

THE

# AMERICAN

# WHIG REVIEW.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

JUNE, 1851.

### CONTENTS.

PORTRAIT OF HON. A. RAMSAY.

<p>REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD. Part II. - - - 475</p> <p>JUNIUS, - - - - - 484</p> <p>SPAIN AND HER POLITICIANS, - - - - 494</p> <p>THE RIVAL PAINTERS, - - - - - 501</p> <p>AN EXILE'S DREAMS. By Joseph Brenan, 508</p> <p>DONA PAULA ; or, the Convent and the World, (concluded,) - - - - 509</p>	<p>TRUTH—POETRY, - - - - - 533</p> <p>DEATH—VERSES : A Stroll through the Valley of the Shadow of Death with Tennyson, in company with Shelley, Milton, Blair, Swift, Coleridge, Moore, and others, 534</p> <p>THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY, - - - 545</p> <p>THE YANKEE MAHOMET, - - - - - 554</p> <p>NOTE TO PORTRAIT, - - - - - 564</p> <p>CRITICAL NOTICES, - - - - - 565</p>
--	---

NEW-YORK :

**PUBLISHED AT 120 NASSAU STREET.**

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Business communications addressed to D. W. HOLLY, Publisher, Whig Review Office, 120 Nassau St.

John A. Gray, Printer, 79 Fulton, cor. Gold Street.

# M. A. & S. ROOT'S DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAITS AND FAMILY GROUPS.

EIGHT FIRST PREMIUMS—SILVER MEDALS—

Awarded at the Great Fairs in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia,

CAN BE SEEN AT

M. A. & S. ROOT'S GALLERIES,  
363 Broadway, cor. Franklin st., N. Y., & 140 Chestnut st., Phila.

ADMISSION FREE TO ALL.

THE MESSRS. Root having yielded to the many urgent solicitations of their numerous friends to establish a branch of their

## CELEBRATED DAGUERREOTYPE GALLERY

in this city, have been engaged for some time past in fitting up an

## ELEGANT SUITE OF ROOMS

AT

### 363 BROADWAY, COR. FRANKLIN ST.,

where they shall be most happy to see all their numerous friends, as also strangers and citizens generally. The acknowledged high character this celebrated establishment has acquired for its pictures, and the progressive improvements made in the art, we trust, will be fully sustained, as each department at this branch is conducted by some of the same experienced and skilful artists that have been connected with it from the commencement.

The pictures taken at this establishment are pronounced by artists and scientific men unrivalled for depth of tone and softness of light and shade, while they display all the artistic arrangement of the highest effort of the Painter.

Citizens and strangers visiting the Gallery can have their miniatures or portraits taken in this unique style, and neatly set in Morocco Cases, Gold Locketts or Breastpins, Rings, &c., in a few minutes.

Heretofore an almost insurmountable obstacle has presented itself to the production of family likenesses, in regard to children. The Messrs. Root are happy to state that through an entirely new discovery of theirs, this difficulty has been overcome, as the time of sitting will not exceed two or three seconds in fair, or ten to fifteen seconds in cloudy weather.

N.B.—LADIES are recommended to dress in figured or dark materials, avoiding whites or light blues. A shawl or scarf gives a pleasing effect to the picture.

FOR GENTLEMEN.—A black or figured vest; also figured scarf or cravat, so that the bosom be not too much exposed.

FOR CHILDREN.—Plaid, striped or figured dresses, lace work. Ringlets add much to the beauty of the picture.

The best hour for Children is from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. All others from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Jan. 12t.





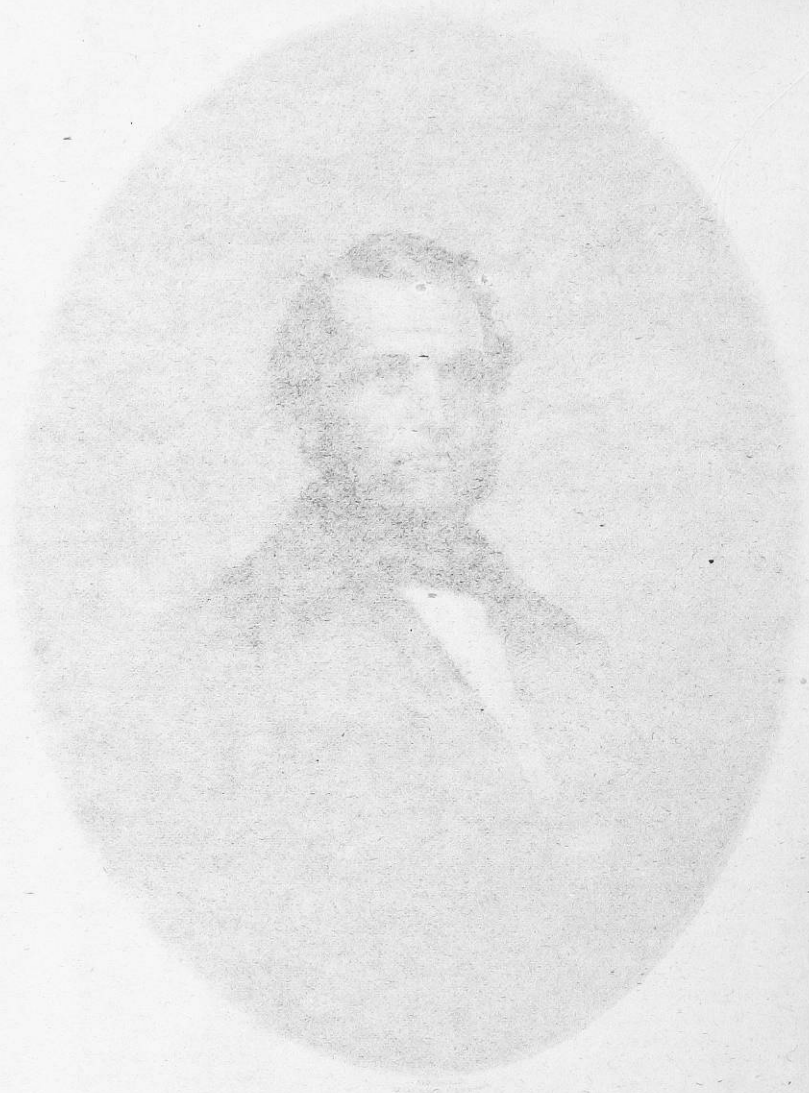


1858  
From a daguer by M.A. & S. Boston.

Alex. Ramsey

GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA TERRITORY





*Thos. Ramsey*

CHIEF OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE

THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXVIII

FOR JUNE, 1851.

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD.

PART TWO.

THE Bank excitement in the Senate was soon succeeded by the thrilling scenes which preceded the declaration of war against Great Britain. It was well known that, however widely Crawford might differ from the body of the Republican party on questions of domestic policy, on the subject of declaring war he was with them heart and hand, and even zealous for an immediate resort to direct hostilities. He had given his voice for war since the time when the Chesapeake had been so wantonly outraged by the Leopard; and now, that repeated injuries to American commerce at the hands of British subjects had followed that first insolent invasion of our national rights, he did not hesitate to declare that further postponement of hostilities would bring dishonor to the American name and nation. The timid and dallying policy of the Administration was not in accordance with his bold and energetic nature. Negotiations had been prolonged from year to year, while both England and France were daily preying on American commerce. Pirates and

privateers swept the ocean from one end to the other; our sailors were violently seized and impressed; our merchandise was ruthlessly confiscated. No quarter was shown by either of the belligerents, and no exceptions were made in any instance, or under any circumstances. Embargoes were raised only to subject our vessels to pillage, and restrictions modified only to benefit enemies and robbers. The Berlin and Milan decrees were still rigorously enforced, to our dishonor and injury, and British orders in Council still remained in full effect, notwithstanding our protestations and threats.

Such was the complexion of our intercourse with Europe when the session of 1811-12 was opened. It had progressed until April of the latter year, when the Vice President, George Clinton, died. In consequence of this melancholy and sudden event, the chair of the Senate became vacant. An election for President *pro tempore* was held, and Crawford was unanimously chosen. His elevation, however gratifying, withdrew from the active sphere of senatorial duties one



of the most zealous and powerful advocates for the war. He however discharged the delicate functions of this high office with an ability, impartiality, and promptness that won golden opinions from all parties, and that materially expedited the now complicated business of the chamber. But his abstraction from the floor did not operate to weaken his deep interest in the war question. His vote will be found recorded in favor of every measure which looked to preparation for an event that was now deemed inevitable; and when, at length, towards the beginning of summer, test questions began to be taken almost every day, the name of Crawford stands conspicuously in the affirmative on each occasion. The final act, as is well known, having passed both houses early in June, was approved and published on the 18th of the month; and Congress, after voting full supplies to meet the interesting exigency, soon afterwards adjourned.

It is not within the purposes of this article to pursue further allusion to the events of this memorable war. This is more properly the province of some future historian, whose labors shall be directed to that subject. We will barely say, that the *history* of that period remains to be written. Those who have essayed to do so, thus far, have been strangely ignorant or culpably negligent, if we are to judge their talent or their industry by the fruits of their attempts. There are points involved which claim the deepest interest, apart from the shock and thunder of battle-fields and of hostile navies, but which have received scarcely a passing notice at the hands of the penny-picking hordes and demagogue adventurers who have heretofore thrust their puny efforts on the reading public.

Crawford's reputation, at this time, had become equal to that of any statesman in the Republic. He had been not more than five years a member of Congress, and only eight years in public life. A comparatively short period had but elapsed since he had been an humble and obscure pedagogue. Yet his fame was now spread through the whole land, and the public voice ranked him among the greatest of the nation. The eyes of the people turned to him with confidence, as the crisis approached which all dreaded. His energy of character, boldness, and known business qualifications elicited

general admiration, and his rapidly increasing popularity induced Mr. Madison to invite him to become a member of his Cabinet. He was offered the important post of Secretary of War, and earnestly solicited to accept. After mature reflection and consultation, he decided to remain in the Senate. This act we feel bound to condemn. In view of approaching hostilities with England, and consequent disruption of nearly all foreign intercourse, the Department of War was to become the principal and most interesting arm of the Government; especially when it is considered that the President himself was not peculiarly gifted with those qualities which constitute an energetic and successful war officer. Indeed, the event showed that Mr. Madison was wholly deficient in this respect, and, therefore, eminently in want of a counsellor like Crawford. We hesitate not to declare the opinion, that if Crawford, instead of the then incumbent, had been in charge of the War Department, a British force would never have crossed the boundaries of the District, and Washington would not have been pillaged and burned by the invaders. It is now generally conceded by military men that the battle of Bladensburg was lost to the Americans in consequence of bad management; and it is even a question whether a more energetic Government would not have been able to prevent the expedition and landing of Admiral Cockburn altogether. We do not mean to say that Mr. Madison was not an able and efficient executive officer, in the discharge of his general duties. As a civilian we regard him as standing pre-eminent among all his compeers. But we do mean to say that he was totally unacquainted with the practical rules of the military art, and most singularly deficient in natural endowments as concerns the qualities of a war officer. No one, we imagine, better knew of these deficiencies than Crawford. He was high in the confidence of the President, and was often advised with by members of the Cabinet. He was quite too sagacious not to have found out that they were all entirely unlearned in military affairs, and accomplished only in the civil routine of statesmanship. Mr. Monroe, it is true, had seen some active service, but it is no disparagement to say of him, that he had never discovered any extraordinary qualifications as an officer, beyond

the possession of unquestioned personal courage; and this is not to be denied either to Mr. Madison or to his Cabinet. Besides, a long and successful diplomatic career had doubtless contributed to unfit the then Secretary of State for the prompt and energetic service of military life. The diplomatist and the commander are antipodes in character. The kind of study which makes the first is precisely that which is calculated to unmake the last. The one must study how to dally, to delay, to mystify language, to misinterpret expressions, to avoid direct issues, and, sometimes, to feign irresolution. It is true that the ancient mode of warfare was formed somewhat on the same basis; but modern warriors, Frederick the Great, Bonaparte, Wellington, Jackson, have proven that the opposite of all these qualities are the true characteristics of an accomplished commander. It may happen, as to some extent in the case of Napoleon, that the diplomatist and the captain may be united in one person; but it is certain that they were not united in the person of Mr. Monroe, although he was one of the most useful and distinguished executive officers ever known to the country. But Crawford, while having never received a military education, was eminently prepared to manage the War Department at a time when energy, decision, and bold qualities of mind and of character were so imperatively needed. Rapidity of thought was a chief trait in his mental structure, and immediate action followed. He possessed great enterprise, great presence, and great resources of mind, while passion and enthusiasm were strangely blended with calmness and deliberation. None, in fact, who have studied and compared human character, will fail to perceive that his prominent traits of character were the very same as those which distinguished the elder William Pitt. The Department of War, then, was the office for which he was, at that juncture of affairs, particularly fitted; and having been so early, unwavering, and conspicuous an advocate for the declaration of war against Great Britain, there was resting on him, we think, a very heavy obligation to accept and enter upon the duties of the office which was tendered to him by the President. He chose to decide differently, and justice to his known disinterestedness of character requires us to believe that his refusal was induced by some

strong personal reasons which have not been declared.

