

and practice of it, as one, who was not only the coadjutor of the Reads, the Trowbridges, the Cushings, the Danas, the Parsonses, and the Sewalls of the generations that are gone by, but the contemporary likewise of those, who now inherit their fame and rank in the courts of Massachusetts and the union?



ART. V.—1. *Versuch über den politischen Zustand der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord America, &c. von Frederic Schmidt.*

Essay on the political condition of the U. S. of North America, by Frederic Schmidt. First volume, 8vo. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1822.

2. *Meine Auswanderung nach den Vereinigten Staaten in Nord America, &c.*

My emigration to the U. S. of N. America in the Spring of 1819, and my return home in the winter of 1820. By Ludwig Gall. 2 vols. 8vo. Treves. 1822.

OUR readers will give us credit for having devoted a fair proportion of our pages to the literature of Germany, and we may appeal to their recollection that we have done ample justice to the value of its language and the intellectual stores deposited in it. A new species of German literature, however, is growing up, for which we cannot promise so much. In our number for July, 1820, we gave a brief account of a specimen of it, 'the German in North America,' of the baron von Fürstenwärther, not at that time foreboding that the noble baron's brief essay was to serve as model for a new class of writers, on our country. It is not often that the progress of improvement is more rapid, than it has been in the baron's school. It may be truly said that the little finger of Mr Frederic Schmidt or of Mr Ludwig Gall is thicker, than the baron von Fürstenwärther's loins. The two works before us will compare advantageously with the happiest efforts of Beaujour or Fearon; and the Germans have so often been the butt of other nations, that it gives us pleasure to see them at last acting vigorously on the offensive, though it happens to be against the nation, which has given them least provocation. It is very far from our intention to enter the lists with either

of these gentlemen ; and our notice of them will be little else than a series of extracts from their works. Scandal of all reading is the most piquant. No articles in the Quarterly or Edinburgh Reviews are read in America with so much relish as those in which our country is most severely taken in hand. And while the works before us certainly possess this interest, one of them at least has the additional recommendation of the zeal of the author to expose himself to ridicule, while he thinks he is belaboring America. Since the exploits of the knight of the rueful countenance, nothing to our knowledge has appeared half so happy in this way. Mr Ludwig Gall is the sternest simpleton we ever met with ; and though he occasionally paid dearer than we could wish for his intrepid imbecility, he shakes his fool's cap with such menacing dignity, that we look on with no small awe.

Before proceeding to an account of the works themselves, we may perhaps be excused for noticing very briefly the remarks, in which the first of the authors above named, has seen fit to reply to our review of the baron von Fürstenwärther in our number for July, 1820. We do this the rather, as we suppose they proceed from the baron himself. He first charges us with ignorance, in calling the emigration from South Germany to America in the years 1817-19 'prodigious,' alleging that, for twenty one months, from March 1, 1818, to December 11, 1819, 'there were not more than twenty four hundred emigrants from the provinces of the Rhine, Würtemberg, Baden,' &c. and adding that, 'when we farther consider that this emigration is from the most populous part of Germany, whose superfluity requires a diminution from time to time, it is altogether erroneous to call it 'extraordinary.' *Extraordinary* we did not call it, and we leave Mr Schmidt to ascertain, whether even his twenty four hundred in twenty one months be an usual or an unusual emigration from the south of Germany. We called it, however, 'prodigious,' and shall rather than undertake ourselves to contradict Mr Schmidt, appeal to his countrymen. The baron von Fürstenwärther tells us, that from the 12th of July, 1817, to the early part of 1818, there arrived six thousand German *redemptioners* alone, being for nine months, about three times as many as Mr Schmidt allows for twenty one months. The redemptioners are of course only a part of the

emigrants. Mr Gall informs us that the emigration continued for a year or two to be equally great. This is only to the United States; but our remark did not confine itself to the emigration to this country. We spoke in general terms of the emigration from the south of Germany. Whether it is 'altogether erroneous' to call that *prodigious*, Mr Gall shall decide. He thus speaks in the beginning of his work.

'How extensive was this apprehension, is established, beyond question, by the fact that, according to the public prints, the stream of emigration, which in the year 1818 had carried nearly *thirty thousand* men by Mentz, down the Rhine, did not appear to have diminished for the first half of the year following;''

at which time Mr Gall himself joined it. He adds, moreover, that this emigration was chiefly from Würtemberg and Switzerland. Whether thirty thousand men from these two countries be a 'prodigious' annual emigration, we leave to the reader. The kingdom of Würtemberg is computed to contain about one million four hundred thousand inhabitants.

But Mr Schmidt will have it that by calling this emigration *prodigious*, we not only betrayed our ignorance of the circumstances of his country, but of our own; 'for,' addeth he, 'no where is the emigration greater than in America.' This we are fain to pronounce a *non sequitur*. We certainly never denied that a 'most prodigious' emigration, to borrow Dominie Sampson's phrase in its full form, is going on from the Atlantic to the western states. It is true we doubt Mr Schmidt's accuracy, in giving the emigration to Missouri in the year 1819 at forty thousand in five months. By the census of 1820, the population of that state was sixty six thousand five hundred and eighty six, and as it was estimated at sixty thousand in 1818, one can hardly go along with our author, in allowing that in five months of 1819, it received an accession of forty thousand. This heedless exaggeration will serve as a good specimen of our author's statistics. Whether the emigration, however, to the western states be great or small, we certainly gave our author no reason to argue that we were unacquainted with it.

It was not, however, this that he probably meant to urge. He has not himself succeeded in stating his argument; and we will do it for him. We inferred from the mighty emigration from the south of Germany, that things must there be in

a very bad state. Mr Schmidt meant, we suppose, to reply, that, on this principle, things must be in a very bad situation, in the Atlantic states of America, because a still greater emigration takes place from them to the west. In this form, had he so stated it, his argument would have been ingenious and plausible ; but still groundless. The cases are very different. The poor German redemptioner, wanders away from his country, against the will of his sovereign, and at the sacrifice of his citizenship, encounters the hardships of the passage, which Mr Gall paints in much such colors as those in which the middle passage of slave ships is usually represented, submits to three or four years' servitude, as the price of his passage alone, and endures all the hardships unavoidably incident to a poor foreigner in a strange land, where manners, language, laws, and government differ so entirely from his own. This is a very different case from that of the enterprising young farmer, who crosses the mountains, with an axe on his shoulder and fifty dollars in his pocket, to a region, which he scarcely calls distant, for he finds in it his own language, his countrymen, and the government under which he has always lived.

In the close of his remarks on America, the baron von Fürstenwärther thus expressed himself in a passage, which we cited from his work.

‘With such advantages, on the part of the United States, which every impartial man will recognise with me, and with all the facility, particularly of the *material life*, I cannot conceal some defects and dark sides. In this country there is no idea, nay not a distant suspicion, of a high and finer existence, at least on this earth,’ &c.

