderman paused, and looked about him with a grave and majestic air. He seemed reluctant to respond.

"It 's your duty, sir," said Mr. Fishblatt, coming in at this crisis, standing directly in front of the Alderman, and looking him steadily in the face, "to inform us of your views on

this all-important subject. The happiness of this community is dependent on it, sir. There 'll be an immense oversetting of hacks, breakage of legs, and fracture of skulls, if things remain in their present condition, I can tell you. This metropolis is as black now, sir, at night, as the bottom of an ink-bottle, and people float about the streets at random, like so many bugs on the surface of a dark pool. What 's all the crime of this great city owing to, sir? Some will say, its intemperance, and a neglect of the public pumps. Others will say, its ignorance, and neglect of the public schools. Some will tell you, it 's because we 've got too many penitentiaries and houses of refuge, and others will tell you, it 's because they 're too few. Pumps, penitentiaries, and public schools, can't explain it;—it 's your miserable public lamps, sir! It 's your knavish oil-men, and your rascally glaziers, that are corrupting us every day and every night—more particularly at night. They 're the origin of your dissolute sons, your profligate daughters, your sinful judges, and your dishonest clerks. Nobody comes out at noon and makes a beast of himself in the street. Keep the city well-lighted, and you keep it virtuous, sir. You should have a lamp at the front of every tenement; and where the streets are so narrow that the houses might catch from the wick, you should have men moving up and down with great lanterns, and keep all the thoroughfares and alleys in a glow. You would n't have a murder once in a century, and as for burglaries and larcenies, they 'd be forgotten crimes, like the Phœnix, sir, and the Megalosaurius!"

At the termination of this earnest appeal, the company had gathered in a body about the person of the Alderman, and stood waiting, with intense interest, for his answer. Alderman Punchwind hereupon canvassed the assemblage with great deliberation, and having finished, elevated the fore-finger of his right hand, and passed it significantly down his nose, dispatched a sagacious wink toward Mr. Blinker, with his sinister eye, and mildly muttering "Smoked beans," departed.

Can it create surprise to know that the company there assembled by invitation of Mr. Fishblatt, were astounded at this strange and unseemly exit of the distinguished gentleman from the Thirteenth Ward? that Mr. Fishblatt was horrified and stricken with amaze? that Mr. Blinker was indignant? that the delegation that had waited upon the Alderman felt

slightly humiliated and abashed at the conduct of their superior? That Puffer Hopkins was profoundly penetrated with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs—for had there not been here an individual occupying but a minute before the very highest conceivable pinnacle—the very Himalayah-top of human greatness attainable at a small party—and had n't that individual, with most suicidal rashness, pitched himself off headlong into the very centre of a low, vulgar kitchen-garden, by an allusion to fumigated beans?

The entertainment was now, in truth, at an end; and although fragments of cake and fag-ends of decanters—generously left by Alderman Punchwind—were from time to time brought forward, the spirits of the party flagged. Mr. Fishblatt hung his head; and when, at a few minutes of midnight, the Insurance President disappeared, the party gradually broke up; two or three, at first, leaving at a time, and then a shoal of half a dozen, and in less than an hour the rooms were deserted.

Puffer Hopkins, who had gallantly assumed the charge of a young lady, with a pair of piercing black eyes, who lived in a remote suburb, with which Puffer was by no means familiar, spent the remainder of the night, up to three o'clock, in piloting the young lady homeward, and the balance, till dawn, in discovering his way back again, through divers crooks and crosses, through streets that ran at first directly for half a mile into town, and then directly for half a mile more out again; getting now and then into a road that had no outlet, and then into one that had an outlet that led into nothing.

The mysterious proceedings of Alderman Punchwind, it should be stated, remain to this day unexplained. On inquiry, a few days after the entertainment, Mr. Fishblatt was assured, that on the night in question, Alderman Punchwind, the authentic and accredited representative of the Thirteenth Ward, was in his own room laboriously employed on a report of fifty-three pages foolscap, on the subject of spiles and pier heads, and had n't left it for a moment, except to step over the way to his neighbor the timber-merchant, to get a few facts to put in his report. It therefore only remained for rumor to say that this was the apparition of the Alderman; which was confirmed with the superstitious by Mr. Punchwind's being carried off just seven days afterward by an apoplexy, at one

of the city suppers. Others thought it might have been all a dream and delusion on the part of the company, who may be reasonably supposed to have been at the time under the influence of Mr. Fishblatt's good cheer: and others again—and certain mysterious smiles on the part of the frouzy-haired servant girl hinted as much—would not be beaten from the belief that it was Crump; Crump, the humble secretary of the Phœnix Fire Company, himself; who had adopted this method, it was suggested, of enjoying one first-rate banquet, which his own salary did n't admit of, and at the same time of retaliating the severities of his superior; having the entire pleasure of both amusements, the feast and the revenge, to himself, which was very characteristic.

For ourselves, we rather incline to this last solution, inasmuch as the subject of Mr. Fishblatt's party was, from the time of the starting of this hypothesis, a forbidden subject thenceforth and forever in the office of the Phœnix Company, by express order of Mr. Blinker, who said it was altogether too frivolous to think of.

CHAPTER X.

HOBBLESHANK AT HIS LODGINGS.

The interest with which Mr. Fyler Close watched the flight of Hobbleshank was by no means diminished, when he discovered faring forth from behind a stable-door, where he had lain in ambush, and keeping, at an easy distance, diligently in the track of the wrathful old gentleman, no other than Ishmael Small. Speeding along in a very eccentric route, sometimes on the pavement, again in the middle of the road, and then, with one foot on the curb and one in the gutter, Hobbleshank made his way through the straitened purlieu of Pell street: Pell street that lies just off of the great thoroughfare of the Bowery with a world of its own, where great mackerel-venders' trumpets, nearly as long as the street itself, are blown all day long, where vegetable-waggons choke the way and keep up a reek of greens and pot-herbs until high noon, and where, if all the signs and omens that pervade the street—sights, sounds and smells—are of any worth, the denizens lead a retired life, with a lenten diet, ignorant of what the great

world beyond may think of beefless dinners or breakfasts after Pythagoras.

Through this choice precinct they sped, Hobbleshank pushing swiftly on, and his pursuer following at a distance with equal pace, darting in at entry doors and out again in a glance, to avoid discovery, if the old man should look back; and so they soon entered the mouth of Doyer street—the Corkscrew lane—through which it needs skilful pilotage to bear one safely, every house a turn, and every curb-stone set at a different angle, for thus, like a many-jointed snake Doyer steeet creeps out of the damp and green-grown marsh of Pell street, upon the open sunny slope of Chatham Square.

Following the whim of the street, which must needs have its way, they got forth into the broad region of the Square, along which Hobbleshank speeded at a good round rate, while Mr. Small regaled himself with an eleemosynary ride on the foot-board of a hackney-coach, where he sat comfortably balanced and keeping the old man in view until they reached Mulberry street, when he dismounted,—just in time to evade the crack of a whip from the box-seat—and followed Hobbleshank warily into a building some dozen or two paces off of the main street. It was a dark, ruinous, gloomy-looking old house—built on a model that was lost twenty years ago and never found again—and had a wide greedy hall, that swallowed up as many chairs, tables and other fixtures, as the various tenants chose to cast into it.

Up the broad rambling stairs Hobbleshank ascended, cended, and by the time he had attained a cramped room at the head of the second flight, Mr. Small had accomplished the same journey, crept along and clambered up a narrow cornice in the throat of the hall, and gaining, by an exercise of dexterity peculiar to himself, a small window in the wall, was looking very calmly and reflectively through the same at two aged women upon whose presence Hobbleshank had entered.

One of them sate by the hearth: she was small and shrivelled, with a pinched and wrinkled countenance; so shrivelled and thin, and seemingly void of life-like qualities, as if she hovered only on the borders of the world, and was ready to go at any moment's summons. The other was stouter, though she too was bowed with years and bore in her features traces of many past cares; which she seemed zealous

to make known by larding her discourse with great sighs, which she heaved at the rate of twenty a minute, while she bustled about the chamber and busied herself in various household offices.

These scarcely noticed the entrance of Hobbleshank, who opened the door gently, and stealing in proceeded to a corner of the room, where, taking a chair and turning his back upon them, he bowed his head upon his hand and was silent.

"I tell you—you have been a blessed woman, Dorothy—that you have," cried the elder, in a sharp wiry voice from the chimney-corner, where she was painfully employed in rubbing her withered palms together over the blaze, "a blessed woman. There was my first born, Tom, with as handsome a pair of blue eyes as mother ever looked at, did n't he fall into the old Brewery well, and die there, like a malt-rat, shouting for help, which came, of course, just the minute after he was stifled. Always so—always so, I tell you!"

"Whose roof was blown off in the great September gale—yours or mine, Aunt Gatty? I'd like to know that," rejoined the other, heaving a sigh of course. "Whose son was buried in a trance for three days and better, and when he comes to again has to be taught his alphabet all over like a suckling child? Your loss—Lord preserve us!—was a drop in the bucket, so speaking, when the brewers wound it up—nothing more."

And the stout old lady laughed gently at the thought of the brawny brewers tugging away at the rope for so lively a hoist, and then fell straightway to sighing.

"Why, you talk like a simpleton," answered the other sharply, "a natural simpleton in a dotage: there was a child of mine, Dorothy, you mind it well—you used to say he had hawk's eyes—so wild and bright and glancing. That boy went mad, I think, and struck at me—me, his mother—and that you know too, for many 's the look you 've taken at the old scar—me, who had watched his steps all through infancy and childhood and boyhood, up to the very manhood that gave him strength to strike: smote her down to the earth—was it he or the fiend that did it?—and would have snatched her life away, but for the men who beat him off like a dog? There was Joe, too, my dear," continued aunt Gatty "that went down of a dark dreari-

some night, in the wild Gulf Stream, crying Heaven's help! in vain, and snatching at the waves, as old Buncle, the ship-master, told me, like a madman." The old woman shook as in a palsy, and waved her head painfully to and fro, as she recited these passages of past trouble.

"True, true, true," said her companion, who had paused in her labor and watched her for a moment, "true; just as true as that Jacob—my Jacob, I used to call him, but now he's anybody's or nobody's—was carried off to prison by cruel men, ten times fiercer than your Gulf Streams and your Tornadoes—had his limbs chained, and was put to hewing great blocks of stone like a devil on penance—taken away from good day wages and bound in a jail—"

"Peace! you foolish praters!" exclaimed Hobbleshank, starting up at this moment from the deep silence in which he had been buried, turning toward them and lifting both his arms tremblingly up, "Peace! while I read you a page, a black page, out of the book of lamentations—that should make the blood creep in your old veins like the brook-ripples in December. There 's a quiet serene farm-house—a quiet serene farm-house—with a father, a mother, yes, merciful God! a young, happy, beautiful mother." He paused and bowed his head, but in a few minutes he proceeded, "and a young child that has just crept out upon the bleak common of this world of ours, lying in her bosom, as it might be Adam and his spouse, in some chosen corner of their old garden. Some devil or other secretly engulphs all the fortune of that household, tortures with a slow, killing pain, the father of the family, by ever-lending to him and ever-driving him for horrid interests—making him toil and moil in that great, inexorable mill of usury and borrowing: till his brain turns—his old reason totters like a weak tower that shakes in the wind:—he flies from his home wandering to and fro, he knows not whither—straying back to it at times, after long lunatic absences; and one day—there 's a word that should prick your foolish old hearts like a sword's point—coming suddenly back, he finds his fair young wife dead—yes dead!—starved into a skeleton so pale and ghastly that anatomists and men of death would smile to look on it—and the boy—the boy that should have gone with her, she loved him so, into the grave she had traveled to through hunger, or have staid back to inherit

that roof that was his and cheer up this sad old heart that is mine—snatched away, secretly, nobody could tell how, or when, or whither—and the very nurse that should have tarried to keep company with death in that house of sorrow—was likewise fled; and I, an old, shattered, uncertain poor creature, left alone in the midst of all this desolation—as if it became me—and had only waited for me as its rightful master and emperor. Well; God's blessing with you—and if you have seen greater trouble than that, you have borne it merrily and are miracles of old women to have lived through it to this day!"

Saying this, the old man started up from his chair, and staggering across the room, trembling in every limb, he hurried into a small chamber at the end of the apartment and cast himself upon his couch. The two old women, abashed by the passion and energy of the speaker, were silent for a while and moved not a limb. They both sate looking toward the door where Hobbleshank had entered, as if they expected him, momently to emerge.

"A sad tale; a sad tale, in truth," at length said the younger. "Was the boy never heard of?"

"Never, that I know, from that dark day to this," answered the other, mumbling as she spake and shrinking back into the chimney, as if what she recalled stood shrouded before her in a deadly form; "Search was not made for him, until years after the mother's death—the worms' banquet had been set and cleared away many a day—when the old man, who had wandered away, as soon as the funeral was over, the Lord knows whither, came back, and loitered and lingered about his former residence, the old farm-house, in the suburbs of the city, day after day, watching in vain, hour by hour, for the forthcoming of some one who could tell the history of what was past. The building is closed and deserted, and has no historian but itself, or such as would not tell, if they could, the fate of the lost child, or the secret of his death, if dead he be."

"And where is the nurse?"

"Absent; missing; drowned, or murdered, or dead in due course of nature; nobody can tell. The house is deserted and gone to decay, and is said to belong to a wretched miser, whose right came, somehow or other, through the child's death. There's the whole story, and this old man, who came to live with me so long ago—even

before you knew me—and has never once spoken of it till this night, is the only wreck of the troubles and cares and crosses that howled about it, till they found entrance, twenty years ago! Something has stirred him strangely, or he would not have spoken this night."

"Perhaps his mind is failing," said the other: "for when that 's ebbing away, it always uncovers what is at the bottom, and brings to light things hidden in its depths for years."

"He may have seen some object associated with old times that has touched him," answered aunt Gatty "visited, perhaps, the farm-house itself; or have chanced upon some person connected with these terrible events."

"It may be so. But let us to bed, my dear old friend, and pray that the Spirit of Peace be in the old man's slumbers."

"Amen!" said her companion: and extinguishing their light, and carefully drawing a curtain before the chamber-window where Hobbleshank lodged, that the morning beam might not disturb his repose, they were soon sheltered in the quiet and darkness of night that wrapped them all about.

Ishmael Small, who had greedily watched them all through, after stretching his blank features forward into the gloom of the apartment to catch any further word that might chance to fall, crept down from his post of observation and stole cautiously away.

PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difficulties that oppose the present advancement of theatrical property in America, and the incidental discouragements are numberless, we yet believe there never has been a period in which the real interests of the drama may be more favorably cultivated than this. Circumstances enough exist to depress the stage, but it must be remembered the general character of the stage and its performances is one of painful mediocrity; and it is better that mediocrity be so destroyed at once. The prevalent

discontent with the stage is itself a sign, though it may be a distant one, of reform and improvement. Destroyed the stage cannot be, for it is the index of certain indestructible faculties of the mind; an acted drama is as universal a means of delight and benefit as a written literature. The formation of a theatre, or something equivalent to it, is the first impulse of savage life, and the chief graces of civilization have flourished with the best labors of the stage. The history of the Athenian drama, from the rude cart of Thespis to the finished trilogy of Sophocles, is the history of the progress of Greek civilization. The acted drama of the age of Shakespeare, exhibits the development of English character, speaking out in heroic language on the stage after many silent years of toil and suffering, in which the character had been formed. The historical fact of the permanent existence of the stage, as a part of social manners, may put to rest the arguments of those who think it can ever be superseded. Books cannot perish, neither can the acted drama. With this faith in the vitality of the theatre, we dismiss all regret at the present feeble support of the stage. The public have rightly tired of the poor conventionalisms of acting and authorship palmed off upon the boards; the audiences have fairly abandoned the theatre. Nothing, it would apparently seem, can restore the stage. But there has been one thing left untried, of sovereign virtue and efficacy in the restoration of the arts, the only panacea for a worn out literature or drama; and that untried remedy is, originality. A new order has grown up in the intellectual and social habits of the times; modes of thinking are altered; changes of manners more rapid and variable have occured; and the theatre, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time," has said nothing of the new revelations of thought and experience. In this we see the secret of all the complaints of the decline of the stage. Accidental circumstances, not immediately connected with this, have not been wanting; there have been defects of stage management, revolutions in the currency that have affected the demand for popular amusements (though this in a less degree than has been generally supposed), the starring system has destroyed the discipline of the boards; but these are all incidental evils, that would be controlled if the first principle of the stage were correct. The theatre has not been true to its own law; it has abandoned its legitimate position for mean

expedients; it has sought mediocrity, and deserved its fate. Particularly is this true of the stage in the United States.

What is the first essential of the drama? It is nationality. The drama is the immediate growth of the age and country. Taste or fashion may reign in literature, and withdraw the studies of the learned to distant periods of time and foreign habits of thinking; we may read as antiquarians, as mystics, as egotists, and preserve our unsocial individual manners; there are many interests represented in books, there is but one of the drama. It is addressed to the people immediately, and lives or dies on the breath of the moment. The public must believe in it, with an ardent sympathy, or it is nothing. Literary and theatrical coteries of authors and actors may fill the theatre with plaudits, and forestall for some temporary object the true income of praise; but the account is very soon made right. When the noise ceases, the reputation is at an end. The friends of Bulwer and Macready may thus combine to make a fashionable dramatist of the author of Pelham, who thinks notoriety of this kind an addition to his political and social celebrity: but in the very midst of the purchased applause of the claqueurs, there is the consciousness of want of desert. There is no echo in the world without. Let but the key note of passion and feeling in the popular heart be once struck upon the stage in a new tragedy, the truth of which all will be ready to assert, and from that first moment of enthusiasm will commence the rise of the drama.

When we speak of nationality in the drama, we do not mean the inculcation of mere patriotism. There are higher habits of thought in a commonwealth than this national self-love. The love of country may yet be merged in the love of the world, when war—the antagonism of patriotism, and necessary to its life—shall cease; but then nationality will continue to exist. It springs directly from the individual, and government is but one of the many influences that go to its formation. The thought uttered on the stage will be in unison with the best possible form of politics, and agree with the best spirit of the deeds of the revolution, though there may not be a single flag, cannon or hurrah in the whole play. Patriotism, as commonly employed, is a low source of emotion; it appeals to externals, it reaches the heart through the memory, it is a kind of upbraiding with the deeds of others. Let us act our own.

One characteristic of a new dramatic literature in this country we may venture to predict: the democratic spirit by which it will be informed. Hitherto, poetry has been on the side of power, for the world has been governed by the authority of power; it has drawn its chief images of greatness from the old aristocratic ideas of sovereignty, war, military glory. Its language has been of courts and camps. Its splendid phraseology has echoed the sound of the trumpet, the roll of the drum; has reflected the imperial purple. The Muse of Tragedy has rested on the throne. Wolsey, high in power, Lear, a king, Hamlet, Lady Constance, all belong to royalty. But kings have lost their dignity with their despotism, and are fast vanishing from the earth; revolutions have deposed some and unromantic constitutions have robbed others. Modern kings are no longer heroes by divine right. Is tragedy therefore to be extinct? Not while the heart throbs in a single human frame. There is a tragedy in every man's death, and perhaps a sadder one while he was still alive. The revolutions in the heart for a single day may be unwritten scenes of more pathos than those in Agamomnon or Orestes. The dignity of life does not need the outward aid of power or station.

With the emotions of private life, with domestic tragedy on the stage, will be blended the heroic ideas of the age. The present is full of hope, benevolence and philanthrophy. It has courage and manly action for the present and faith in the future. We should look for this sentiment reflected at the theatre in living characters drawn from the times. Why may not a modern enthusiast, with his schemes of reform and dreams of earthly happiness, have the same or greater eloquence on the stage than a faded old alchymist whose visions were mostly material? Why have we not a tragedy of Luther rather than of Henry VIII? The clergyman is a character endowed with sufficient importance in Protestantism; yet we do not remember a single exhibition of this character in any tragedy we ever read. The audience would be surprised to hear a school-master on the stage talking as he might of his art; yet the school-master is one of the modern heroes. We want a theatre that shall be foremost in guiding the public taste to the loftiest habits of thinking; that catching the earliest developments of the popular mind, shall carry them out nobly. The country at present is more or less agitated by the topic of war, and

newspapers everywhere are exhibiting sketches of its horrors and reading lessons of peace. Why do we hear nothing of this on the stage? There are memorable lessons in history and great arguments in the future that might be there taught. But the drama is silent. We attended the theatre the other night, and found an actor reciting out of an old play a tribute to the glorious campaigns of Marlborough? "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba that he should prate thus?" This is our present drama.

But though we know of no modern productions in English that worthily represent the new era of ideas, we may yet discover in recent attempts, both in this country and abroad, the beginning of a characteristic drama. Though the plays are founded on old models and have a sufficient share of Italian princes and heroes, the sentiments are generally liberal, and they contain passages for modern ears, which, however, thrown in for effect, are evidences of a desire to meet the wants of the day. We need a new race of writers in the drama, with a new class of subjects. Let an author of real dramatic power once seize the materials which now lie waiting such a one and the properties of the stage will soon follow. Actors will spring up, the theatre under a fresh popular impulse will be respected and draw together all the talent in its administration that is required. If we had a Shakespeare, or the tenth part of one, to write tragedies for us, there would soon be no complaints of the low state of the drama.

At present the theatre has no resources in itself capable of its revival. Its best efforts, those to restore the legitimate drama, are feeble; the revival as a work of art of old plays, the restoration of ancient costume, the recollection of old theatrical scenes, deserve always to hold a place in the performances of a cultivated theatre, but the interest in them is too remote to excite any great popular enthusiasm. The truest evidence of the real decline of the drama is at present exhibited in the gradual loss of actors, the decline of talent on the boards. The two best actors we have seen of late years, Charles Mathews and Power, hardly belonged to any system of dramatic performances. Their excellence was individual and peculiar, the one performed alone and the other in but one or two legitimate pieces, generally calling to his aid mere stage machinery to exhibit himself, the staple of the whole piece.

What then is to be done? We have pointed out as it appears to us the direction that a new dramatist must take in the walk of tragedy. A wider field yet remains in comedy and farce. There is no country in the world in which a greater store of materials is laid up for a humorous writer. A system of life that brings into collision masses of men and individuals, with greater variety and frequency than in any other nation, must be the most favorable to the exhibition of character. Where there is the greatest activity there is the best opportunity for observation. In the bustle of men, among the thronging hopes and fears, out of the designs and disappointments, the schemes and failures of active life, the dramatist seizes his incidents and dialogue. The fitness of American life for the purposes of the drama is simply this, that it is the most dramatic off the stage in itself. No one with an eye to see or heart to feel, (for there must be some sympathy before he can see), doubts of the earnestness, the force, the picturesqueness of the every-day scenes passing around us. There is needed only the artist to place these scenes for us by his genius in a proper point of view for all to see and and appreciate them.

It has been thought that a certain repose of manners, a fixed scale and gradation of society, was necessary to the ends of comedy. In such a state the effect of long custom and traditional usage offers, in truth, great facility to the comic painter. He is but to transcribe the unwritten comedy around him, and paint not merely what is laughable, but what the people have long been in the habit of laughing at. There is a series of traditional pictures, in English comedy and fiction of this kind, of parish beadles, old country squires, Yorkshire farmers, sure to come up in the writings of every successive humorist, though of late the social changes have rather outgrown them, even in England. In this country there are no such aids to laughter. Literature growing out of national life has been too little cultivated to make the popular humors thus familiar. The resources of the writer exist only in the raw material. But this very necessity of originality is to prove the greatest advantage. We are fortunately placed in a position, so far as this portion of our literature is concerned, in which imitation is impossible. The comic writer must be original or be nothing.

Hazlitt has shown the decline of comedy in England with the loss of external manners, the decline of the fan, the swelling hoop, the bag-wig and "clouded cane;" we can no longer possess genteel comedy, he says, for the independent race of fine gentlemen is extinct. This applies, however, after all, only to one particular form of comedy. The race of fine gentlemen may perish, but man remains, attended by a train of conceits, false positions, absurdities, inequalities, all of which will find vent in the manners of the day. The spirit of comedy never can be extinct; for the material of comedy, the manners, are always living. Of this we may be assured, that where men live and act, there will be food for tears and laughter. We have yet to be persuaded that a people, sensitive, quick-witted, facile to mirth, full of all ingenuous and honest manly qualities, lack the ability to conceive and enjoy the reflection of these high qualities on a well regulated stage. We have faith in the national character; and we have a sure faith, drawn from the history of other civilized people, that this character will, in all its various phases, be yet worthily represented in a peculiar and permanent literature.

A FEW HOMERIC NODS IN MR. HALLAM.