In the spring of 1813 Crawford was appointed Minister to the Court of France, in the room of Joel Barlow, who had died just a few months previously, whilst in the active discharge of the important duties of his mission. Our relations with his Imperial Majesty, at this time, were most delicately and singularly involved, and their conduct required the aid of just such a person as Crawford. There was no subtle diplomacy to be resorted to in their management, but a bold demand to be made for redress of past injuries, and an explanation asked of an act which betokened bad faith. The spoliations on American commerce and the sequestration of American property, which followed on the Berlin and Milan decrees, had begun to be most severely felt by all classes of our citizens, and a spirit of resentment was becoming rife throughout the whole land. In proportion to the delay of Congress to pass measures which looked to direct hostility with England, did Bonaparte increase the rigorous execution of these harsh decrees. He had resolved, from the first, that our Government should choose between France and England. Knowing that the British Ministry were pursuing a policy towards the United States which must inevitably lead to a war, he directed his whole efforts to precipitate that event. To this end, while sternly enforcing the Berlin and Milan decrees against us, he never failed to intimate, at the same time, that those decrees would be relaxed the moment that our Government took the initiative steps to hostilities with England. Indeed, he assured the American Minister that his course was the consequence alone of British insolence, which last being manifested as well to the United States as to France, he was resolved to make no exception in our favor until our Government prepared to resent the orders in Council; further declaring that the decrees were to be suspended so soon as we should procure a revocation of the British orders. These pretended friendly advances, made at a time when, in addition to the evils we were suffering in consequence of suspended commerce, our seamen were being daily impressed into the British service, were received with marked favor by the American Government and nation, notwithstanding that every one saw clearly the self-

ish motive which actuated the French Emperor. No one doubted but that the advances were made with a view to throw the whole blame where, in fact, it properly belonged, on the common enemy of both countries; and thus, by producing angry and fruitless correspondences, to compel us into a state of hostility with England. But the American Cabinet were wise enough to see that these overtures from Bonaparte, no matter how intended, might be effectually used to bring our relations to a determination with either belligerent. Accordingly, on the first of March, 1809, a non-intercourse with France and England was substituted by Congress in lieu of the embargo, the President being authorized, at the same time, that in case either power should repeal or modify their exceptionable edicts, intercourse with the same should be renewed. Mr. Erskine was then the Minister of Great Britain at Washington. He was a warm advocate of peace between the two countries, and, availing himself of this law, gave assurances to the Secretary of State that the orders in Council should be withdrawn after the 10th of June following. Without waiting to inquire how far this declaration might comport with the ambassador's instructions, Mr. Madison very precipitately, as we think, issued his proclamation, opening the ports of the United States to British vessels, and renewing intercourse with England. It would have been more prudent, as the event showed, to await a confirmation of this promise from the British Government, and at the same time to cause that of France to be notified of the arrangement, so that her protestations of friendship might have been fairly tried. But the President, seemingly in too hot haste to conciliate Great Britain, issued his proclamation; and, as a natural consequence, this act, so well calculated to wound the pride and excite the jealousy of France, inasmuch as a discrimination was thus rashly made to her prejudice without allowing to her ordinary grace time, threw Napoleon into an uncontrollable ecstasy of passion. The Berlin and Milan decrees were executed against American vessels with tenfold rigor, and our Minister resident was loaded with taunts and reproaches.

In the meanwhile, the declaration and promises of Mr. Erskine were disavowed by the British Government, and it was an-

nounced that, in making such, he had exceeded his instructions. The whole arrangement, therefore, fell to the ground; and the President, repenting too late his precipitancy, renewed the Non-intercourse Act against England, early in the ensuing August. Mr. Erskine, chagrined and mortified, demanded to be recalled, and the last prospect of a satisfactory adjustment faded away.

In this extraordinary state of affairs, the Government of the United States was indeed seriously embarrassed as to its future course with the two implacable belligerents. In his anxiety to preserve amicable relations with both, and to avoid war, it is not to be denied that Mr. Madison, constitutionally timid as a politician, and perplexed by the unpatriotic course of the Eastern States, committed many blunders, and was guilty of extreme precipitancy in more than one instance. But the purity of his motives cannot be questioned, notwithstanding that his course may be liable to severe censure. To relieve this embarrassment, however, and to guard against future precipitancy, it was now determined to change position with respect to both belligerents. It was determined that the merchant vessels of both nations should be admitted into American ports, while their armed ships were excluded. The President, too, was again authorized to propose that in case either power revoked its offensive edicts within a certain time, the same was to be declared by proclamation; and that then, if the other nation did not also relax its policy, the non-intercourse law was to revive against the latter, and all restrictions raised as to the former. This act being communicated to both Governments, drew from that of France a letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the American Ambassador, declaring that the Berlin and Milan decrees were revoked, and that after the first of November, 1810, they would cease to have any effect; "*it being understood*," the Minister said, "that, in consequence of this declaration, the English shall revoke their orders in Council, or that the United States shall cause their rights to be respected." The guarded language of this letter, as well as the fact of its not being signed by the Emperor or accompanied by any authoritative repeal, should have placed, we think, a degree of prudent restraint on the course of our Government. There was, clearly, a

most serious condition attached; and the question arose, whether it was *precedent* or *subsequent*, when construed by the technical rules of law. The American Executive adopted, promptly, the latter interpretation, and, despite the signal consequences which had followed his hasty action in a previous case, immediately issued his proclamation as prescribed by the act, without even the formality of a communication with England. The proclamation, as before, gave rise to many and serious disputes. That Napoleon intended the concluding sentence just quoted as a *precedent* condition, and that his decrees should remain in force until the British orders in Council were definitively revoked, the issue evidently unfolds. It was confidently predicted that England would not regard such an obscure declaration as a revocation of the decrees; that she would not, without a more formal promulgation of the Emperor's designs, relax her own policy; and she did so decide and act. As a natural consequence, therefore, American vessels were still seized under the Berlin and Milan decrees, as had been predicted, and the declaration of the French Minister produced no *visible* fruits. Bonaparte's crafty policy began to be clearly developed. Every one now understood that the Berlin and Milan decrees, since England had declined to revoke her orders in Council, would only be relaxed in our favor when the United States should declare war, as had been expressly *provided* in the French Minister's letter, against Great Britain. In this dilemma, an appeal was again made by the American Cabinet to England, to the effect that the declaration of the French Minister should induce a relaxation of policy. This appeal called forth the celebrated announcement from the Prince Regent, that England would only revoke the orders in Council when the French Government, by some *authentic act*, publicly promulgated, should make known the unconditional repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. This answer was intended to be final, and it was so regarded; and at this point opens a chapter of history as interesting as singular, the elucidation of which is still locked up within the unexplored recesses of diplomatic craft.

The American Cabinet had now fairly taken its position. France had responded to its demand, and, if equivocally, at least in such way as had been recognized and

acted upon. England had peremptorily refused, and to such extent had this refusal exasperated public sentiment, that no alternative was left but a resort to the last appeal of nations. It is clear that Bonaparte had been all along laboring to produce this result. His policy was developing at every period of the negotiations; and a fact which now soon came to light, left no doubt as to his designs in so long delaying a public and authentic revocation of his decrees. Here is the starting-point of the secret history. The declaration of the Prince Regent, while it precipitated the declaration of our war with England, had been seized upon by Mr. Barlow, our Minister to France, as a ground of appeal to the French Emperor to leave England without excuse for her conduct, by promulgating an authentic and definitive repeal of the Berlin and Milan decrees. It was urged that Napoleon should explicitly declare that these decrees had not been applied in our case since the previous, though disputed, declaration to that effect. Not having yet heard what effect the Prince Regent's declaration had produced on the American Congress and Government, Napoleon was reluctant, at first, to make any response to this appeal. If he should respond, and, in that event, England should revoke her orders in Council, he feared evidently lest such revocation on his part might calm excitement in the United States, and thus break up the prospect of war, which had now opened so auspiciously for his purposes. But in the meanwhile there came to France such rumors of hostile preparations in this country, of embargoes laid, and of moneys to be raised, of armies to be recruited, and of fleets to be equipped, that all doubt as to the result was fully removed, and war placed beyond the reach of remedy. Then he answered the call. A decree, bearing the imperial signature, was produced and handed to Mr. Barlow, which purportéd to have been dated and duly issued on the 28th of April, 1811, declaring unequivocally that no application of the Berlin and Milan decrees had been made, as respected American vessels, since November of the year previous, and fairly confirming the disputed declaration of the last date. This document, thus long and singularly concealed, was no sooner published, than England at once revoked the orders in Council. But the revocation came too late.

War had been declared by the American Congress just *five days before*, though, of course, the news had not reached Europe.

The correspondence which produced the delivery of this mysterious document occurred in May, 1812. It reached Washington early in July of the same year, and threw surprise and consternation on the whole Cabinet. Congress had risen. War with England had been declared, and was then going on. It was now evident, from the date of Mr. Barlow's despatches, that the decree thus tardily published must have produced a change of British policy, and in August news came that the orders in Council, in accordance with the Prince Regent's declaration of nigh twelve months previously, had actually been repealed before the passage of the war act through Congress. We cannot pursue further this investigation. Suffice it to say that the American Cabinet was doubly confused by these startling developments, well knowing that Congress, at the approaching session, would institute rigorous inquiry into the whole matter. We do not charge that they deprecated or dreaded such inquiry. It is to be supposed that they did not. We certainly do not believe that they could have been seriously inculpated; for, admitting, as we must candidly insist, that the Cabinet had been guilty of some indiscretions, that they had been somewhat outwitted both by England and France, but especially by the last, and that they had fallen into some errors, we yet believe that war would have been declared against England in the face of this revocation, unless she had renounced the right of search and of impressment.

Such was the singular state of our relations with France, when Crawford was appointed Minister to that Court. Mr. Barlow had been instructed to demand an explanation as to the causes which had induced the long concealment of this definitive decree, to insist upon ample indemnity for spoliations on our commerce under the imperial decrees, and to bring about a favorable commercial treaty. But in the meantime Napoleon left Paris for the Russian campaign. He caused Mr. Barlow to be invited to meet him, late in the winter following, at Wilna. On this journey Mr. Barlow was stricken with the malady which produced his death, in December, and ere yet he had been able to perfect the negotiation. Crawford reached

Paris in July of 1813, and was charged with the same instructions. But the Emperor was not then in his capital. He had been, since May, with the armies in and around Dresden, and was wholly absorbed with the events and scenes of the memorable campaign of that year. His mind was engaged with other and sterner matters than indemnities and spoliations; the coming event of his downfall had already cast its shadow in his path, and disasters and reverses, hitherto unknown to his arms, were already combining to hurry the fatal event.