By ‘material life’ we supposed the baron to mean all those things, which belong to the physical rather than the moral and intellectual man, and we observed that all that is comprehended under it, seemed to us to abound in those parts of Germany, out of which the tide of emigration sets most strongly ; and that accordingly this emigration must have its origin in moral and political causes, as it certainly does. Though we laid no stress on this fine phrase of *material life*, Mr Schmidt appears to have been a good deal aggrieved at our interpretation of it, and expresses himself as follows :

‘By material life, which the reviewer, as it seems, did not understand, is meant, in Germany, neither roads, nor plantations,

nor agriculture, nor fine forests; but it expresses the prevailing inclination of single persons and whole nations, to satisfy their physical wants and regard their belly as their god. According to the reviewer's notion, the whole world would belong to the material life. It is matter of astonishment, therefore, that the reviewer should have learned so little on the German soil, that he could not even carry home with him this idea. When we speak then of *material life*, we understand by it a prevailing effort after eating and drinking, and the possession of superfluous goods. We understand by it men, who take more pleasure in a cattle show, or a breed of swine, than a Venus de' Medici or a Laocoon. Will the reviewer have an example of an actually personified material life, he may imagine to himself an American physician in one of the most public streets of Philadelphia in a Norwegian cold of five below zero, carrying home a whole quarter of pork, coughing as he goes, and gloating with wishful eye on the meat, which has now become his idol.'

Upon these assertions of our author, and his pertinent illustration, arise two questions, one of fact and the other of principle. In point of fact, we would ask—did we mistake Mr von Fürstenwärther in the interpretation we put on his phrase? Nay, does not our author, in the main, mean the same thing? What does he make his material life to be, but fondness for eating, desire for superfluities, taste for cattle shows, and the breed of pigs, and especially, the carrying home from market, in a cold day, of a quarter of pork? We assure the abstemious Mr Schmidt, that, though we did not illustrate the phrase so amply, we understood it precisely as he appears to do. He says that the Germans do not include good roads, agriculture, and forests in the material life; but do include cattle shows and breeding swine. But we would ask this nice discriminator, how he is to fatten his cattle without agriculture; and so far from the breed of swine being unconnected with forests, the Westphalia hams of his own country are said to owe their admirable savor, to roaming through the woods and to the quality of the smoke of the juniper tree, in which they are cured. With regard to the unfortunate Philadelphia physician, surprised by our author in carrying home a quarter of pork, we cannot but exclaim in the words of Mr Southey:

' Jacob, I do not like to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.'

If our author be not a Jew, we presume he will not find any particular materialism in eating pork, even when the thermometer is at five below zero ; and as for bringing it home from market, we wish we may never meet a doctor with any thing more dangerous about him than a few pounds of pork. If by all this eloquent explanation of material life, Mr Schmidt means to say that the Americans are very curious in the quality, and gluttonous in the quantity of food, we shall take the liberty to differ from him. More *meat*, pork as well as other kinds, it is true, is eaten here than perhaps in any other country ; but the English eat more on the whole, and the Germans much more, than the Americans ; and as for cooking, there is no place in the world, where that noble art has been less cultivated than in these United States. At any rate, did we think it wholly delicate, we could give the author a match for his Philadelphia doctor, which would teach him, as a German, the prudence of not saying much on this part of *material life*.

The other question regards the real dignity and importance of this material life, on Mr Schmidt's own explanation. It will be remembered that the topic under discussion was the temptation, which the United States hold out to emigrants from Germany. And the question is, how far, in this connexion, it is a reproach to a country that good eating abounds in it, and that the people indulge therein. For our own parts, we see nothing opprobrious in this. It is very easy to make speeches about material life—and preferring a show of cattle to a Venus de' Medici ; but is there any thing really contemptible in the business of eating ? To sift the matter closely, which would one choose for his standing dish, a Laocoon without meat, or meat without a Laocoon ? Pray what is there mean, in the nourishment of our wonderful bodily organization, by the appointed mode ? Does the philosopher find any thing unworthy, in the subject of that mystery of assimilation, by which foreign *matter* is united with our frames ? Does the statesman look with disdain on the great topic of the sustenance of millions ? Does the student of the fine arts, the true student of beauty and grace, really despise the consideration of the manner, in which the various lifeless particles, are transformed into living and sensitive forms ? To take our author's own example of the cattle shows, is not a noble bullock, such as may sometimes be seen at our cattle shows,

whose iron neck and compact frame are clothed with an almost silky fur, whose beautiful shape seems the very compound of symmetry and strength, and whose fine appearance is the least of his recommendations; is not such an animal, in any rational, philosophical, or moral point of view, as worthy an object of curiosity as the statue of the courtesan Phryne idealized—forsooth—as the Venus de' Medici? Nay, we go farther, and maintain, that if our author had ever seen one fine pig of the Bakewell breed, he would pronounce a milder judgment on his poor Philadelphia doctor. Or, if he had ever contemplated that gaunt, voracious animal, the common hog, with high back, long legs, and appalling maw, and reflected how much of the substance of the land such a breed consumes, and how poorly, after all, they cut to pork, he would not have sneered at the exertions of the immortal Bakewell. We pronounce, without scruple, that more has been done for human happiness, by the introduction of this small-boned and kindly fattening breed of swine, than by the publication of Winckelmann's history of the ancient arts; and before our author speaks so disrespectfully again of such a sweet-fleshed animal, we will thank him to remember that it was a litter of pigs, which guided Æneas to the foundations of the imperial city:

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

How much that classical nation of Romans—the very people, into whose possession the Laocoon and Venus were cast—suffered for the want of cattle shows, may be seen in the miserable resort of Romulus and Remus for milk; a thing that never could have taken place, had the breed of Fill-pail existed among them.

Mr Schmidt closes his reply to us with some general and pretty angry remarks on the subject of 'freedom, confidence, and equality of rights,' which we implied to belong to America, and intimated to be wanting in Germany. We did, however, but quote, in a different form, a part of Mr von Fürstenwärther's words, even in his most tragical exclamation over us. If, says he, 'the Americans are justly proud of their civil freedom, and of their freedom in thinking, speaking, and printing, and in the social life, they still know not that higher freedom of the soul, which is to be found only in Europe, and, I say it

boldly, most abundantly in Germany.' To this charge, if it be this which Mr Schmidt would reiterate, we plead guilty. If there be any freedom higher and better than that of 'social life, of speaking, printing, and *thinking*,' we are content with the latter, and resign the former without a murmur, satisfied with what Tacitus calls the rare felicity of the times, *ubi sentire quæ velis et quæ sentias dicere licet*.