HISTORIES of literature in general prove very unsatisfactory. The ground they cover is too wide; the topics discussed too multifarious; the space for each very limited. There is more of the narrative talent employed in them generally than critical acumen. An historical line of writers is deduced, and the genealogy of the various schools of literature and the mutations of taste and fashion are presented, but the individual traits of single writers, unless those of the first class, are too often overlooked, and the rare merits of minor writings, which are in less regard because less known, cast almost entirely in the shade, or else unfaithfully noticed. This general fault applies to the three most prominent histories of literature with which the modern scholar is acquainted—the work of Schlegel, Sismundi, and Bouterwek. The late Introduction to the literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by Mr. Hallam, is open

to the same objections, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, to a wider and more prejudicial extent.

The capacity and requisite attainments on the part of an historian of European letters, would, if rigorously tested in the person of Mr. Hallam, incline one to place his pretensions and to rate his performance rather lower than the press and the reading public generally have thought proper to ascribe to him. The true position of this author in the literary republic, has been well defined by Macaulay, as that of a most liberal, fair and accurate political historian. But it will be readily seen that the very qualities that best fit Hallam for this department, are the least appropriate to him in his new character. The cool decisions and rigidly impartial statements of the narrator of civil and military occurrences, and of the speculatist on the political aspects of states and nations, diminish the influence of a literary spirit cherished with enthusiasm and kept fresh by a natural and healthy sympathy with men of genius. Hence we find the statesman and political economist has here got the better of the literary critic and the genuine man of letters. Mr. Hallam is a man of varied acquirements, much industry, and a correct judgment on points where he is well versed; but his work is after all little better than a *catalogue raisonné*, and in that section of it most interesting to the English reader—the department of old English prose and poetry—lamentably deficient, not only in a just appreciation of the glories of the reigns of Elizabeth, of James, and of Charles I., but also in some of the common details with which every gentleman of moderate reading is supposed to be acquainted. All questions of speculative theology and theoretical politics, the antiquarian history of the first editions of the classics, and the early translations of the Bible, the progress of oriental learning, and similar heads, are well and learnedly handled. The great defect of the writer is seen when he comes to speak of the minor prose literature of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and where those recondite niceties and delicate traits that test the fine critic, pass either without observation or are ignorantly and almost insolently treated. A feeling of the beauties of an obscure author of merit is as rare in the world of books, as the honest appreciation of a worthy man, who lives out of the world and is perhaps underrated by the few to whom he is known, is in the circles of society. Not only candor but also ingenuity is wanted,

in a critic of this description. The critic has candor, but is by no means an ingenious man in any of his works, and we apprehend not so well informed on these very topics as he ought to be. On this latter suggestion alone can we account for several false reports and very inadequate decisions. We have marked many instances, but shall at present quote but a few.

Mr. Hallam writes thus of Jeremy Taylor. "His sentences are of endless length, and hence *not only altogether unmusical*, but not always reducible to grammar." Of Donne and Cowley, he gives the old Johnsonian criticism, which has been amply refuted over and over again. He speaks of South as he is currently mentioned, merely a witty court preacher, and says not a word of his vigorous eloquence. Of Hammond's biblical annotations he treats at length, but adds not a syllable of the sermons of the English Fenelon. Among the Shakesperean commentators he mentions Mrs. Montague, and others inferior even to her, but omits altogether any reference to Hazlitt or Lamb. One of the most flagrant instances of a want of proper reverence for the finest writers of the finest period of English literature, is to be seen in his notice of the Mermaid tavern: "the oldest and not the worst of clubs." The circle in which Mr. Hallam moves is perhaps more courtly and aristocratical. His idol, Mr. Hookham Frere, possesses "admirable humor," but poor Owen Feltham, forsooth, who wrote the first century of his resolves at the age of eighteen, and lived the life of a dependant, is a harsh and quaint writer, full of sententious commonplaces. This young man, who was also poor, offers a stirring example of an early maturity of judgment, and of the union of genuine pathos and fanciful humor. His little volume will be read with gratification a century hence, and by a larger class than now peruse it, and we dare affirm with more pleasure than the long and inaccurate volumes of Hallam.

Mr. Hallam's judgments, often assuredly caught from second sources, are, when original, those of a critic with the taste of Dr. Blair; a strange union of French criticism and reverence for classic models current in the early part and until almost the close of the last century. He gives an opinion of Addison, to which no reader of varied acquisition, or of broad views of the present day, could by any possibility assent. After Lamb and Hazlitt's admirable criticisms, we cannot read with patience the labored cautious-

ness of Mr. Hallam, on the old English dramatists. Our author's notices of the old divines is too much a history of their polemical works, and the views of their pulpit eloquence either borrowed or else confused.

Lest the popular admiration for genius of the popular sort should run wild, he sneeringly alludes to a certain class of critics, who would erect the John Bunyans and Daniel Defoes into the gods of an idolatry. The historian would himself peradventure substitute Dr. Lingard and Sharon Turner, his brother historians, or a pair of biblical critics, or high Dutch commentators. There are critics who measure an author's works by the company he keeps, or the clothes he wears. We suspect Mr. Hallam to be one of them, who would treat Sir Harris Nicholas or the head of a college with unfeigned respect, but not allow himself to be ensnared into the *vulgar* society at Lamb's Wednesday evening parties, where Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Godwin, Hunt, and a host of the most brilliant men of the age, met to converse freely, like men, and not like literateurs or namby-pamby followers of noble lords.

The history of English literature alone is much too comprehensive a subject for any one man. Mr. D' Israeli, who advertised his intention of attempting it, has been wisely disappointed. The curiosities of literature he has a more real love of, than for the simple beauties of prose or poetry. He might have compiled merely a collection of rare facts and curious fragments, valuable for their suggestive matter to the student, but quite inadequate for a philosophical history of literature. The best criticisms are contained in classic lives, in letters, and the ablest review articles, in the lectures of Hazlitt, and the essays of Lamb and Leigh Hunt. With these writers Mr. Hallam may in no wise compete, and we trust he will follow the bent of his natural inclinations, in turning over state papers and government documents, and display his peculiar ability in sifting the measures of a party, and following up the consequences of a bill or a statute. For literary criticism, his cold temperament and negative taste are ill adapted. They incline him to look on the frank relation of an author's feelings as offensive egotism, and wholly obscure his perception of characteristic individuality or marked personal traits. J.

MESMERISM.

IN that cave, to which the human mind has been likened, the light that serves for use, turned aside, often traces upon the walls the appearances of horrid shades and ugly monsters. It would almost seem, that the brighter the truth, the more dark the accompanying error. Where the tropical sun pours his zenith strength on the great desert, his untamed rays, distorted by their own strength, cause the vision to be filled with a green and verdant land of waving trees and smiling fields, and cool fountains arched by the Druid's temple; but weary miles of thirsty travel teach its error to the deceived sense. So, deep in that holy place of the soul, whence springs her light, namely, her ideas of God, and her own deathlessness, freedom and judgment to come, there issue likewise, dark shadows, dreadful dreams, foreboding fancies. This soul, as she speaks in self-contemplation of her immortality, shudders like a Pythoness, at the solemn echoes and the grandeur of the infinite oracle, which brings thousands of meanings to the finite conception. While with that word which announces her freedom, comes the whisper of pride, *eritis sicut Dei*, and man is self-intoxicated.

The inward activity filling our thoughts would build up its own world, and fall finally foul of its own laws of thinking as tyrannous infringements upon the mighty mind. The activity that is outward, might merge the mind into an equality with its own impressions, a product alone of the mass of visible things. The invisible Law-giver has fixed this mental equator, and while blindness and inattention heedlessly crossing wander over Aleian fields, it serves as a sure and certain limit to earnest seekers after truth and a knowledge of their own natures, while the senses might dangerously lead into theories of D'Holbach and Condorcet, making the mind a mechanical effect, and dependent on a curious array of its own impressions, falsely styled atoms. So self-contemplation is the fountain whence comes mysticism, thaumaturgy, the exercise of charms, prophecyings, the desire to make a portion of Brahma. Hence Chaldean astrology, Thessalian witchcrafts, Rosicrucian dreams, Swedenborgian correspondences, and the delusions of Mesmerism. The mind, considered as a pure activity, and that intelligences can operate upon each other without stint or

limit, forms a labyrinth, where erring fancies may wander forever in company with fabled monsters of their creation. But truth gives us a clue like that given to Theseus by his star-crowned bride, and monster and labyrinth are readily vanquished.

Considered from its most fundamental doctrine, as well as the character of its cognate arts, Mesmerism springs from this proposition: the human intellect is the source of illimitable activity. It is perfectly useless, coming with this absurdity, this lie in the face of reason, to find out excuses and apologies for Mesmerism; to tell us, be not prejudiced against Mesmerism though Anthony Mesmer was a knave, a charlatan, and a debauchee; to exhibit to us his wealth and splendid rescourcés of knavery, the gorgeous sitting room, its tapestries of rich purple, casting a luxurious light, the cushions soft and sleep-inviting, the spirits of mandragora and poppy twined by chemic power around their flowery borders, the swell of deep, solemn, distant music, as it breathes soft as a dream of love upon the sense, waving as the outline of yonder swelling column, proportioned like the form of sleeping Dryad, while the haze of Arabian spice, myrrh and frankincense, is all around. This, we are told, is the antechamber to the temple of truth; and this youth, framed like Ganymede, is to introduce us into the innermost shrine of the Goddess. Forbear! the alluring sensualism leads only the path to idle dreams, fond illusions, to the sumptuous house of madness, despair and wo, the portion of those that peep into forbidden arts, that seek out for themselves familiar spirits; with curious lustful appetites they embrace a cloud, but find the torturing wheel of unsatisfied curiosity their continual portion. Be not prejudiced, though Anthony Mesmer, a worthy descendant of Simon Magus, did sell his new process of revealing truths and healing sickness; we will not profane the page by calling this fancied art what its admirers call it, and make the case of Magus and Mesmer identical. Do not be prejudiced, though Anthony Mesmer got little foundling Mesmers out of his Mesmerizees. Follow these itinerant philosophers, his successors, with their stool doves taken from the stews, making new recruits for the stews in return, and find out excuses for the great Mesmer's little frailties. Be not prejudiced, though these philosophers claim a spiritualization for themselves beyond yours. With all its professions of grandeur, it still re-

minds one of the ingenious artist who adapts the last medicament of the state to refractory necks, crying out with master Abhorson in the play, "Ay, sir, our mystery." But if you will intrust character, virtue and wit, to their keeping, they are trusty as Astolpho, and will bear your reason about with perfect comfort to you, as they boast; and if you can submit to their horrid orgies, they can carry it in a small brown paper package, no bigger than that in which haberdashers tie up parcels of tape. It will not require an urn like that which contains Orlando's.

"Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver."

Without desiring, then, to test the facts of Mesmerism by unnatural experimentalizings—which, as magnetizers themselves allow, are frequently followed by the fatuity of those who suffer them—let us take the facts proposed, and see in what respect they differ from other psychological phenomena, other lapses of consciousness, other wakenings of the vision-perceiving faculties of the mind. But let us carefully distinguish between facts, and deductions, wild and baseless, that run counter to the very laws of thought, and would obliterate the clearest truths, nay, subvert the doctrine of our identity, our consciousness, (as a leading observation, the fact on which metaphysic depends as a science,) the self-direction of the will, the laws of space, time, and sensation, and make our condition, that state a wise creator has ordained, "worse than worst of those uncertain lawless minds imagine, howling."

First among the facts brought forward, as the results of Mesmerism, are stupor and sleep; second the development of an unsconcious, maddened or diseased perception and action. The first of these appearances is common to the bulk of mankind, every diurnal cycle of the sun; and the second, of dreams, is common. There is, too, a not unfrequent disease—so similar to the higher grades of Mesmerism, as to have given a name to them, and which name being changed as regards the Mesmeric conditions, the practicers thereof propose to call auto-Mesmerism—that state in which persons wake, like lady Macbeth, and go about their ordinary occupations. What, then, are the causes of sleep, unconscious action and perception, besides this of magnetism?

Why, there are many such. The taking into the stomach drugs, as opium, bangue, alcoholic drinks, will produce sleep, unconsciousness, madness, sight-seeing. The exposure to the wind, to severe cold, to gentle rubbing by any physical or mechanical agent, to the warm bath, to electricity, both aerial and applied by machines will induce drowsiness and sleep. In many fevers and other diseases, dozing, sleep-walking and unconsciousness, are produced. Now, in these many conditions, wherein is there that cause which thus takes reason prisoner? One thing is plain, that the cause must, in every case, be outside of the mind; the presence of opium, of any physical agent, if—mediately or not—the cause, is thus external; and in the ordinary condition of healthy sleep, is there any indication of its being brought about by the mind itself? Try sedulously to sleep, force with all the powers of your will, and you find by the experiment (if the statement of the proposition that the exercise of a faculty can cause the exercise to cease, action to suspend its own activity, fails to convince) how little volition can do toward sleep. Natural sleep, as well as that induced by physical operations and medicaments affecting the bodily and vegetative functions, seems to result, in every instance, from some state of the vital system which differs altogether from the thinking essence, since that, unaltered, abides the wreck and decay of the body. Sleep is of the body. But the Mesmeric sleep is different in its cause; the strong will of another exerts its power, and the man is wrapt in a new slumber, a newly invented cloak of entire human fabrication. Mr. Townsend says, in his recent publication, "In Mesmerism, then the influence of man is always the proper antecedent, the state of Mesmeric sleep waking the proper consequent. Will any one declare that external causes have nothing whatever to do with the production of the Mesmeric state? yet this he must affirm, before he can consistently class Mesmerism with self-originating states of mind or body. In vain, therefore, is the Mesmeric sleep likened to, or identified with, natural sleep waking, hypochondriasis, catalepsy, &c. for it differs in one most important particular from any of these states; it is consequent upon external influence; it is induced, and that—whatever intermediate machinery may be set in motion—by the agency of man." *

* Townsend's Facts in Mesmerism, p. 91.

Are the sleep and the dreams brought on an eastern votary by his opium, self-originated? Can he grow poppies to waft him to the paradise of Houris in his own proper brain, and cheat his tavern-keeper? or is not the immediate cause an external one, namely, a lump of opium taken into the stomach, mixed with the blood, and put in close juxtaposition with the living fibre, but never making a part of that which perceives? Are not, in all the cases of narcotics, external causes put in action by the agency of man? We cannot conceive of disease without conceiving at the same time of its cause, and that, too, outside the mind, for what is natural is no disease; the defects that come from the original essence of the mind, as they are incurable, so they have no increase in malignity; they are its health. But this sleep differs from all other in this, that the resolve of a human will is the only cause inducing it. If this were so, men might become magnetized by friends in the antipodes; distance affects not resolves, any more than loves; space nor time could set a limit to the free function of the will; men would fall asleep incontinently when their distant friends thought of them. But the frictions and ticklings must be used as adjuncts, say the Mesmerisers. Then, if they must be the necessary antecedents, the physical appliances are the more immediate causes of this sleep; they take the place of the opium, the bangue, or the brandy, more clearly since your will, pulling with all force, cannot put to sleep yourself, or your correspondent a hundred miles off, unless by a drowsy letter or narcotic package despatched by mail. The argument, then, stands thus; that frictions and a resolve of the will —and frictions are mostly thus accompanied—have power to lull to sleep. The will alone cannot produce sleep; hence the true cause is the physical mean, and rubbing by a machine is as effectual as the hand. But how does it ever happen that the will affects another? its influence appears mighty, even to change the essence of the soul, and yet it may have no more than the plant of corn has in moulding the shape of its neighboring plant, though similar in blade, stalk and ear, each to the other.

In what modes, then, is it possible for one mind to have a power over another. By physical means, as these magnetisers employ in their juggles. The blow may strike, the sword may cut, but the body only suffers; the soul is yet impassive and unaffected, the attacks prove only that the steel is too

sharp, the poison too bitter for the tender fibres, the shrinking nerves of the flesh. But words of divine philosophy, of startling eloquence, can effect a change; they can make the eye sparkle, alter the life, turn the tide of passion, and fashion the mind as old Tubal Cain his clod of massy iron. What are instruments of the teachings of reason, the vehicles of passionate oratory? Words, signs, symbols of ideas. If the original feeling has never been felt, the word strikes the listener's ear and awakens no memory of the past; or if it do, it is a false one, as though the rustling wind should seem to utter a connected strain of music. Oratory, speech and reasoning, depend, then, upon an arbitrary set of signs, arranged between two to express common ideas, as they conjecture; and if a word or a sign be used for an idea never reached by judgment, a perception the senses have never recognized, it falls like the sound of an unknown tongue, and is met by the empty puzzled wonder of the hearer alone. Words, then, are but suggestions to memory, and minds correspond only on the hypothesis, that the sensations and ideas are parallel in each to those of another. But where is the source of love and good feeling between parent and child, friends and spouses? We would not explain it away, but would resolve it into the love of virtue and goodness. The soul never can be seen—but the pre-supposition of good thoughts attributed to another can awaken sympathy and love to that unknown whose image is cast darkly on the glass of the mind, to whom we are attracted in like manner, though in different degree, as to flower, cloud or sky, and whose loved attributes are but the shades we conceive, the good imaginations we can call up, the infinite types of the divine intelligence. In all experience, then, the thoughts of one human intelligence never can be incorporated with another. Thought is but self-change, and magnetism alone would introduce its ravings contrary to the course of all mental experience. Thus is magnetism probable only if we deny all the previous course of mental inductions. Oh the virtuous Mesmer, the liar and charlatan, and the weak-minded unconscious subjects of his art—weak-minded people are easiest made clairvoyants—form a crowd of witnesses willing, aye credible to swear down the whole world full of what they call merely negative testimony. Listen to the virtues that a currying the hide can bring forth, if done by the practiced hand of a Mesmer, the conclusive evidence of the truth of the asser-

tions of clairvoyants. Stray linen and errant spoons will now be found out—mainprised garments be reduced to their proper custodians. The oracles of the seive and shears are now obsolete. "Separated from the usual action of the senses the mind appears to gain juster notions, to have quite a new sense of spiritual things, and to be lifted nearer to the fountain of all good and of all truth. The great indication of this elevated state of feeling is, a horror of falsehood, which I found common to all sleep wakers." * Scoffers beware!—liar Mesmer has opened the source of truth.

Upon these deductions and ravings of crazed devotees, Mr. Townsend attempts to build a system of Mesmeric metaphysic. Instead of relying upon natural credulity, he would, less cunningly than the previous disciples of this all-faithworthy science, show its rationality. Now if the reasoning upon which the system is founded oppose the laws of human thought, the axioms of the mind, and universal truths, the scheme is of necessity absurd and impossible. We trust we have shown its improbability already.

On the subject of consciousness, Mr. Townsend tells us, consciousness may be divided into "simple consciousness, that is to say, the mind's action in those absent and dreaming moods where much thought is accompanied by no reflection, and is succeeded by no memory of the subject of its meditation. Retrospective consciousness: the mind's action when it passes through a series of former thoughts and sensations, without making them objects of scrutiny. Introspective consciousness: the mind's action when self-regardant. It is distinguished from mere memory in two marked particulars. It immediately succeeds the thought, on which it casts a reflective glance, and it has ourselves for its object. It is a state in which thought and observation of thought succeed each other so rapidly, and with such even alternation, as to seem identical." †

The last of these states, so recorded and accurately divided, seems to be the result of a healthy action of the mind. Is there consciousness where there is no memory, no reflection? But our search has nothing to do with Mr. Townsend's theories. The substance of his fancied art we would

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* Townsend's Facts in Mesmerism, p. 117.

† Townsend's Facts, p. 204.

find and test. Introspective consciousness, then, is where perception or judgment is followed by the Cartesian axiom, I think, I am. This thinking unit, existing by itself, has experienced a change; the change has roused it to a sense of existence, a knowledge of its individual unalterable oneness. At page 208, we are told Mesmerisers lose introspective consciousness; hence that they lose view of themselves, they become deranged, the memory is no longer sound. It is said they cannot read, for they forget the letters of the first syllable while mastering the second. To get anything out of them, the question must be put, What do you see now? and why is this? Mr. Townsend tells us, "There will be no obstacle to our subscribing to a proposition which goes far to explain and reconcile the antithetical phenomena of Mesmerism, namely, that the conditions of ordinary sensation are only restored to Mesmeric sleep wakers through their Mesmerizer."* There will exist this slight obstacle, that persons will not allow that it is reasonable for them to use other people's eyes, ears and nostrils, while they possess duplicate patterns of all those organs in their own right, or that an annihilation of the mind can exist for a time, and that two souls can be one now and then two again, that a thought can be perceived, a sensation felt in another's mind by self-consciousness, that identity can be juggled away by deductions drawn from sleepy, dozing, unconscious replies of artificial madwomen. And can dependence be placed on the answers of those, whose memories are treacherous even to the questions propounded, the ordinary signs of language, the impressions instantaneously preceding? Again, there appears to be an inability to account, on the supposition that the Mesmeriser pervades the mind of the Mesmerisee, for that sometimes she raves of things that have entered not into the mind of the operator, or even that of any intelligent being. Here the answer is obvious—the soul of divinity is comprehended by the poor dreamer: presto, she is a prophetess, and gifted with omniscience; an easy, a satisfactory mode, of accounting for her prescience. To the question, do you hear Mr. Cantbelieve? the answer is, I only hear you, Mr. Townsend. But Mr. Townsend hears the inquiry: if you live and think in him, you can hear what he does:—if you can see things

* Townsend's Facts, p. 150.

thousands of miles off, and retail conversations passing hundreds of leagues in distance from you, why are you deaf to that in the same room? Why, Mr. Cantbelieve is a skeptic, and out of the sphere of our mystery. As regards this Mesmeric perception, Mr. Townsend says, that there are evidently but two ways of perceiving objects; the one by being present to them in their essential verity, the other by communication with them through the intervention of types or shadows. The first mode of perception belongs to God alone. But the Mesmeriser does not perceive but by forming a part of the nature of things. How profane, how awful, are deductions from Mesmeric philosophizings. At one time Anna M— is Mr. Townsend, at another the object of man's devotion. The creature is a portion of the creator. Impious and scandalous are the results of unnatural experiments, as might be supposed. God is made an aerial vehicle, a dray horse, to bear ideas to be reviewed by Mesmerisers; he can be reflected from looking-glasses, and concentrated by a burning glass. Listen to the philosophizer. The medium of thought is thus described. "Undulatory, elastic, pervading in peculiar relation with the mind of man, it should seem so clearly to be identified with the medium spoken of in sensation. Already we have seen that, like heat, it can be imparted by one body to another, and that, like heat, it gradually leaves the body to which it is communicated. Some interesting experiments by Dr. Elliotson prove that, like light, it may be reflected from mirrors. A celebrated sculptor at Rome assured me that he had seen the experiment tried and verified on his own brother, by a nobleman, whose name it might be thought an impertinence in me to mention."

Of this pervading spirit Virgil finely, but like a heathen, thus sings, whence these heathenizing plagiarists have gotten their notions.

> Principio cœlum ac terras, camposque liquentes,
> Lucentumque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra,
> Spiritus intus alit; totam que infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.
>
> Ænead, lib. vi.

Here is the origin of the elastic medium of these spiritualists, and what interpretation can be put on it but that it is the Divinity? A kindred spirit, Cornelius Agrippa, has likewise, in his Occulta Philosophia, in such terms constituted

the soul. Ita patet immortalis anima per immortale corpusculum, videlicet, æthereum vehiculum, corpore clauditur crassiore et mortali.

We are Christians; we believe not the jargon of the tempting spirit, ye shall be as gods; we believe in the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come. We ask not for legislative enactments to restrain bad men from practicing these wickednesses, but we call on all thinking men to discard these absurdities, all good to avoid these impieties. Then this folly of our age will soon, like the recorded but neglected vagaries of previous times, be only a subject shrouded in oblivious neglect, to be disclosed only to contemptuous curiosity. Like the foam of a raging and agitated sea, it will remain for a time in some secret cave, and the next agitation of human thought will resolve it into a filthy stain on the walls and a few drops of dirty brine; while new irrationalisms will take its place, to convince alone of the wildness, the weakness, the fatuity, of man's misdirected activity.

A.

THE POETICAL REMAINS OF WINSLOW.*

FROM the materials furnished us by Bishop Doane, we propose to present a brief picture of the poet's life, as it is exhibited in his own writings and illustrated by the affectionate comments of his friends.