Nevertheless, on the 27th of July, fourteen days after his arrival, Crawford took occasion to inform the Duke of Bassano, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in an official note, of his presence as the Envoy of the United States near his Majesty's government. The Duke replied, welcoming him to France, and recognizing his official presence; but requested that he should await the Emperor's return to Paris, and present his credentials at that time. It is known to all readers that this return was long delayed. During the entire summer and part of the fall, the campaign was vigorously prosecuted on both sides, and victory would declare for Napoleon to-day, only to be wrested from him to-morrow by the allies. At length the disastrous battle of Leipsic was fought, and Napoleon retreated from Germany. The brilliant victory of Hanau restored, for a moment, the prestige of his military fame; but the days of Marengo and of Austerlitz had passed, and the light of his ancient glory was fast fading before the gloom of approaching ruin. He entered Paris on the 9th of November, dejected and mistrustful, in no mood for negotiating concerning a matter comparatively so prospective and secondary as was his difference with the American Government. Yet, in token of the sincere respect which he had always professed to entertain for our Government and nation, he received the new Minister with great civility and favor. Crawford presented himself at the very first public reception after the Emperor's return. Napoleon advanced to meet him, saluted him, it is said, with a most profound bow, spoke in high terms of the character of the United States, and even complimented him, with true French urbanity, on his fine personal appearance.



He remarked to the courtiers who stood around, that the American Minister's looks corresponded most strikingly with his great reputation as a statesman, and realized all previous conceptions of him.

Notwithstanding this civil deportment, however, the negotiation made no progress and Crawford's overtures were constantly postponed. The sinking fortunes of the Empire left Napoleon and his Minister no time to pursue the business for which Crawford had crossed the Atlantic. Indeed, the patience of the American Minister, never very great, was beginning fast to tire. In January, 1814, after having been in Paris more than six months, he writes to Mr. Monroe that he had only been able to effect one interview with the Duke of Bassano. This resulted in nothing. The communications of Crawford, touching the demands of his Government, were drawn with marked ability and skill; but the rush of startling events in Europe prevented the Duke from making any reply. At length, on the 25th the Emperor again left Paris for the armies, without having given any reason for the long concealment of the counter decree of 28th of April, 1811, or making any arrangement to satisfy the demands of the American Government. Crawford never saw him afterwards; and there the business rested during the whole winter.

It is known that in less than two months from the time that he left Paris, Napoleon was beaten at all points. The allies, pressing their advantages, advanced rapidly on Paris, and forced the garrison to capitulate. King Joseph and the Empress fled at their approach, and, on the 31st of March, the allied sovereigns, followed by their victorious bands, made their entrance into the city. The eighteenth Louis was restored to the inheritance of his ancestors, and Crawford received instructions to press the demand for indemnity on the new government. But a serious obstacle was now presented. The King assumed the ground that his government was not liable for the acts of the usurper. Crawford argued the point with great force, and clearly established the contrary position. The negotiations were prolonged throughout the year, and, had the government lasted, it is more than probable, we incline to think, that our demands might have been satisfied.

But an event was suddenly interposed

which again distracted the entire business. Negotiations could scarcely be fixed on a treaty basis, before revolution unsettled the foundations. Napoleon escaped from Elba, landed safely in France, and, on the 20th of March, rode triumphantly into Paris. All Europe immediately declared war against him, and every other business gave way before the pressing necessity for preparation to maintain his throne.

The memorable Hundred Days followed. The few days that were allowed to Napoleon to remain in the capital were sedulously devoted to a resuscitation of the embarrassed finances, to the raising of funds and provisions, to the levying of troops, and to the organization of armies. The forces of Austria and Prussia were already on the confines of France. The martial hordes of Russia were swarming on the banks of the Vistula. The British army had crossed over into Belgium, under command of the Duke of Wellington, and was forming rapidly for a march to Paris. The bristling bayonets of twenty banded nations were pointed against his single throne, and France, threatened on all sides, was looking to him as her only hope. Negotiations and treaties with transatlantic nations were not to be thought of at such a time, and, if thought of, there was no leisure to answer their demands. In fact, Napoleon left Paris for the armies so soon as his arrangements for prosecuting the campaign were completed, and his ministers were not clothed with authority to make any negotiation during his absence.

The scenes of the eventful campaign which ensued are well known to all readers of history. Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, and in a few weeks afterwards Paris once again opened her gates to the allied armies. The fierce Prussian and the haughty Briton were bivouacked on her promenades, and each day witnessed some appalling act of military power, or some scene of national degradation. Treasured trophies of victory, and cherished monuments of glory and of architectural taste, were alike swept away and destroyed by the ruthless conquerors. No houses were spared save those occupied by the foreign ambassadors, and, among these, none was so respected as that of Crawford. The well-known banner of stars and stripes floated proudly above his door, and its broad

folks were a sure protection to all who came within their shadow.

During the occupancy of Paris by the allied armies, a public procession was ordered to celebrate the King's return. All the resident ambassadors from foreign governments were invited to participate, and as the occasion was to be made one of great attraction and splendor, all were desired to appear in their court costumes. Crawford was, of course, especially invited, as both conquerors and conquered were agreed in a common admiration of the American government, and in the desire to court amicable relations through its representative in France. The day arrived, and was distinguished, among other things, by a mirthful incident in connection with Crawford, peculiarly characteristic of the man and of his habits. A forgetfulness of small matters, particularly in the way of etiquette, was not the least distinguishable trait of Crawford's character. He could never bring his mind to the little task of embracing all the minutiae of ceremony. Accordingly, at the hour designated, Crawford presented himself on the promenade, but had utterly forgotten to don his court vestments. He appeared in the ordinary dress of a plain American citizen, and would have doubtless failed, in consequence of this fact, to receive the attention due to his rank, but for an act of artless self-possession which eminently demonstrated his republican sense and simplicity, and which astonished the numerous, gaudily-apparelled spectators. It so happened that Crawford was intimately and favorably known to the Duke of Wellington, who was of course the lion of the day; and without pausing to calculate the amount of infringement on the stated rules of etiquette, he adroitly attached himself to the suite of His Grace, by whom he was received with genuine, unaffected English hospitality. This frank recognition on the part of the old Iron Duke, who had as little taste for mere peacock display as his blundering friend, produced a burst of applause from the assembled thousands around; and that which was, in fact, a great mistake on Crawford's part, was set down to his credit as a very harmless but apt exhibition of republican simplicity, designed to rebuke the glare and glitter of royalty.

In the August ensuing Crawford threw up his mission and returned home. He had

failed to accomplish the object of his Government; but the failure did not proceed from incapacity or negligence on his part, or from any causes within his control. Revolution had followed revolution too rapidly to admit of tardy diplomatic business. France was in a continual turmoil during the whole period of his residence at her capital. Monarchs and ministers and governments had been changed repeatedly within periods so short as to resemble more the fitting pageantry of the stage than the scenes of real life and form. He had been interrupted and impeded at every step of the negotiations; and what progress had been made to-day, was lost among the strifes and struggles of to-morrow's revolution. Projets of adjustment and of explanation would be scarcely formed under the imperial dynasty, before the storm would rise as the ancient régime swept onward with its foreign allies. The basis of a treaty recognized under one government, would be peremptorily disavowed by that which succeeded. Crawford's temperament was not suited to a mild endurance of such political tergiversations and fickleness on the part of the French nation, while his republican notions of popular rights were daily outraged as he beheld France groaning under the sway of a monarchy, not its choice, but imposed on it by allied despots. It is probable, therefore, that disgust rather than discouragement induced him to demand his recall.

Thus was lost the last chance of ever obtaining a satisfactory solution of the secret history as concerned the famous counter decree of April, 1811. The final overthrow and banishment of Napoleon, the ostracism of his ministry, and the untimely death of Joel Barlow, closed all penetrable avenues to its elucidation; and it will probably remain ever a mystery to the world, unless chance or some posthumous revelations, yet to be made public, shall unfold and explain its details. We may as well remark also, in closing this period of Crawford's political life, that our claim for spoliation of commerce under the decrees of Berlin and Milan was prosecuted, amidst vexatious delays and despondences, under many succeeding administrations both in this country and in France, until, at last, the impetuous, resolute course of President Jackson extorted justice and satisfaction at the point of the bayonet. The first instalment wa

paid by France in 1836, under the government of Louis Philippe.

Crawford brought home with him, as we are informed, not a very elevated opinion of French character. He regarded the French as an impulsive and restless people, governed less by judgment or reflection than by enthusiasm. He esteemed highly the noble qualities and genuine patriotism of Lafayette and his compeers, and viewed with just severity the absence of like appreciative tastes on the part of their giddy-minded countrymen. The ascendancy and great popularity of Bonaparte was founded, as he argued, not so much in real attachment and healthful admiration, as in morbidly excited passion, and in pride unduly and fatally influenced by a perverted longing for national glory and aggrandizement. He denied to the French people the possession of the sound discriminating sense and sterling qualities of character which so eminently belong to the English and the Americans in their rational capacity. This may be regarded, by many, as a harsh and overwrought judgment. We incline to think, however, that those who judge France by the sure test of its history will yield a concurrence of sentiment. The prestige of great military fame, and of martial deeds, has ever allured and controlled the admiration and affections of the French people, from the days of Clovis and Charlemagne to the present time. It is unquestionable, we think, that the charge at Lodi, the battle of the Pyramids, the passage of the Alps, the victory of Marengo and its splendid results, did more to endear Napoleon to the ardent Frenchmen, than all the grand achievements of his civil administration.

The works of Cherbourg, the magnificent quays and bridges of the Seine, the spacious docks of Antwerp and of Flushing, the maritime works of Venice, the passes of Simplon, of Mont Cenis, and of Mont Genève, which open up the Alps in four directions, exceed in boldness, grandeur, and art any thing ever attempted by the Romans; yet it is not going too far to say that these noble monuments of genius, as compared with the glories of Austerlitz or of Jena, form not a single cornice of the broad pedestal of affection from which towers his adored image. It is not to be supposed that a man of Crawford's austere constitution and sound judgment could sympathize with a people thus supercilious and vain. He had no tolerance for that species of patriotism which springs from man-worship, and which burns only at the shrine of military renown. It was enough to fix and settle his opinion, when he had detected the extreme susceptibility of the French people on this point. Their chivalry, their bravery, their learning, their numerous unequalled accomplishments were all powerless, in his view, to palliate such fatal perversion of taste and of reason. On the whole, we incline to acquiesce in the correctness and justice of his opinions; though, at the same time, we have always cherished, and cherish still, a very high admiration of French chivalry and generosity of character, and must award to them the palm of excellence in all those beautiful accomplishments which so adorn the domestic circle, and constitute the charm of society.

J. B. C.

Longwood, Miss.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## JUNIUS.\*

"Podagricus fit pugil."—HORACE.

EIGHTY years ago, Junius said—not with strict veracity, we believe—"I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall perish with me;" and ever since, the politicians and literary men of this country and England have been either trying from time to time to come at it, or wondering nobody at any time had been able to do so. This lettered Sphinx has set the wits of a great many to work, without having found an Œdipus among them, or, which amounts to the same thing, one who has had his solution allowed by the generality of people. He has spoken, nevertheless, though his announcement has not been high enough to be heard satisfactorily among the louder guesses of the Davuses.