Mr Schmidt argues that the slavery, which prevails in the southern states, the buying and selling of men in open market, is inconsistent with freedom. We certainly have no call to defend the institution of domestic slavery, but, if it deprive America of the right to be called free, what becomes of Greece and Rome. Were not the Spartans free? Were not the Athenians free? Was old Cato a foe to freedom? Were Brutus and Cassius foes to freedom: and yet they had slaves, chained by the neck to the door-posts of their houses; countrymen, very likely, of Mr Schmidt, for your Roman lord placed an especial value on a transrhenane slave. That very Apollo and that Venus, the mere admiration of which, according to Mr Schmidt, proves a man to possess the finer freedom of the soul, were hewn for the greater part by slaves: if made in Rome, as some think, wholly by slaves. 'The Würtembergers were free,' says Mr Schmidt, 'at a time when bears and elks roamed upon the coasts of America.' We strongly suspect that, at the time the bears and elks were in possession of the coasts of America, the Würtembergers, so far from being free, were attached to the soil, and 'bought and sold in public market' with it. *Leibeigenschaft* (a word, for which there is no familiar English term, but which bears in our ancient laws the ominous name of villanage) was the particular form of freedom, which the Würtembergers, in common with their brethren in the other parts of Germany enjoyed, till a very late period. This '*Leibeigenschaft*, or *bodily property*, is' (says Hegewisch, a well known respectable German writer, and the latest on this subject) 'essentially identical with slavery, inasmuch as the Leibeigner, like the slave, is the property of his master; and the right of property of the master in the person of his slave is only a little less restrained than in the case of a Leibeigner.' This slavery, we believe, still exists in some parts of Germany. The king of Prussia abrogated it in 1739. In 1781 it ceased in Bohemia and Moravia, in 1783 in Baden. When, if ever,

it was formally abolished in Würtemberg, we know not; probably in the late new constitution. So much for the freedom possessed by Würtemberg, or by Germany, at the time when America was possessed by the bears.

But we have dwelt much longer than we intended, on Mr Schmidt's reply to our observations. It is no part of our present or former design to enter into an encounter of wits, for the sake of vilifying Germany or the Germans. We stated, in no offensive terms, what every body knows, and what we could bring a plenty of German writers to avouch, that the emigration from that country is caused by the unfavorable political and social condition of its lower orders. If Mr Schmidt is disposed to quarrel with us for this, he must first dispose of Mr Gall, and of nearly all the literati in his own country, who have expressed any opinion on the subject.

Mr Schmidt's work, of which the first volume only has appeared, is to consist of three volumes, in two parts, one treating the political and one the moral condition of America. The following sentences, from the preface, will afford a good idea of the spirit, with which he goes to work :

‘ America, the land which has been sung in strains of enthusiasm, is an old man in the cradle, a dead hull of nominal freedom; the youthful confederation has sunk into a moral nihilism, and suffers the pains of extreme age. Could Washington arise again from the bosom of the earth, he would regard, with horror, the work of his hands destroyed by his posterity with impious scorn. But here, as in other lands, there are upright men, who might boldly place themselves by the side of the honorable of other nations; but they are widely scattered and cannot thrive on the meagre soil.’

The mass of the book is a heavy geographical and statistical compilation from ordinary sources, and contains little, which appears to be the result of personal observation. It is amusing to see the contradiction, on several points even of fact, between Mr Schmidt and Mr Gall, whose works appear at the same time, in the same region, and with the same general object. Thus Mr Schmidt is very sure that the climate of the valley of the Mississippi is identical, in the same parallels, with that of the Atlantic coast, and establishes the fact by all sorts of proof. Mr Gall is equally sure that there is a considerable difference, and proves it to equal satisfaction. It is

worth while to compare the accounts of these two valuable writers, on a point so simple as this.—‘It is therefore clearly proved,’ says Mr Schmidt, ‘that no difference of temperature exists between the eastern and western states, and that this opinion must have had its origin in local phenomena, which ought never to lead to general conclusions.’ p. 62.—‘Hence arises,’ says Mr Gall, ‘the greater heat of the country west of the mountains, increasing as you approach the Mississippi, on whose banks the difference in the same parallels amounts to three degrees.’

Nothing enables readers to bring the accuracy of a writer to the test, more directly, than observations which relate to their own immediate neighborhood. We accordingly quote the following passages, to show to what advantage the Bostonians figure in Mr Schmidt’s trust-worthy chapters.

‘Boston, at that time the Heligoland of America, had become the *dépôt* of the United States. Favored by the English navy, and engaged in a rebellion against the government of their country, which made but a feeble defence of their rights, *they pursued their commerce at sea as usual*. The consequence was, that necessaries and goods rose in all other states just in proportion as they were distant from New England, and that all orders must be sent thither, of which payment in specie was required. The demand for specie was therefore so great, that the banks were not in a condition to satisfy it. Accordingly in August and September 1814, there took place an universal suspension of specie payments, on the part of the banks of the United States, with the exception of those of New England, which best managed to sustain themselves.’

The following instructive and temperate passage follows some quixotic statements, on the subject of banks.

‘Now I ask whether, in any part of the world, such diabolical extortions are permitted? Does it not cry to heaven, that the government of the United States permits such oppression of the people? And does that deserve the name of a government, which permits the welfare of the nation to be undermined, before its eyes? The banks of the United States exhibit all the qualities of fraudulent monopolies: they stop payment whenever they please; pay in silver if expedient, and if not, in lead. They are banks for discount and circulation, and a merchant engaged in extensive business takes good care not to commit treason against them: for their teeth are like a lion’s and destroy

mankind. Whatever most revolting has occurred in Europe, in this age of paper money, is child's play, compared with these events, which deserve to be treated in detail, by some one competent to the topic: [Mr Schmidt, for instance, who, as our readers see, is competent to any thing.] It would unquestionably be the most important illustration of unbridled avarice, originating in the dregs of a nation of traders, and would especially convince the world of the great truth—that arbitrary power and oppression, under other forms, exist in a far greater degree in America, than in the so much calumniated ancient world; for in America a man marches into jail for a dollar, or is gradually destroyed by banks and brokers, counterfeiters and swindlers.

‘Why the government of the United States, as well as that of the several states, are so little disposed to put a stop to these abuses, appears from the fact that the banks and the government are ‘hand and glove’ in the business. The former are the favorite children of the presidents and the congresses, of the governors and treasurers of the states, because they are the greatest stockholders in the banks. By this means (?) an indirect taxation of the country is effected beyond all taxes hitherto known. Hence it happened also that five out of twenty-five of the directors of the state bank were chosen by the government in order to secure them more effectually.’