Winslow was born at Boston in 1815. His youth was remarkable for its willing obedience and docility, and the originality of his remarks. At four years old, he said to an aged relative, bent with years, "Aunt Sally, why do n't you *stoop backwards?*" There are worse things than this in the French Ana. At ten, he wrote respectable verses, showing no little exercise of imagination. His mother died when he was but six years old: and this may have been the most considerable

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* The true Catholic Churchman, in his life, and in his death: The Sermons and Poetical Remains of the Rev. Benjamin Davis Winslow, A. M. To which is prefixed the Sermon preached on the Sunday after his decease, with notes and additional memoranda, by Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1841. 8vo. pp. 317.

event of his life. Her memory became to him a religion. It doubtless, gave a sense of spirituality to his piety, and probably determined his early inclinations to the Church. He could not have had a more sacred motive. It was one of the employments of his boyhood to read Cowper's lines to his mother's picture, and apply them to his own case. In his last days, he looked to death as a reunion with his parent. He became an enthusiastic student at Harvard, for which he ever retained a strong attachment; and from thence he passed to the New-York Theological Seminary. At this period, he wrote and published, chiefly, we believe, in the 'Churchman,' most of the verses preserved in the 'Remains.' We have, also, a few letters written at this time. From the latter, he appears a zealous Churchman. Of the world, with its variety of pursuits and pleasures, he seems never to have known much—his letters never wander from his immediate calling. He was not fond of letter-writing, and it must be said that he does not show, in the few specimens given us, any aptness for the pursuit. There is very little particularity, as evidence of any individuality of character. They are such letters as any commonplace young clergyman of pious feelings might easily furnish.—His poetry is the fit vehicle for his enthusiasm. In verse, he gives expression to the ardor of his feelings for the Church, and betrays the sentiment of a warm heart, nurtured in the stillness and seclusion of favorite studies. A youthful spirit sometimes whispered to him dreams of romance, as in the following fine poem.

THE LOVER STUDENT.

With a burning brow and weary limb,
  From the parting glance of day,
The student sits in his study dim,
  Till the east with dawn is gray;
But what are those musty tomes to him?
  His spirit is far away.

He seeks, in fancy, the halls of light
  Where his lady leads the dance,
Where the festal bowers are gleaming bright,
  Lit up by her sunny glance;
And he thinks of her the live-long night—
  She thinketh of him—perchance!

Yet many a gallant knight is by,
  To dwell on each gushing tone,
To drink the smile of that love-lit eye,
  Which should beam on him alone;
To woo with the vow, the glance and sigh,
  The heart that he claims his own.

The student bends o'er the snowy page,
  And he grasps his well-worn pen,
That he may write him a lesson sage,
  To read to the sons of men;
But softer lessons his thoughts engage,
  And he flings it down again.

The student's orisons must arise
  At the vesper's solemn peal,
So he gazeth up to the tranquil skies
  Which no angel forms reveal,
But an earthly seraph's laughing eyes
  Mid his whispered prayers will steal.

In vain his spirit would now recur
  To his little study dim,
In vain the notes of the vesper stir
  In the cloister cold and grim;
Through the live-long night he thinks of her—
  Doth his lady think of him?

Then up he looks to the clear cold moon,
  But no calm to him she brings;
His troubled spirit is out of tune,
  And loosened its countless strings;
Yet in the quiet of night's still noon
  To his lady love he sings:

'Thou in thy bower
  And I in my cell,
Through each festal hour
  Divided must dwell;
Yet we 're united
  Though forms are apart,
Since love's vows plighted
  Have bound us in heart.

'Proud sons of fashion
  Now murmur to thee
Accents of passion,
  All treason to me;
Others are gazing
  On that glance divine;
Others are praising—
  Are their words like *mine*?

'Heed not the wooer
With soft vows exprest;
One heart beats truer—
Thou know'st in *whose* breast.
To him thou hast spoken
Words not lightly told;
His heart would be broken
If thine should grow cold!

'The stars faintly glimmer
And fade into day,
This taper burns dimmer
With vanishing ray;
Oh never thus fading,
May fortune grow pale
With sorrow-clouds' shading,
Or plighted faith fail!

'Hush my wild numbers!
Dawn breaketh above—
Soft be thy slumbers,
Adieu to thee love!
Sad vigils keeping,
I think upon thee,
And dream of thee sleeping,
My own Melanie!'

Yet another of the few secular poems we must quote, before we turn to his sacred character. New York he never loved, if we may judge from his letters: and how could he? He heard only of its crime and evil; he knew nothing of its social resources, its activity, its endless means for the accomplishment of any end—and there are many pursued here in which he might have delighted—its literature, and he separated himself (wisely or not we cannot say) from its peculiar amusements. In prose he has not written so favorably of the city as in verse, but the spirit of poetry is the wiser. He does not write in the following lines, quite so much as a humanitarian, as we could have desired—he seems to think too little of man, but he remarks, the wide heavens are spread above the city as well as the fields.

THOUGHTS FOR THE CITY.

Out on the city's hum!
My spirit would flee from the haunts of men,
To where the woodland and leafy glen
Are eloquently dumb.

These dull brick walls which span
My daily walks, and which shut me in;
These crowded streets, with their busy din—
They tell too much of man.

O! for those dear wild flowers,
Which in the meadows so brightly grew,
Where the honey-bee and blithe bird flew,
That gladden'd boyhood's hours.

Out on these chains of flesh!
Binding the pilgrim, who fain would roam,
To where kind nature hath made her home,
In bowers so green and fresh.

But is not nature here?
From these troubled scenes look up and view
The orb of day, through the firmament blue,
Pursue his bright career.

Or, when the night-dews fall,
Go watch the moon, with her gentle glance
Flitting over that clear expanse—
Her own broad star-lit hall.

Mortal the earth may mar,
And blot out its beauties one by one;
But he cannot dim the fadeless sun,
Or quench a single star.

And o'er the dusky town,
The greater light that ruleth the day,
And the heav'nly host, in their bright array,
Look gloriously down.

So mid the hollow mirth,
The din and strife of the crowded mart;
We may ever lift up the eye and heart
To scenes above the earth.

Blest thought, so kindly given!
That though he toils with his boasted might,
Man cannot shut from his brother's sight
The things and thoughts of Heaven!

He was next ordained a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the love of her ritual and discipline had long been an independent trait of his character. We are told that he now relinquished poetry for the immediate practical part of his profession—he once, afterwards, returned to it; some of his last thoughts on his bed of illness,

almost unconsciously, shaped themselves into verse. But his life, it was finely remarked, was a psalm.

The greater portion of the volume of the 'Remains' is taken up with his sermons which belong to this period. We have looked in vain in them for any remarkable illustrations of character. But we have no right to ask more of Winslow than from others. The pulpit dwells chiefly in generalities. Its tone is vague and monotonous. Most sermons are wanting in appropriateness and distinction of language. They lack individuality of life and character, and hence of writing. There are no gradations of passion, no limits of style. The naturalness and variety in the exhibition of feeling, so winning in the other walks of literature, we never meet with at church. The preacher speaks on topics to which there is the key in every man's breast, yet how few are moved! They tell us of many impenitent hearers, forgetting the number of incompetent preachers. We want originality, not novelty, in the pulpit: the truths uttered there are good enough, but in the expression of them how much more justness, nicety and feeling, might there be displayed? What fine alternations there should be of solemn dignity and grandeur for the lofty passages, of meek pathos and soul-subduing sentiment for the gentle lessons, of the New Testament! We seek not the light graces of literature in the pulpit; but we ask for a manly, well proportioned oration. We see not why a Christian preacher should argue the cause of his religion, in less welcome terms than a statesman pleads for his country. We do not invite the use, even, of the best profane models, though they ought never to be rejected; but we recommend the eloquence of St. Paul, who, in his resources, and the skill with which he uses them, fairly rivals Demosthenes. In the absence of a just style of preaching, we are more strongly moved by writings, so called, profane, than by the professed declamatory appeals and ill-adapted morality of the pulpit. The best sermons are those not called by that name; the death of Le Fevre, the pathos of Mackenzie, the severe moral penetration of Carlyle, the domestic nature of Jean Paul, the hymns of Wordsworth. Nay, is not every man's life his best sermon? Why have we not a more exact reflection of this in the pulpit?

In the sermons of Winslow, there are occasional passages of enthusiasm rising to eloquence, and there are instances of particularity in his appeals, that come home to the life; but

in their general texture, there is nothing to except them from the prevailing feebleness of this class of compositions.

We have now left to us but a sad task to perform, and we shall perform it briefly. It is to relate the narrative of death. Alas! how many of our poets have died young, There are Drake, and Brainerd, and Sands, and Eastburn, and Griffin—whom of them all Winslow most resembled. The history of American genius might almost be written in a series of obituaries of youth. Were those who within the brief present century have died untimely now alive, there would be no complaint of the poverty of American writers. It is for us only to do honor to their names. Let the spirit in which Winslow met death be recorded in a single anecdote. When he was suffering under disease and knew that each hour of his life was numbered and that he could live no longer for earth, he still pursued his studies with his Greek and Hebrew Bible. "Why not improve the mind?" said he, "it is immortal."

In the twenty-fifth year of his age, in the blessing of his friend and Bishop, he died, his expiring breath animated by the solemnities of the Christian church. He calmly traced on his cold brow the sign of the Cross. The Bishop pronounced over him the benediction, "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." He answered, "Amen." The Bishop added, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He turned his eyes to heaven and pointed upwards—his last gesture.

Such was the death of a Christian Poet, whom we delight to honor.

SATIRE AND SENTIMENT.

SATIRE and sentiment represent the extreme opposite poles of conversation and authorship; the tendency of the first being to bitterness, and of the second, to affectation. The love of scandalous gossip is the offspring and bond of fashionable society, as weak sentimentality results from an

unnatural refinement of the feelings. In their natural and healthy state, both of these faculties of censure and compassion, of raillery and sympathy, are of the utmost importance to society as well as to individuals; but we oftener find the instinctive appetite for both depraved, rather than indulged to a proper and satisfactory limit. As the virtue of censure may so soon become debased into the vice of lampoon, and delicate generosity gradually descend into ephemeral sensibility, some line of distinction appears necessary to mark the province and duties of each.

Honest satire, from a writer or speaker of worth, provoked by meanness or inflamed by dishonesty, serves as one of the strongest checks upon folly and crime. Without it the world would run mad. Next to religion, it offers the surest moral restraint on the absurd conceits and wild passions of man. Nay, many who affect to despise religion, dread the sharp pen of the satirist, when he has truth and justice on his side. Even the eminent, who are not endued with strength of will or intellectual courage, are too often deterred from praiseworthy actions by the dread of personal ridicule. Pope says of himself as a satirist—and the world has never seen a better—that they who feared not God, were still afraid of him: and this was written without presumption or hastiness. But is satire always honest? Is it so, generally? We suspect the answer would be decidedly in the negative. Instead of correction of abuses, we meet abuse itself; in place of truth, we hear scandal; for general censure, we read personalities; we find bigotry where we should enlarged views.

The same holds true with regard to sentiment. By dwelling too much on the kind impulses that prompt to friendship and love among equals, and to compassion and assistance towards inferiors in fortune and station, the sensitive part of our natures overlays the practical. We write pathetically or talk like Howard, but refuse the aid common humanity expects us to bestow. Excessive indulgence of feeling paralyzes the active powers, and frequently unfits one, however charitably inclined, for the offices of charity. The moral influence of satire, pursued to a more than ordinary extent and without just intentions, is to embitter the heart. Few satirists have been kind-hearted men. The pen of the satirist is dipt in gall, and his fierce denunciations flow too often from a malicious disposition. Even light, airy ridicule, may come from the depths of a sore and wounded spirit, and of which

it may serve as the cloak. Most writers of satire—those eminent chiefly for that peculiar talent—have been disappointed men, or somehow unfortunately placed in the world. A crooked back in Pope, a club-foot in Byron, and even slighter personal defects, have fretted many a noble spirit. Poverty, too, first animated the powers of Johnson, and sustained the keen rebukes of Churchill. Swift's ill success at court, and Walpole's luxurious leisure—the extremes of fortune—soured the one, and rendered the other flippant, cold, and unfeeling. And if we knew the exact personal history of the prominent satirists, we should learn how greatly their intellectual powers were modified by the mischances of life or the uncertainties of fortune. Scorn and scoffing, in turn, react upon the writer and produce ill effects in unhinging the whole harmony of the faculties and affections. The hard heart and the skeptical head, the unbelief in goodness and the triumph over the destruction of even the most criminal, are the natural fruits of this same satirical spirit.

A mere sentimentalist, again, is nearly as bad. His refinements as well as those of the satirist, serve to harden the heart, though in a different and more plausible way. His object is, to make a heart in the head; to change the sensitive into the intellectual part of our nature, and to make reflective ideas stand for genuine emotions. Authors have in this way been guilty to a great degree. How much false pity have not their books engendered! How thoroughly they have managed, by their soft tales of woe, to petrify the affections! Strange paradox, yet a true report. This whining sort of philosophy, in time grows into a levity of character and utter indifference. Objects of compassion are only regarded as objects of speculation, not as objects of charity. They are considered as topics for ingenious lectures and the boast of analytic skill. A painter looks at a beggar for his picturesqueness, his rags, and colored skin, and forlorn air: the moral anatomist prefers to read an affecting description of him: the philanthropist alone offers him aid as a suffering fellow-creature.—Practical benevolence is thus made the test of fine sentiment; all else is little better than an intellectual grace, and the cunning refinements of an elegant courtier. This alone, sentiment is generally found; and, hollow though it be, it throws a nameless charm over the sternest characters, and gilds, as with the rays of a mild moon, the brilliances of wit and repartee.

Human nature is commonly viewed, by speculative wri-

ters and in conversation, either in the dignity of a lofty elevation, or else in the degradation of a contemptible spirit. This opposition of tastes has given rise to the very different forms of satirical and sentimental description. A turn to either of these is always determined by the character of the writer or speaker, himself. His sentiment forms, generally, the best picture of his own mind; as a man's actions best represent his individual temper.

In conversation, satire bears the palm, as the love of gossip is universal, and, indeed, forms the strongest bond of what is called fashionable society.—Take away from that charmed circle its bitterness, its jealousies, its scandalous reports, its mean bickerings, its spirit of scorn, its self-suffering, its real emptiness, and what do you leave behind? Abuse well-spiced, falsehoods well-told, a want of charity handsomely set off, are they not the prime talents of the leaders of fashion? In books, too, nothing passes off so well, now-a-days, as a lively relation of personal history, and the domestic manners of the great vulgar. Sentiment is excluded from the very strictest circles of fashion, as too grave and serious. It cannot—such as it is, for the most part—withstand the attacks of ridicule and ironical eulogium. It takes refuge in the blue stocking circles; not in the company of real scholars or authors of genius, but amongst literary pretenders, and without learning or ability.

The most popular authors deal in the extremes of ridicule and pathos; they alternately employ jibes or tears, to awaken fear or move to pity. It may be noticed, however, that the common herd of men respect most those they dread. They get to despise those who appeal to their compassion. "We gain the respect of mankind by exposing their vices. We are rewarded with their contempt by dwelling on their good qualities. Swift is feared, hated and esteemed; Mackenzie is liked, pitied and despised." These instances apply more correctly to the voice of contemporary critics.—They finally courted the Dean, though they left Mackenzie to drag out the last years of his life, poor and forgotten.

Satire is hence more generally appreciable than sentiment, as it appeals to a lower range of faculties, an inferior class of minds. Indignation is a commoner feeling than pity. We hate more heartily—taking the world in general—than we commiserate. Satire is more palpable than sentiment;

applies oftener to personal than mental defects; is better gratified with ridicule of dress and manner, than with contempt of character or abilities. More fear the satirist than love the philanthropist; as a greater number are to be found who apprehend the sting of the wasp, than of those who admire the notes of the dove.

Sentiment, the simpler it is the better: satire must be fine to cut deep. A coarse and bitter satirist, who mangles while he "whips" abuses, is a mere butcher; a delicate censor is like a skilful surgeon, who probes the moral gangrene only to heal it the more completely. The finer satire is, the more lasting, though more indirect, its effects. The broader and rougher satire is, the more opposition it provokes, and the less benefit it affords. Elaborate sentiment is harsh and cold. The old ballad writers held this spirit in perfection; they were simple, because natural. The modern parlor poets, the sentimental song writers of the day, are full of frigid conceits and turgid ornaments. Compare Moore with Burns—the last of the old minstrels—and you may see the difference between true feeling and affected emotion. Moore endeavors to create a sensation among his audience; Burns, to touch the heart of the reader or singer;—of the sentimental talker of fashion, Joseph Surface is a fair specimen, eternally moralizing and making reflections upon trivialities. This is the true fashionable pedantry, more contracted than that of the scholar and antiquary.

True sentiment, the offspring of natural feeling and inteligent judgment, is the sure bond of friendship and love, for what is love but the purest and highest of all sentiments? which is only such in its essence, when wholly detached from all thoughts of a sensual description. The highest love is the noblest sentiment,—self-denying, exalted, sincere. Next to that sublime emotion, and perhaps more lasting—where really constant at all—is generous friendship, of which, though the longer we live the more incredulous we become, yet which, when we do find it firm, we revere as the noblest passion that can fill the breast of humanity.

As to the requisites for writers in these departments: Satire requires intellectual acuteness; sentiment, a refinement and nicety of thought. There is a sentiment of the head—already referred to—current among authors: there is a sentiment of the heart, native to philanthropists. There is a commoner sort still, the sentiment of conversation. To be

a witty satirist, requires a keen understanding. To become a tolerable sentimental writer, a goodly quantity of interjections. In books, to be a strong satirist, demands greater force of intellect: to write delicate sentiment calls for ingenuity of perception and delicacy of taste. Sentiment requires an author with a certain effeminacy of thought and style, like Marmontel, who, in his memoirs, confesses the effect of female society and conversation on his writings. Satire, on the other hand, is masculine, and braces the powers of the intellect.

Sentiment is of three kinds: plain, honest, manly, simple —the outbursting of an uncorrupted heart—or, graceful and refined, cultivated by education, elevated by society, purified by religion; or else of that magnificent and swelling character, such as fills the breast of the patriot and the genuine philanthropist. The sentiment of old Izaak Walton—to take examples from books—answers to the first: the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne, to the second: the sentiment of Wordsworth, and Burke, and Shakespeare, to the third.

In the character of a complete gentleman, satire should occupy no position of consequence: it should be held subordinate to the higher principles and nobler sentiments. A desire to diminish and ridicule is meaner than the ambition "to elevate and surprise." It is even more agreeable to find eulogy in excess, than censure. A boaster ranks above a tattler, and a vain-glorious fellow is always better received than a carking, contemptible depreciater.—Easy, pleasant raillery is not the thing we mean, but a cold, malicious, sneering humor, a turn for degrading and vitiating every thing. Sentiment, in its purity, which continually leans to the ideal of perfection, is to be cherished,—a remnant of Christian chivalry,—as the fit ornament of the accomplished gentleman;—an ornament like that promised in the Book of Proverbs to the good son, "an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck." J.

THE WANTS OF MAN.*

As a statesman and friend of the public good, we certainly entertain a becoming respect for the venerable ex-President: a certain measure of critical incredulity might be therefore justly allowed us in forming an estimate of his poetical undertakings. The poem before us, if not praiseworthy in execution, is at least meritorious in the circumstances of its production; having been written, as appears by a note prefixed, in behalf of twenty-five young ladies of the Ogle District, who had applied for the autograph of Mr. Adams. Twenty-five distinct drafts on the bank of the Muses has the illustrious member from Massachusetts made, to satisfy the very laudable anxiety of his amiable young country-women; and in twenty-five stanzas has he set forth the "wants of man,"—a moderate compass, one would suppose, for so wide a subject—but in which the distinguished author has succeeded in accumulating a very respectable burthen of appetites, desires and longings: canvass backs and a spacious lodging for the body—with servants attending—not forgotten. The poem is in fact no less than a grand metrical proclamation to the whole country of the physical and metaphysical condition of the venerable author's soul at the age of seventy; and affords a curious spectacle, as showing with what vigor certain passions and cravings, supposed to be the chronic affections of youth, may survive to a hale and ripe old age.

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* "John Q. Adams is one of the intellectual prodigies whose characters distinguish eras of time. An hundred years hence I doubt whether the American annals will show more than two names—Benjamin Franklin and George Washington—brighter than that of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams is now 74 years old, but years have made no impression upon his intellect. Mr. Morgan, whose seat in the House is next to that of Mr. Adams, has obtained for me, with permission to publish in the Journal, a copy of the Poem which I enclose. It was written in July, 1840, under these circumstances: Gen. Ogle informed Mr. Adams that several young ladies in his District had requested him to obtain Mr. A.'s Autograph for them. In accordance with this request Mr. Adams wrote the following beautiful Poem upon "*The Wants of Man*," each stanza upon a sheet of Note Paper. What American young lady would not set a precious value upon such an Autograph from the illustrious Statesman."—*Washington Correspondence of the Alb. Eve. Jour.*

What first I want is daily bread,
  And canvass backs and wine:
And all the realms of nature spread
  Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
  My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
  To dress my dinner well.

What next I want at heavy cost,
  Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
  And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
  My bosom's front to deck—
And diamond rings my hands to grace;
  And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
  A dwelling house in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air,
  A massive marble pile;
With halls for banquets and for balls,
  All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
  And cellars for my wine;—

And mirrors of the largest pane
  From Venice must be brought:
And sandal-wood and bamboo cane
  For chairs and tables bought,
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
  Of thrice gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
  Invite the stranger's hand.

These are scarcely the inspired wishes and lofty conceptions of a life devoted to statesmanship; the meek lessons from the lips of Nestor to the coming generation of youth. Man has a body as well as a spirit, and it is one of the blessings of modern civilization that the wants of the body are attended with all the refinements of art and the skill of the most practiced physicians—to the great benefit and welfare of the spirit. With the appliances of modern life, an invalid may be stronger than a giant in the savage state. All this we remember—and we are friends to comfort and home—and it is because we are friends to real ease and happiness of living, that we do not relish the uncomfortable, school girls' idea of pleasure, shadowed

forth in these remarkable longings. We once heard of an apprentice who took to his bed and sighed for pomegranates till he was rewarded with jalap. Who does not remember the remarkable wishes of Mrs. Pickle and the discomfiture of Commodore Trunnion?

We like the relish of life and the warm feeling of humanity with which a man of strong physical susceptibilities wraps himself up in various allowable luxuries. Every genuine man is, at times, a Sancho Panza—provident of dinner, and rejoiced unutterably at scenes like Camacho's wedding, as well as a Don Quixote, the lover of his kind, and the spiritual dreamer in his inner life. We enjoy Cowper's eulogy of coffee, Elia's sympathy with pig, and his lingering farewell to tobacco. It is a comfort to us to hear of a great man that he taps his snuff-box with a spirit; we taste the flavor of Dr. Johnson's twenty-fifth cup of tea fresh from the hands of Mrs. Thrale, and it is always an anecdote in point over the table that Buonaparte's favorite wine was Chambertin. We like, too, the luxuries of a home, though we would not presume to dignify it even in imagination with the name of a mansion. We have an unsatisfied desire for a house and trees and fountains and gardens. *Hoc erat in votis.* In this there is nothing amiss. The righteous soul of Milton, in a noble sonnet, dwells on the classic festivity of a Sabine farm. There are many enjoyable things a man may covet without infringement of the tenth commandment.

In poetry and the essay, we look for personalities, the reflection of the individual, and the picture comes home to our hearts as surely as it proceeds from the heart of the writer. But these splendid generalities have nothing to commend them. They affect us in a similar manner to the advertisements of Mr. George Robins, of auctioneering celebrity. Before his potent hammer, as a wand of enchantment, a small freehold in Devonshire is converted into a vale of Tempe; arches rise and rivers flow, mail-coach lines come to the door, the meadows fatten, the parlors are all that elegance could desire, the windows look over scenes of illimitable beauty, and the fortunate possessor is blest with "the potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." We should be sorry to deny Mr. Adams the praise of originality, but we must be pardoned if we suggest a faint recollection of the following stanza. It occurs, we believe,

in the unedited poetry published under the auspices of the late Bonfanti. Like Mr. Pease of the present day, Bonfanti kept a poet, and the newspapers were one choral song of fancy clocks, toys, perfumeries and amber. A respectable old lady in our presence once drew the happiest from her work bag, and selected the best voice of the company, the most youthful, for the pleasing entertainment of reading the same aloud on the hearth rug. It was, to her, sweeter than Milton, or Shakespeare, or the song of Apollo. This is the verse of John Quincy Adams.

My wife and daughters will desire
  Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
  And artificial blooms.
The Civet fragrance shall dispense,
  And treasur'd sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
  And smoking amber burn.

The moralities of life follow; but friendship, patriotism, and ambition, are not quite the proper retainers and successors of the Civet. The claims of religion are alluded to, in two closing stanzas—"a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack."

THE FINE ARTS.

THE PARK THEATRE.

MR. SIMPSON commenced the present season with the legitimate drama, supported by a fair stock company, and was successful. This says much for the efficiency of a good theatrical management. We have no great faith, as we have elsewhere stated, in the theatre now building itself up upon the legitimate drama. It is not likely to have a constant attraction, but as an important part of the stage performances it may be cultivated with success, and the commencement, as begun at the Park, is every way worthy of continuance.