This question of Junius is not merely a curious one. There is something more than idle curiosity to be gratified by it. The themes of Junius concerned not England and that age only, but America and posterity. His was an era when germs of mighty results were growing into life within the four seas of Great Britain. The expenses of Pitt's memorable war obliged the English ministry to try and get money by taxing the American colonies. This attempt led to rebellion and to the most propitious revolution the world has seen. Others more tremendous but less fortunate grew out of it; and the vibrations of these great changes are felt in the world to this day. The record of the opinions, controversies, principles out of which came such consequences, must always be interesting to us; and no small portion of that belongs to the bold literature of Junius. We naturally desire to know something about that masked scribe who singly attempted to stem the torrent of royal despotism, taught a king and his courtiers to tremble at the power of the printing-press, and baffled every effort

of their vengeance. Our considerations of the subject may not only afford us many important historic views, but an interesting insight into the phenomena of human character. Junius must always be an attractive theme, till discovery shall do away with the mystery, and then he will be equally attractive as a part of history; as he is, even now, to those who recognize his lineaments and great life, and who know that, of his offspring, one was the pilot who weathered the fiercest storm that ever threatened the monarchy of England, and that the other led, with distinction, a portion of her armaments, in the midst of it.

As in Lord Byron's "Vision of Judgment," the mysterious appearance of Junius has undergone a variety of interpretations, changing from one likeness to another, after the manner of objects in "dissolving views."

"One would swear

He was his father; upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother.  
Another that he was a duke or knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob or man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance at least  
As oft as they their minds,  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task  
At this epistolary Iron Mask."

Among those put forward to claim the substance of this shadow were Edmund Burke, Gibbon, Lord George Germaine, Charles Lloyd, (George Grenville's Secretary,) Dunning, Lord Ashburton, John Wilkes, Sir W. Jones, John Horne Tooke, Henry Grattan, Lord Chesterfield, Sir Philip Francis, H. Macaulay Boyd, (called by Almon the bookseller, "a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket,") Henry Flood, (the Irish orator, famous for his cadaverous aspect and broken beak,) Sam. Dyer, (a member of Dr. Johnson's and Oliver

\* JUNIUS: Including Letters by the same Writer, under other signatures; to which are added his Confidential Correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his Private Letters to Mr. H. S. Woodfall. A new and enlarged edition, with new evidence as to the Authorship. By John Wade. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1850. New-York: Bangs, Brothers and Co.

Goldsmith's Literary Club, and Burke's particular friend,) Lord Temple, Lord Chatham, Col. Barré, the Earl of Shelbourne, W. G. Hamilton, (called, by misnomer, Single-speech,) Leonidas Glover, Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, Major-Gen. Lee, the American, Horace Walpole, Valentine Greatrakes, &c. Enough surely in a list of between thirty and forty persons—a round half dozen of whom were Irishmen—to demonstrate—if demonstration on the matter were at all necessary—how widely men's conclusions can diverge from a common text, and what a small amount of proof and probability is sufficient to bring home conviction to the minds of a great many of us! Time has quietly disposed of the majority of the foregoing names; their pretensions were as shadowy as *Nominis Umbra* himself was considered to be, and they have made themselves thin air, into which they have vanished like Macbeth's witches. The claims made for them were feeble—mostly ridiculous. Lord Germaine was suspected at the time Junius first appeared, because his Lordship was known to feel animosity against the Marquis of Granby for the disgrace of Minden, and to hold the strong Whig opinions expressed by Junius. But Lord George could not have composed the Letters of the man in the paper mask. His Lordship's style was meagre and commonplace. His power as a writer was, in fact, upon a par with his spirit as a soldier—which is saying enough for the claims of authorship set up for him. Those of the Earl of Chesterfield, Horace Walpole and W. Gerard Hamilton, have also been supported. But these four fastidious men were all alike incapable of the truculent vigor, the splendid ferocity of Junius. Hamilton in particular was horrified that any one could think him the man to perpetrate some of Junius's paragraphs. "Had I written," he says, "such a sentence, (as that of a nobleman who had travelled through every sign of the Zodiac—from the scorpion in which he stung Lord Chatham, to the hopes of a virgin, &c.) "I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition for ever." Posterity cheerfully absolves Single-speech, the owner of the Raree Show at Strawberry Hill, his unready soldiership, and the polite letter-writer of the age, of any share in the guilty tastes or tendencies of Junius.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, has been put forward. An edition of Junius, published in London, 1801, with the name Robert Heron, Esq., asserts that this lawyer was the author of the letters. Heron's name was apparently an assumed one, and his design seemed to be to mystify the reader, and lead him from the track of the real writer. But there are many reasons why Dunning did not write them; the first of which is, that he could not. This reminds us of a saying of Henry the Fourth of France. When he was on a journey through the provinces, the mayor of a little town, desiring to excuse the omission of a public salute on his Majesty's arrival, said there were five reasons for the same—the first of which was, the want of cannons. Whereupon the King, who considered this excuse strong enough to stand alone, told the mayor pleasantly that the first reason was so good, he would dispense with the four others. In the same way, we may pass over the other reasons for setting Dunning aside. We do not lay any very great stress on the fact that he was Solicitor-General at the time the Letters appeared, and for over a year afterwards. We do not see why they might not have been written by an official, if he was a Whig. This test of ability is one which should be applied to all the claims; and one which, with one exception, none of those persons named can bear for a moment. The men of genius who have been spoken of—Burke and Gibbon—stand the test as badly as the feeble mob of the pretenders. Gibbon has no political character indicating his age; no strong blood to boil in the warfare of contemporaries. He seems to have belonged more to the reign of Justinian and the theological business of the Council of Chalcedon—to the bold Monophysites, Nestorians, and so forth, than to the early lustrums of George the Third, Wilkes and Liberty, and the Stamp Act. Burke's genius and that of Junius would seem to be decided contrasts. Burke never exhibited that asperity which belongs to the anonymous politician. Burke was a great generalizer. Junius dealt in particulars. The former carried out his meaning in a chain of reasoning. The latter is too impatient to reason; he strikes abruptly at his mark—"o'erleaps all else, to light upon the issue." It is told of Burke that his prolix oratory used very often to tire and thin



the House of Commons; it is known that the confident speech of Junius reached its aim with rapidity—took the popular assent by instant storm. Burke never felt the fierce hatreds of Junius. His denunciations of Warren Hastings were vague and melodramatic, compared with the tomahawking and scalping of Mansfield, Grafton, Barrington, and the rest, by their masked adversary. One of Burke's biographers, Mr. Prior, thinks he was Junius. As regarded the palpable dissimilarity in the styles of the two men, Prior tries to account for it by saying, that where the purpose was concealment, the unknown writer would assume a manner such as would make internal evidence of no avail. Dr. Bissett, who also wrote a life of Burke, is of the very loose opinion, that the latter "was not frequently the writer of Junius's letters, if he was of any." He further says, "I think Lord George Germaine not Junius, because inferior to the latter; Burke, because superior." Permitting these learned Thebans to neutralize each other, we come to Burke's own sentiments. Mr. Butler, author of the *Reminiscences* concerning Junius, says, Burke spoke of the latter in terms of disgust; and it is not difficult to understand the aversion of a mind like Burke's from the fierce invective of the anonymous writer. Mr. Burke truly said to Dean Marley: "I could not write like Junius, and if I could, I would not." In fact, Burke told Johnson, spontaneously, that he was not Junius. This may be accepted as a strong corroboration of the prior and better evidence of the Letters.

Charles Lloyd, brother of the Dean of Norwich, and private secretary of George Grenville, (Grenville, by-the-bye, is the only man whom Junius eulogizes in an unqualified manner,) has been thought by many to have been the author of the Letters. Dr. Parr,

"the learned monster,

Who wrote an epitaph that none could construe,"

swore by Lloyd. He said to Butler in 1822: "I tell you peremptorily that the real Junius was secretary to George Grenville; the name of Junius was Lloyd." He has recorded this belief in the catalogue of his library: "The writer of Junius was Mr. Lloyd, Secretary of Mr. George Grenville; this will one day be generally ac-

knowledged." This belief came apparently from the facts that Junius always praised George Grenville, and that he ceased to write about the period of Lloyd's death, which took place three days after the last letter of Junius, dated January 19, 1773. Another fact may be opposed to the last of these. About six weeks after the death of Lloyd, Woodfall threw out his usual "signals" (in his communications with correspondents) for Junius. Now, it is believed, and we think correctly, that Woodfall could make a pretty shrewd guess at the writer, whom he always treated with a respect approaching reverence; and we may conclude he would not go to the trouble of signalling a dead man. An argument like this, however, is of inferior import in those considerations which properly belong to the character and identity of Junius.

The claims of Wilkes and Tooke, of the Boyds, Dyers, Glovers, Rosenhagens, Wrays, &c., are not worth dwelling on, now-a-days—they have been long given up. The name of General Lee has also been advanced; and in his case, there is a sort of *equivoque* which countenanced the imputation. Lee was the author of several letters printed in the *Public Advertiser* in 1769 and 1771, with the signature, "Junius Americanus." He was also the writer of the Preamble of the Bill of Rights. In a letter to Wilkes, Junius says: "Your American friend is plainly a man of abilities." In 1803 Mr. Rodney, in a letter printed in the *Wilmington Mirror*, stated that in 1773 Lee confessed he was Junius. It seems that in conversation, Lee asserted the secret of these Letters never would be known—that it would die with the author. Now Rodney, as he says himself, being wonderfully struck with something in Lee's manner, told him he thought he (Lee) must be Junius. Lee, he relates, looked confused, and then said, it would be but folly for him to deny he was Junius. (There appears to be some truth in that.) He then requested secrecy in the matter. This has all the appearance of a cock-and-bull story. It is not improbable that Lee imposed an equivocal admission upon Rodney. He might have said he wrote letters signed Junius—inasmuch as he was Junius, certainly—but with a difference. The last attempt to unmask the great unknown seems to have

been made a few years ago, by Mr. Britton, who seeing the difficulties to be encountered in trying to reconcile any one man to the conditions of Junius, resolved to make sure of the matter and announce him as "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—to wit: Colonel Isaac Barré, Dunning, and Lord Shelburne; the first to answer the War Office pretensions of *Nominis Umbra*, the second to cover the evidences of legal acumen, and the third to countenance the lofty discontented Whig statesmanship of Junius. Mr. Britton's ingenuity certainly deserved better success than we apprehend his disquisition has met with.

The "ruck" in this race of pretensions, as a sportsman would say, has been diminished to two or three names—one of which is the true one. Richard, Earl Temple, brother of George Grenville and brother-in-law of Lord Chatham, has been advocated by Mr. Newhall, who published his argument in 1831. A report which originated about the year 1827, in the *Inspector*, a London magazine, edited by Effington Wilson, sent the public curiosity to look for Junius in the Grenville family. It was stated at the time, that Lord Nugent and the Duke of Buckingham, rummaging at Stowe, found a parcel of MS. papers containing three of Junius's Letters—among which was that to the King—concealed in a recess of which they were entirely ignorant, quite in the style of the Minerva Press mysteries! Whereupon the Duke went over to Lord Grenville, who looked solemn and conscience-struck, recognizing the whole affair, but begging to be spared for the present, and promising to provide for the publication of the papers after his death. The Duke and his lordship then pledged themselves to silence in the matter. We are not told that Lord Grenville presented his sword to be sworn upon, like Hamlet in the play. The conclusion that went about from all this was, that the masked individual had not been yet named, and that he was connected with the Grenville family. The whole story, in fact, was one of those things to which Burchell, if he could hear it, would have responded with his own irreverent commentary, "Fudge!" The idea that Junius, who dreaded exposure so much and perhaps so justly, would coddle up the manuscripts of his printed Letters and put them into the cranny of an escrutoire, along with other

papers on kindred subjects, is so helplessly absurd that nothing but the instinctive credulity of the public would tempt any one to ventilate it. But the report made a sensation; and literary and political quidnuncs had strong hopes of being able to find out the awful Junius, by means of the secret drawer of the Stowe Library. One of the assertions generally made on the occasion was that the claims of Charles Lloyd, private secretary of George Grenville, were confirmed beyond any doubt.