In a note, our sapient author intimates that the only banks of any utility are those on the plan of the bank of *Hamburgh*! If it were not labor lost to point out contradictions, on the part of such a writer as this, one might ask, how is it possible that frauds, so great and glaring as those which he describes, should be practised among a people so shrewd, keen, and wakeful as the Americans are represented, by our author? A hundred passages might be quoted from his book to prove, that money-getting is the sole employment and thought of Americans of all ages and professions. He has no where intimated that, in this pursuit, they are simple, credulous, or blind to their interest; but, on the contrary, he and Mr Gall both depict us, not only with harpy claws, but with a hawk's eye, and a vulture's scent,—and this throughout the country, of which they saw but a small part. Now, under these circumstances, though all, it seems, are willing enough to defraud, who is it, that is so entirely resigned to being defrauded? A distinguished English authority indeed says,

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat :

but whether that particular form of being cheated, which consists in being ruined by 'banks, brokers, counterfeiters, and swindlers,' be a pleasure of the highest order, may admit of doubt. At any rate, if it be one, it certainly is not the pleasure of the keen money-maker; and if the Americans are so extremely *gullible*, on this score, as our author represents them, he really ought to abate a little of his charge of keen and merciless attachment to money-making.

We will give another translation from Mr Schmidt, not that his opinions, on either subject, are worth confutation, but to show how grossly he contradicts himself. In a paragraph quoted above, our readers have observed, that he alleges Boston to have been a *depôt* of English goods in the war; to have, by the aid of the English navy, kept up its foreign trade as usual, and thus to have forced the whole United States to come to Boston, with specie, to buy the necessaries of life (*Bedürfnisse und Güter*). Now hear this same gentleman;

'During the war, this importation [of English woollens] for the most part ceased, and so great was the want of them, that many of the troops, stationed in Canada, died for want of clothing. The government, in consequence, in their embarrassment, are supposed to have ordered the seizure of Amelia island, principally for the sake of furnishing blankets for the half-frozen troops.'

Could then the American Heligoland, carrying on its usual commerce under the protection of the English navy, thus made a *depôt* of dry goods for the United States, draining their specie and breaking their banks, could it not furnish blankets for the army? But even this is not enough for our author's digestion. After first telling us that Boston was, during the war, the great magazine of the country, and that the Bostonian commerce, convoyed by the British navy, laid all America under contribution, and after having, notwithstanding, added that not a blanket was to be had for love or money, he again tells us, in the same chapter, 'that all the necessaries of life, during the war, commanded good prices, and employments multiplied to such a degree, that the internal trade alone was sufficient to keep the population in full activity, *and every member of the great family in good subsistence.*'

Of the general remarks of this author on commerce, manufactures, &c. it is sufficient to say, that he has merely copied

the statements of the publications of the day. That he even understands the principles which he defends, does not appear; that his defence is of any value if he does, no one will imagine from what we have already quoted. Into the discussion of the question between the importers and manufacturers, we certainly shall not enter on this occasion, nor treat the important subject with so much disrespect, as to trouble ourselves with these flimsy compilations *pro* or *con*.

We accordingly proceed to the work of Mr Ludwig Gall. We ought to treat him with some indulgence, in consideration of the little mercy he has shown himself. So simple a man as Mr Gall, we are sure could have no enemies; otherwise, instead of the following motto, in a curious language which he often quotes, but which we do not understand,

That what is base aware
No polish can make sterling,

he should have taken the words of Job, 'O that mine adversary had written a book.' Did all authors treat themselves as Mr Gall has done, the business of reviewing books might stop, and that of writing them too, for the art of printing would soon drop into disrepute. Every man, woman, and child, whom Mr Gall approaches, defrauds him. The government of his country, the Prussian, treats him with disdain; the chosen friends, who joined his society, fall off; the Swiss confederates play upon his credulity in the most unheard-of manner; his company of fellow emigrants rebel against him, and require to be brought to their senses at the mouth of the loaded cannon on deck, and that, after one of them had made an attempt to throw him overboard. Arrived in New York, not only does every American cheat him—that is a matter of course—but his own countrymen, the German societies, straightway fall under his displeasure. The worthy and Rev. Mr Hellmuth, recommended by baron von Fürstenwärther as a suitable person, to whom the societies in Germany for the encouragement of emigrants, should address themselves, receives some very left-handed compliments from our author. A young Hamburger, whom he took into his service in New York, and whose debts he paid, cheats him, insults him, and leaves him in Philadelphia. Several passengers, whose passages he had paid on condition of their service in America, run away from

him by the time he is cleverly landed ; and a few servants that remained faithful, the very Abdiels of his rebel redemptioners, drop off, one by one, on the way from Philadelphia to Harrisburg. Scarcely is he arrived there, when his last and only remaining redemptioner informs him coolly that, by the custom of this country, he shall leave him, unless permitted to sit down with him at table ; and finally at the close of his pilgrimage here, when he had printed a small pamphlet of advice to the Germans, his bookseller at Harrisburg, a German, and, as Mr Gall tells us, one of the best men in the world, breaks his contract and cheats him. The truth is, there is some pleasure in cheating a man like Mr Gall. There is such a readiness, a hearty, unsuspecting ignorance about him, an Olympian self-conceit, in which he thinks he knows all things, a promptness in drawing out his purse to pay, and, when it is too late to help it, such a sagacity in discovering the deception, and such a hoarse stentorian shout after the thief, that we have rarely conceived, in so lively a manner, the pleasure of imposing on the credulity of others. One remark, however, we must be permitted to make before proceeding to a farther account of Mr Gall's book. As we have observed, every body cheats him ; and he is pretty clear and full in setting it down, but with this difference : when done by his countrymen at home, by the Swiss or the Antwerpers, it draws forth no general inference against their several countries. On the contrary, his anecdotes of the truly flagitious frauds, which seem to have been practised on him by the German Swiss, with whom he was engaged, are accompanied with epithets highly to the commendation of his *dear* countrymen, whom he compliments with *gradsinnig*, and every other fondling term, which a man can bestow on his grown-up neighbors. When he arrives in America, however, and, in the low company into which he falls, is in various ways imposed upon, each new instance is announced with solemnity, as characteristic of the people. If the owner of a miserable Irish hovel, in which he takes refuge in New Jersey, overcharge him, or the driver of a set of farm wagons, in which our exquisite traveller seeks conveyance, take advantage of his simplicity ; it is a proof that the Americans are a trickish set ; and where the knaveries in question happen to be practised by his own countrymen in America, then his ingenious inference is, that the American air has corrupted them.