The first performance of the season was the Midsummer Night's Dream; and it was a bold attempt, to say nothing of the poetical heresy to bring it on the stage. The undertaking re-

minds one of the practice at the English Opera House in London. The larger theatres enjoy the monopoly of five act plays, so a very respectable tragedy is cut down to three, interpolated with singing, and passed off as a musical burletta. The Midsummer Night's Dream was played in four acts, and it would have been better in three. The plots and counterplots of Puck grew something tedious. Our worthy forefathers in Shakespeare's day could relish some very grave entertainments in the shape of masks and allegory, for which we moderns have no patience. We presume no one attended the theatre at the representation to enjoy the beauty of the poetry, or add to their appreciation of Shakespeare. The expectations of such, if such there were, were dashed by the first announcement of the bills,—the Midsummer Night's Dream of poetry was heralded as "a grotesque comedy." But as a melo-dramatic, musical piece, the play went off indifferently well. It is true, there was not a saying capitally well said, or a speech remarkably well delivered, the whole evening. Mr. Fredericks, whom we regret to see again on the boards—for his affected blank delivery threatens to overpower many a tragedy—spoiled some fine poetry in Theseus; Clarke, who, in his younger days, must have played to empty benches, for he always comes on the stage with a look of amazement at the sight of an audience, had nothing in common with Demetrius, except that Demetrius is a troublesome fellow in the play, and Clarke is unpleasant on the stage; Wheatley looked well as Lysander—he has improved of late—his voice is more mellow, he is less spiteful and vehement, has substituted ease of manner for the emphasis of a scowl, though he has yet something to learn in the way of moderation. Miss Cushman is a good actress, and acted Oberon. The appearances of the "hard handed men of Athens"—Bottom, and Peter Quince, Starveling, the tailor, and Snug, the joiner—formed the most characteristic and only satisfactory scenes of the whole. The acting here was farcical and grotesque, like the play, and strictly within the scope of the stage. Pyramus and Thisbe by itself would still form a very respectable interlude. Here were the very characters that Shakespeare dressed up in ridicule of the private entertainments of his day. Wall, with his coat of rough cast, Moonshine, with brush, lanthorn and dog, and the memorable prologue of Nick Bottom, the weaver. Williams took the part of Bottom—not the bustling, humorous character we had conceived, but equally good in another way. He was the very essence of vulgarity and conceit, full of a perking insolence and ill-concealed uneasiness to be every thing. The curiosity of play-goers was gratified at the end of a week, and the play withdrawn.

A succession of old fashioned stage plays succeeded, respect-

ably acted. The Poor Gentleman, The Heir at Law, Wild Oats and the Beaux Stratagem, the last of which was perhaps the strongest trial of the strength of the company. This held its own by the humor of Farquhar rather than the talent of the company. Williams, who has most humor, was too much of the buffoon and overacted the part even of Scrub, which is broad enough in itself. Browne is an actor of more judgment, with a better theatrical conception of character, and played Archer; but this is the character of a gentleman, a character as such, the gentleman by profession and courtesy, extinct in real life and only to be recalled on the stage by Charles Mathews among the present race of actors—who possesses the indefinable grace and gentleness of the part. Latham is an unequal general actor, though his oddity gives him the lead in some parts, as Dr. Pangloss. Mons. Foigard only made us regret the absence of Power. Bellamy acted Sullen, a sulky sot represented to the life. Fisher wanted solidity and robustness of humor for the part of Boniface. He was too thin and shallow in his jests. Wheatley's Aimwell was very respectable. Mrs. Wheatley had little to do, at which we were disappointed, for she looked the very picture of Lady Bountiful. The Misses Cushman contrasted favorably together. Mrs. Knight as Cherry acquitted herself satisfactorily, and pretty Mrs. Pritchard lost none of her good looks in Gipsey.

Mr. Hackett has appeared and repeated his usual characters. He is always welcome. His Falstaff is one of the standard performances of the stage; as near, perhaps, the ideal character—which the stage can never reach—as we are ever likely to see it represented. He attempted also the part of O'Callaghan, in Power's acting piece of His Last Legs. Mr. Hackett might have succeeded in this, either as a reminiscence, a direct imitation of Power—in which he might almost have drawn tears from the audience—or as an entirely original character. O'Callaghan is a poor foot ball of fortune who might be of any country. Mr. Hackett gave his own version of the Irishman—a new character entirely for him—and was not successful; though we know no one can have a better enjoyment of the part or conception of it. To us the effect was melancholy. The tones of poor Power's voice seemed to hang about the house.

The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

This brings our narrative to the present moment. Mr. Barry is engaged in bringing out the play of London Assurance, one of the most popular of Madame Vestris' capital stage performances, which revived the fortunes of Covent Garden the last season. It

is full of incident, bustle and vivacity, and it is understood will be produced with extraordinary care. It will doubtless be successful. Placide should take his old post in the stock company to perform in it. He is as good an actor as ever, notwithstanding the fire of English criticism he recently sustained from the London press. He appeared in England at great disadvantages. His available parts were doubtless those in which he acted with Power—but Power was no more. His Sir Peter Teazle and Acres were bold experiments with a British audience. His Lingo was better liked, and these were the only parts in which he appeared. The general estimate of Placide's acting by the best of the London critics, we had already ourselves expressed ;* yet we regret they did not see more of him in his best characters. We shall look for his appearance at the Park with pleasure.

THE LATE JOHN BARNES.

[The annexed biographical narrative is from the most authentic source. Were the writer known, its details would present a simple pathos and feeling, beyond any language or rhetoric. How barren are words and facts, when we know not the heart of the narrator. Within the sacred limits of the family, how elevated and full of meaning are those apparent commonplaces which strike the ear of the stranger as dullness and vanity. We thus commend the following to the best sympathies of the reader.—Eds. Arc.]

John Barnes was born in London, on the fifth of January, 1780. He was the eldest son of a well-known architect of the same name, under whose direction several ranges of buildings were erected in the east end of London; and whose name is, even now, remembered there. The son was intended for the same occupation, and possessed great taste, as well as complete knowledge of the science of architecture, as was exemplified in all the plans and alterations which he afterwards effected in his own residences, and drew entirely himself. Like many other youths of his acquaintance, he acted repeatedly at a private theatre, among whose members, at different times, were Charles Young, Elliston, the late Charles Mathews, and subsequently, Liston. Mr. Barnes' taste instinctively prompted him to the leading old men, and the first part I can trace, was old Rapid, in the Cure for the Heart-ache. The manager of the old Margate theatre, Wilmot Wells, saw him perform this part, and immediately

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* Arcturus, Vol. I. p. 188.

offered him an engagement for that line of business. This so elated Mr. Barnes, then a mere youth, that he left his father's comfortable home, for a theatrical life. Encouraged by this success, he continued on the stage, and was a great favorite, especially in Plymouth, where he played the whole round of characters, with Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Davison, then Miss Duncan, and Mrs. Charles Kemble, then Miss DeCamp, and others. He subsequently engaged with Macready, father of the present lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and remained several seasons with him in Manchester, Chester, Liverpool, &c. Of late years, old residents of Manchester have been heard to speak of the song of "Barney leave the girls alone," then nightly encored two or three times. The younger Macready and Mr. Barnes were companions and intimate friends.

In April, 1806, Mr. Barnes married a young lady of property, in Plymouth, Miss Frances Mitchell, who died in December, 1808, and is interred in the chancel of Chester Cathedral, with her infant son. In Manchester, Mr. B. first met the present Mrs. Barnes, who was, at that time, the bright particular star of that town, and also of Newcastle upon Tyne, where, in April, 1810, he married her. They acted together in Hull and York, still with great success, and in 1811, they both first appeared at the Haymarket in the Honey Moon, being also the first appearance there of John Cooper, Richard Jones, and the late well known Finn.—They remained some time at the Haymarket, performing night after night, with Munden as Old Dornton, Elliston as Harry, Mr. Barnes as Silky, and Mrs. Barnes as Sophia, in the Road to Ruin. Mr. Barnes afterwards went to Drury Lane, and after an application from Thos. A. Cooper, he subsequently effected an engagement with Stephen Price, for himself and wife, in this country, where they landed in April, 1816. Mr. Barnes opened on Monday, April 22, 1816, in Sir Peter Teazle, and Lingo, in the Agreeable Surprise.

In 1822, he returned with his wife and infant daughter to England, having providentially escaped sailing in the "Albion" Packet, for which their passages were engaged, and which was lost, with every soul on board, off the Irish coast. Mr. Barnes then remained at Drury Lane Theatre till his return to America, in 1824, and was still the established favorite of the New York public, varying his life by frequent visits to the neighboring cities. In 1832, after much dissatisfaction from the lessee, Mr. Price, he left the theatre, and, in May, opened the Richmond Hill Theatre. No pains or expense was spared to render it worthy of patronage, but that year will ever be memorable in our city's records, as the year of the Cholera. The approach of this

scourge was, of course, the destruction of all gaiety, and after a long and honorable struggle, Mr. B. relinquished the concern.—Hoping, in some measure to aid in retrieving the heavy losses they had experienced, their daughter, though very young, left school, and was brought upon the stage. Mr. Barnes then visited the South with his family, and found his tour so profitable and agreeable, that for five successive years he repeated it. Last winter he remained in New York, playing very rarely, and intending to retire from the stage after acting a few favorite characters, in the course of the present season. For the prospect of combining pleasure with profit in a summer jaunt, he made an arrangement for the British provinces. In the course of this tour, at Halifax, he played the part of Dromio for the last time with his friend, Mr. Hackett, as the counterpart; an old cast associated with the merriment and laughter of the best years—the youthful ones—of the present generation of play goers. Thus do the lights, one by one, go out on the path of life; thus is the present swallowed up in the irrevocable past. Melancholy is the recollection of the departed graces of the actor; the whispered joke, the gay smile, the arch look, the proud tread of the stage, the indefinable graces of action and thought that light up the countenance of the performer; above all, the species of personal intimacy by which all these things speak to the heart, come nearer to us than any other lauguage of the arts. In the arts only of the "well trodden stage" do we speak face to face with our host, and read in the very trick of his eye the pure desire to give us pleasure. We have only an intellectual acquaintance with the author or the painter, but we know every lineament of the actor's face, and welcome his voice with the longings of friendship.

The last appearance of Barnes in New York, was as Dromio, at the Bowery Theatre, for the benefit of the treasurer; his last appearance on the stage was at Halifax, as Sir Peter Teazle.—He left the Theatre ill; an illness, followed in a few days by death. His remains were brought to New York, and accompanied by his friends to St. Mark's burying-ground, on Sunday, September sixth.

The professional character of Mr. Barnes is well known. His position on the stage is best indicated by the facts just related. He had learnt his art among men who knew what comedy meant, and he practiced his skill freely in behalf of Momus. He often drew boldly on the license of the house, particularly of the pit, in farce, and his drafts were always accepted.

In his domestic relations, Mr. Barnes was devotedly affectionate as a husband and father, and though industry, prudence and

frugality during his professional popularity enabled him to acquire and leave his family a moderate independence, yet he was ever social, cordial and hospitable to his friends and acquaintance. His best eulogy is the respect of those who knew him.

THE LOITERER.

Julian, or Scenes in Judea. By the author of Letters from Palmyra and Rome. 2 vols, New York: C. S. Francis. Boston: J. B. Francis. 1841.

This volume consists of a series of letters from Julian, a Jew, brought up in Rome, but on a visit to his relations in Judea, to his mother, who remains at Rome. The scenes are of a time most interesting to humanity. The author would attempt to describe the obstinate zeal for the ritual of their religion and the cherished hope for a literal fulfilment of the Prophets, which has distinguished the character of the chosen people. The form of letters seems to lack, generally, the power of exciting to the same extent as other species of writing, and the cold passionless and philosophic style of the classic writers which has been adopted, detracts from the effect while it may add to the clearness of the conceptions. Yet any thing that recalls the land that introduced the hope of the world, from whence sprang redemption to mankind, the land upon which the coming God set the seal of his power, where his Prophets, from the Lawgiver to the Baptist, testified to the Eternal Truth, must excite a throbbing interest. To the impressions of early days, to sacred feelings, this volume would appeal. But how has human thought succeeded, when it would touch upon the life of Christ? It has failed; for this is inconceivable to thought, it is the subject of worship. In the most wonderful poem ever written, —if you look at the sublimity of its action, the beauty and perfection of its conceptions, if you regard it as a scheme of philosophy, as a sacred drama, as an epic, summing in the course of three days the catastrophe of the previous epic of the happy garden, by one man's disobedience lost—how inadequate is the power of human genius to imitate, to re-create the idea of God manifest in the flesh. Nay, inspired man is unequal in power, and the inspired eloquence of St. Paul, the earnestness of St. Peter, the glorious triumphing song of Moses, the prophetic words of all

the Prophets, though transcending human power, how weak when compared with the acts and the words of God as recited in the holy Evangelists. It is well provided to mark the distinction in the liturgy of a portion of the Church, that the worshippers should sit and reverently listen to the teaching of the Epistles, but that they should stand in solemn adoration when the Gospel is read.

There are subjects too lofty to be taken for the feigning imagination of the novelist. Romance writers ought not to dream of the conversation of the household of our Lord; and pious reverence should not take, as persons for a fabling narrative, that blessed family.

Whatever interest these volumes have, is but the memory of the religious feelings we have experienced, when, standing by our mother's side, we lisped and wept over St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John's history, of the Son of Man and of God. Nor can any do well in adding to the words of that book.

Julian has been written hastily, and there are anachronisms, as when Julian sits reading "not, as in Rome, Ennius, or Virgil, or Seneca, but the Prophets"—the word Seneca is a slip of the pen. Page 226, vol. 2.

A failure must have occurred here, where Milton failed, though surpassing in poetic art his previous poem of Paradise Lost: and we cannot but look with regret upon the attempt that describes the early unbelief of the Holy Family. Painful it is to see coldness to that which is true, just, pure, and lovely.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

The reading of criticism is becoming quite the fashion of the day, and it is a fashion well worthy of supplanting the old habits of novel reading. Young ladies now read Macaulay and Carlyle instead of Theodore Hook; and in the absence of a new novel from Pelham, the admirers of the author are quite ready to take up with a volume of miscellanies. This is the evidence of a change in literature, which must be every way of advantage. At first there may be danger of sciolism, a cheap appreciation of the popular results of study rather than the search of first principles and original facts. But any learning is better than no learning, and a little infallibly leads to more. Besides the toe of the student gibes the heel of the Professor, who must be wiser than his pupil, and can no longer get his lectures ready made in the larger Re-

views. If the student reads reviews, the professor is driven in the end to his folios.

We do not think the serious powers of Bulwer of the highest order. He appears to most advantage in his romances where he can sustain himself in a forced animation of style and rapidity of action. He cannot be calm, clear and profound, as a master of philosophy ought, through a single page. He is nothing if not startling and brilliant.—Yet with all his faults of affectation and an unquiet manner, we always read even his serious papers with interest. He has always something to say; a man of some sophistry and trick, but of endless resources. His invention and boldness of will carry him over obstacles insuperable to men of higher powers, without the arts of success. "He knows the public taste well; just what it will take; how much it will bear. He has calculated all the chances of imposition, and is familiar with the art of making the most of the very meanest materials. He has tact and great industry. He is a perfect master of all the tricks of authorship and all the devices of book-making. He wants nature and genius, but he has ability and perseverance."*

The greater portion of the present volumes has long been familiar to the reader. The Papers of the Ambitious Student have been heretofore republished. But there are many articles we see here for the first time, as a Review of Sir Thomas Browne, and several essays on Criticism.

From the former we quote a passage on the different kinds of style, the Familiar and the Eloquent, under cover of which he is pleading his own cause and vindicating his departures from nature. The remarks are ingenious, though they might be extended to as many different styles as there are different genuine writers.

"Of the force and majesty of his style in its better portions, sufficient evidence has been presented to the reader. He enriched, rather than corrupted our language, by an inundation of Latinisms, necessary, perhaps, to science, and, if judiciously managed, ornamental in poetry. The next step was that taken by Milton, who, not contented with Latin expressions, sought to form the whole language anew upon a Latin construction. Here, as in all fashions of literature, when the last step of the change is made, a new fashion is sure to be the successor. An *architectural style*, once elaborated, remains to be admired or condemned, according to the taste or associations of the beholder—a landmark of the everlasting progress of language—but the next generation are the last to imitate or adopt it; for them, like the houses of our grandfathers, it is old-fashioned, not antique. Time rolls on, and the obsolete diction,

* The Analyst: a collection of Miscellaneous Papers. Art. Thoughts on Bulwer.

like the old-fashioned house, contracts a venerable and majestic sanctity in our eyes. Dr. Johnson censures the exploded diction of Browne and Milton; the diction of Dr. Johnson is more exploded than theirs. In almost every age, when *a people* have become *readers*, there are two schools of composition;—the one closely resembling the language commonly spoken; the other constructed upon the principle, that what is written should be something nobler or lovelier than what is spoken; that fine writing ought not so much literally to resemble, as spiritually to idealize, good talking;—that the art of composition, like every other art, when carried to its highest degree, is not the representation, but, as Browne expresses it, 'the *perfection* of nature;'—and that as music to sound, so is composition to language. A great writer of either school reaches the same shore, and must pass over the same stream; but the one is contented with the ferry, the other builds up a bridge—one goes along the stream, the other *above* it. Of these two schools of composition, the Eloquent and the Familiar, the last, often lightly esteemed in its time, and rather commanding a wide than a reverent audience, passes with little change and little diminution of popularity, from generation to generation. But the first stands aloof—the edifice of its age—copied not for ordinary uses, however well formed by scholars in exact and harmonious symmetry. Royal, but unprolific, it is a monarch without a dynasty. It commands, is obeyed, adored—dies, and leaves no heir. Gibbon and Junius are imitated but by school-boys and correspondents to provincial newspapers; but the homely Locke, the natural Defoe, the familiar Swift, the robust, if boorish manliness of Cobbett, leave their successors; and find—perhaps unconsciously—their imitators, as long as the language lasts. This is no detraction from the immortality of greater and more imaginative minds. It is the characteristic of their immortality, that though they inspire, they are not copied—mediately or immediately: the spirit of Milton has had its influence on almost every great poet that has succeeded him—but poetasters alone have mimicked the machinery of his verse. He who has really caught the mantle of the prophet, is the last man to imitate his walk. As with poets, so with those prose writers who have built up a splendid and unfamiliar style;—after the first rage of contemporary imitation, no one of sound taste or original talent dreams of imitating them. They are not, however, the less certain of duration. Their spirits live apart in the sumptuous palaces they have erected; men, it is true, do not fashion after palaces their streets and thoroughfares. But Windsor Castle is not less likely last, because Windsor Castle was not the model for Regent Street."

There are a variety of political papers, and we observe one on the "International Law of Copyright;" but of this subject more hereafter.*

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* We observe, by the way, that under the new Revenue Law, the interests proposed to be affected by our article on "The Duty on Books," are partially remedied by a general *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent. on all books, instead of the old distinctions of age, and pounds avoirdupois. The operation of the new law is of course various, but it relieves those modern books, of heavy weight, that can be purchased in England at a low price.

I. Catalogue of Books, ancient and modern, for sale by BARTLETT & WELFORD, at their Antiquarian Bookstore. New York, 1841. 8vo. pp. 154.
II. A Catalogue of valuable old Books recently imported by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1841. 8vo. pp. 64.
III. Catalogue of Books of D. Appleton & Co. 1841.
IV. Wiley & Putnam's News-Letter, No. 1. September, 1841. New York. pp. 8.
V. Supplementary Catalogue of the New York Society Library.

We have great pleasure in witnessing the advancement even of so humble an instrument, in the cause of good letters as the bookseller's catalogue, though after all it is not so humble an agent as it would appear to many. A well arranged catalogue, in its accurate scientific division, is a map of literature and science, a chart of the progress of the human mind; a thing not to be prepared by every sciolist or inventory-maker. A catalogue is to a public or private library or bookseller's collection, what an index is to a book, and those only who never studied may presume to undervalue the latter. We are sorry, by the way, to note the absence of the index in most modern books, even sometimes books of reference. Is it a mark of indifference of the author or the public? or is it that we have few books worth referring to? We think the general introduction of the index, after the best models, into books again would have a favorable effect upon the author, to say nothing of its facilities to the reader. A writer, if he were driven to classify and arrange his facts and arguments at the close of his labors, would at least be reminded of his deficiencies and be driven to the necessity of saying something, if only for the sake of its appearing well in the index.

We rejoice in the appearance of these catalogues, for they are among the first evidences of good order and arrangement in the affairs of the trade; they show, too, the increase of the bookselling interest. As authors, we are never disposed to quarrel with the advantages of booksellers, for we know that all their business facilities are in the end for the benefit of the writer. We know, too, that in a wide-spread country like our own, one of the chief difficulties in the way of authorship is gaining the right audience. The writing of a book is only one element of its success. It requires a good publisher to sell it. The circulation of a good catalogue through the country is the only mode of reaching many purchasers.

Independently of this general interest in catalogues for the benefit of the whole literary family, we have our own liking—for the sake of the gossip and broken fragments of literary information. We like to thumb them and turn them over, to read them at the end of a Magazine. How often, as Leigh Hunt has

remarked of the same phenomenon, have we put crosses against dozens of volumes in the list, "out of the pure imagination of buying them, the possibility being out of the question." Till recently this was an imported luxury, associated only with the Gentleman's Magazine or a bulky review; now we have our own "antiquarian catalogues" and "news-letters."

The catalogue of Bartlett & Welford, who every way deserve to take the lead in any question of precedency among booksellers relating to standard literature, is very complete. We know their collection of old books in Broadway to be a remarkably excellent one for fullness and accurate selection. The intelligent shelf-hunter might easily imagine himself in the private library of a virtuoso.

The catalogue of Messrs. Appleton abounds more with recent publications, but has the addition of a capital selection of critical comments to guide the taste of the reader. The criticism, for instance, appended to Hazlitt's writings, contains great good taste and judgment in a few brief paragraphs.

Wiley & Putnam's "News-Letter" is a monthly publisher's circular, confined to advertisements of the publications of that firm, with full lists with prices of the London and American publications of the month. The plan has been long in use in England, and will doubtless be followed here by other members of the trade.

We come last to the "Supplementary Catalogue" of the Society Library, which, like the previous catalogue prepared by Mr. Forbes, has the advantage of strict scientific method and a double arrangement, synthetical and analytic, between which it is hard indeed if a book do not come to light when it is wanted.

The Maeder Benefit.—The time at which our journal goes to press, prevents our giving an account of this theatrical festival in behalf of an old favorite of the stage. But we cannot do better than second the spirit in which the affair has been undertaken in a genial article from the pen of George P. Morris in the Mirror of September fourth.

"The character, history and claims of the fair beneficiary herself present another feature of attraction. Although still young, it is now many years since she came among us, a child in appearance, almost a child in age, beautifully child-like in the simplicity and freshness of her mind, and character, and deportment,

both on and off the stage. Many of us, now grown too grave and old—alas that we must say it!—to pay frequent visits to the theatre, can remember the witchery of her looks and tones; the exquisite hoydenism of her Albina Mandeville, the ineffable mischief of her little Pickle, the perfect nature of her Albert in William Tell; the archness of her singing and acting in a host of characters; that delicious toss of her head when she sang "the bonnets o' blue," which our old friend and correspondent William Cox used to say was the one thing Mathews could not imitate; and above even these, the never-failing good-humor and promptitude with which her talents were always exerted to gratify the public, to assist the manager, or to promote any object of benevolence. It mattered not whether the season was prosperous or unfortunate, whether the house was full or empty,—a rare thing indeed it was, in those days, for a house to be empty when Clara Fisher was playing—whether she was getting half the receipts or volunteering for a public charity, Clara was always cheerful, anxious to please, and diligently attentive; and at one time, when the tide of fortune ran low at the Park, we know that she entered with a zeal as kind and generous as it was unusual, into every expedient suggested by the manager to the success of which she could contribute, even though it multiplied her labors and led her to the performance of characters quite out of the line for which she had stipulated in her engagement. Times have greatly changed. Clara has become a wife and mother; the little fortune she had accumulated in her years of unexampled popularity and success, sadly diminished by the depreciation of the securities in which it was invested, was at length totally lost by the failure—some say the dishonesty—of an agent with whom these securities were entrusted; the drama has gone down so low that actors and actresses are very often fain to put up with the non-payment of salaries they have toiled to earn; and, without going farther into details which it would be indelicate to enlarge upon, we may say that to Mrs. Maeder and her children—to her aged father, moreover, who has been for some years a member of her household—the success of the contemplated benefit will be most welcome, not merely as a tribute of regard for her talents and estimable character, but also as an off-set to losses and disappointments of no trivial importance. The exemplary character of Mrs. Maeder is too well known to require notice here; it is attested by the fact to which we have already adverted, that *ladies have conceived the design of this benefit, and taken the preliminary measures for carrying it through with triumph and success.*"

A Poem by Longfellow.—We copy, from the New World of September 25th, the following poem. It is marked by the author's characteristic graces of sentiment and expression, and in this arid season of true poetry, comes to us with the coolness and fragrance of the air of Helicon.