"Parturiunt montes et nascetur ridiculus mus."

This affair, so full of "passages that led to nothing," did not die away however without deepening in the public mind the impression that Junius was a Grenvillite. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1826, (thought to be Sir J. Mackintosh,) says: "A simple test ascertains the political connections of Junius, the only circumstance which he could not disguise because it could not be conceded without defeating his general purpose. He supported the cause of authority against America. (This assertion is not correct; Junius said, the question of taxation should have been buried in oblivion.) He maintained the highest popular principles on the Middlesex election, with the same statesman who was the leader of opposition on that question. No other party in the kingdom combine those two opinions. Whoever revives the inquiry, therefore, unless he discovers positive and irresistible evidence in support of his claimant, should show him to be politically attached to the Grenville party, which Junius certainly was, and produce some specimens of his writing of tolerable length, such as might afford reasonable ground to believe he could have written these Letters. In the case of Francis and Dyer, the two candidates of most plausible pretensions, no proof has hitherto appeared in connection with the Grenville party."

Mr. Newhall of Salem supports his claims on behalf of Earl Temple by all the appearances of fraternal partiality for George Grenville and his policy which are visible in the Letters. The main strength of his argument is drawn from a certain "Enquiry" published in 1766, and denouncing in strong terms the political inconsistencies of William Pitt, just then created Earl of Chatham. This was attributed at the time of its appearance

to Earl Temple, and was doubtless writ by his dictation. It contained strong reproaches against the great Commoner for his acceptance of office without Earl Temple, who was always his steadfast ally in Parliament, and with whom, nevertheless, he had dictatorially refused to divide the offices of the ministry. The tone and substance of this "Enquiry" are compared by Mr. Newhall with the first of the Miscellaneous Letters acknowledged by Junius and the correspondence visible in them is taken as a proof that Junius and the author of the "Enquiry" were the same. Mr. Newhall contends that the differences then existing between Lords Temple and Chatham account for the asperity with which the latter is spoken of in the Miscellaneous Letters of Junius, the first of which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in April, 1767; while the apparent change in the tone of the concealed writer towards Chatham, in the letters signed with his celebrated name, and commenced in January 1769, is owing to a reconciliation which took place between these noblemen in October, 1768, when Lord Chatham sent back the seals and ceased to belong to the ministry. Mr. Newhall brings a great many circumstances together with much ingenuity. His theory has a fair appearance, and it is a pity the man does not fit it. However, Mr. Newhall may possibly have been of that casuist's opinion, who, when told that the facts of the matter did not bear out his hypothesis, said, "So much the worse for the facts." Nothing in Lord Temple's character or career countenances the opinion that he could write the Letters of Junius. That he was a man of some talent may be admitted. But the perfervid genius that lives in these Letters never in any degree belonged to him; and allowing for the spirit of polemical retort, we have, in a reply to the forementioned "Enquiry," (which came from some of Pitt's partisans—or more probably from himself, for the mark of the man seems to be on it,) a passage suggesting a pretty true estimate of Lord Temple. "But this I will be bold to say, that had he, Lord T——, not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in, and gone off with no other degree of credit than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality." This never would have been said of a man who

could write like Junius—never was said of the latter, by the bitterest of his opponents. Dr. Johnson himself, who was employed by the ministry to repel the onslaughts of Junius, is forced to confess the science and adroitness of that dreaded gladiator. The scholar is constrained to admire, in spite of the pensioner's duty to denounce.

The only considerations that seem to favor Lord Temple are his high rank and wealth, such as would give naturally that tone of lordliness or condescension which belongs to every thing Junius has written, and which is as visible in his short notes to Woodfall as in his letters to the highest men in the nation. Lord Temple has never been much insisted on, and he is generally allowed to pass into the limbo of the failures, with Dunning, Dyer and the rest—men more confidently spoken of than he has been.

We now come to Sir Philip Francis—a man more asserted and proved to be Junius than any other—

"Seen, heard attested—every thing but true."

In some respects his claims seem stronger than those of all the rest. Great stress has been laid upon the wonderfully minute and correct knowledge of the War Office which Junius exhibits. Mr. Francis was chief clerk there, at the time Junius began to write—1767—and continued in it till 1772—a period covering the whole publication of the Letters. Mr. Francis left his place in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War. In Junius's Miscellaneous Letters, favorable mention is made of Francis that signed "Veteran" has the following: "The worthy Lord Barrington, not content with having driven Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis." The latter and Mr. Chamier were competitors for promotion; so that there was little good feeling between them. A very imposing amount of circumstantial evidence is brought forward in this way; and we must allow that if young Mr. Francis would write at all, he would be desirous of writing with the tone and sentiments of those Miscellaneous Letters relating to the War Office.

Another argument in favor of Sir Philip is drawn from the fact that he reported several speeches delivered by Lord Chatham. The inference here is not very plain, till it is stated that a multitude of phrases and sen-

timents which belong to these recorded speeches also belong to Junius, after a certain date. If even this does not lead us to the conclusion, it must be further stated that young Francis is presumed to have either plagiarized something of what he reported, and made use of it in his character of masked letter-writer, or (and this view of the case is preferred) to have, in his reports, tricked out the feeble eloquence of Chatham with phrases, idioms, metaphors and quotations of his own, such as he had no scruple in applying to his own purposes, in the Letters. Thus the juvenile Mr. Francis achieved two great celebrities with the same easy effort, the orator Chatham's on one side, and the writer Junius's on the other! This is the argument of Mr. Taylor, who, in 1813, published, *ovans gutteris*, a book called "Junius Identified," and who put together the best case that has been made for Sir Philip.

But, however favorable these considerations may seem, there are others which must tend to set them aside; to overthrow them effectually. In 1767, when the first authentic letter of Junius, signed "Poplicola," was published, Philip Francis was twenty-seven years old, and a clerk in the War Office. In the earlier letters of Junius there is no difference, in power or ability, from those of a later date, save what may be owing to a greater subsequent amount of anger or earnestness. The same peculiar style is apparent from the beginning. The tone, from the first to the last, is as decided as the style is unmistakable; the paternal likeness is stamped vigorously on all the offspring alike. Is it possible a young man of twenty-seven could produce such imposing specimens of political disquisition and literary strength as are furnished by the letters signed "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in 1767? Is it possible the confident tone of them could belong to such an age in any man's life? It is perfectly impossible; there never was such a monster of a juvenile! And this intrinsic evidence, carrying with it a force equal to that of demonstration, is enough to overthrow the claims of Sir Philip Francis, *in limine*. There is another argument not without its cogency, but inferior to the first, to wit: Is it to be believed for a moment, that a young man, brought into public life under the patronage of Pitt and promoted by his influence; who had been

private secretary to that great Commoner, for whose character and memory Francis professed the highest veneration to the last moment of his life, making it his glory and his boast that he knew him and served under his eye; is it possible such a young War-Office clerk should open a series of remarkable letters by a lofty and powerful assault upon the principles and policy of that renowned and revered nobleman? that a young Whig aspirant, full of his party's enthusiasm, should try his "'prentice hand" in such a business; should fly in the aged face of the most splendid and popular champion the cause of Whiggery had ever been able to boast? Such a hypothesis is just as violent and untenable as the other. Other considerations help to put out of countenance the claims urged for Sir Philip Francis. He has not been able to show, in all he has achieved, that he could have written the Letters of Junius. Nobody pretends to say that he has. His writings have a certain character of imitation, which shows the influence of early admiration and a subsequent and palpable effort at resemblance; but though he had a noble model and adopted it, his manner, however good and forcible, can never be compared with the strong, original style of Junius. Sir Philip has sufficiently proved to the world that he never had vigor enough, at any time, to draw the bow of Ulysses.

The intellectual power which brought forth these anonymous epistles could not have given such proofs of greatness, alone; have done so much and no more. They were certainly written by some man who showed himself as great in other things. The splendid energy they so unquestionably exhibit must be found, if we look for it, manifesting itself elsewhere in the statesmanship or literature of that age. The celebrity to which it belonged was a Colossus, not a *torso*; we see the foot—it has the appearance of a gouty one—and we are bound to look for the Hercules from which it has been severed. The genius and power of Junius lead us to search for the man, not among the clerks, secretaries, and understrappers of office, but among the noble and lordly spirits ranging at that time within the confines of England; the men who agitated with potential voices the politics and destinies of a mighty empire.

It is futile to look for Junius anywhere but in the person of William Pitt, Lord Chatham,—one of the greatest and most original political characters of his time. The “terrible cornet of horse,” whom Sir Robert Walpole could not muzzle in his youth, was the more terrible letter-writer whom the majesty of England could not compel to silence in his old age. In Chatham only, of all the remembered men of his era, we have the necessary first premise in that chain of argument which alone can lead us to Junius; that is, the ability to write the Letters. There is no sign of any other man who could do this. The only writer whose literary power, exerted in a political way, came near that of Lord Chatham, was Burke. But the genius of Burke, as we have said, and as all will admit, was demonstrated in different modes of thought and expression. Besides, Burke was a Rockingham Whig, while Junius, in the main, expressed the political principles of Chatham and the Grenvilles.

The better to understand why William Pitt should be Junius, it will be necessary, not to look alone to dates, motives of the day, contemporary coincidences, peculiar idioms, artificial hand-writing, the tall gentleman with the cloak in Ivy Lane, and so forth, but to the antecedents of his political career. In these we should try to find the spirit and motives of the war which the masked champion waged for five years against the Court and Ministry of England. He was born in 1708, and educated at the University of Oxford, where he was known as a good scholar, something of a poet, and a ready debater. Leaving Oxford, he travelled on the Continent, and, after his return, accepted a cornet's commission in the Guards; and was subsequently returned to Parliament for Old Sarum, in 1736. He soon distinguished himself by the bold style of his oratory and a certain independence of character, which highly offended Sir Robert Walpole, and gave an earnest of that overbearing disposition which in the end made him so feared and so famous. His eloquent retort on Sir Robert's brother and another old gentleman who stood aghast at the behavior of the young man, and called him to order, is well known, and even with all the disadvantages of the imperfect reporting of the time, reads, in sentiment and turn of phrase, wonderfully like his later standup

fight against Ministers in the House of Lords, and like the personal passages of Junius. He was always considered irrelative and often insolent, and was dreaded and hated as much as he was admired. He set his face against the ascendancy of Walpole—who took away the cornet's commission he had given him—and was stout enough to thwart the Hanoverian politics of George the Second, and condemn his partiality for the Electorate to the prejudice of the English nation. At last, the King, notwithstanding his aversion, was persuaded to call the formidable Mr. Pitt into office, in 1746; and the latter was appointed Paymaster to the Land Forces. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and the Grenvilles always acted in concert. In 1755 they were dismissed for refusing payment of some Russian and German subsidies before these had been sanctioned by a parliamentary vote. In 1756, in consequence of the national disasters, the King sent the Duke of Newcastle to invite Mr. Pitt and his friends into office. But Pitt refused haughtily to take any office under the Duke. The King wanted to get Pitt in without his friends, and Pitt wanted to carry them all in along with him. The King's favorite Ministers could not stand, and he bitterly complained of his helplessness. In 1757 he and his Government fell alive into the dreaded hands of the great Commoner. Pitt had *carte blanche*, made his ministry as he pleased, and ordered every thing in the most able and autocratical manner. He stipulated, among other things, that, instead of leaving the correspondence with the officers of the Navy to the Board of Admiralty, he should have it himself; to which the King was obliged to consent. Thus Pitt wielded the naval armaments of England with his own hand, as it were. His ministry commenced in 1757 and ended in 1761; having been one of the most glorious in the English annals. The spirit of the great Secretary, standing alone in his own high place, seemed to pervade all the offices and armaments of the nation, which, from a condition of danger and despondency, saw itself, in three years, victorious and dreaded in every quarter of the world.