But we will lay before our readers a short account of Mr Gall and his work. This gentleman was a clerk in some department of the Prussian government, in the Rhenish provinces; and rapt into enthusiasm by the eloquence of the baron von Fürstenwärther and his brother-in-law von Gagern, determined to resign his office and devote himself to the cause of the German emigrants. To this end he and seven of his friends undertook, at Treves, his home, to form a society for the aid of poor emigrants, in leaving Europe and settling in America. It was proposed to call it the Gagnerian Society, Mr von Gagern having delicately volunteered to allow all associations for this object to bear his name. The thing had by this time reached the point, where the paternal governments of Europe generally interfere. Our philanthropists were given to understand that the ministry at Berlin did not thank them for their pains, and many, as our author pathetically remarks, who were well disposed to the association before, in consequence of hints to this effect, kept aloof. A society had at this same time, viz. the end of 1818, been formed at Bern in Switzerland, with a view of founding a German colony in North America; and a friend and associate of Mr Gall immediately wrote to the Swiss brethren proposing to make a common cause with them. The offer was promptly accepted, and Mr Gall and his friend were informed that a company had been constituted, and shares taken by wealthy and respectable people at Bern, to promote this great end of founding a settlement in North America. Soon after, our author himself wrote to Bern, with an offer, which was thankfully accepted, to subscribe for twenty or thirty shares of the colony stock and join the party, as one of the commissioners for selecting a site. All this time he was unacquainted with the persons, characters, and designs of his Swiss confederates, and knew them only from their own advertisement in the newspapers; evincing the same sort of discernment as would be shown in common life, by running after 'the fine chances to invest capital,' the 'respectable single gentlemen with easy fortunes, that seek a partner for life,' and other tempting proposals, which are daily wasted on a shrewd community.

No sooner was this considerate union with his Swiss formed, than Mr Gall took his great step, the publication of 'his call for the formation of benevolent societies in one of the

most important affairs of the age and of humanity.' This call was published at Treves, January 23, 1819, and our author seems to consider it as his passing of the Rubicon. He immediately communicated it to the fraternity at Bern, and received the following answer, which will throw some light on the character of these gentry.

' Bern, February 6, 1819.

' I have now to answer your letter of the 25th of January, which I had communicated to some of the most important partners in the concern. Captain St—— von H—— writes to the house of Maudrot and Opermann in Havre, and informs them that you will send your effects thither, addressed to them; at the same time, he lays before them some questions, which regard our undertaking.

' The departure hence will take place about the first of April. There is no question of finding ships ready to sail at Havre. The port at which to land, cannot so well be settled here. As we are to consult Mr von Gallatin the American *ambassador* at Paris, several points will be afterwards better settled than now; and I accordingly forbear to answer this question. Here, without counting your shares, four hundred and twenty are subscribed for, and a considerable number will shortly be added. The ambassador Mr von Gallatin is a native of Geneva, and has a very important influence in the American government. In order to give the affair still greater weight, *Mr von Wasserth* von Bincy has been named a director.'

On the 4th of March, our prudent author bethought him of applying for the royal sanction of a society to promote his great object, and received the following pretty pointed answer.

' To your letter of the 4th, directed to the president of this board, we reply, that we cannot permit the existence in this place of a *Gagnerian* society, so called, as, in conformity with the well known provisions of the law, no society for public objects can receive a statutory formation without the particular consent of the king.

' You, in particular, having been dismissed from the duties of a servant and subject of the king, have no right to erect such societies in this place, or to engage in other public transactions of the kind. On the contrary, you are regarded by the laws precisely in the light of an alien, and have to govern yourself accordingly.'

Thus the business of societies was effectually checked, and about the same time Mr Gall, to his no small astonishment, received a letter from the 'captain —g— von —d—' at Bern, informing him, that, notwithstanding what had already been written to him about sending his effects to Havre, they had not yet fixed on that port for embarcation, and asking Mr Gall some questions about Antwerp. Here we must apologize to our readers for the singular notation, which we are compelled to employ in recording some of the heroes of this tale. It is Mr A. and Herr von B. and captain C—— von D. and so on, through the alphabet; a sort of revised edition of A apple pie, B bit it. Though, from Mr Gall's account, he found a good deal more of the *B bit it* than of the *A apple pie*. Mr Gall in replying to the letter of this most alphabetical captain —g— von —d— 'did not disguise his vexation at the indiscretion with which Mr N. had written to him from Bern, and occasioned him to send his effects to Havre, while neither the time of departure nor the place of embarcation was fixed on.' Mr Gall also wrote to the said Mr N. 'to recommend to him more circumspection and foresight.' Circumspection and foresight recommended by Mr Gall, who, in consequence of being told that a letter had been written to Havre, by people whom he knew neither personally nor by reputation, sent his baggage down from Treves to Havre on the way to America, in the month of February, to embark in April! Circumspect Mr Gall! Mr N's answer to these edifying letters consisted in telling Mr Gall, that the stockholders would meet on the 16th of March, to determine what to do, and on the 18th of March, he was informed that the meeting had been held, that he himself, with Mr L—— of Geneva and Mr N. of Bern, were named commissioners, and that the *commission* would meet at the latest by the *end of April, in Antwerp*. Mr Gall having six weeks before sent down his baggage to embark from Havre the 1st of April, was probably by this time a little short of various articles of dress, which shall be nameless.

At length Mr Gall thought it necessary to be in motion, and the following extract from his journal, whatever credit it may do to his sensibility, will not serve to give a very high notion of his qualifications for the undertaking, in which he voluntarily engaged. He should never have resigned his clerkship, nor ventured out into the bustle of life.

‘ *On the Moselle, April 6, 1818.*

‘ The journey to the port of embarkation admits of no longer delay. For the first time, I was overwhelmed at the thought of the approaching separation from all that was dear to me on earth, from my native land, from the beloved companions of my early years, from so many good, excellent, rare men; and then the gloomy probability of never, never seeing them again. “Farewell, then, forever!” wrote me a beloved kindred spirit, by whose side I had dreamed away the fairest, happiest dream of my life, and “forever” long echoed hoarsely in my inmost soul. All this awakened gloomy feelings, and I will not conceal, that, in this state of mind, I would have turned back, had not my “call,” of January 23d lifted itself as a fearful wall of partition between me and Europe. [Who could fear for the balance of power, with Europe on one side of the wall, and Mr Gall upon the other?] The nearer the hour of departure came, the busier was my fancy in calling up, before my soul, a train of glorious images, with which a world of paradisiacal recollections was associated. How did a thousand things, to which I was indifferent before, now attract me, and with what childlike melancholy, did I dwell on every thing, which I was to leave behind! I was obliged to summon all my powers in order not to yield.

‘ Not so my wife, nineteen years of age, whom no prayers, no promises, no tears of the tenderly solicitous and inconsolable parents, could persuade to allow me to make the first voyage of investigation alone. Still and reserved, she had already made herself familiar with the pang of separation; and thus, though she had never before left the neighbourhood of her parents, was enabled, in the most solemn moment of departure, with the resignation of a devotee to tear herself from the arms of the best of mothers and of the kindest brethren and sisters, who clung fondly around her and would not let her go. We departed. To avoid bidding adieu to our acquaintances, we sought the remotest streets of Treves, on our way out of the city, accompanied by my brother alone. What a struggle did it cost him to repress the violence of his feelings, in order not to embitter the last moment! But in vain; for, as he caught a glimpse of my cabriolet, which had been sent forward, he could no longer contain himself. I also was obliged to give vent to my swelling heart. But my wife had not yet lost her calm self-possession. But we were now driving away through a region, where every tree, every bush, every spot had become interesting to her, where every path reminded her again of all the dear ones left behind, with whom she had a thousand times traversed this beautiful valley, engrossed by the most cheerful and joyful

sensations. To day every thing wore the sombre tint of her increasing melancholy, and every thing seemed to nod to us a last, an eternal farewell. As yet she had only breathed more heavily ; but when, at length, the highest towers and spires of the city, the last common objects between ourselves and those dear to us, vanished in the blue mist, then she sought in vain to suppress a moist pearl in her eye. Grief overpowered her constancy, and the long repressed tears now flowed without measure.