ENDYMION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her lovely rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the clos'd eyes
Of him, who, slumbering, lies.

O, weary hearts! oh, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accurs'd by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings;
And whispers, in its song,
'Where hast thou staid so long?'

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The rapid accumulation of books for notice prevents us in all cases from giving them that attention a discriminating review would need. Many of them, indeed, do not require it. A simple advertisement of the contents is all that is looked for. This we shall be always ready to grant. While we express our thanks to publishers for the receipt of many works of great interest and value, they will understand the necessity which prevents our reviewing them in all cases. Most of them we shall continue to notice, always reserving to ourselves the choice with time and opportunity; our own reputation for faithfulness and promptitude is here concerned with the publication; the rest we shall at least announce.

Familiar Dialogues and Popular Discussions for exhibition in schools and academies of either sex, and for the amusement of social parties. By William L. Fowle, teacher of a young ladies' school in Boston, author of the Primary Reader, &c. &c. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. New York: Gould, Newman & Saxton. 1841.

The object of this book is explained in the title. It differs from other works of the kind in the peculiar talent displayed in its composition. The contents are mostly *original*; a collection of good-humored dialogues, with sufficient mirth and great ease and facility, somewhat after the manner of Cumberland, the dramatist. There is a sprinkling of well selected extracts, just sufficient to give a relish of classicality, without destroying the beauties of classic authors by confounding them with the dull routine of school.

The Life of Gilbert Motier de La Fayette, et Marquis of France, &c. With numerous engravings. By Ebenezer Mack. Ithaca, New York: Mack, Andrus & Woodruff. 1841. 12mo. pp. 371.

Astronomy for Schools: upon the basis of Moses Arago's lectures at the Royal Observatory of Paris, and in which the leading truths of that Science are clearly illustrated, without mathematical demonstrations. With numerous engravings and an appendix, by R. W. Haskins, A. M.

The Deerslayer; or the First War Path. A tale. By the author of the Last of the Mohicans, &c. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1841.

Plasmion: a poem, delivered before the Philomathean and Eucleian Societies of the University of the city of New York, July 13, 1841. By C. Donald McLeod.

This poem is characterized by ease and fluency; the author possesses great readiness and an ardent impulse in the use of materials, with a leaning in the style of verse towards the school of Moore, whom he has very happily imitated in song writing.

A discourse, delivered before the Philomathean and Eucleian Societies of the University of the city of New York, July 13, 1841. By Erastus C. Benedict.

This is an ingenious discourse, the subject matter of which is, perhaps, too remote for a promiscuous audience—and exhibits a praiseworthy zeal on the part of the author for speculative topics.

The Secret Foe: an historical novel, by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of Nan Darrell, The Fright, &c. 2 vols., 12mo. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1841.

Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, Oct., 1841. Godey's Lady's Book, Oct., 1841. New York: Geo. L. Curry & Co.

The great competition of publishers brings the numbers of these magazines before us in advance of their imprint. The New York firm, from whom we have received the present numbers, has recently established a periodical agency in this city, and from the spirit and enterprise with which they have entered upon the undertaking, they are likely to secure a permanent and profitable foothold in the metropolis. The magazines themselves are an evidence of the progress of publication in this country in the department of elegant illustration, and have attained, by means of these and a spirited conduct of their business affairs, an extraordinary circulation.

Pocahontas, and other Poems. By W. W. Waldron, A. M., Trin. Col., Dub. New York: Dean & Trevett, 121 Fulton street.

A Brief Treatise on Practical Dentistry. By Frederick G. Norton, Dentist. New York: Dean & Trevett, 121 Fulton Street. 1841.

The New York Weekly Tribune. Vol. I. No. 1. New York. 1841.

A new weekly, under the efficient management of Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath, Esq., assisted by Mr. Raymond in the Literary Department.

The American Advocate. Vol. I. No. 1. New York, 1841.

A new paper, recently projected in this city, as an advocate of an Undiminished School Fund and the principles of Native Americanism.

The American Patriot. Vol. I. No. 1. New York, 1841.

Devoted to a good and just cause—the protection of the School Fund.

ARCTURUS.

No. XII.

THE SCHOOL FUND AGAIN.

IT is the business of zealots and sectaries, as all the world knows, to be on the constant hunt and look-out for a vantage-ground, for some little plot of the wide domain of passion and prejudice, that may be reclaimed for private culture and advantage. This purpose is accomplished, sometimes clandestinely, sometimes by creating an issue, in which they cause themselves, by a melo-dramatic dexterity of posture and aspect, to be regarded as maligned and persecuted. The tactique of the gentlemen in question—the Humble Petitioners for a portion of the School Fund of New York—seems, however, to lie in the assumption of a tone and attitude of perpetual demand and requisition: to be constantly claiming, and in no very feeble or doubtful tone, some right or privilege that is their due, and which, so they protest and asseverate, it is a burning shame they are kept out of. They begin, perhaps, moderately enough; they object, it may be, at first, merely to a shoe-tie. The tie is n't in very good taste, it must be confessed, and had better be altered; and so it is, to oblige the objector. Then you must change the fashion of your hat; the cut of your coat. Then they get a degree closer, and require that you shall not wear your natural hair, but a bob-wig of their contrivance, and for which they hold a patent. Next, they would have you sway your body, thus and so, when you see a gentleman in a white gown, and hear him reciting some-

thing out of the heathen. They next require of you to be a little more guarded in your language; not to make quite so free with your spiritual superiors, and to bear in mind what is written in the Fathers, or in a certain Tract that they can mention, concerning the authority of those holding from the Pontiff. Then they would like to have you conform your mind—an easy metaphysical procedure—to the received doctrines, dogmas, and creeds of the church: and in the event of your declining to adjust your thoughts by the standards placed before them, you are invited out one clear, sunshiny morning to take a ramble (with a goodly retinue of attendants and body-guard at your heels) to one of the public squares, pronounced a knave and a heretic in the face of day, and ere you can fairly discover what it's all about, they have given you over to the devil, and you are roasting and crackling in the flame, as merrily as a Christmas pig.

How is this extraordinary consummation effected? Simply by considering you as an idiot, without a soul or a conscience; quietly setting aside all your common-sense notions, as surplusage and impertinence; and by claiming for themselves the most refined sense of right and wrong, the most scrupulous and delicate moral convictions. It is an ordinary trick of self-seekers in society to secure to themselves many immunities and privileges, by professing an extraordinary squeamishness of stomach, which relucts at any thing less delicate than the bird's rump; a nervous dislike of draughts, which embowers them comfortably between ladies on the sofa; a constitutional susceptibility of vision, which is offended at the glare of numerous lights, and which carries them home to-bed as soon as the oysters and game are out of the way. These gentlemen always labor under the heavy affliction of conscientious scruples; constitutional impediments to enjoyment. Of agitation, they make a religious duty, part of a religious system. By constantly disturbing and alarming the community, they at length acquire, over its pursuits and objects, the influence which is conceded, out of mere weariness and physical exhaustion, to men of a restless and troubled temperament.

The present application is the boldest attempt, within our knowledge, on the part of a religious body, to interfere with our municipal affairs. The effort to procure a portion of the Common School Fund for private and sectarian uses, is

nothing else than an invasion of the educational police, as it may be properly called, of the metropolis; an attempt to break down one of the strongest muniments that law and civil order have erected in our midst.

This is, in all probability, as resolute an effort as ever can be made to secure an appropriation of the Fund for improper objects. The original petition strikes clearly home at the purpose in view; it was supported and enforced by some of their most ingenious and skilful debaters; and emanated from a body, whose numbers authorize them to say, that one-third of the vagrant children, defrauded of instruction by the plan of the School Society, are theirs; and who will, therefore, rest content with nothing less than a leonine division of the booty. The Fund, the fund in a currency of their own—they will even name the very marking of the bills—applied as they choose to require—they will have or nothing.

Through every thoroughfare, you will see hordes of little, tattered, unhatted creatures; the very champions of raggedness, whose flag-like garments flutter in every wind, and proclaim the triumph of a natural instinct for streets and open yards, over the seductions of tasks and school-rooms; these are the parishioners of the good Roman Bishop, who vindicated their condition as one infinitely above the artificiality and heathenism of a Public School.

Joyous, rampant, with all the little, smiling seeds, of heroic viciousness, lurking in their young bosoms, ready one day to bear the fruit of the stealthy or the bloody hand, and to blossom in dark alleys and by-ways, where crime patrols, day and night; this is a more pleasing field of contemplation, than walls, darkened with alphabetic characters, teachers, that, at a given stipend, inculcate infinite heresy, without so much as knowing it, with a comfortable climate, of stoves in winter, and sunny holidays between schools, out of doors in summer.

"Is it necessary to teach infidelity?" asks the Right Reverend Advocate of the Petitioners, before the Common Council. "It does not require the *active* process. To make an infidel, what is it necessary to do? Cage him up in a room, give him a secular education, from the age of five years to twenty-one, and I ask you what he will come out, if not an infidel?"

Between these trowsered and turbaned little Turks with-

out, and the rank and obnoxious, but, at the same time, well-taught and clean-apparelled infidels within, we admit it may be a sore trial to choose; but we must be allowed to confess, with due deference to the good Bishop, that if he be right in his view of secular education, and in insisting, that the State should contribute to a proper religious training of her youth in sects; we are forced to confess that our Government stands, on no foundation whatever—rather on a foundation of rolling stones—and that the first tolerably muscular arm pressed against it, must, of necessity, throw it clean over, and tumble it among the rubbish of decayed States and mis-governed Empires. If there can be no secular education, there can be no State.

In sober truth, we do not consider it necessary to inquire, at present, whether religion is an essential element of a complete and mature education. We oppose the petition, simply on the ground that it seeks to convert a tax, laid by the State or City Government, to a religious and sectarian object.

If the Public School Society, as is asserted, were a monopoly; if it be irresponsible to the people; if it fail to educate the children of the poor, it could not affect the view of the question which we feel bound to take. All these considerations would operate most powerfully in procuring a reform of the school system in this city, but are by no means, arguments, that a corporation (one employing a public fund for religious objects) of a still more obnoxious character should be erected.

On this distinct position should all applications of the kind be met. It seems to us almost waste of time, to inquire into the matter more nicely. That the present application has been listened to calmly; met in protracted sessions of the City Council and the State Senate, by able men, in careful debate, and at length allowed to become a question in nominating committees, are proofs of patience and liberal forbearance, that could have scarcely been expected from the supposed eagerness and haste of our American temper.

If the whole organization of the Public School Society is to be changed, because it does not square with the idiosyncracy of a certain class of citizens—a minority, in point of numbers, a miserable entity in tax-paying capability—why should not our entire municipal condition be changed?

The Jews, and with very great show of justice too, may

insist on keeping open shop on Sunday; cause a session of Aldermen to be called at the Hall, to consider some pressing grievance; order the omnibuses out (for one or two of them may seek to go a journey to Chelsea,) and fall into a horrible ferment, should all other citizens decline to take down their shutters and proceed to their avocations. The Quakers will at once, and rightly enough, disband the military companies. The Cameronians or Covenanters will destroy the ballot-boxes, and have no voting under a government which does not publicly recognize the Christian Religion. The Seventh-day Baptists—coming a little in conflict, it must be admitted, with their Hebrew brethren—will insist that the omnibuses be all laid up; the drivers taken down from their seats, and put away in a mow or manger, to enjoy their Sabbath slumbers; would send the city Fathers home to apparel themselves in a garb suited for church and the grave duties of the diaconate; and have every bow-window made close as a tomb. Nay, further: we cannot see why the face of the city itself should not be subjected to constant changes, to accord with the temper or whim of any projector, if only sufficiently clamorous, whatever. The conscientious mathematician may demand that our public squares shall all be laid out in octagons and rhomboids; the oil-dealer, of an expansive soul, may suggest the doubling of the public lights, and a revival of the exploded custom of embellishing the Mayor's residence with a pair of lamps; the delicate-minded tailor insist that the city watchmen shall be put on the patrol in gaiters, and the latest Parisian curve-tailed coats; then the architect, pricked by scruples of conscience, may say that there is no religion in square church-towers, and cry out, with a lusty throat, for pointed spires, with the good gilt ball and weather-vane at top.

There is reason, truth, urgency, in these latter, as well as in the earlier requirements; but casting down the Public School Society, in place of the old, disorderly, pagan-breeding organization, what system is to be substituted? And how are the objects of a new mission to be accomplished?

They are "to be effected by depriving the present system, in New York, of its character of universality and exclusiveness, and by opening it to the action of smaller masses, whose interests and opinions may be consulted in

their schools, so that every denomination may freely enjoy its 'religious profession' in the education of its youth."*

The Secretary—the coryphæus of the New Order of things—would fain map out the Metropolis into an infinite number of little plots and sub-divisions, each with a characteristic religion and discipline, under the governance of its own priests and teachers: here a little scarlet patch of Romanists, there a blue one of Presbyterians, a water-tinted sub-division for the Baptists, a sable plot for the African freeholders, a deep-red and perdition-colored section for the favorers of endless punishment.

Now does this learned gentleman, does any citizen, of a tax-paying respectability of understanding, imagine that a community so diverse and heterogeneous, could, by possibility, hold together a twelve-month? could last, even through a single charter election?

There is no ground on which a community stands so comfortably together, as that of a common system of education for the mass; and whoever, by whatsoever indirection, would abolish or remove this, is, in truth, an enemy to society, and virtually proclaims the law of his own will and interest superior to the general welfare.

By what lines Mr. Spencer proposes to distinguish and separate his imaginary districts of conscientious friends of education, we are at a loss to conjecture. There are to be parishes, nice, charming sections and sub-sections, occupying a certain breadth or square dimension of the metropolis, in which the nervous advocates of sectarian instruction are to enjoy the advantages of the new system; to elect their own officers; select their own teachers; and take to themselves the immeasurable luxury of school-books, in which Ignatius Loyola and Cæsar Borghia are, as is proper, always spoken of in respectful terms. But let us consider, if one of the new academies dominates over a certain tract of city ground, it draws into its fold all that fall within its bounds; but are we sure they will come? May there not be, now and then, a stubborn recusant, a head-strong Protestant, perhaps, in a Catholic school-diocese (set apart by

* Report of the Secretary of State upon memorials from the City of New York, respecting the distribution of the Common School Monies in that City, referred to him by the Senate.—Albany, April 26, 1841.

the most dexterous and accurate survey of the Secretary,) who cannot be made to understand exactly why his child should be taught to believe in the Pope, because the Romanist is so delicately conscientious as to withdraw his faith from the old Public School system. The Protestant may claim his right to swear by the Public School Society, quite as strenuously as his Catholic friend to invoke the Virgin, and to say yea and nay, by the Pater Noster.

Who shall run the lines for the Secretary, so as to bring in all that are of a mind, and nicely avoid striking any where against prejudices, religious whims, or, so-called, conscientious scruples?

"If that society had charge of the children of one denomination only," says the Secretary, "there would be no difficulty. It is because it embraces children of all denominations, and seeks to apply to them all a species of instruction, which is adapted only to a part, and which, from its nature, cannot be moulded to suit the views of all, that it fails, and ever must fail, to give satisfaction on a subject, of all others the most vital and the most exciting."

This seems to us to involve the fatal misapprehension (to call it by its best name) on which the application for a division of the Fund is founded, namely, the notion that the Public School Society is, or should be, a religious corporation. Now its objects and purposes, if we understand them at all, are expressly secular. Other they could not be, unless in direct contravention of our whole social compact. With such a view of their duty, we could have no school system, either district or metropolitan. The State cannot know religion, save in one or two cardinal acts of worship, in its public conduct. But it can, and will, apprehend social necessities, that operate as links and ligaments in holding the community together. An education, essentially and primarily secular, is one of these. An important aim in any system of instruction provided by the State, would be to furnish a mass of ideas—a platform of general information—on which all could meet in harmony, and with a perfect concordance of sentiment and opinion.

That our Government is Republican, would be one of these; that it is a Government of opinion, and not of superior strength and force, another; that it is a Government allowing the widest liberty of thought and utterance within the limits of good order, is another, and vital senitment.

That there was a council of Nice once; that Martin Luther bearded the Pope (although an important historical circumstance;) that Cranmer was burned; that the Geneva model of church government was first recommended to the Scotch in 1560, it cares nothing. The moment it listened to narratives like these, it would loose its dignity and character as a State, and would become, from that time forth, either a religious Commonwealth, which is quite doubtful, or, most probably, a field of furious encounter, in which bigot would hunt down bigot, and sectary fly at the throat of sectary, with all the spirit and animation that belong to controversial feuds.

All that remains for the State to do, therefore, is to waive away, with a mien of majestic rebuke, conscious of the grave charge entrusted to her hand, all that would fain approach her, either in menace or supplication, for favors that conflict with this. This is the highest and noblest favor she can confer on her children. To give them the best, the purest secular instruction, in her power, free from all taint of injustice or unkindness, towards this class or that; subject, of course, to whatever of frailty and uncertainty in attaining its objects, is incident to whatever is human. Let her not be for a moment lured aside from the great path of duty she is pursuing. Her march is on the open highway; and, however pleasing or attractive may be the pastures of a selecter and diviner knowledge, offered to her view by the magic lights of one school or another of philosophers, self-seekers, or truly good Christians, let her keep on her way, moving along, with an ear and eye, quick and apprehensive, for whatever belongs to her character as a State, but deaf and unseeing, where any would presume to make of her a gatherer of tithes, or an umpire between contending sects!

M.

A MOVEMENT IN CLERKDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUFFER HOPKINS."

THERE is no example on record, of a more successful rising, than the recent one of the clerks of New-York, to relieve themselves of the thraldom of over-work. From the beginning, it furnished evidences of a sure and ultimate triumph: first, a speck, no larger than a man's—no, not so large—no larger than a clerk's hand, appeared in one of the public prints, a mere paragraph: then the anonymous call of a public meeting; then the proceedings thereat, with a brief reference to several eloquent and masterly speeches delivered; a chairman's name appended at full length, in large, and two secretaries, in small type; then a petition drawn up, a delegation of clerks appointed to bear it before the masters—the mighty retailers themselves; and then, it sounded like a report of cannon throughout all clerkdom, four thousand strong,—Victory! Freedom! the clerks are emancipated, have accomplished their own deliverance, and shall measure tape and falsify colors no more, henceforth and forever, after eight o'clock, evening.

Now, as the stroke of the Hall clock was on the VIII, there was a low, murmuring sound heard all through the city, of keys turning in great, rusted locks; parties were seen strolling along—groups of two, or three, or more—looking back upon the barred door and closed bow-windows with an air of triumph, mixed with a doubt whether it could be so; whether that cursed old shop, that had eaten the heart of so many delicious evenings, was at length gorged and satisfied with twelve hours' work. Some of them, too, would stroll about the town for hours, in this same state of mixed wonder and pleasure, looking at all the long line of darkened shop windows; and when this sport was at an end, fairly exhausted, some would betake themselves to this resort, some to that; part to oyster-houses, to eat shell-fish against each other, for the charges; some to lectures, some to concerts, and not a few to bed, to dream about a clerk's Paradise, where all the employers—it may be supposed—are turned into shop-boys, and made to serve the clerks with innumerable spotted neckcloths and endless yards of light drab, for pantaloons, day and night.

The tumult could scarcely be expected to end with the dry goods clerks. The fire spread. The hardware clerks, notwithstanding the severity of their vocation, were the next to catch the contagion; summoned their general meeting; had their masterly speakers, and resolutions of pith and supplication; their committee, their petition, and Io Pæan! they, too, are enfranchised.

The next thing, news came in that Newark had risen—the respectable and potent burgh of Newark, New Jersey—that she had burst the shell, and struggled to be free.

This spirit of emulation and public commotion so operated, at length, upon the boot and shoe clerks—a class slow of thought, and heavy-heeled in the march of reform—that they, too, raised the banner—supposed, at the distance from which we watch the fray, to be a cordwainer's apron—rushed into the meléé, and bore off, with surprising resolution and good fortune, a counterpart of the Clerks' Free Charter—*Magna Charta Clericorum.*

Then followed the hatters' clerks; then the jewellers'; and then came limping along, last of all, the maligned, abused, and mis-called fry of cutters' and clothiers' servitors. From quarter to quarter, the excitement spread, the spirit of resistance was aroused, until at length the whole realm of clerkly life was in motion.

Petitions flowed in apace; masters yielded; shop after shop was carried, as if by storm; and darkness, as of an eclipse—a great gloom preceding the dawn of all clerkly joy and happiness—came over the city, as the fatal hour of eight was struck.

Notwithstanding the formidable array thus presented to the masters, and the fulminations and threatenings of the aroused populace of clerks, a few were fool-hardy enough to resist their demands. Here and there, through the chief streets, a stray light was seen twinkling, and forms gliding back and forth behind counters—the ramparts of the tyrannical masters—busily engaged in discharging yarn-balls from boxes; accumulating on the counter-scarp, as it might be, material for demi-cannon sleeves; and other hostile offices. This was, of course, not to be tolerated for any great length of time. At first peaceable measures were adopted, to drive them from their position; they were only called vampyres and monsters, by anonymous writers in the newspapers. Then a significant hint was given out, to

the effect, that if they, the retailers, set any value whatever on their show-windows and specimen-patterns, they would look out for themselves. One correspondent—the most vigorous and Saxon of the clerkly penmen—in a private communication to a merchant in Chatham street, wrote, "I would merely say to you, to begin with, that you had better look out for your glass, if you want to save them from being smashed; moreover, you had better look out for your head, if you want to save that, as this course of yours will *not* be allowed." And, true enough, a night or two after, a small body of resolute clerks was seen marching up Chatham street—staggering to and fro, as if laboring up against a terrible burthen of oppressed feelings—along Chatham Row, and getting directly abreast—as nearly so, as their feelings would allow them—of the fork of Centre street, moved down, with terrible directness, upon a shoe-shop that was burning away merrily, without a thought of what was approaching, two revolving lights, and three stationary, at the rate of more than half a foot of gas an hour. In a trice, there was a crack, as of glass shivering; then another; then crack again; a missile glanced past the head of the shop-keeper's daughter; the shop-keeper himself is struck, and has fallen; his head clerk, a chicken-hearted youth, who, from very fear and poverty of spirit, had refused to join in the Movement, has crept into the bowels of the big boot for a shelter; a dead silence ensues, and with one good, round shout, the assailants swept out of sight.

These outbreaks were, however, only few in number, and of temporary duration. In a short time, so successful, as we stated at the outset, was the rising, that not an obnoxious light was seen burning; not a shop-window was left to assail; and with a complimentary announcement of the names of all who had come into the new sumptuary regulation, the conflict was, in a great measure, at an end. In the mind of the observer and the philanthropist, a startling question now began to put itself.

How is this mighty mass of disbanded activity to be employed? What shall be done with it? Flushed with a victory, so recently achieved, it is not likely they would subside at once into the habits and usages of ordinary life. It was suggested, that there were the military companies, not under the best discipline in the world, to be re-organized; that the ardor, so triumphant in the late rising against the

masters, might be turned to account in drills, target-shootings, fence-exercise—that is, forming a mathematical straight line against a wall—and other martial divertisements. A taste for colors, derived from their day-light pursuits, and the habit of marching up to a counter, and keeping in a line with it all day long, it was supposed, would give them peculiar advantages in this new enterprise. A battalion of four thousand spruce clerks, marching, by night, to the sound of flutes and soft recorders—with both of which, habits of nightly serenading make them familiar—was a spectacle that many hoped to see. This would not do. There was another occupation, in which they might embark, which would afford a vent for the roused spirit of the Reformers. There is a grand modern specific for all possible ills; a creature of all-work, equal to any task that may be laid on it. It builds ships and steamboats; can put a custard on one's plate, and a patch on one's trowsers, free of charge; opens and closes theatres; buries one man in Potter's field, at will, and builds a monument half way to the stars over another; is regaled on strawberries and melons, the first of the season; has a voice in every company—heard above all others; hangs this man; is at the heels of that, all through the Union, turn wherever he may; makes zanies and idiots, by its "so potent arts," of wisest men; and elevates to the chair of Plato and Socrates, the merest dolts and madmen. The combined wisdom and resolution of the metropolitan clerks, therefore, fixed on a NEWSPAPER, as the representative of their enfranchised activity: and before us now lies, wide-awake, and coiled, for a spring, the latest offspring of the hundred-headed press—The Clerk's Gazette. The two numbers under our eye give evidence of what is called a healthy, moral tone, and exhibit evidences of what must be a source of infinite satisfaction to their friends and patrons. "We have," says the Clerk's Gazette, No. 2, "youth and enthusiasm, hand in hand with talent, energy, and experience!"