In the mean time the Minister was an object of implacable dislike to the Leicester House party, which had for its head the Princess Dowager of Wales, the mother of Prince George, afterwards George III., and



for its hand the Earl of Bute, tutor to the Prince. The Princess saw with horror how the royal prerogatives had been controlled by the Whigs in the days of the two Georges, and she determined so to influence the Ministers of England and train up the heir apparent, that the detested influences of Whiggery should not be perpetuated in his reign. Thus the Leicester House *Cam- arilla* fostered that Toryism which was soon to ascend the throne with George the Third, and preserve a powerful ascendancy from that day to this. The genius and popularity of Pitt struck them with dismay. What if the King's enemies were at his feet? The King's prerogative was nearly in the same predicament. The Minister's glory was an eye-sore and a panic, and the united parties of the two Courts labored to obstruct and deface it. They took advantage of the antipathy which the King never ceased to feel for the lofty English genius of Pitt, and while the latter was greeted with a general shout of popular applause, a host of mercenary writers were subsidized who denounced him, all over the nation, for the reckless waste of public money caused by his belligerent system of government; and after his resignation in 1761, continued to assail him for his apparent desertion of his old principles in his acceptance of a pension and a title (that of Baroness Chatham) for his wife. Never was a man more furiously baited by the partisans of the Court than William Pitt, and never did a haughtier spirit look down with angry scorn upon the assaults of his adversaries. He secretly cherished for the Tories of the Court and Leicester House a defiance and hatred as cordial as that party could possibly entertain for him.

In 1760 George the Second died, and the policy of the Princess Dowager began to be put in practice. The Earl of Bute was added to the young King's Council; Pitt's war Parliament was dissolved, and his friend Mr. Legge, Chancellor, dismissed in a high-handed way by the King, to make room for Lord Barrington—the "bloody Barrington," whom Junius has so truculently damned to everlasting fame. George the Third was to be liberated from the Pitts, Grenvilles and other Whig influences which infested the preceding reigns. A peace policy was the base of operations against Pitt; and in Court circles it became the

fashion to deplore the expenses and miseries of war. In the King's Council Pitt and Temple were outvoted on the question of going to war with Spain to discredit and shatter the "Family Compact." Bute called Pitt's desire for the war rash and unjustifiable; whereupon the latter, with great haughtiness, said, he was called to the Ministry by the voice of the people, and would no longer remain where he would be held responsible for measures which he was not allowed to guide. He and Temple left the Council, and then resigned their offices in the Ministry.

Then followed a tournament of pamphlets and a boiling of the partisan blood of the kingdom. Lord Chatham and the Whigs were assailed by Dr. Smollett, in "The Briton;" and Wilkes, in "The North Briton," made war upon the Tories and the Court. In 1765, during the ministry of George Grenville, Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple refused three overtures made to them by the Court. It was a time of intrigues, criminations, inquiries, defenses, and general perturbations in high quarters. The Rockingham administration was got up in the confusion, but fell to pieces in a few months; whereupon the terrible *pis aller*, Mr. Pitt, again received a *carte blanche* to make a ministry from the jarring and almost hopeless elements of government. The task which Pitt accepted was arduous and full of perplexity. The result of his efforts was what Burke termed the mosaic ministry—a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, there a bit of white. This ministry, on its formation, contained Lord Camden, Pitt's best friend, as Lord Chancellor, General Conway, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Shelburne, Charles Townshend, &c.; Chatham himself (lately gazetted a peer) holding the office of Lord Privy Seal. This—Lord Chatham's last administration—was eminently disastrous. In forming it he underwent much to humiliate and chafe the haughty spirit of this political Achilles—

"Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer."

Mr. Almon, his biographer, says that before the Earl could complete his plans he made several offers to men of high political consequence. But "that superiority of mind which had denied him the usual habits of intercourse with the world gave an air of authority to his manner, and precluded the policy

of a convenient condescension to the minutiae of politeness, and the fascinating power of address. He made an offer of Secretary of State to Lord Gower, whom he had refused when proposed for that office by his brother, Lord Temple. He made offers to Lord Scarborough, Mr. Dowdeswell, and several others; but in such terms of *hauteur* as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal. To the first an abrupt message was sent that he might have the office, if he would; to the second, that such an office was still vacant; to a third, that he might take such an office or none. The offers were all rejected. He then waited upon Lord Rockington at his house in Grosvenor Square. But Lord R. refused to see him." All these circumstances tried his proud temper severely. The result of one of his offers must have been gall and wormwood to him. He hated the Duke of Bedford cordially. His Grace had thwarted his policy in the matter of Spain and the Family Compact; had done what he could to lessen the glory of Pitt, and in 1763 had signed away "with a single stroke of his pen," what had cost William Pitt so much travail of soul. Yet he was forced in the first year of his ministry to offer the Duke terms which were angrily rejected. Three years after, in the twenty-third letter of Junius, the vials of long-nursed wrath were poured in bitter variety upon the head of the Duke.

Lord Chatham concluded his ministerial career, as he began it, in the midst of hostility. His political life was one long fight with the powers of Toryism, and his austere mind bore all the exasperating scars of the conflict. He was hated by the Courts of George the Second and George the Third, and denounced by the hired advocates of the royal prerogative. At the same time he had not the aid of that strong support which springs from personal attachment. Burke and others deplored his stern and unaccommodating character, which had too much of "the hardihood of antiquity" in it. Pitt had a genius and a will which indisposed him to those means of suavity and persuasion by which meaner men attain and preserve their ends. He could not stoop to conquer—though to stoop were only necessary for the purpose; and he was too prone to permit his inferiors—and these were almost all the people he had to do

with—to discover his opinions of them. His loftiness and reserve repelled the personal adhesion which would have made his statesmanship, and the cause he supported, triumphant. Like Napoleon in mind, he also resembled him somewhat in fate.

"Ambition steeled him on too far to show  
That just habitual scorn which could contemn  
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so  
To wear it ever on his lip and brow,  
And slight the instruments he was to use  
Till they were turned to his own overthrow."

Such demeanor, in fact, "cooled his friends and heated his enemies," to a degree that obliged Lord Charlemont to exclaim: "Is it possible such a man can be 'friendless'?" The first Whig himself—as the Tory Dr. Johnson termed Lucifer—could scarcely be more disliked or feared by the courtiers than this other great chief of the party. His plans and views of government were systematically opposed, and every art made use of to pull him down from his pride of place. All these asperities and difficulties were aggravated by a hereditary gout which tormented him from his earliest youth, and which without doubt helped to give his manners that stamp of severity so characteristic of them. This gout was in fact bound up with every thing Lord Chatham was. In age it exasperated the male austerity of his mind into splenetic action, as in youth it had forced him to that study by which he built up and informed his vigorous intellect.

Thus we may see how Lord Chatham was emphatically and necessarily the adversary of that system of policy which, having grown in the secrecy of Leicester House, became the rule of government since the accession of George the Third. This policy was the liberation of the crown from Whiggery and Pitt; and against this policy were the energies of the latter always exerted. Junius says, in his Letter to the King: "At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered; not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessors." We can easily conceive how Lord Chatham would sympathize with any warfare like that of Junius, waged against the Tory ministries of George the Third.

In his intellectual power and peculiarities and his vituperative talent, Chatham coin-

cides with Junius as closely as in his political biases. Pitt, from his first speech in the House of Commons, was famous for an irreverent acrimony and looseness of tongue; witness his retort on old Walpole. His powers of sarcasm were very great, and his "eternal invective" passed into a proverb. Horace Walpole gives an account of a meeting which took place at the Cockpit in London in 1755, and at which Pitt spoke after his characteristic fashion. "Pitt," he says, "surpassed himself; and then, I need not tell you, he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, labored, cabinet orations make *vis-à-vis* his manly and dashing eloquence! I never suspected Pitt of such a universal armory. I knew he had a Gorgon's head composed of bayonets and pistols; but little thought he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate (on the Hanoverian and Russian Treaties) Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle has retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt, attacked him for his eternal invectives. Oh! since the last Philippic of Billingsgate memory, you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned. Campbell was annihilated. Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think what a charming ridicule that must be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half!" Once in the House of Lords he turned with an awful look upon his "dearest foe," Lord Mansfield, and, after staring him down and saying he had a few words to say to him, but that they should be daggers, he called out: "Judge Felix trembles! He shall hear from me some other day;" and, with that, resumed his seat. Something terrible seems to be here implied; something, we cannot help thinking, like that "storm" which Junius said he could raise, to make the Duke of Bedford "tremble even in his grave!"

Lord Chesterfield, writing of Lord Chatham, says: "He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. His eloquence was of every kind. His invectives terrible, and uttered with such

energy of diction and such dignity of countenance and action, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over them."

From all this it will be seen how William Pitt showed himself possessed of that irritable and commanding power of sarcasm, that vehemence of invective which are so distinctive of Junius, and which are to be met nowhere else in any literary or political character of the day. This palpable resemblance has led a few writers to what we consider the true conclusion and the man, such as we think will yet be recognized—in spite of the reluctance, chiefly of English critics, to think "Sublimity Pitt" could be fierce-hearted *Nominis Umbra*. A Cambridge friend, an excellent critic, and one familiar with the Georgian times, says he cannot believe that the grand old Earl could become such a *Jupiter-Scapin* as to perpetrate the Letters. But one's knowledge of human nature may explain all that. The greater the genius, the truer to humanity and its passions. The philosophic Sir John Falstaff says pathetically, that he who has most flesh has most frailties. Analogously, we think the more genius a man has, the more is he prone to the irregularities or faults of the feelings. Great minds *will* be gloriously offending—they *will not* be content to dwell in decencies for ever. One touch of passion makes the whole world kin—levels the porcelain intellect with the common crockery-ware. Chatham was truly a man, with all the male passions—able ministers—in full blow about him. Such a character, instead of contenting himself within vulgar bounds, will generally be found spurning and overpassing them, with the "brave disorder" the poet speaks of. The fact is, if William Pitt were incapable of being "Junius," he were, in the same degree, incapable of being Chatham. Our learned friend will please to recollect that Jupiter himself, according to the best accounts, had a large amount of the Scapin in his composition.

*Sed, sat prata biberant.* The rest of our observations we shall offer next month.

Chelsea.

W. D.

## SPAIN AND HER POLITICIANS.\*

[THE following article on a neglected subject seems to require a prefatory note from us. The possibility of the political regeneration of Spain through the spontaneous action of her own men, and by legitimate and orderly means, should be a subject of deep interest, especially in this country and at the present time. A perusal of the following pages will show that the hope of such a result is by no means a vain one. It will be seen that she has men who have the true views, and are able and willing to work for this result.

Spain is regarded by the majority of persons as in a hopelessly retrograde state; and there appears to be a band of desperate men among us who wish her to be considered as an outlaw of nations, against whom no political crime can be committed. We have, however, at Washington an Administration which applies the doctrine of "strict construction" not only to our own rights, but to the rights of other nations; and as long as it lasts, at least, these desperadoes will find their schemes thwarted as rapidly as they are formed.