‘The moon lighted us as cheerfully on to Lieser, as if it had known nothing of our departure. Here an opportunity offered itself, which I gladly embraced, of pursuing our journey as far as Cologne in a Moselle bark. In the house of her sister at Lieser, every thing served to renew the melancholy, which my wife had yesterday experienced. On this harpsichord, she had often played her favorite tunes to her listening mother. That sparkling glass goblet, with a sun upon it, and the inscription “may it illuminate thy life,” was never filled, but with the aromatic vintage of 1811 for her father. There the bower was her father’s favorite resort, and this rose had been planted with her own hand, to please him. And now again the horror of an everlasting separation, from a dear sister ! Who could support this trial ! She was beside herself, and my heart bled, when I considered myself as the destroyer of her happiness, and yet could not return.

‘The sun was just sinking in full splendor beneath the lofty ruins of the tower of Bernkastel, and gilded the tops of the opposite mountains. Gently beat the oars of the little boat which was taking us to our bark, and the melting note of a solitary nightingale, penetrating to the inmost soul, would interrupt at intervals, the holy calm that surrounded us. In an hour we rowed to our vessel, and before we had passed the beautiful and romantic Trarbach, the talkative spouse of our captain, an obliging, cheerful dame, succeeded, in conjunction with the mild influences of a noble morning, in restoring my wife to her spirits.

‘As we leisurely followed the stream in its meandering course, we enjoyed the delightful variety of its picturesque banks. Rough and woody mountains constantly interchange with sunny vineyards. Here and there discloses itself a happy vale with cheerful dwellings, contrasting strangely, but not unpleasantly, with stupendous ruins that arise in mournful pomp from their precipitous rocks aloft into the clouds. Little cities, prosperous villages, beautiful country seats, gardens, meadows, fields, and orchards appear at every glance ; but nature still lay in her wintry slumber, and allowed us only to fancy the ravishing beauty of her awaking !’

We have made this long extract, because it is one of the most amiable passages in Mr Gall's book. It shows, to be sure, a character ill calculated for any active duty, if a mere voyage of investigation across the sea, from which he was to return in eighteen months, had such an effect upon his nerves.

On his journey down the Rhine, Mr Gall stopped at Neuwied, the capital of a small principality of which the prince has made himself known, by a scientific voyage to Brazil, of which he has published the journal. The following anecdote will help to account for the emigration which takes place from Germany. We should like to know what sort of freedom the baron Fürstenwärther and Mr Schmidt esteem that, to which this little extract bears witness.

‘I visited in Neuwied,’ says Mr Gall, ‘the mother of the poet Borkholder, who, in the year 1814, had been banished out of Nassau for writing the following couplet;

“ Scarce can a branch of labor thrive ; the tax-
Man comes and says, good sir, I'll go you snacks.”

Having taken refuge on the left bank of the Rhine, he found subsistence and protection under Gruner's administration. In 1815 he was, however, dismissed again, in consequence of having bestowed a box on the ear upon one of his colleagues, who had been advanced above him, and who had, in consequence of some insult, challenged him. The next year he had emigrated to America, trusting more to his trade—he was a cabinet-maker—than his pen. I had known him well. With a clear head he united the best of hearts,’ &c.

At Dusseldorf our author received information, with regard to the unfortunate emigrants, who, three years before, had left Germany for Holland, without any mode of supporting themselves in the Dutch ports, and finding no means of procuring a passage for America, were obliged, under circumstances of the extremest misery, to return.

‘Many, unwilling to admit the necessity of returning, remained still in the neighborhood of the Dutch cities till the approach of winter. At last, violently undeceived, they set out on their return. Half-starved, covered with rags filled with vermin, and from the total prostration and wasting of strength scarce able to creep on, they arrived in the neighborhood of Dusseldorf. And yet it was out of the question to afford the most miserable any repose, for it was necessary to hurry them forward, to make room for those that followed. Those, who could not march,

were sent on in wagons. Almost every family had lost one of its members. An unhappy father of seven children, of whom the oldest was scarce twelve years, had become insane at the loss of his wife. "I want nothing," was his constant cry, in his delirium, "I want nothing, but a little bread for my poor children. One loaf, yes, *one* loaf, I have only earned *one*; but the poor worms cannot get their fill of that, and leave some for me to eat and be strong enough to work tomorrow for another.—See! look there! Three big, big dogs! See how they eat! O how they eat their fill! O God! God! let my poor children only eat their fill once! Shall we go to America? Oh yes, to America: there, there is plenty of land—all belongs to God—there I shall have a great, great field—and there we'll raise the corn and potatoes, and eat as much as we want!"

Mr Gall exclaims with justice on this pathetic scene, 'what a frightful reality is contained in the ravings of this maniac. *One* loaf of bread—the purchase of a day's wages—for a father and seven children. A frank is the usual day's wages [twenty cents]. This commonly must support three, but often also five and six must live upon it.'—What sort of freedom is this, in the estimation of the noble and worthy vili-fiers of America? Which spectacle does Mr Schmidt think most to the disgrace and infamy of a country, that of his Philadelphia doctor and the leg of pork, or that of the poor German emigrant, without the gates of Dusseldorf, maddening with envy at the rich meal of the dogs in the streets?

The 24th of April Mr Gall arrived in Antwerp, took up his abode at the hotel Pot-d'étain, *Tin-pot hotel*, and found letters from the precious captain St—— von G—— announcing that one hundred and seventy persons, from different parts of Switzerland, would be at Antwerp by the end of April, and directing Mr Gall, in behalf of the company, to charter vessels, engage passages, and lay in provisions for the voyage. An agreement was accordingly made with captain Kurz of the American ship *Columbia* of two hundred and fifty tons, half freighted, the captain consenting to give up to the emigrants the other half, for a sum of nine thousand franks (\$1800), with the provision that for every passenger short of sixty, one hundred and fifty franks should be abated, but in no case so as to make the whole sum less than seven thousand franks. The captain also agreed to wait till the 10th of May,—after that a daily fine for detention of one hundred and forty franks

was to be paid. Moreover, as this vessel would accommodate a portion only of the party, another ship, the *Eugenie*, a French vessel of two hundred and forty tons, was chartered for seventeen thousand franks, to make the passage to America. Mr Gall, in the warmth of his enthusiasm for the vessel which brought him to America, has attached a lithographic print of her to his work; and poorer craft we never wish to see afloat. Mr Gall, not content with chartering these vessels, also went the length of entering into contracts for the supply of the provisions of the party, and became personally responsible to a large amount, and all on the faith of the Swiss gentry, whom he had never seen. How well they deserved this of him, we shall presently see. The 29th of April arrived, and nothing was seen or heard of them by Mr Gall.—Meantime a new event took place, which we relate, to show our readers with how much justice Mr Gall quotes the accidents which befel him in America, as proofs of the superior knavery of the lower class in this country.