Now if there be any one thing that pleases us more than another, or all others, it is to see a public journal conducted with this species of modest assurance. Nothing can be, certainly, more satisfactory to a subscriber, than to know that he has the honor of perusing the lucubrations of a Solomon, every morning; and nothing can be more charming, as establishing a frank and candid communication between

writer and reader, than to have the editor furnishing, six times a week, or oftener, a regular and exact inventory of all the traits of his character, the little personal peculiarities, so fascinating among friends, so agreeable in a select domestic circle; how much more entertaining and piquant when blazoned in print!

"The next number of this journal," quoth the Clerk's Gazette, "will be the best that has appeared. We have said it."

That we like. It is short and terse; comes to the point at once, and promises, without halting, that the Solomon of Wednesday last shall be, by Wednesday next, thrown completely into the shade, made quite an idiot of, by the revised, improved, and regenerated Solomon, now on his way, with a new number of his journal under his arm. *Macte virtute!*

The war waged with the masters is at an end, and this—the Gazette of the conflict—seems destined to acquire for the combatants, laurels grown in a more peaceful soil—a garden-plant, whose root is refreshed and enlivened with ink, instead of blood.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the revolution, so imperfectly narrated, has our best wishes, that it may be as permanent and enduring, as it has been sudden and decisive; that the hours rescued from the gymnastic and toilsome exercise of counter-crossing, may be devoted to pursuits, at least, as graceful, if not quite so profitable and remunerating. The clerks of the great metropolis of New York, are a formidable body; they have shown, by a single shaking of the mane, in the recent struggle for liberation, of what effects they are capable; and it only remains for them to carry into other employments, the same sagacity in undertaking, the same energy, force of combination and public spirit in prosecuting, and the same firmness and wisdom in securing a good result—as in the recent movement—to acquire for themselves the character of setting their hand to no plough that does not go through the furrow triumphantly to an end; of raising no shout or battle call, that is not musical with the very notes of victory!

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

A good Magazine article is necessarily neither an essay, a tale, a poem, or a criticism, though it may be one or all of these, provided it is seasoned with the piquant sauce of novelty. Its first requisite is brilliancy and taste; judgment, learning may come lagging after. It is very well to have these good companions, though their presence is not indispensable, for we can every day see valiant attempts in literature succeed without them. The qualifications are, readiness in seizing materials, and tact in using them, with a quick appreciation of the fashionable tastes in literature and society. It is never the object to write profoundly, but wittily; and if not wittily—for wit may be as far removed from the contributor as profound thought—then nonsensically. There must be ingenuity, however, and variety; our well-worn common-place thoughts must come tumbling in upon us, in masks and fantastic dresses: we must be surprized into a laugh, before we have time to understand the jest; we must be joked out of our reason by the pleasantry of the writer, or brow-beat by the declamation, just as a man of the world, or an attorney circumvents a visitor or a client. The most successful "article" of this kind, is one long epigram—and an epigram of a dozen pages, is as bad as a dinner, served up, in which there should be nothing but anchovies and curry.

Most of the articles in the Magazines exhibit literature, not as an Art, but a trade, in which the best workman is the one who can make the most out of the least materials. But how much of the block of marble does the Artist reject, before he exhibits the perfect statue? The genuine author thinks alone and in silence, and patiently finds his way out of the low mists of care and prejudice, to the higher atmosphere of universal truths. His popular imitator lives in a crowd, catches his ideas from the passing interests of the moment, and is well contented to occupy the old post of the court fool, to raise a laugh at the prevailing folly. He sometimes affects learning, and vents oracular common-places, just as a barber talks of paintings, and plays the virtuoso. The world, however it may be contented to be amused, is, after all, too sagacious to be cheated. There are hundreds of writers who aim at philosophy, and borrow the last gen-

eralization of Guizot, or profound thought of Carlyle; who are witty out of Sidney Smith, or pathetic and very "thoughtful" out of Wordsworth: yet is it universally acknowledged there is but one Carlyle.

But whatever the defects of periodical writing, it must be remembered that many of them are inevitable, from the haste of this species of composition, and others are balanced by corresponding advantages. If some writers fall short of genuine poetry and passion, others may attain sentiment; we may be contented with smartness, when we cannot get eloquence, and good sense may be acceptable in place of original speculation.

The recent novel of Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb, is an illustration of the magazine school of writing. It is brilliant, pert, witty, jesting with every thing respectable or ridiculous, full of folly, mischief and insolence, yet by the very lightness of its aim, never wounding us, while its sallies provoke our admiration. Its frivolity never quite degenerates to heartlessness; its laughter is gay, thoughtless and familiar, never congealed into the hardness and malevolence of a sneer. If its coxcombry is at all in earnest, it only proves that the coxcombry of the nineteenth century is a great deal better than the coxcombry of any other period. It is the coxcombry of the head, not of the heart. Cecil is a very different man from Lord Foppington. He has a soul to love, a taste for the beautiful in art, and an exquisite self-knowledge of the follies of his own fashionable calling. He is a moral anatomist throughout; a critic on every page. Yet he has a preface, demolishing criticism—a mere fetch of concealment, for we do not know, any where, a more inveterate critic, than Cecil himself. His book is an analysis of men and things, from the greatest "budge" doctor, to the lightest fashionable author, who palms off his dullness by the graces of notoriety; from the shovel hat of a bishop, to the tie of a cravat, or the fringe of a lace pocket-handkerchief; he has all the knowledge, the flippancy, the suggestiveness of a weekly critic. What business has any other man with such an inordinate quantity of facts? who else should know so much of the reviewer's mystery? who else should make so many innocent blunders?

In one point, whatever inferiority there may be in others, to the best days of periodical literature, the magazine writing is certainly a gainer, in the general spirit of sensibility

and shrewdness by which it is governed. The best prose of this kind is now pointed by a sprightly union of poetry and philosophy. The writer must needs have a clear, intelligent insight into the capabilities and uses of his subject; a ready invention to illustrate his theme by a great variety of practical details, and he must speak to the heart and affections, if he would be heard. The reign of common-place has gone by, of that dulness, which seems once to have been allowable, provided the writer was dull with a good grace, and sheathed his barrenness in well-rounded sentences. Equally has perished the habit of heartlessness, that permitted so much ribaldry and indelicacy. But while this latter change has taken place, we are not to congratulate ourselves on the exclusive possession of feeling and sentiment, nor think ourselves so much better at once, than our forefathers, because the fine words of humanity, benevolence, the progress of the age are oftener in our mouths. There is some danger that we may overact these things, and take these names in vain. Literary fashions soon run into excess, and words far outstrip ideas and sentiment. Our fine moralities may become as ridiculous euphuisms as any on record in the Arcadia. What, then, it may be asked, is to be the safeguard of literature, and set bounds to this exaggeration? Nothing but the good practical sense of the age, its standard of honest action, its requirements of duty from all. In the immediate dependence of literature upon the public, is its strength. When one school of literature is worn out, another must infallibly take its place. The interests of life are too important for the attention long to be given to insincerity and common-place. Where there is any sense of noble living and acting among a people, there is a constant premium offered for originality in literature. The critic has not long to sigh over insipidity and dulness; it perishes of itself, and the true author succeeds.

THE CITY BOOK-STALLS.

IT is not often that you find much of a treasure on the shelves of the city book-stalls. The collections are mostly composed of decayed school-books, with the names of the former owners scrawled and dug out, over and over again, on the title pages and backs of the covers; volumes that have been commuted into pence, and the pence into balls and marbles; a few stray, broken sets of the law, that betray the indifference of children of a larger growth; a cheap line of soiled novels, with faded labels, and occasionally a dull book of travels from the auction rooms. There are others, at times, books well and carefully preserved, that exhibit signs of respectable ownership, that have been intercepted on the way to the pawn-brokers. This dishabille collection of refuse stock is presided over by a sombre man in woolens—who ever, in the midst of summer, saw a stall-keeper in white pantaloons?—a kind of day watchman over the realms of literature, who keeps a patrol, walking up and down the street, within the limits of a dozen houses; retiring to a convenient distance, as if to tempt some straggler to steal the volumes no longer saleable, and then, reappearing again, to get the price of his wares by the intervention of a police officer. Of a thoroughly rainy day, when the stalls cannot be protected from the wet, the keeper of these jail-birds of literature may be found, with a basket, in the neighborhood of the docks, vending his more popular wares to hipped sailors or sea-captains, who can read and write, for the entertainment of the next voyage. And perhaps the volume thus disposed of may shed its last leaves, in the autumn of its career, in some distant hut by the Ganges, or among the vineyards of the Cape.

The books paraded for exhibition, illustrate the mutabilities of literature. The stalls are the very hospital and poor-house of disabled authors. These book-collectors are the very suttlers of the camp, the plunderers of the maimed and crippled authors, who, after a severe battle with the critics, come here to die; and alas! many a famous author, now flourishing in the full glory of notoriety, will soon lay down his bruised and battered constitution here, with the rest.

These stands, it must be admitted, are not the most inviting places of resort, either for the cheerfulness of the collec-

tion, or the convenience of the purchaser. They are at such public avenues as the Post Office or Nassau street, where one is in danger, if he stops, of getting a sad reputation as an idler, or being carried off amid the current of this busy population. Yet, in spite of all these disagreeabilities, we are always attracted to these thread-bare collections, with something of the infatuation and perseverance of the lottery purchaser, who, in spite of a thousand blanks, still lives in expectation of his highest prize. With the provocation of some wary trout, have we nibbled at these dull baits, day after day, our countenance watched and scrutinized by the stall-keeper, without his once catching a bite in the shape of an actual purchase. We have pursued this habit of going up to the shelves,* gazing at, and thumbing the volumes, till we have been ashamed outright, and bought a volume from pure benevolence, as one excuses one's self once a year for buying a print out of Colman's window he can't afford, because he has, all the rest of the year, been enjoying his treasures for nothing.

Of the wealth of London, as described by Charles Lamb in his Letters, these humble, out-of-door, wall-flowers of literature, offer no resemblance: there, "Jeremy Taylors, Burtons on Melancholy, and Religio Medicis, on every stall. These are thy pleasures, O London! with-the-many-sins." But Time will bring about his revenges, and do justice to these repositories. The splendid Broadway importations of those choice antiquarian bookstores, of Wiley and Putnam, and Bartlett and Welford, are only laying up a harvest for the stall-keepers of the next age. Now the precious volumes are fast-clutched by the greedy hands of virtuosos; but there is no escape, and purchasers must follow the old authors

* A habit defensible, if we need apologize for it, by quoting an oracular passage of the life of Johnson. There is nothing like the old legal custom of fortifying one's self by a strong precedent. "No sooner," says Boswell, "had we made a bow to Mr. Cambridge, in his library, than Johnson ran eagerly to one side of the room, intent on poring over the backs of the books. Mr. Cambridge politely said, 'It seems odd that one should have such a desire to look at the backs of books.' Johnson, ever ready for contest, instantly answered, 'Sir, the reason is very plain. Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do, is to know what books have treated of it. This leads us to look at catalogues, and the backs of books in libraries.'"—*Murray's Ed. of Croker's Boswell, vol.* 5, *p.* 312.

they love into antiquity, and leave their collections to their successors. The Charles Surfaces of the next generation will scatter these sacred libraries to the winds, and many a stray waif, out of the olden time, will find its way to our booksellers' stalls, and future purchasers will yet get these sterling volumes, for almost nothing, out of the hands of the innocent salesmen.

When one does meet with a genuine book, what a satisfaction it is to appear very indifferent, and dispraise some old poet, whom you love as the very apple of your eye, to get the better of the ignorance of the shop-keeper, and bear away the spoil, for a sixpence. We gloat over such treasures, and exhibit them as the proudest acquisition of our scholarship. We get the plaudits of the men of the world at our cheap bargains, and enjoy our own fondness beside.

Patience, long exercised, is its own reward. The other day we actually came into possession of a couple of volumes worth purchasing, and got them cheaply, too. For the encouragement of the reader who has been as often disappointed in this way as we have been, we will furnish him a taste of the contents.

It was a work re-published, a couple of years ago, by Carey and Hart—"The Man about town. By Cornelius Webbe." We have never seen it quoted or reviewed, and most probably it has fallen a premature victim to the stalls. It is a collection of essays and vagaries, about town and country, by a gentleman of fine tastes and feelings. It always sustains a tone of great good nature and cheerfulness. It is not a deep book, nor does it pretend to be; though its sayings and reflections, being always on the side of truth, it contains matter enough of profundity, if we choose to see it; the jests, to be sure, are not so entire as the best of Dean Swift's or Sheridan's; but whose jokes, now-a-days, are? It hits the happy medium of a conversational style; the humor is exactly of that tone, that, without any literary pretence, keeps one's intimates in perpetual delight. It aims lower than most books, and is a great deal more successful in hitting its mark than books generally are. Nor is its merit the less. The light passing graces of conversation are the most difficult to record in books; they arise immediately out of the time and occasion, and every thing dwells in the manner, in the moist eye, or the happy utterance.

The author is a man of buxom health, who delights in sun-

shine and the fields; but being an Englishman, has the best possible right in the world to talk of hypocondria, and sometimes exercises it, in giving advice to others. He is a Londoner; proud of the city and suburbs. He is a great walker. Even of a rainy day, he sets out on a pedestrian excursion in the suburbs, evidently proud of his legs. At the close of a huge ramble, he withdraws to a favorite suburban inn, where, like old Izaak Walton, he enjoys a moderate feast, with ale and tobacco. If the steaks are tough, he will moralize and bring a stout, mental activity to invent conceits, and aid, as it will, in the process of digestion. With a fondness for burlesque that grows out of his sound animal spirits, he thus describes a most extraordinary dish of peas, served up to him upon one of these excursions: "The peas seem to have been brought up in the neighborhood of some crab-apples, and to have been absurdly emulous of their size, hardness, and stern severity. The first fork full of them you take up, the "Red Lion" dog at your elbow jogs it, with one of his familiar fondlings, with his nose, and half-a-dozen of the "fresh-gathered" disperse severally, roll over the table, roll off, and hop, and bound, and rumble along the floor, like spent cannon balls; the waiter rushes in to see whether you have fallen in a fit; the people next door send in to enquire what has happened; and the old gentleman in the room opposite, cries, 'Bless me, is that thunder?'" * In the progress of these journeys, real or imaginary, he indulges in a conversation with the cows on the road, the horses a-field, and any object, animate or inanimate. He one time meets six horses drawing a wagon, of a dry, dusty day, and muttering to himself, sets the following small talk afloat, with the horses for *dramatis personæ.*

"*Captain to Ball.* 'Ball, my dear fellow, what do you think of a pail of water?'

"*Ball.* 'A pail of water, quotha? I don't know. Ask Dobbin.'

"*Dobbin.* 'I have my own thoughts of a pail of water. But what do you say, Draggle?'

"*Draggle.* 'Say? I could say much; but what do you say, Dapple?'

"*Dapple.* 'A pail of water, and no dust on it! What's your opinion, Lively?'

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* Glances at Life, a previous work by the author of the Man about Town.

"*Lively.* 'Why, that it's like a fly in a cow's mouth; a pail's of no use among six of us! Make it a trough full, and I'm agreeable.'"

His city adventures are not a whit less agreeable than those he meets with in the country. He has a pleasant encounter with a rogue at the pit entrance to Covent Garden, which he tells in the third person, in the guise of a Mr. Hippy, a pet character of the author's books, and evidently a mere type of his own ideas. "Waiting to get into the pit, he felt a pick-pocket quietly ease him of his handkerchief. He took no immediate notice of him, but pondered his revenge. The prig did not move away, as is the custom of 'the gentle craft' when they have hooked their fish; he was evidently going into the pit, too, and only amused himself with taking Hippy's handkerchief to kill time till the doors were opened. But being one of that uneasy order of persons who cannot let well alone when all is well, and having a few minutes more to spare, he next turned his attention to Hippy's fob-pocket; then he reckoned it was high time to tell him what he thought of his exclusive attentions; and turning suddenly round, and looking him full in the face, he said, very coolly, 'Have the goodness, sir, to wipe my face.' 'I wipe your face! Come, I like that uncommon much!' exclaimed the man; 'Why should I wipe *your* face, when I've got one of my own to attend to?' asked the born for Botany Bay. 'I repeat it,' said Hippy; 'wipe my face!' Just at this moment, Donaldson, the old theatre-officer, bawled out, 'Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen.' Hippy looked in the filcher's face significantly, and he took the hint. 'If you've lost your wiper,' said he, humbly, 'it happens very fortunate that I've a wiper to spare; there, I'll lend you one with the utmost mildness;' and so saying, he thrust a new silk handkerchief—not Hippy's—into his hand, and sneaked off. While I was congratulating myself upon making so good an exchange of an old lamp for a new one, and conceitedly chuckling over my success in out-witting a pick-pocket, there was a sudden cry of 'Officer, officer; I'm robbed; I'm robbed!' Another voice cried, 'That's him!' and in a moment more I should have been in custody as a pick-pocket, had not old Donaldson, when he approached to seize me, known me, and exclaimed, 'Oh, no, it's not this 'ere old gemman, I'll take my davy. *I* have known this 'ere gemman these thirty years, off and on; he ain't the man.'

And he pushed through the crowd to look for the culprit; but the Botany Bay bird had flown; and I have now no doubt, nor had I then, that it was Mr. Allfinger, my furtive friend, who, to give me a Rowland for my Oliver, had pointed me out as the thief, and so got quietly off himself. From which adventure I draw this very important moral, 'Never to play with edged tools.'"

Our author delights in puns; some of which are execrable; though, if the design of wit be to surprise, as the belles-lettres writers say, they have that quality to perfection; others, again, are passable. Thus he asks, what part of Westminster Abbey resembles a hundred and fifty oysters, and when every body is shocked out of their wits at the idea, calmly insinuates the CLoisters. He calls a foppish gentleman, who affects to despise the progress of knowledge, the modern Anti*nous;* insisting that it at least looks like a good pun, if it does not sound so when read metrically. He who has read every commentator of Shakespeare, he says, is very likely to become himself, in the end, a *comment-hater.*

Such are the pleasantries of Mr. Webbe, who, as an author, has more humors than humor, and is willing himself to be set down as a man of whims. He is a light, agreeable fellow, a gentlemanly companion, and a man of good habits. If the reader is of our mind, he will say to him, at parting, in the language of Nick Bottom in the play, "I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb."

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF RICHARDSON.

THE Letters of Richardson present a fair reflection of his life. From them it is easy to imagine his daily habits and moral dispositions. The prominent virtues he possessed, unconsciously disclose themselves in his papers, as well as his no less prominent foibles. The tastes of the man, and his selection of companions, mark his own peculiarities as strongly as any limner could draw them. Thus his hospitality and kindness are shown to one in trouble and distress; his love of discussion and moralizing, with a polemical friend; his vanity is apparent in an egotism, badly concealed by a mask of assumed modesty; his knowledge of the female heart

may be gathered from his artful manner of composing letters addressed to ladies.

The early life of Richardson, as of every man of genius, determined the character of his later years. Born in very humble circumstances, with little opportunity of liberal instruction, bound to a trade, he passed through his seven years of apprenticeship with fidelity and zeal. In these years, he laid the foundation of sober, upright, exact principles, and frugal, diligent, methodical habits—fairly realizing Hogarth's Industrious Apprentice—upon which to rear an after fortune. He obtained, by these means, the sincere respect of his master, of whose interest he was so careful as even to buy the candles by the light of which he read at night. When a mere boy, he was noted for invention, and was often called upon to exert his peculiar talent for the gratification of his favorite school-mates; and in later life he always used to boast, that he never forgot to add a good moral. Shortly after this period, he began to exhibit his strongest propensities; a love for letter writing, and for the company of women. The letter was the vehicle by means of which he conducted his narratives to the conclusion, and which, doubtless, became the easiest style for him, from long practice and natural inclination. Being a modest, and perhaps rather timid, young fellow, he was encouraged, it seems, by the young women of the neighborhood, to read to them some entertaining volume, when they met together for sewing. From the reader, he became the principal confidant of their love adventures, and finally, their devoted scribe in all cases of emergency, requiring epistolary skill and the habit of the pen. The little secrets disclosed to him, the varying conflict of duty and desire, the hopes and fears of bashful love, the tenderness and liberal charity of the passion in its most engaging state, these pages of the book of human nature, the author conned with a careful eye, and thence secured his richest stores. This was the best part of Richardson's education as an author. From one step to another, making the best honest use of opportunities, Richardson gradually became a settled tradesman, of wealth and respectability. His first published efforts were prefaces, indexes, and what he called honest dedications, for the printers. Himself a printer and publisher, he became acquainted with some of the first men of the day, though with more of a much inferior grade; with Johnson, Young, Warburton,

Cibber, of the first class; and such men as Aaron Hill, who stood on a sort of middle ground between the best and worst. He was very liberal and hospitable to authors and scholars. He assisted Aaron Hill; he had the honor to bail Doctor Johnson. He was a kind master, laying pieces of money for the man first in the office of a morning. Accident led him to a proper appreciation of his powers. At the request of a number of "the trade," he undertook to write a volume of familiar letters for the youth of the lower classes, in which he would not only aim at giving them words for composition, but also infuse his own ethical code of practical duties; thus he meditated directions to young women going out to service; he intended to give his views of the parental and filial relations, and similar mutual obligations. From a letter of the first sort—a mere acorn to the oak, into which it expands—sprang the History of Pamela. The way once found, and success attending the novel attempt, he was induced, once and again, to appear in the same character of fictitious writer, embodying, in his second work of Clarissa Harlowe, his idea of a "perfect woman, nobly planned;" and in Sir Charles Grandison—a sort of male Clarissa—the abstraction of a perfect man. We may hereafter consider the second work of Richardson with more attention. At present, we give the brief outline of his literary history, as illustrative of his personal character. How came an illiterate tradesman, who acknowledged that he wrote more than he read—who, in a letter to Cave, the bookseller, confesses to having never read all the Spectator, and yet writing a paper for Johnson, which the gross flattery of his admirers set above the Spectators—to attain an insight, and reveal powers, yet unseen, in fiction, and to gain the applause and acquire the admiration of the wise, the great, the happy, and the gay? The answer is, by a deep study of the human heart, and especially of the female breast, and a consequent power to move it. To look through his correspondence, selecting merely the chief names, with what a variety of characters was he not connected!—the sensible and grateful, but vain and unfortunate Aaron Hill; with the sturdy Warburton, who condescended to compliment him—and that in an elaborate letter; with the metaphysical Harris, the author of Hermes; with his companions in business, Cave and Strahan; with the fastidious Lord Orrery; with the Poet Young; with Miss Sally Fielding, a

relation of the author of Tom Jones, and who wrote the engaging tale of David Simple; with the vivacious veteran, Colley Cibber; with Miss Highmore, sister to one of the fashionable painters of that day; with Meeta, the wife of Klopstock; with Miss Mulso, afterwards the didactic Mrs. Chapone; with Dr. Delaney, the old name so familiar in the verses of Swift; with Mrs. Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brindsley—authoress of Sidney Biddulph—and wife of Thomas Sheridan, the actor and elocutionist; with ladies of quality, of whom Ladies Erskine and Bradshaigh were the most unfortunate; and with a number of the clerical body, numbering one bishop, and several clergymen; one of whom, a Mr. Skelton, is a hero, after the pattern of Amory's heroes.

The characteristic traits of Richardson, were a certain prudence, which was yet warmed by generosity, and a tenderness of feeling, that, nevertheless, was subdued by an austere manner. His character was a good deal formed by circumstances, and undoubtedly much affected by the circle of which he was the centre. "He lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies," who were at once his models and critics. He drew the characters of his heroines from the characters he saw around him, and subjected his writings to the judgments of that body of his readers, whom he thought best fitted to appreciate them. Women, he thought—not always correctly—the best judges of female character. Dr. Johnson gives another reason for his being surrounded by women, that he loved superiority, and hated contradiction; but he has left out another point, that our author really loved their society for its own sake, and for sympathy. His own nature was somewhat feminine, and like Marmontel, and Hume, and Cowper, he found the society of virtuous women most congenial to his mind. Wordsworth is a rare instance of a man, living for years chiefly in the society of his sister and wife, whose writings exhibit few or no traces of the influence of female conversation. Authors, who have honestly enjoyed the delights of a home, and the affections of wife and children, have, in most cases, been apt to express their sincere gratification in lively colors, and to modify their views of life and human nature by the influences a fortunate home can alone exercise. Such passages are read with pleasure in Hunt, and Lamb, and Jean Paul, and Goethe. A variety of slight anecdotes gives us sufficient clues to the

true character of Richardson: he was fond of children—always a good trait—and carried sugar-plums and candies about with him for them, as Burchell carried ginger-bread. In proof of his vanity, so much and so severely, as we think, charged against him, there is the story of his giving Speaker Onslow's servants larger vails than ordinary, in order to command their respectful deportment. This tells, at least, as much against their master as against Richardson; and, after all, may be only an envious exaggeration. He was always a liberal man, and may have been profuse to the servants from no other feelings than those of generosity. It is true, Richardson liked attention, as who does not, who deserves it. It is true his correspondents indulge freely in compliments, and sometimes in extravagant praises. His works generally formed the subject of conversation, when he was present. But then we are to consider the novelty of the form of writing he originated, its unprecedented success, that it was to women he devoted his talent, and from women expected his praises; that his great and general reputation threw a lustre over his private life; that he was, moreover, a man of acute sensibility, and such men are generally both vain and generous, the two passions appearing to take their rise in a complexional temperament, and peculiar intellectual constitution, and finally running very much into each other.