The author of this article has confined himself to general principles, and has not thought proper to discuss the more particular questions which divide the two constitutional parties, the *Moderado* or Conservative, and *Progresista* or Liberal. Towards the former he has exhibited too great a bias, and not considered sufficiently the principles for which the latter have contended. Could these two parties be fused together by mutual concessions, so as to insure the final destruction of what remains of absolutism, (and there is much that remains, notwithstanding the Constitution, in spirit if not in form,) we might confidently expect Spain to take rank among the foremost defenders of constitutional liberty in Europe.—Ed ]

THE present condition of Spain is but little understood in this country, and the interest we take in her affairs still less than our knowledge of them. Nor is this ignorance confined to ourselves. To the greater part of the Old World she is still a *terra incognita*, and even her neighbors over the Pyrenees can scarcely be said to appreciate her. In England she is, perhaps, better known than elsewhere, as, in some sort, Great Britain may be regarded as the tutelary divinity of the whole peninsula; the result of a variety of causes, not the least of which is, that the English are the deepest drinkers of the wines of Xeres and Oporto. It is true, indeed, that an indefinite notion that she is still the most romantic nation in Europe, and the interest which attaches to the Peninsular War and the struggles of Don Carlos, have, within the last twenty or thirty years, drawn many travellers to the more accessible parts of her territory, who have made us sufficiently familiar with her external life; while French and German geologists have exhibited to us with minute accuracy nearly the whole surface of the country. Her ventas, posadas, halls and

balconies have still an irresistible charm. But as it regards the products of her soil, her industrial resources, her interior life, and the origin of her political movements, our knowledge is extremely limited. Her literature is scarcely ever referred to by the press. Her great men are, with few exceptions, unknown. And in proportion to our ignorance is the scorn with which we regard her as a nation proud and imbecile, governed either by reckless demagogues, or by statesmen who are for ever dealing in abstractions, and totally unable to comprehend the world as it is.

The causes which have plunged the nation into this deep obscurity are too obvious to require remark. The chief of them is doubtless to be found in that profound and apparently hopeless subjection to absolute power into which she had begun to sink previous to the death of Philip II., and in which she continued till after the beginning of the present century; a condition of things presenting, on the surface at least, no prospect whatever of improvement, a calm of stagnant waters which the angel would never venture to disturb; nor, although this extraordinary

\* Obras Completas de D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. Paris: Baudry. 1846.

lethargy was at length broken up, and Spain has been for nearly forty years in a state of agitation as constant as the political sleep into which she had previously fallen, has she yet been able to take a position sufficiently elevated to obtain the regard and respect of the world. "The emblem of our intellectual and political state," says the author of the memoir of De la Rosa, prefixed to the work the title of which we have quoted below, "is not the day but the night; a night clear, however, and sometimes illuminated by ephemeral glimmerings of light, sure presages of the dawn."

To this cause of our want of interest in the affairs of Spain must be added, that our commerce with her is too comparatively insignificant to make her an object of paramount interest, while her insular position at the southwestern corner of Europe places her without the ordinary channels of communication through which we derive our knowledge of the greater part of the nations of that continent. This insulated position, indeed, prevents her from feeling immediately or very deeply the general European movement in politics and religion.

Yet there are few nations which have stronger claims on our regard than this unfortunate State, whether we consider its history, the character of its people, or its natural resources. Of all the hordes that broke up the Roman Empire, this was the first that established a written Constitution. In every period of its history it has been fertile in men of genius. It has always had, almost without interruption, a brilliant national literature; and we need not mention that after the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, she held for a long period the most distinguished position in arts, arms and enterprise. To her we owe the discovery of our own continent, and it may not be useless to remember that the oldest town within our limits was founded by her.

Her natural and industrial resources, also, are worthy of attention. The iron of Biscay, the great beds of coal in the Asturias, the wonderful lead veins of Linares and the Sierra de Gadór,\* the mercury mines of Almaden, the wheat of Andalusia, perhaps the finest in the world, her fruits, her wines, the vast flocks of sheep which browse on the mountain-sides of Leon and Old Castile, and in

winter cover the plains of Estremadura, ought to entitle her to assume a rank second to no community whatever.

In her spasmodic struggles for liberty during the last thirty-eight years, with much that is shocking, nay, horrible, she has frequently presented strong claims to our admiration, although her progress in the path of freedom has been much slower than so many efforts and so many bloody contests would seem to warrant. We have been frequently told of late that her affairs have returned again to a state of hopeless stagnation. Nothing, in our judgment, is farther from the truth. Spain has never been in a better condition since the reign of Charles III. than she is at this very moment. The last few years have shown us, we believe, that she has at length riveted a Constitution, the main feature of which is a legislature with two branches. For nearly half a century she has been oscillating between an absolute monarchy and a legislature of one house. In 1834, indeed, she gained a Cortes with two houses; but then there was no positive assurance that both would stand. Now we believe there is. Besides, the Spanish mind is evidently awake and active. There are now not less than sixteen journals in that kingdom, devoted not merely to theoretic discussions of the foundation of government, but to the physical and industrial condition of the country, and the best methods of developing its resources. Among the contributors to these journals are the first men of the nation. But, however this may be, Spain has already given convincing proofs that she has energy enough left to work her way to the light, and that she will at length assume her true position. Her resistance to Napoleon has surrounded her with a glory which nothing can dim, and is of itself a sufficient pledge to the world, that a nation which could win in a moment this immortal honor, although her subsequent career may not altogether have corresponded with its beginnings, will not fail at last of a complete redemption from political thralldom.

It was asked by a contemporary lately, in a sufficiently harsh and scornful tone, whether Spain be capable of regeneration. In reply to this question we have not time to add any thing to what we have already said. It suits our purpose to say, only, that the great number of enlightened statesmen and men of genius, acquainted with the spirit

\* The latter affords annually from 500,000 to 600,000 cwt. of lead.



of the age, and the condition and wants of their own country, whom she has produced since the year 1808, sufficiently manifests that her case is not a hopeless one. One has only to read the advertisements of books published at Madrid, to be convinced that the Spanish mind is still active on all subjects of thought and inquiry, and that the great mass of its literary productions is not designed as mere sources of amusement to the populace, or as satires on public manners, but has an intimate regard to the social and political well-being of the State.

Among the most remarkable authors who have sprung up in Spain since the commencement of the present century, is Señor Don Martinez de la Rosa. He is little known in this country, but has long since achieved for himself a European reputation. It is not our present intention to enter into any special inquiry respecting his claims to be considered a genius, or into any criticisms on his works. It may be said, briefly, that no man of recent times has distinguished himself in so many and such different departments of thought and action. He has written at least ten dramas, all of which have been received with distinguished favor by his own countrymen, and one of which, the historical play of Aben Humeya, or, the Revolt of the Moors under Philip II., was first composed in French, and acted on the Paris boards\* with great applause, and a considerable number of minor poems, which have always been popular in Spain. Among his miscellaneous writings are long, learned, and discriminating criticisms on Spanish poetry, as well as scarcely less interesting discourses on poetry in general, in the elaborate notes to his "La Poetica." "The Spirit of the Age," his great prose work, is evidently the production of a man who has thought deeply, and with sincere intentions, on the wants of the time, and the means of insuring a lasting and uninterrupted progress in social improvement. As a deputy to the Cortes, he has uniformly been distinguished for his eloquence; and it is certainly no mean evidence of his ability as a statesman, that, during a period of nearly forty years, he has been three times minister; that after passing through all the storms which have ravaged his country, almost without intermission, from 1808 to the present moment, having been once im-

prisoned for several years, and subsequently for a considerable period an exile, he should have found himself, in 1843, still in power as Ambassador to France, and in the following year Secretary of State. Something of this may be owing to fortune, but it must, in great part, be ascribed to the force of his talents. As other evidences of his eminence, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he is a member of many learned bodies, Director of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and President of the Historic Institute of France. During his residence in Paris, he not unfrequently employed himself in delivering before its societies, and especially before that of which he was President, lectures on the great poets, commanders, and navigators of his nation.

It is not so much, however, on account of his literary or political eminence, that we introduce his name here, as of our desire to present briefly the fundamental principles of his political theory, which we believe not only to be founded in truth, but which ought to be urged with the utmost frequency in an age like the present, one of whose great tendencies manifestly is to insubordination and disorder. Before entering on this subject, however, it may not be amiss to mention, in as few words as possible, a few particulars which we have gathered from several sources, among which is the biography prefixed to the work before us.

He was born in the city of Granada in 1789, a year rendered remarkable, as his biographers have noted, by the birth of many eminent persons in Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Robert Peel, Guizot, and Toreno and Isturitz of Spain. His family being wealthy, no expense was spared in his education. After having finished his preparatory studies in ancient literature, and acquired several modern languages, he ran through the courses of philosophy, mathematics, and the civil and canon law in the university of his native province, with so much success that at the age of twenty he had completed his law studies, and was already in charge of a class in moral philosophy in that institution.

At this period, 1808, the revolution broke out with a great explosion on the 27th of May. It was preceded by commotions in Aranjuez in consequence of suspicions that Charles and his family were about to emigrate to Mexico, and by the massacre at

\* At the Porte St. Martin.

Madrid occasioned by the abdication of Ferdinand and the attempt of the Queen of Asturias to leave the city. Spain was aroused at once, as if by an electric shock, from that profound apathy in which she had so long been buried. Under the Bourbons, France had managed to hold her in a state of almost absolute dependence; she had apparently not been influenced by the French Revolution; but the attempts of Napoleon were an attack on the whole nation, which, being once awakened and finding herself without a government, plunged headlong into the struggle for liberty. Juntas of safety and defense were organized in every province, except those immediately under the surveillance of the French.

De la Rosa could not refrain from throwing himself into the movement. He immediately turned his professor's chair into a popular tribune, and set up a journal to stimulate the nation to resistance. Shortly after these events he was dispatched by the Junta of his province to Gibraltar, to negotiate a peace with England, while the Count de Toreno went from Asturias to London with the same object.

There was no government, the Central Junta having the temporary management of affairs. In establishing a new one on the ruins of the old, the movement determined to adopt the representative system, and De la Rosa went to England to observe its practical workings at its fountain head. Here he did not remain long. The fortune of arms had turned against Spain, and the Central Junta, finding itself too weak to carry on the government, had convoked the Cortes. To this body De la Rosa was too young to be elected. He rendered it important assistance, however, by discussing in his periodical the great questions which were then agitating the country for the first time, by various political pamphlets, and by his labors as Secretary of the Commission on the Liberty of the Press. At the same time he employed himself in purely literary labors. In 1809 appeared his epic poem on the famous defense of Saragossa, and not long after several dramas—singular fruits of a day of storms.

At the conclusion of the Constituent Cortes De la Rosa was elected by Granada to the ordinary Cortes, which took its place. This position he was fated to find something very different from a bed of roses. The new Con-

stitution was extremely defective; it wore on its forehead the pledge of its dissolution. The Cortes constituted but a single chamber. The nobles and clergy, both powerful bodies, were excluded from it. The system of representation was too radical for the nation at that stage of her progress. Every parish nominated an elector.\* It unnecessarily made the bitterest enemies of the two bodies which it excluded. As was natural, the nation swung almost immediately to the opposite extreme, and a strong party sprang up in the Cortes itself utterly opposed to popular institutions. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the people, and the apparent success of the revolution, the nation was not democratic, nor any thing like it. How could it be—an isolated community, which up to that moment had participated scarcely at all in the European movement?

De la Rosa, however, still clung to the Constitution with the ardor of youth, and believing it the best possible at the time, continued to be the champion of his party till 1814. He believed that all that was necessary was the return of the King to give effect to its provisions. The King did return, but only to trample on the Constitution and extinguish the Cortes. The monarchical party was now so strong, that this was no difficult matter. He soon found it quite as easy to proscribe the constitutionalists. De la Rosa was banished for opinions previously expressed to the fortress of Peñon de la Gomerá in Morocco. His imprisonment here, however, was not very rigorous. He was treated with courtesy by the commander of the garrison, who allowed one of his former servants, whom he accidentally found there, to wait upon him, and he occasionally amused himself in performing comedies with the officers.