On the 6th of May, he received an anonymous billet, informing him that the *Eugenie*, which he had chartered, was an unseaworthy and unsound vessel, and referring him for confirmation to one of the first magistrates in Antwerp. This worthy magistrate, on being applied to by Mr Gall, stated that he would not himself, for a hundred thousand florins, embark in the ship, and yet, as she was not perhaps technically unseaworthy, advised him to seek a compromise with her captain, and take another vessel; recommending to him the Prussian ship *Emma*. Full of these new views, and without pausing a moment to weigh the matter, Mr Gall ran to the captain of the *Emma*. The captain of the *Eugenie* consented to relinquish his contract for four thousand franks; but before any conclusion was made, Mr Gall happened to find out that he had been the subject of the following knave's trick. A company of separatists from Würtemberg, to the number of three hundred, had sent four of their spiritual heads to Antwerp, to engage a vessel for their transport to America. These leaders had employed the magistrate just alluded to, to procure them a ship, and the magistrate engaged the *Emma*. When the Würtembergers arrived, however, they refused to take the *Emma*, because she had not a Mediterranean pass [Türkenpasse]. The *Emma* was accordingly left

on the magistrate's hands, and, to be rid of it, he procured the aforesaid anonymous billet to be written, *falsely* representing the Eugenie as unseaworthy, in order to frighten Mr Gall from embarking in her, and to induce him to charter the Emma. What an elegy would not Mr Gall have sung over American faith, had this notable plot been hatched at New York or Philadelphia !

Since it is one of the main burdens of his book, as of that of Mr Schmidt, to charge the Americans with a shameless love of money, we shall say a few words more of the case of these same three hundred Würtemberg separatists, and their four leaders. These last gentlemen, besides proposing to bestow their whole company of three hundred into a Danish vessel of three hundred and seventy tons, charged each of the number at the rate of one hundred and forty-three florins the passage, although Mr Gall procured accommodations, every way superior, for his party, at one hundred and ten florins each. He very justly accuses them of putting the thirty-three florins' difference to each man, into their own pockets, and adding to this pecuniary fraud, practised on their flock, the infamous barbarity of crowding three hundred human beings into a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons, in addition to the ship's company. Mr Gall, who has a pungent speech ready on all occasions, made the following pertinent address to these pastors, in an interview which he happened to have with them aboard the Emma.

‘ Is it your design to put your party in that dark and dreary hole, into which neither the sun nor the air of heaven can penetrate ; in which the breath of man soon becomes a deadly poison ; in a receptacle [the lower hold] never designed for men, a thousand times more formidable than the most dreadful prison on land ; in a space, where you, strong, healthy men, cannot stay half an hour, are you going to shut up for months, at sea, women, children, and the aged ? Are you going to bury alive, to give up to the most tormenting death, those whom you call by the tender names of brother and sister ? The unhappy wretches, whom intolerance drives from the peaceful home of their fathers, out upon the raging sea, who have placed their last hope, their whole confidence on your integrity ; will you for a few florins expose them to greater dangers than they have fled from at home, greater than, but for you, they would have encountered at sea ? That you have shamefully defrauded your constituents is plain, for you charge them one hundred and forty-three florins each, knowing

I had provided for mine at one hundred and ten. The difference, of which you rob your party, would amount to thirty-three florins each, had you provided the same accommodations for your party as I for the Swiss, viz. two tons to the fare. Instead of this, two hundred and thirty tons more than you have provided are wanting to make two tons to a man. These would cost you seven thousand florins, and therefore, besides the thirty-three florins each, you actually defraud your society of seven thousand florins. Be satisfied with this plunder, and make atonement to heaven, by giving up the shameful design of destroying the health of your friends and relatives. For your own sakes, let the power of truth put an end to the delusion, with which the devilish thirst of gold has possessed your minds. Imagine your own situation, on board the vessel, in whose bosom you are breeding for yourselves the plague. Think of your condition on the open sea; will you not tremble, with a guilty conscience, at every wind that suddenly swells the sails, at every wave that breaks over your vessel? And when the plague begins to rage within, and one after another is drawn up and thrown overboard, and you, lashed by the furies of remorse, shall be obliged to say of each, "him have we murdered, and him, and him, and him"—and when the cries of the children, whom your avarice has made orphans—the raving of the maniac—the moaning of the sufferers—the rattle of the dying, shall call down the vengeance of heaven on their murderers—think you, that then, as now, the sound of gold will lull the awakened conscience? Relent, accomplish not the horrid purpose, and you will escape the rack of remorse. Persevere in your detestable design, and God's just vengeance will overtake you beyond the waters.'

To this animated harangue—*lengthy*, we should call it, for an accidental meeting in the steerage of a vessel—the reverend persons addressed, replied, one of them, 'What is that to you?'—Another, 'What have you to do with our concerns?'—A third, 'The gentlemen, with whom we made the bargain, know how many such a ship will hold.' Now these were Germans, whose unsuspecting honesty, says Mr Gall, is the constant prey of the hungry Americans. These were Würtembergers, the noble and free people, who enjoyed liberty at a time when the bears and elks roamed on the American coast. The horrid project was defeated in a great measure by the menaces of Mr Gall, that on the arrival of the vessel in America, he would prosecute the captain for bringing more passengers than were permitted by the American law. Thus the

name of a wise and humane act of the American congress, that lawless, unprincipled, and powerless faction, as these gentlemen describe it, prevented two or three hundred free Würtembergers from being served up, by their pastors, as food for the sharks.