Richardson always had about him a number of young women, whom he treated as daughters, and whom he appears to have been more attached to than to his children. His girls, he called them. They were at one period Miss Mulso, afterwards Mrs. Chapone; Miss Highmore, sister to the painter, and afterwards Mrs. Duncomb, marrying a gentleman she met at Richardson's; a niece to Secker, the Bishop, to whom Pope gave "a heart;" Miss Prescott; Miss Fielding; Miss Collier. These ladies constituted a sort of virtuous harem, where the main business done, was listening to the letters fresh from the pen of Richardson, and proceeding in their criticisms as he read. When we consider the way of life of Richardson, in the midst of his admiring coterie, and contrast it with a Turk's seraglio, we are at once reminded of the lines of Congreve's two lovers, one of whom thus addresses the other:

> You take her body, I her mind—
> Which has the better bargain?

Richardson seems to have resolved this question for himself, by choosing the latter.

An odious feature, we had almost forgotten to remark, in Richardson, and which we will dismiss now very briefly, is his mean jealousies of his rivals, Fielding and Sterne; of both he speaks with great, and, we hope, ignorant contempt. He speaks of that "brat," Tom Jones; of its run being over "with us;" of its not being tolerated in France: of almost every character in it, with scornful disdain. Amelia comes off little better. He can read only the first volume. It is all so *low*. Parson Adams he appears to regard as a pure burlesque. He allows Fielding low humor, but nothing else. He can see nothing but indelicacies and irreligion in Sterne; to his finest strokes he is wholly indifferent.

The correspondence of Richardson forms a voluminous collection, to the entire perusal of which we would, by no means, invite the reader, but would particularly urge a reading of the very interesting biographical account of Mrs. Barbauld; a discriminating production. The fullest portion is the correspondence of Mrs. Bradshaigh, the history of which contains a strange mixture of absurdity and romance. She wrote, for a long time, under the assumed name of Mrs. Belfour, entirely a stranger to Richardson, and after revealing her name, and making an appointment to meet our author in the Park; to enable her to recognize him, he sent her a minute description of his gait, and personal appearance, and manner in the street. She several times disappointed him. He, an old man, with a large family, patrolled the public walks daily, to see her, with all the ardor of a youthful lover; which anxiety, she, with a coquetry natural to the sex, kept in suspense for some time. Her letters, and his answers, turn either almost wholly on a discussion of the characters in his novels, or of topics incidentally touched upon. The very best, and most attractive, correspondence, to our minds, in the whole collection, is that of Klopstock's wife, of which the least praise we can give it, is, that it is worthy of a wife of a poet. It seems she was first attracted to Richardson by his novels, then, and, we believe, still, very popular with the Germans. She gives him a history of her engagement with Klopstock, how she first became attached to him, how he won upon her by his noble aspirations and purity, how she venerated him—then a mere youth, —how she lived so happily; her thoughts of him during his

absence, and her continual joy in his presence. All this is told in a charming style, a natural vein of simple tenderness, which a crude critic will be sure to call lackadaiscal, but which a genuine critic will read with pleasure. She calls upon Richardson, in what certainly reads a little extravagantly, to paint an Angel, since he has done all that can be done for humanity. From the characters of the writers, generally, we may gather the tenor of their letters. Those of Richardson himself, have a very unpleasant formality about them. He is somewhat, it must be confessed, of a proser, and if not writing to those who solicited his correspondence, would have been regarded as no great accession to a list of letter-writing friends. He has sense, but no vivacity; his lively attempts are very awkward. He is a clumsy humorist, and by no means a refined sentimental writer. The sources and occasions of his sympathy are always palpable, and meagrely expressed. His style is loose and bald, and no where shows the close thinker, nor accurate author.

Thus much of Richardson, the familiar correspondent: we hope to be able to say more of the author of Clarissa Harlowe. J.

A MAGNETIC BANQUET.

[WE have just received, from the centre of intelligence—one of the leading magnetic rooms of the Metropolis—the following important tidings, in the shape of a few notes of a lecture, by a votary, who is firmly of the opinion that his minute and particular report will go far toward clearing away the stigma fixed upon the science by a recent article in Arcturus.—Eds. Arcturus.]

Imagine, then, pursued the lecturer, after a few general introductory observations, the celebrated Dr. Gas Fiz, the patient lying in his chair, quiet as a carbonized fish upon its bed of coal, which, though in such dangerous proximity, is yet perfectly unconscious and fearless of the frying-pan. I put this question to him: Shall we commence our Geological investigations? The patient answered by a nod and a grunt, testifying, by this beautiful symbol, economy of speech and his delight at subserving the interests of science. Where,

Doctor, shall we descend to make our investigations? At Thorsdorf, he replied; a place, though indiscernable, as yet, on the map, may still be found from future revelations of the faculty.

Magnetizer.—Shall we descend?

Patient assents by a deep, respiratory sound, similar to his former token of affirmation. The patient here took a quick-drawn breath, as one unaccustomed to aquatic sports does at the moment his exterior organs of respiration are submerged in sea-water, indicating that he had now entered upon his novel mode of scientific research.

Magnetizer.—Do you see any thing?

Patient.—A light from a great distance below my feet.

This was, no doubt, from the internal and incandescent nucleus of the earth.

Magnetizer.—In what stratum of rocks are you now travelling?

The patient kept his feet moving as if he were floundering in a deep snow.

Patient.—With archness.—I think transition; but breathe quicker or I shall smother; wind, wind.

Finding that I could not deoxidize the air sufficiently to supply the Doctor, I took up the bellows which was lying by the hearth, and commenced blowing with them.

Magnetizer.—Do you feel now better?

Patient.—Oh, quite relieved; I breathe much more freely.

I now had to keep the bellows in action continually, to supply air to my patient.

Magnetizer.—Do you see any fossil remains?

Patient.—I am near, now, some remains of the genus asinus.

Magnetizer.—What, in transition rock?

Patient.—Certainly; and if I had a saddle I would ride him, for my shoes are nearly worn out with my rocky travel.

We now looked, and found that the Doctor had nearly worn out the nether appendages of his person—nay, that his garments were all tattered by the projecting rough edges of the rocks, in his descent. We sent out for a pair of thick, substantial cow-hide boots of the Doctor's measurement. In the mean time, to shew the generous disposition of magnetic patients, I asked the Doctor if he would pay for these boots that were to be the means, as we hoped, with

seven league strides, to advance the cause of science. He answered with his usual affirmation, which I begged the spectators to take particular notice of. The boots arrived, and were drawn on, and the geologist proceeded upon his investigations for some time in silence. At last, to my inquiry, What do you see? he replied, a cave; and owing to the different medium in which he now was, I could blow the bellows with much greater ease than when plunged in solid rock.

Magnetizer.—Do you see any thing?

Patient.—An egg.

Magnetizer.—Of what? fish or fowl?

Patient.—Of a fowl of great magnitude.

Magnetizer.—How large is the egg?

Patient.—As high as the steeple of the Cathedral of Antwerp.

Magnetizer.—Is it the egg of the far-famed roc?

Patient gives a symbol of assent. All who were present looked at each other, with gestures denoting surprize and admiration, at the confirmation of the histories of antiquity. Here observe the light that magnetism can throw upon the most apparently far removed objects, and the establishment, beyond dispute, of that veritable history, the Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Magnetizer.—Do you see any thing else?

Patient.—A relic of a human body.

Magnetizer.—Whose?

Patient.—I see marks of tattooing in Indian ink upon his arm.

Magnetizer.—What are the marks?

Patient.—An armed warrior: and, let me see, underneath the Greek letters *ΑΧΙΛΛ.*

Magnetizer.—Is it the corpse of Achilles?

Patient denotes assent.

Magnetizer.—Measure him.

Patient.—I have no means.

We place in his hands a two foot rule, and he turns it thirty times, and points with his finger two inches and a half beyond, showing that the height of this hero was evidently sixty feet two inches and a half.

Magnetizer.—What has he in his pockets?

Patient.—A fine-tooth comb, a card with his name and address, and several small pieces of coin.

Magnetizer.—Seize his spoils; they will pay for your boots.

Patient.—They are not mine. (Shewing the beautiful character developed by Mesmerism, beyond doubt or cavil.)

Magnetizer.—Can you doubt to take them, since the law, *quia inventores ff.* 9, 7, 16, 35, expressly allows it?

Patient, with hesitation, making a motion of transfer, and becoming uneasy.

Magnetizer.—Shall we ascend?

Patient, with joy, assents.

After the patient had got to the surface I awoke him. The patient looking at his garments and new boots. How did I get in this plight?

Omnes.—You have made the greatest of discoveries.

Doctor.—I don't care; I wont pay for these coarse boots.

I here told him that they would be serviceable in future geological investigations, and that he had expressly authorized their purchase. The Doctor here observed that he seemed to have been travelling in a soot bag, and drew from his pocket an old Greek coin, which he sent out by my servant, to be disbursed for a measure of small beer. The caterer of this beverage refused to change the coin, and sent it back. I changed the coin, and it is now in my collection, a veritable relic of the ages of antiquity.

Mr. Sculler, the famous Phrenologist, has equally advanced the cause of science. When in a state of clairvoyance, this gentleman investigated the principles of Phrenology in the most searching manner: he discovered that the brain is marked out in the same way with the outside of the little plaster casts, used in illustrating the science, and that the names and numbers have been ingraven upon the surface of the coats of that organ, to indicate the size of each faculty proportionably. He found that the human understanding is likewise divided in the same identical mode, and viewed with great satisfaction this crowning discovery in the pursuit of this favorite branch of useful knowledge. His observations have enriched Phrenology by the addition of two organs, which are labelled on the brains he examined, lieability and gullibility, and that their office was the making and the receiving of those charming mental productions which Aristotle considered the fountains of poetry. Mr. Sculler did me the honor to assure me that I possessed these invaluable organs in a remarkable degree. The learned

gentleman informed me that he had been engaged in experiments jointly with his friend, Professor Lausfanger, in which one of their patients had read a history of Scotland some years before, and had contracted therefrom a most violent disease, of a psoric type. She was magnetized, and prescribed sulphur for her complaint; but such was the malignity of her case, that the Professor dared not administer the medicine in the usual dose of a decillionth of a grain; but, by accident, talking to a friend, who had seen a couple of match-boys playing at an ancient game, called cuffs, in the street, she was entirely cured.

One remarkable case brought forward by the Professor, and which promises to connect this age with our distant posterity, and claims the attention of all persons with moderate capitals, is that of a lady who lived unhappily with her husband. Deploring this, the Professor persuaded her to be magnetized into a slumber, which is to be broken on the first day of April, A. D. 2841. With unbounded liberality, lest the lady should wake among strangers, without proper support, the Professor has entrusted the sum of one cent to a scientific club, to be put out at compound interest, so that when the lady wakes on that distant day, she will possess a snug competency, of many times this globe in size, of solid sterling gold, and will be able to pay off the debt of Great Britain without any inconvenience, if the stock owners find their own carts and drays, as they doubtless will do, if the lady imitates the generosity of her far-sighted benefactor. To render her situation still more comfortable among her new friends, he likewise filled her pockets, at the same time, with a large supply of letters of introduction, in various languages, superscribed to the savans of the twenty-ninth century.

To show the art and fine feeling of this wonderful man, he possessed, as his private property, a donkey, venerable for years, which unfortunately met with an accident, that rendered it an act of humanity to kill the animal; in order at once to discharge his duties to his fellow creatures, his fellow-townsmen, and the donkey, he magnetized it, that, in the first place, it could be killed without pain, and, in the second, the flesh might be converted into most delicious and tender veal. No incident can be found, more touching and more characteristic of the true man of science and worth, than this little anecdote. It may, perhaps, be needless to

add, that the butcher who sold the flesh or veal, though formerly a skeptic on the subject of mesmerism, is now a believer.

The lecturer then read a communication from Dr. Swyne Grieser. The Doctor has made a discovery that redounds greatly to his character as a charitable man and profound experimenter. On the anniversary of his birth-day, he had provided a snug dinner, consisting of a capon, roasted, and a half dozen of Madeira. In a walk, in the course of the day, he appointed a dozen of beggars to meet him at his hour of dinner. The Doctor made them stand in a row, taking hands; he then had two strings of yarn to be passed from his boots to the two outside or ends of the row of beggars; the Doctor then ate his roasted capon, with its truffles and other embellishments, and drank two bottles of the wine, when he inquired of the beggars if "that was enough." Being answered to his satisfaction, he hinted to them to withdraw, which they did, rubbing their stomachs, as if they had had rather too full a meal. One insolent scoundrel, as he passed the table where he had been fed with such hospitable profusion, reached out his hand, not satisfied with drinking two bottles, and seized the first glass of number three, and saying, "fine wine, Doctor," quaffed it with a smack, and then applying his finger to his nose, endeavored, as the Doctor supposes, to magnetize him in derision. The reason the Doctor dismissed his visiters, was because he was employed in investigating a problem in the question of three bodies, the same which employed the genius of Mesmer to solve, and he was unwilling to fatigue the minds of his guests with such profound calculations. One thing the Doctor noticed, that, although every one of the twelve was attired in many-colored and many-slashed garments, they all went out in a sober livery of black, similar to the Doctor's suit bought that day. This fact alone should have restrained their ingratitude. The Doctor calls the attention of Malthusians to this fact. He will not theorize: he gives facts alone. The Doctor gave an account of a Mesmeric contest he lately witnessed in England, between the Liverpool Roley Poley (Poley indicating his polar force) and the Brummagem Thunder-bolt (electricity again.) These operators joined, in the first place, their right hands, in order to get into rapport with each other; they then commenced manipulating, and slowly moving their bodies, as if dancing

to a solemn strain of music. The Doctor noticed that the manipulations were with the knuckles, and were of the darting, plunging, or kneading kind, and resembled, somewhat, the mode bakers use in the professional preparation of their dough for the oven. After a few passes of no effect, the Roley Poley received a magnetic shock in the centre of the base of the *os frontis*, and immediately between the organs of ordinary vision. This caused his spirit to retire into a species of self, or internal, contemplation, from which region he was recalled, by divers gentlemen calling out for Time, in a loud and impatient manner, as if they wished to seize upon the lock of that singularly tonsured old gentleman. The magnetism continued, with various phenomena, for two hours and twenty minutes, when the *séance magnetique*—magnetic sitting, or rather setting to, as it was called—the Doctor thinks, was concluded by both gentlemen being thrown into a trance. The Doctor endeavored to go and address questions to the Mesmerisees, but one of the friends of these philanthropic and scientific experimenters called him an old granny, and ignominiously made a pass with his foot at the end of the Doctor's spinal column, precluding him from any conversation with the patients.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE present century has produced many able writers, some brilliant critics and essayists, careful and scrutinizing authors on history and philosophy, a few men of real wit, one or two true humorists, many sweet, lively versifiers, and, fewest of all, a band of genuine Poets. But in the list which includes Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and, Shelley, posterity will not place the name of Moore, who, at the present moment, enjoys, perhaps, a more varied and general, not to say enviable and exalted reputation than any of the poets just mentioned. In the end, the permanence and character of an author's reputation must solely rest on the character and merit of his works. The epic seldom read, if a really great work, is sure of immortality; the collection of songs, however popular, unless equally admirable

in their way, must give place to the next new fashion of the hour.

It must not be thought we underrate the song because it is brief, and offers less pretensions. It was the earliest form of poetry, and is consecrated by the numberless gems, the bright thoughts, the dark fancies, the glittering conceits of poets of every age and country.

Of songs the earliest are the best, for the above reason, they were fresher, had the advantage of coming first, were unhackneyed. We, therefore, greatly prefer the early song-writers, and agree sincerely with Izaak Walton, who is speaking of a similar kind of poetry, such as Raleigh, Marlowe, and Walton wrote: "They wrote old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good; *I think much better than the strong lines now in fashion, in this critical age.*"

Moore is essentially a song writer. It affords the best scope for his genius, which flags beyond a limited distance, yet a song writer of a different stamp from the old masters of the lyric art, as we shall have occasion to show.

Mr. Moore is a parlor-poet. We have all known parlor-orators: old gentlemen, who would descant, with all the flourishes of rhetoric, on some topic of business, or politics, or family history. But here we have a bard, whose best audience is a fashionable company, whose best position is sitting at the piano and whispering one of his own melodies into the charmed ears of school-girls and the titled dames of English society. You would have never caught Milton exhibiting himself in this fashion. He knew how to preserve the dignity of the poetic character, which was the ruling character in him. Moore is rather a man of fashion; writing verses for his own amusement, and singing them for the entertainment of others. His fancy is of proper dimensions to suit a drawing-room; he may flutter amongst china ornaments, gilded vases, and or-molu clocks; rustling behind the curtains, or burying himself, with Rabelais, in his easy chair of luxurious construction. In the open air of the world, on the broad stage of society at large, he is lost. He wants ballast to support him, so light and volatile is his genius. He has no energy to propel him onward. He has no weight of sentiment; no force of thought.

What, then, has he? A lively wit, a vein of glittering conceits, cold and hard, in proportion to their polish, great power of language, running into mere verbosity, and a fatal

fatality of turning off any given quantity of rhyme, at the shortest possible notice. His muse is always on the alert, "coming," "coming," like the tapster at a popular inn. He has not the slightest pretension to the three great requisites of a great poet. He has no lofty imagination, no deep sentiment, no curious felicity of expression. His fancy is a tricksy sprite, smart and epigrammatic, capable of doing justice to a political satire, or well-bred courtly scandal. It conducts him easily and pleasantly through the mazes of a comic song, and even enlightens the honest heartiness of his patriotic effusions. But in sentimental pieces, it becomes mere affectation. His serious notes are mere grimacings of sensibility. The feeling of his songs is such as his fashionable readers can appreciate, but so hollow and superficial, with a very few exceptions, as to be appreciable by no other class. One reason of the popularity of the Melodies, is the sweet music to which many of them have been married, and the sweet voices we have heard sing them. Mrs. Wood gave a new lustre to the treble part of "Love's Young Dream." "Oft in the stilly night" has called forth the sweetest tones of the finest tenor; "The Soldier's Farewell" has been answered by many a heart. Peculiar circumstances have given reputation to some of the songs: as the history of the song, "She is far from the land where her young lover sleeps." There are, perhaps, ten really natural expressions of feeling in the collection of Melodies, but we doubt if more. The rest of the sentimental songs are sad stuff. The Orator Puff's are much better, and the "Two-penny Post Bag," a separate satirical poem, the best of all Moore's attempts.

Moore's Lalla Rookh is an instance of palpable failure. We know, nowhere, more elaborate, voluptuous description, and complicated, fanciful illustrations, so entirely thrown away, as here, except in the versified form of the Epicurean, originally a rich, oriental prose poem, but, as translated into verse, a meaningless desert of poetical common-places.

The Anacreon of this author is not so good as Cowley's version; which proves that the very airiest poetry must have a basis of powerful sense, as the hardest marble takes the finest polish, and the loftiest pillars are crowned with the lightest chaplets of Corinthian grace. Ben Jonson, whose finest lyric, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," is continually ascribed to Moore, affords one instance among many

others, of stern, rugged, vigorous sense, lightened and relieved by delicate and graceful fancy. The majestic old tragedians, Marlowe, Webster, and Shakespeare, and the rest, exhibited this refinement. But mere fancy, without vigor of understanding, fails to give momentum and passion to poetic flights. An excess of levity is visible in such poetry, which, on grave themes, is converted into as intolerable dullness.

The imitations of Moore are among the best tests of the real want of excellence of his poetry. His copyists are mawkish ballad-mongers, or else libertine philosophers, as they may affect real feeling, or a perfect indifference to it. These gentlemen substitute the French wines for Byron's gin, and if not as furious and terrible as the followers of Don Juan, are more light-hearted and skeptical.

There is an unhandsome notion lurking in the community, that the quantity of wine, a poet can drink and its effects upon him, exhibit the measure of his powers. Willis, himself, has lately fallen in with this absurdity, by which proof he attempts to make out Wordsworth to be a dull fellow; but Barry Cornwall, a "glorious" poet. Procter has certainly written some spirited songs, but the general tone of his poetry is feeble elegance, with occasional delicacy. The sentimental songs of this school may be generally classed with Pope's Song by a person of Quality, and are filled with an equal number of senseless epithets, and inexpressive expressions.

The next generation will probably hear of Moore as a lively political wit, an accomplished diner-out, an agreeable companion at the summer fetes of the great, in the country, and the admired of all admirers, at the crowded routes of wealth and fashion, in town. His songs will be sung—most of the good ones are now thread-bare—until a new Haynes Bayly springs up, when he will be forgotten. His scholarship, being kept to himself, will be matter of tradition.

Lalla Rookh is now a dead letter; the History of Ireland is a dull book, though it may run an even race with Mr. Grattan's History of the Netherlands, which is another dull book. In a word, Moore's reputation is mostly personal, and will die with him, like that of the Sedleys and Killegrews of a past age. Having written no such songs as Burns, like him, he cannot live, nor emulate the fame of the truly great poets of this period, since his most elaborate attempt is a failure.

THE CITY ARTICLE.

CRIME IN THE METROPOLIS.

IF one, travelling in a deserted place, should come suddenly upon a house, it would be almost impossible to avoid imagining the condition of its inmates, to repress sympathy for their distresses, and kind wishes for their peace and prosperity. How much would these natural feelings be increased, in looking from some near hill upon a city! The ear is filled with the murmur of life, as a sea-shell is with sound; and then how boundless is conjecture, concerning the world of hopes, disappointment, and the cares and the toils, as punctual, of which that multitudinous sound is the voice! Death is occurring within those brick walls, and the daily chronicles of that fleeting history record it, and then it is forgotten by all but those whose tears flow in sorrow. We stand on the heights of Weehawken, and look on our great western city. We think of her as the city of our birth, the home of all our natural ties, and acquired affections. With pride we admire the substantial abodes of her Tyrian-like merchants, their warehouses, and the churches, stretching arms to heaven, monuments of this and the other life; the smoke from so many hearths, mingling, as the wishes of a multitude ought, into one gauze-like robe, to wrap the hovering angel of the city. But within those dumb brick walls there are many scenes of sickness and death. Friends, children, parents, brethren, are parting. There are the hopeless, and, save by death, irremediable pains of the weak, the suffering; there is despairing poverty; there is irresolution, and the failure even of strength, ends—ended in vapor, leaving to the mind that conceived, the coldness that vacancy and regret inherit. This is all natural to think of—nay, to weep over. This common life, so neglectful of prophetic virtue, is a Jerusalem that infinite Love weeps over.

Again, we might say, yonder pile is a nursery of crime. Yonder are temptations to vice; the gaudy courtesan invites to the chambers of the grave; the midnight haunt of pleasure is gathering a company for the house of mourning; there the unbridled desire of wealth is reaming in the brain,

and dreams of Potosi or El Dorados, of golden anticipations, turn the mind earthward—the earth, the mother of gold. The lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life are flourishing rankly in yonder citizens' hearts. To-morrow, we shall be breathless at some shocking stretch of human misery, some murder, some midnight arson, some daring robbery, and perpetually the stale account is journalized, of a dozen petty criminals against the law of property. Each week, in its course, bears along its tribute of victims to the fiery idol of sensualism, and the early friendless death, its wages. One might be persuaded to say that a general immorality is holding a sway as black as night, as inexorable as tyranny. To recount details so stereotyped, is useless. All good men are mourning over this metropolitan guilt. He who is standing on the height, and looks down on the abode of thirty myriads, might well condole, both over the pain, sickness, and the racking vicissitude of that surging hum; but when he thinks of the erring passion, the blinded judgment, the seared or remorseful conscience, he would be awake to a perception of ills, as far exceeding the physical ones that first busied him—parents, though crimes are, of all miseries—yet as far exceeding those in appropriate torment, as the martyr's reward does the drunkard's pleasure. Guilt is the sickness of the soul. Where shall we get medicine?

Take one of these children of misfortune; a criminal, reckless of the world and of the world's law, and the punishment it would put on him, unselfish in his crime, he desires all harsh and bitter things to himself; profit and comfort he despises, and chooses the mental sting and the soul's death. Blind prayers, acted, too, he puts up for annihilation; hating good, he lives to a degraded and a sensual state. In poverty, we say, he was born, and sometimes, in spite of maternal care, he met hunger and coldness: then, for a while he toiled for himself; forced to that too early, and met a phantom, called pleasure; then his little earnings were diverted to wrong outlays, his parents were despised, and the passions, like yelling devils, sold him to despair. Would this man hesitate to kill the way-farer, or to kill the one who has been the object of his wrath? Why, some slight love for his degraded life might restrain. Would he hesitate to steal? Some glimmer of pride might possibly remain to draw away from the prison walls; but, upon our supposition, we shall say, that, friendless, hopeless, desiring excess of

misery to lull the qualms of conscience and regret, nothing would restrain. Then with others, less daring or more proud, the orgies of drunkenness, the polluted embrace, the frantic fight is shared, the saturnalia of devils. You can see many of such persons in the purlieus of the criminal court, and they will glare, with something like insanity, upon you. Their number, as their source, is legion. Think of this, and tears should flow for manhood so degraded.

Discontent, even in good dispositions, in evil, envy, seem the natural fruits of poverty, and the discomfort attendant on poverty. You that have been nature's tenderly-fostered sons, whose eyes have not opened first, in this world, on distress, hunger, and squalor, think, if you were deprived of daily bread, or if it were precarious, if the snow and the cold wind could master your insufficient roof, and conquer the array of your bed, judge of your repinings, judge of the temptations that this physical evil might bring to you. Perpetual disappointment has its share in bringing on discontent. Some, it might lead to higher aims, to joys of the clear and gentle spirit, to meekness and to faith; but how, in your case, successful one in worldly aims, would it have been? would you have been as indefatigable as crafty Sisyphus, in rolling your stone, and unrepining, when it rolled you back to the earth itself, to the hill's bottom? And suppose the associates of the man have been the poor, the despised, the toil-bowed, and their complaints, mingling with his, had been ever sounding, would that brazen din not have driven you, like an insect, to unhallowed pleasure, to desperate wrath, to sullen-eyed crimes? Had this bright page of the poet, with the sounding woe of heroes, the lofty thought of the moralist, never echoed in your ear, where would have been your virtue? where your constancy? The lesson of the wise, the comfort of the good and gentle teachers of mankind, the poet's measure, may have not often fallen on your poor brother's ear; so judge mildly of his faults. I will suppose that a Christian father and mother led you to the house of God in early youth; with streaming eyes, blessing you, they, at each day's close, bade you look up to heaven, and told you of higher worlds, higher joys, mansions, paved with stars, your enduring heritage; they told you of another Father there. Such teachers might not have been his, and the face of the heavenly might seemed to him as from behind some shade, or averted. Judge, then, not at all.

Now, thou gazer on the city of thy birth, no criminal art thou, perhaps, as laws adjudge, but liable to judgment at the bar of Reason, liable to another at the bar of Truth, sometime hence. Hast thou never been angry, causelessly, save if pride offended or rivalry be causes to transport to forgetfulness of love thy allegiance? If not, then thou art no murderer. Has wealth never allured to hard and desperate bargain, to trade contraband, to schemes immoral? If not, then the command, "Thou shalt not steal," has not been transgressed, and thou art no thief. But has this cloudy or smoky image of pleasure never drawn reason from its office, and thy eye, roving over beauty, never been without monitor and restraint? If thou hast not thus erred, thou art pure and chaste. But if ever thy thought has wandered from its virgin unsolicitude, and if thy conscience has ever dropped its lid, nursed by sophism to sleep, thou art as guilty as yonder of the victims and the examples of the law. Sympathy, philosophy, pride, Christian teaching, and disposition mild, because gratified, has preserved the men of your class from transgressing municipal laws. But if such are the narrow limits that divide the guilty and the virtuous, let all mankind tremble, for the elements are in all, that consign to the abodes of wretchedness the lean victims of avarice, and to the sad and cold loss of this all-forming fancy, this nature with the butterfly-wing, the violated life that passion of a fellow-man has driven from the light.

We are, then, left to devise a remedy, or see if one is already devised, in this evil case.

What say we to physical force, to gird our cities with police, watchful and strong? Set your armed guards; they are not omnipotent, and men that despair contemn their power. This one, heroic in his misery, and willing to conclude, in one melo-dramatic scene of terror, a life of grinding oppression, from things temporal and things spiritual, leaps the gulf of life willingly, and runs a muck against patrol and police—aye, he defies every element of the kingly power. And yet the fears of nations have fondly hoped, by the power of strong governments, to repress crime. It has been ineffectual, and the means that were to be conservative, have ingendered horrors of a Russian Imperial Court.

Threaten, by showing the certain, inevitable, cruel punishment of crime. What will Draconian laws? codes written in blood? Man, though criminal, sees the injustice of

these laws; he judges the Judge, and "the looker-on in Vienna" must deal the same measure to Judge and criminal. Though felon blood flows in torrents, the army of ignoble heroes will march up, like Spartans, to the death, and the imagined plaudits of his mob will cast a lurid shade of glory over Tyburn gallows and Newgate prison. Let punishment be severe and certain, the culprit fears not; he expires with a jest, and leaves suffering wife, with children and sorrows, to humanity, to society; his emboldened companions, plotting new mischiefs to his injured, a loss, if the injured can feel.

Teach mankind, let them read, of themselves, their destiny, and their dignity. Let science furnish them with innocent pleasure and calm recreations; and that information, which will, by awakening a reasonable selfishness, give a tangible motive to virtue. Even thus, there is left an element that may convert universal intelligence into a means for crime. Yet have we advanced partly, and the example of educated communities has been marked by proportionate morality. First, in every mode, let man be taught Christianity; it has, in this world, its own power; it has made the home of the fatherless and widow to smile; cheered the man, bowed by persecution, old age, and poverty; distress, of mind and body, has yielded to this system. Then let it be taught from pulpit and from hearth, in street and in assembly. Herein is wisdom, though "unsung by poets, by senators unpraised."

But, man that wouldst aid, be thyself Christian; act to men in that rule, not as in Mosaic code—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—but resisting not evil, opening our bosom, and giving our hands to poor and guilty, we should point them up to an elder brother in the skies, from whose pierced bosom flows that stream of love, that, entering the heart, casts out all wrath.

Then the place of punishment will not be so named; it shall be an hospital for the deranged, by passion or ignorance. There shall be suitable labor to keep the blood in circulation, and to help provide for the support, and no physical comfort shall be omitted for our sick and diseased brother. There shall be good libraries, and masters, to instruct in useful learning; there shall be preachers of Christianity, to direct wandering footsteps; the wife shall not be divorced from the husband; the man's years must not be annihilated;

his earnings, when reclaimed, shall be his. We would have this retreat of the unfortunate placed where their little houses might look out on some great river, backed by hills, and in a fertile land; it should be a monastery, where retirement, thought, and kindness might afterwards restore to a better life. No scorn, no looks askance should drive him afterwards to despair; the individuals of society would honor the good deeds of this returning prodigal; they would not turn in speechless disgust from a glorious immortal being; they would glue fast in kindness, to save one so forgetful of himself. What righteous one sneers at this view, and dares to call it visionary? It is Christianity; it is as you would be treated, had you been tempted, and fallen: it is not clutching a fellow-servant by the throat, and saying, pay; it is on the road to forgiveness.

After some, we know not what, revolutions among the sun and stars, some great poet will arise, this great idea will fill his great soul, and it will then be acknowledged as reasonable; finally, the citizens of the State will demand it, from safety and sympathy; even now, they dread to shed the life that not all the Kings, Senates, or dignitaries, in scarlet ermine, can restore, if the sentence prove unjust. Cowardly nations, come put on the armor of kindness. Who can strike their friends? even the timid-flying girl returns love for love. Then, enemies no longer to society, but reconciled by kindness, the criminal, his arms bound, not by iron shackles, but by prayers, shall look up and bless the Man of Sorrows, whose life has been the cause of all good to him and to mankind. He will help to illustrate the glories of that redemption; the whole race learning more and more, shall advance more nearly to the life of Christ; and, as the Evangelist says that the world could not contain the books that should be written, should they embrace all he did; so all eternity may be employed by men and angels, in thinking of that Prophet and praising that King, and infinite perfection still be unexhausted.

THE FINE ARTS.

LONDON ASSURANCE.

AFTER extensive preparation, this much vaunted new piece was produced at the Park Theatre on the eleventh of the last month. The audience was a large one, and, without any great enthusiasm, which there was nothing in the piece to create, received it with decided favor. The discipline of the stage appeared entirely refreshed; the floor was covered with rich carpets, the scenes enclosed the sides of the stage, the furniture was new, the actors had their travelling and ball-room dresses, and a supernumerary was attired, as a footman, in plush and powder. Too much cannot be said, for the management deserves every praise, for the exquisite adaptation of the piece. The upholsterer and scene-painter have raised a standard of this part of the performances that the public will remember, and the manager do well to consult in the preparation of future novelties. The highest class of tragedies on the stage, when admirably acted, do not need these appliances, which rather withdraw the attention from the simplicity of the language; but they are always an exquisite addition to the gaiety of comedy, and quite indispensable to one's comfort in the general naked character of the style of acting and writing at present. They eke out the poverty of the plot, and wonderfully amplify the thin jests. Neither were they thrown away upon London Assurance, the literary merit of which is very slight. Upon its first presentation, by Madame Vestris, the last season, at Covent Garden, it was characterized, by the Times, as a farce, in five acts, and this is precisely its character. It is an extension of the light fragmentary incidents of one of Buckstone's or Jerrold's afterpieces, from scene to scene, with old jokes, newly trimmed, old stage characters, redeemed from failure by a brisk stage movement, and a general infusion of sprightliness. It contains nothing original, and as a delineation of real life and character is beneath criticism. It is a copy, not from nature, but a second-hand imitation of certain popular stage points. Sir Harcourt Courtly, its antiquated man of fashion, is Lord Ogleby, without his gentility or his heart—which he had—villainously cut down; and his valet, Brush, (for while the author was stealing the master, he might as well take the man,) is transmuted into Cool, whose name, with a proper economy of wit, is made to do duty for some twenty jests. There is a Jeremy Diddler, with only the loss of the gentleman, in the part of Dazzle, who is a good, impudent, easy fellow, and is very well played by

Browne. And we have a Paul Pry, in a villainously sneaking attorney, Mr. Meddle, who violates all sort of probabilities, professional and theatrical. There is no unity of interest in the piece, wrought out in the development of character, but there is a succession of incidents—and the upholstery is admirable for the stage.

The excellence of the acting, with a certain knowingness of the dialogue, gives the piece its popularity. The actors were all familiar with the parts, for they have played them in any number of farces for the last ten years. Placide, as Sir Harcourt Courtly, was slow and elaborate; he very rarely, it may be remarked, electrifies the house, but he gave the part the advantage of a careful study, and said and looked some very finished things. Latham's impertinent attorney was excellent, if we ought to say so much of a part that is never met with off the stage; Wheatley wore a handsome dressing gown in the first act; Browne, we are inclined to think, showed the most genius in Dazzle; Williams was in his element as Mr. Spanker, a very meek fool, who is suddenly transformed at dinner, into a very valiant, wise gentleman; and for the ladies, Miss Clarendon, evidently unfit for so prominent a part, laughed all the way through, at the jests, with great impropriety, as Grace Harkaway; and Miss Cushman, Lady Gay Spanker, was a somewhat coarse hoyden; she gained a round of applause in the description of a fox chase, but let those admire only, who have not heard Mrs. Fitzwilliams, as the Irish fox-hunting lady, in Buckstone's new farce of Snapping Turtles, tell a capital story of the same kind, in an infinitely better way. There is a depth and a richness of humor about the latter, that closely reminds us of Power's exquisite fox story.

THE APOLLO ASSOCIATION.

A NEW Exhibition, the eighth, of this select Gallery of Paintings, is now open. It contains, as usual, a few well-chosen works of the old American school, from private collections, and some very handsome contributions from the new. We cannot say that we notice any progressive improvement in the exhibitions; the present is, perhaps, inferior to former ones, but we do not draw any unfavorable inferences from this, for these frequent collections cannot always offer a perfect test of the state of the arts. We are willing to receive with gratitude whatever of excellence this institution offers, for it has our warmest sympathies with its management, and we now proceed to notice such of its

pictures as have afforded us a real pleasure. First, among the new pictures, is the Portrait of a Child, by S. S. Osgood, a most natural and warmly colored work, with a depth of luxurious quiet and repose, worthy the study of many of our artists, whose chilly productions hang along the whitened parlor walls, and check even the heat of the anthracite. A painting like this warms the blood, and imparts a portion of its youthful vitality. There is another picture of a child (No. 45,) by Dunlap, a mischievous, provoking compound of Puck and Little Red Riding Hood, a girl in a brown cloak, which is as excellent in another way. It has a fine expression of half-concealed sprightliness. Washington in his Youth, by Chapman, is a light composition in the style of Watteau. It is a fine conception, though it savors somewhat of prettiness. The future Statesman is represented standing, as he might, on some cliff in the Alleganies, in his early career of inland adventures on one of his engineering expeditions. It is morning, and he treads the path lightly, as a young heart should. His dress is a rich russet, and accords with the bloom and fulness of the cheek and the brown hair. It is a drawing-room picture of the forest; the landscape is softened, and one thinks it was a very elegant kind of life in the back-woods. It is not the rugged scene in which the manly strength of Washington was first practiced to endurance. We like these suggestive pictures, and pass on to another, in which Cole has developed a fine idea. It is a small cabinet piece, of a monk reading, in the nook of a very richly wooded landscape. The monk, himself, is but a poor sort of a figure, but his trees are lordly; he has drunk of the rich draughts of learning, and withered in his age; the trees have grown hale, and hearty, and strong with time; their thick mossy trunks and intertwisted foliage almost exclude the sun, lest his rays should rob them of the moisture from the brook that bubbles and sleeps along the rich landscape. There is an everlasting verdure and strength in the massive growth, that seems to reflect itself upon the book, and make learning equally imperishable. There are other pictures, faulty in design and miserable in execution; but the reader will see their faults for himself, or, if he do not, the small modicum of critical schooling we could impart in these few paragraphs, would do him little good. We prefer to speak of beauties: not to mar our pages by a censure of defects that will, soon enough, silently perish by themselves.

THE LOITERER.

Rambles and Reveries. By Henry T. Tuckerman, Author of "The Italian Sketch Book" and "Isabel of Sicily." New York. James P. Giffing. 1841. 12mo, pp. 436.

We, too, with Mr. Tuckerman, have a partiality for the essay, and agree with him in his estimate of its capabilities as a form of composition. "Descriptive sketches and personal traits, speculative suggestions and lyrical deductions, the force of direct appeal, the various power of illustration, allusion and comment, are equally available to the essayist. His essays may be a lay-sermon or a satire, a criticism or a reverie. 'Of the creeds of men,' says Lord Bacon, 'there is nothing more sound and excellent than are letters; for they are more natural than oratories, and more advised than sudden conferences.' Essays combine the qualities here ascribed to epistolary composition; indeed, they may justly be regarded as letters addressed to the public; embodying, in the delightful style which characterizes the private correspondence of cultivated friends, views and details of more general interest."* Right hopefully do we always take up a volume which promises this essay-matter, and reluctantly do we lay it down when disappointed. The present volume, though it is not so heartful a book as we could have wished for, from its subject matter, though it is deficient in the higher characteristics of originality and power, contains, yet, a great deal that is valuable; much for which, here, at the outset, we would express our thanks to the writer.

Mr. Tuckerman's talents are of a kind to be of eminent service in literature. He is an industrious, careful reader of books, with inquisitiveness and a tendency to pursue the best habits of thinking of the day, with a cautiousness of mind which detects a fault, though it is in the company of beauty. There are critics of a higher order of excellence than Mr. Tuckerman; men of keen analytic perceptions, of greater acuteness and nicety in discrimination, of original, philosophic powers of mind, not only able to compare the result of an author's labors, as it appears on paper, with the best standards of the best writers, but to enter into the secret chambers of the heart, and follow its windings as it shapes the thought. These critics, while they tell us of the author's style and manner, and the moral effect of his writings, unfold

* Art. Characteristics of Lamb, p. 322.

hidden secrets of philosophy; they teach us the lessons of our own lives, by their revelations of the lives of others; they add to the term of our years by making us participants of the passions and acts of the author, in whom we seem, for the time, to live. But there are far more critics among those who pass popularly for such, of inferior attainments. It is something to get rid of common prejudices, to avoid spleen, acrimony of debate, exaggeration, to cultivate a sober, diligent habit of thinking, to discipline the mind to an habitual perception of the true and beautiful, and all this has been done by our critic before he could write the series of "Thoughts on the Poets" in the present volume.

Of the coolness and impartiality of judgment to which we have alluded, there is an example in the paper on Wordsworth, who is evidently a favorite author with the critic, but whom he cannot love so well as to love his defects, which another might love as the shadows of his loftier powers, or as the rubbish which the mason throws into the foundation of the most beautiful Doric temple. He says, "Wordsworth has written too much and too indiscriminately. It is to be feared that habit has made the work of versifying necessary, and he has too often resorted to it merely as an occupation. Poetry is too sacred to be thus mechanically pursued. The true bard seizes only genial periods, and inciting themes. * * Wordsworth seems to have acted on a different principle. It is obvious to a discerning reader that his muse is frequently whipped into service. He is too often content to indite a series of common-place thoughts, and memorialize topics which have apparently awakened in his mind only a formal interest. It sometimes seems as if he had taken up the business of a bard, and felt bound to fulfil its functions. His political opinions, his historical reading, almost every event of personal experience, must be chronicled in the plan of a sonnet or blank verse. The language may be chaste, the sentiment unexceptionable, the moral excellent, and yet there may be no poetry, and perhaps the idea has been often better expressed in prose. Even the admirers of Wordsworth are compelled, therefore, to acknowledge, that, with all his unrivalled excellences, he has written too many

> 'Such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
> Correctly cold, and regularly slow.'"

Our critic then goes on to speak, with the greatest mildness, of Wordsworth's excellences. It may be remarked, that Mr. Tuckerman never excites enthusiasm; his pen is over-well disciplined, his judgment too much on its good behaviour. We could forgive him a hundred times Wordsworth's faults, if he had only himself a portion of his elevation.

Mr. Tuckerman should not have written of Coleridge; he has not enough insight to revere what he does not altogether understand, and it is evident that he has not taken the pains, or cannot comprehend Coleridge. "By many sensible readers, his metaphysical views are pronounced unintelligible, and, by some German scholars, declared arrant plagiarisms." This is not enough evidence to condemn any author by. Your, so-called, "sensible reader" is not always a fit judge of the poet or philosopher. As well might Newton's Principia be pronounced unintelligible, because it is so to the mass. There are only a few men in the world, it is said, at one time, who read Plato understandingly; yet is he intelligible to the few. Coleridge is understood by some men of rare powers, and their verdict is conclusive.

The Essay on Pope, a writer whose qualities are peculiarly adapted to the talents of the essayist, contains much well-expressed matter, and affords the most favorable example of the writer's style.

The Book without a Name. By Sir T. Charles and Lady Morgan. In 2 vols. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1841.

These volumes—a collection of disconnected miscellanies—exhibit a certain flippant way of talking, much in vogue in farces and magazines, and supposed to represent fashionable drawing-room conversation; but though they contain much smartness and pertness, doubtless very acceptable in good society, their merit is not of a kind to be very highly appreciated among specimens of pure literature. The jokes of Sir Charles look lamentably blank on paper; he does not understand the inimitable art of trifling with a grace; his levities fall from him with the solidity of the gravest moral aphorisms. His puns are execrable, videlicet in his essay on Coals, he says of the "crystalized carbon,"—"it mitigates no human sorrow, it cuts no pains (*panes*) except in the hands of the glazier." There is nothing afterwards in another paper, "A few words in defence of Punning," to make amends for this, though we have one or two far-fetched specimens as bad; for instance, a gourmand abstained from his two favorite dishes at dinner, that he might be able to say of himself, he was "*not soup-or-fish-al.*" What a satisfaction it is, not to live in the same hemisphere with such an incorrigible Irish Baronet. The man who can make two such puns, deserves to be forgiven; one might convict him of utter stupidity; it requires talent and experience to produce a second. He moreover attributes the following to

Sidney Smith, and, as jests from that prime wit are at a premium with the collectors of such matters, we publish it for their benefit. He was asked if the Whigs had not given him the vacant bishopric. "No," he replied, "they will give me nothing but Jamaica, because they know I shall make such a rum bishop."

Lady Morgan is a very sensible writer, and though over-given to affectations, has much more of the man in her disposition than the silly Baronet; but, upon the whole, we wonder exceedingly what could have induced Messrs. Wiley and Putnam to re-publish so stupid a book, with so little commendable in its plan or intention to redeem its dulness.

The Partizan Leader: A Tale of the Future. By Edward William Sidney. In two vols. Printed for the Publishers, by James Caxton. 1841.

The elevation of Judge Upshur to the office of Secretary of the Navy, has called up, like bubbles, to the surface, certain forgotten books and pamphlets, acknowledged or otherwise, but the parentage of which, popular rumor has attributed to him. The ends of politics are equally served, whether he or Judge Tucker prove the author. The old proverb, "would that mine enemy had written a book," has been brought into active operation in various newspaper batteries. The book, though it has lain quietly by several years, has now come into universal attention; we cannot but remark, that it would be better for the interests of literature and the author, if such works were promptly and fairly met by the press when they first appear. It is hard that the discovery of the merits of a book should depend upon a miracle of this kind. However, the book is now before the public, and Messrs. George L. Curry & Co., 167 Broadway, have received a supply for the New York market, the greater portion of which is already disposed of, through the potency of a secretaryship.

Stories about Dogs: Illustrative of their Instinct, Sagacity, and Fidelity. By Thomas Bingley. Embellished with engravings, from drawings by Thomas Landseer. New York: Dean and Trevett. 1841.

It is but fair to add to this title-page the name of Hooper, the American artist, who has executed the wood engravings after the

original English edition. It is enough to say, that the copies preserve the spirit and force of Landseer. They have the addition, too often overlooked, of careful press-work, which is quite one half of the effect of a good engraving.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS.—It is no more than an act of literary courtesy to greet the appearance of the new illustrated edition of this work, which has long since deservedly taken its place along-side of Percy's Reliques. For the present, we cannot do better than quote one of the briefest and least national of the poems, though of a most exquisite, fanciful beauty. It unites grace, wildness, and an unwritten moral, that the reader can adapt to his own heart.

COUNT ARNALDOS.

Who had ever such adventure,
  Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befel the Count Arnaldos
  At the rising of the sun?

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
  Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
  Sailing on the silent sea.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
  Burnished poop of beaten gold,—
Many a morn you 'll hood your falcon
  Ere you such a bark behold.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
  Golden poops may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
  To yon grey-haired sailor's strain.

Heart may beat and eye may glisten,
  Faith is strong, and Hope is free,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
  To the song that rules the sea.

When the grey-haired sailor chaunted,
  Every wind was hushed to sleep,—
Like a virgin's bosom panted
  All the wide reposing deep.

Bright in beauty rose the star-fish
  From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him—
  Holy music charmed them so.

'Stately galley! glorious galley!
  God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
  Of the dread devouring sea!

'False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
  Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,
  All—my glorious galley mocks!

'For the sake of God, our Maker!
  (Count Arnaldos' cry was strong)—
'Old man, let me be partaker
  In the secret of thy song!'

'Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
  Hearts I read, and thoughts I know;—
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
  In our galley thou must go.'

THE IRVING INSTITUTE.—The customary annual exhibition of the Institute, under the capable charge of Wm. A. and Charles H. Lyon, Esqrs., was given at Tarrytown in the early part of October. Having attended previous exhibitions, we can say, without fear, that whoever was present at the last, could not have failed of a spectacle, full of pleasant images and instruction cheerfully imparted. It was our misfortune, that we could not attend the meetings of the Examining Committee, of which we were members, by the courtesy of the principals; but that the performances of the scholars were in every way satisfactory, we are assured by a Report, which has appeared in several of the city papers, signed by Washington Irving, A. Slidell Mackenzie and others, commending them, and the Institute, itself, in very emphatic terms. It is a pleasant thing to know that so well-managed an Institution of learning is in a prosperous condition. All that it has acquired, it deserves.

INDEX.

END OF VOLUME II.