But we have left the thread of Mr Gall's story. By the 8th of May nothing had been heard of the Swiss, and Mr Gall began to have dismal forebodings of foul play. He accordingly set out to look them up, posted day and night back to Strasburg, learned, a little beyond that city, that they had descended the Rhine, turned on his heel, and had the satisfaction of going back to Antwerp, without however falling in with them, and through various mischances and perils, which we cannot stop to relate. One only is worthy of note. The boatmen, who took him down the Rhine, not choosing to stop to pay toll at a new-made bridge, where it seems the boats which pass under, like the wagons which pass over, are held to pay toll, Mr Gall had the pleasure of being fired at three times by the sentinels on the bridge. Of all the highways in a country, a good navigable river, like the Rhine, seems to stand the least in need of repairs, to owe least to human labor, and therefore to be the least proper subject of toll. Had such an event occurred to Mr Gall in America, we pledge ourselves that he would have cried out, first, against the extortion of the government in authorizing a toll for passing under a bridge; secondly, against the tyranny of placing sentinels with loaded muskets to enforce the payment of this toll, valuing a human life at two *kreuzers*; thirdly, against the villany of the boatmen, who, knowing these merciful regulations, chose nevertheless to violate them, at the risk of their passenger's life; fourthly, against the hazard of travelling in a country where such laws and practices exist. Not one of these remarks is made by our mealy-mouthed Mr Gall. But when in America, on passing a bridge with a segar in his mouth, and asking the daughter of a toll-gatherer to light it, he was presently after called upon by the toll-man, and bid to desist, as the law forbade the smoking of segars on bridges, Mr Gall breaks out in the silliest speeches that can be imagined, forgetting that for the like offence on the Rhine he was fired at with three leaden bullets. He arrived happily at Antwerp, after having travelled five hundred miles in six days, and returned as wise as he started.

A part of the Swiss company, and among them the captain von — g — had arrived meantime at Antwerp; and our author's first business was to wait upon him. We quote this passage as a fine illustration of all their characters.

'As soon as I had dressed myself this morning, I called upon Mr von — g —. "Who are you, sir?" said a rustic booby—a Swiss in dress and dialect, who seemed to be keeping watch at the door. I told him my name. "His worship is just at breakfast," said he. "Announce me, nevertheless," I replied. He went in and was gone so long that I was about to go away, when he finally came again to the door and motioned me in. I almost fancied myself in the antechamber of don Ranudo de Colibrados. I entered the room and saluted the company with politeness. It consisted of two elderly and two young ladies, a boy, and a pretty corpulent man, from forty to fifty years old, with a pair of spectacles and a wig. Nobody rose save the two oldest ladies. The young ladies looked at me, with a quality air, and their papa gave me a gracious nod to approach. "Excuse me," said I, as I retreated to the door, "I have made some mistake. I thought I had the honor to see Mr von — g —."—"Captain — g — von — d. You're right, I am he," replied the gentleman in spectacles, without rising. "Who I am," I replied, "you know, and I must confess I expected a different reception from von — d —." "Sir," cried he, springing up, "you must not forget that I am a nobleman!"—"It were to be wished," I replied, "Mr von — g —, that you should forget it—or stay in Europe." "Indeed," said he, "but what the devil have you been driving round the world after?"—"Enough, Mr von — g —," said I, "this very question I propose to you, and expect your answer at my lodgings." This is literally my first interview with Mr von — g —. With these words—bowing to the ladies—I left the noble fools; afflicted at being compelled to seek, in a heartless intercourse with such a man in the wilds of America, a substitute for the intercourse of so many excellent friends.'

It is such trash as this, the refuse of all decent society in the old world, that would come to America, and pretend, in a new country, to set up for a new character. Mr Gall informs us, in his second volume, that this precious nobleman had gone into his own kitchen for a wife, and we doubt not when he too comes to publish his book, we shall hear about the total absence of 'all freedom of the soul' in America.

We had intended to give a little farther account of this

rabble, but our limits do not permit. The Swiss gentlemen endeavoured to make poor Mr Gall individually accountable for all his advances, and strenuously refused to pay their proportion, till compelled by the threat of legal interference. Moreover, it appeared to Mr Gall, the day before his sailing, to use his own words, that 'a great part of the company of emigrants designed for the *Eugenie*, were *smugglers, thieves, cheats, prostitutes*, and other characters of this class. Many of them had been let loose from the gaol, just before their departure, and their parishes undertook to pay their passage to America, under the condition of their never coming back.' These are the gentry with which Mr Gall had associated himself without inquiry, and taking it on their own word, that they were the first people in Switzerland. As grossly deceived, abused, and cheated, he deserves our pity; but to hear a person, after bringing such an infamous gang to America, complain of the reception they meet, vilifying us for not hugging the filthy refuse of German and Swiss prisons, to our bosoms, and parading mawkish sentences about coldness and reserve, is beyond our patience. Why, a man could not probably have taken one of Mr Gall's company by the hand, without great risk; and how do we know he is any better himself? Every body, by his own showing, turns his back on him in Europe and America; his government declares him an alien; his company is the dregs of the gaols, and his reception here by his respectable countrymen, uniformly cold and distant.

We shall not accordingly proceed with our analysis of his work, nor trace him through his adventures among the congenial rabble of this country. The insolent and indecent manner, in which he speaks of a well known and most respectable mercantile house in New York—whose names are more entitled to honor, on every score, than those of two thirds of the continental nobility—are sufficient testimony to the spirit of falsehood and calumny, which Mr Gall brought with him and which reigns in his book. In fact, the end for which he wrote it is very apparent. He had, as we have seen, offended the Prussian government by encouraging the emigration to America, and this is his peace-making to the offended powers. We had made, in the perusal of his second volume, a number of notes, by which we could have convicted the sentimental Mr Gall of having had nothing more at heart in his voyage, than

to make money by speculating on land, to the disadvantage of his emigrating countrymen. But our readers have heard enough of him.

ART. VI.—*Reports of cases argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, February term, 1822. By Henry Wheaton, Counsellor at Law. New York, 1822.*

WE regard the publication of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States as a most important accession to our juridical learning. To those of the profession who do not confine themselves to the narrow walks of the common law, and whose desires are not fully satisfied by adjudicated constructions of local statutes, the reports of Mr Wheaton must be extremely valuable. There are many, we would hope, who are far from being edified by the grave discussion of the trifling and ludicrous questions, with which so large a portion of our books is occupied. We are slow to believe that any lawyer's comprehension is much enlarged, or his taste much improved by reading the solemn decisions of the king's bench, that an indictment for fraudulently selling goat's hair is bad without a venue, and that charcoal is not firewood; or the still more solemn (because more contested) decisions of the highest tribunal of an ancient commonwealth, that a dead hog is a swine, and that three small boys may sleep in one bed.* It is not, we trust, a mere blind attachment to an honorable profession, which induces our belief that its members will rather seek and peruse with avidity the volumes that record the masterly discussions of constitutional and international law. Such are the volumes with which Mr Wheaton has furnished us.

It is not our purpose to analyze the book before us; nor will we enlarge upon the manner in which the reporter has executed the task which peculiarly belongs to him. This was cursorily done, in a notice of a former volume; and we have now only to add, that if he has not since indulged in the 'prodiga copia,' he has at least avoided the 'damnosa concinnitas,' which of old provoked the malediction of sir Harbottle Grimston. Our object rather is, to call the attention of the

* Cun. Rep. 94 : Sayer 4 : 15 Mass. Rep. 170. 205.