The revolution of 1820, which brought the popular party once more into power, freed him from confinement, and his countrymen of Granada exhibited their enthusiasm on his return, by erecting for him a triumphal arch. But during his imprisonment his opinions had undergone considerable change. He had previously thought of liberty too exclusively; he now thought also of order and law. He had not abandoned his liberal principles, nor lost his faith in a representa-

\* Fifty thousand inhabitants were entitled to one deputy.

tive system; he was still far from thinking that under that system government could not be carried on.\* But he saw the serious defects of the Constitution of 1812. The executive power was a mere nullity. It was allowed only a temporary veto, and the Cortes consisting of only one house, there was no check on passionate and hasty legislation, no effectual means of preventing discord and anarchy. He would have the executive power strengthened as much as it could be within constitutional limits. In brief, he had now become a friend of law and order, in opposition to weakness and dissolution. This change of opinion produced its natural consequences. He was elected to the first Cortes; but the popular party soon began to denounce him. His moderation was stigmatized as dough-faced.† He was accused of plotting against the Constitution; and the popular anger rose to such a height as to threaten his person. He remained firm. When the Cortes of 1821 assembled, there was no minister, and no one could be found except him of sufficient firmness and ability for the office. This ministry lasted but four months. It could not stand, as the popular party was strong enough to drive every thing before it. It was the more odious, because the foolish projects of the King were attributed to the ministry itself. It ended with the rebellion of the royal guard in the last mentioned year. After that event, in which the crown obtained a temporary triumph, no persuasions could induce him to retain his office, and he retired to private life at Madrid.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the particulars of his future career. After the French had taken possession of Madrid, the regency created at the instance of the Duke of Angoulême and the chiefs of the royalists party demanded of him an explicit recognition of its authority, which he firmly refused, and in consequence received his passports to leave the kingdom. He was absent from Spain eight years, spending his time in France with the most distinguished liberals of the opposition of 1827-30, and in travelling in Italy, Switzerland and Germany. He did not desert politics, but avoiding agitations, confined himself princi-

pally to literary pursuits. When at length he was permitted to return, although not allowed to visit the court, he quietly retired to Granada. Under the first regency of Christina he had liberty to present himself at Madrid, where in 1833 he published a collection of light poems which were received with much favor; the nation was then liberal and moderate.

The year 1833 found the people clamorous for a change of the ministry. Zea Bermudez, who was then at the head of affairs, was as moderate and mild as it was possible for an absolutist to be, but his monarchical principles were extreme, and it was impossible to carry them out. He held out no hope of convoking a representation of the people, to modify the prerogative or control any great functions of the State. He had declared his intention to maintain the old forms and instruments of government, and would admit no interference with the Church.\* While he busied himself, with commendable zeal, in fostering trade and manufactures, he intended to keep to the old platform of administration in its full integrity. But as he could not stand, and no absolutist could be found of more moderate principles than his, the only alternative was either to throw the power into the hands of the radical party, or into those of moderate constitutionalists. The latter was adopted, and De la Rosa became Prime Minister. The great act of this ministry, on which De la Rosa had set his heart, was the promulgation of the "estatuto real," by which, for the first time, the Cortes was convoked in two bodies. This, we believe, he looked upon as his great achievement. As we have said, his views had been changed during his imprisonment in Africa, and although he had not abandoned his faith in a representative system, he had long wished to see such a one established as, by the medium of proper checks and balances, by uniting all orders of the State in the same congress, would be an equal check to anarchy on the one hand and tyranny on the other. He was strenuously opposed to political extravagances of any sort. His colleagues, too, were all liberal and moderate men. The ministry was of short duration. In fact, it represented but a small part of the nation. It was of course distasteful to the extreme

\* Biografía, p. ix.

† *Pasteleria*, literally a pastry-cook's shop and pastry.

\* Annual Register, 1834.

absolutist party, and still more so to the radicals. While in office, De la Rosa seems to have displayed great firmness, never failing to present himself in public when danger threatened his life; but finding at length that he could not maintain public tranquillity without a resort to violent measures, which would itself have been an evidence of weakness, he resigned.

During the remainder of this year (1834) and the next he held no public office.

Of the Cortes of 1836-7 he was perhaps the most able and efficient member; siding still with the moderate party, which gradually gathered strength and came into power in December of the latter year, although he was not elected to the cabinet. When the revolution which followed quickly on virtually destroyed the Constitution of 1834, seeing the fruit of his toils thus apparently destroyed, in 1840 he retired secretly to Paris. The fall of Espartero, in 1843, brought him back from that city, to which he returned however in the same year, in the capacity of Ambassador. In 1844 he succeeded the fiery Narvaez as Prime Minister.

It has been objected to De la Rosa, that he is weak and fanatical. The part he has played on the political stage for so long a period disproves the former charge; the latter is entirely gratuitous. Who can be less fanatical than a man whose constant aim has been to steer between extremes? His want of success, if such it may be called, is to be attributed to the moderation of his principles. Spain in her present state is unfitted for them. He has always been attempting to fuse together the different orders of the State, a thing even now impossible.

The fundamental principles of his political philosophy, which we find in the first part of "The Spirit of the Age," may be regarded as the key to his actions. He believes, whether truly or not, that the animating spirit of the present times is a spirit of discontent, a proneness to agitation and dissolution. The great problem which is now presented to us is how to reconcile liberty with order. Who is to solve this problem? Unfortunately, there seems to be no hope of its being solved at all at present, because there is no party that applies itself to the settlement of the question with earnestness and good faith. Among politi-

cians we recognize, generally speaking, but two parties, the flatterers of the government on one hand, and the flatterers of the people on the other. Both are influenced by their own selfish aims. The former cajoles the government by talking of nothing but authority; the other the people, by empty declamations on liberty, without alluding to order. Both place the foundations of government on abstract, vague, inapplicable theories; the flatterers of legitimacy on divine right, the flatterers of the people on rights derived from a state of nature. The former seek, by vague phrases and the affectation of a mysterious obscurity, to crush in the human soul the faculties bestowed by the very Being by whose authority they assert the government has been established. So far as they pretend that the inviolability of power is sanctioned by the course of time, they are convicted by their own arguments; for it will be difficult to find a single monarchy which has not presented in authentic documents or popular traditions proofs of the elective origin of the power of its rulers, or in some subsequent epoch of the supreme authority being legitimated by a vote of the nation. On the other hand, those who pretend to be the exclusive friends of the people, deriving their opinions from a state of nature, endeavor to convert general, abstract theories into practical rules of government. The mere announcement of this system involves its rejection. For what can be imagined more absurd than to attempt to apply speculative principles, vague and indefinite in the very expression of them, to the usages of civil society and the conduct of affairs? From neither of these parties, therefore, can we derive what we seek, security with liberty, progress with stability. All questions of government reduce themselves to a single practical question: In what way can the individuals which compose a nation obtain for themselves the greatest amount of practical advantages? The two parties to which we have referred do not approach it. They know nothing about it. It is not a part of their business to have any thing to do with it. It is the great and solemn question of the times, yet both are acting apparently in utter unconsciousness of its existence.

To whom then are we to appeal for the solution of the great problem with which we started? To those, and to those only, who,

having the welfare of a nation at heart, are profoundly conversant with the spirit of the times; and to those who, rejecting all abstract theories, look upon society as it is in all its complicated relations, and who only ask by what means shall the community be advanced to the next stage of happiness and prosperity without endangering, meanwhile, its safety and peace? De la Rosa maintains that the security of government rests solely on the common interest of the rulers and the ruled. In this country, where there is theoretically no distinction between the governor and the governed, we should say on the general interest; and the only question which a good legislator will ask himself on any subject, whether it be of an organic change, a tariff, banking law, or aught else, is, what will promote the general good? And whatever tends to the general good will eventually be established. Demagogues may declaim as they please of liberty, and private rights, and exclusive privileges, and utter their abstract solemnities with profound gravity; but it is in vain to resist necessity, or to fight with abstract and shadowy weapons against the demands of the times and the spirit of the age.

These views, which in the last paragraph we have expressed paraphrastically, we believe to be just; although we think that De la Rosa has not qualified them sufficiently, nor does he make due allowance for the elements of intelligence and virtue as safeguards to society. We cannot begin by denying the existence of individual rights, although they must in the end be subordinated to the general good. In great emergencies,—emergencies, however, which occur but seldom,—the right must be strongly as-

serted to rouse the spirit of man and give an irresistible impulse to the revolution. But if we examine narrowly the course of most revolutions, we shall find that, while they seem to be the offspring of popular enthusiasm, they have their real origin in particular grievances and interests; and so far as they do not, when the excitement has subsided, there will be an inevitable recoil. If history teaches any lesson, it teaches us this, that any institution which is founded on common interest, or the interest of the great mass of the people, can never be effectually overthrown. It may seem to conflict with private rights; by a certain portion of the community it may be denounced as hostile to liberty; for the moment it may be prostrated; but it will rise again, and those who would blindly be governed by none but abstract notions must be responsible for all the mischief that comes meanwhile. It is easy to excite the public mind by abstract propositions, because they are easily understood, at least in their outward import; but to make the mass of mankind comprehend a measure which depends upon a great variety of the most complicated relations, is another and a very difficult task. But a good statesman will only ask the question, what is for the common good? and endeavor to make men understand it. He, on the contrary, who in the present state of society, when one interest cannot be touched without affecting a thousand others, goes about inflaming the passions of the people and indoctrinating them with notions which neither he nor they can ever apply to the actual condition of society, works incredible mischief.



## THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN

## I.

OF all the days of the year, the superstition of the past has invested none with greater terrors than the first of November. The dead then rise at midnight from their tombs, and, wrapped in their long grave-clothes, appear to remind the living of the prayers which they have forgotten for the deceased; the witches choose this fearful night for the exercise of their dreaded malice; the angel Gabriel then lifts for twelve hours his foot from the prostrate fiend, and suffers this dire foe of man to roam abroad and torment him. Usually, the dreariness of nature in that night lends double power to the terrors inspired by superstition; the storm rages in the air, the rain or snow falls thick and fast to the earth, the streams swell and overflow their banks, danger and even death threaten the traveller on every side.

During the night of the first of November, of the year 16—, a poor family without a guide, led by chance alone, were wandering upon new and unknown paths. Half-blinded by the snow which the furious storm lashed in their faces, their feet swollen from toil, the unhappy creatures were scarcely able to hold themselves erect. They were soon compelled to halt, and to seek shelter against the violence of the tempest in a sunken road. The head of this family was a man of about thirty-five years of age; he was accompanied by a woman, who carried an infant in her arms; behind her walked a little boy from five to six years old, a feeble creature, half dead with cold and weariness.

"Margaret, we can go no farther," said the man, in the Italian language. "We must stop here. Cover yourself with my cloak, and protect the infant. I will clasp Antonio to my bosom; perhaps I may be able to keep him warm."

The woman obeyed in silence, and wrapped herself in the mantle, which her hus-

band reached to her; the father clasped the boy in his arms, and pressed him closely to his bosom. But of what avail were these feeble efforts, against the driving snow and furious wind? An icy chill had already pervaded their frames, and lulled them into that torpor which is an almost certain precursor of death.

The man suddenly started up and grasped his wife by the hand.

"Up! up, Margaret!" he cried. "If we remain here longer we are sure to perish, we and our children. We must leave this waste, we must toil onward, and try to reach the city. Take courage! your uncle Rembrandt will give us a kind welcome, as I hope."

Margaret tried to rise; but her benumbed limbs refused to serve her, and, notwithstanding her husband's feeble efforts to support her, the unhappy woman sank upon the ground again; the infant, bruised by the fall, uttered piteous cries.

"Margaret," cried the stranger, kneeling beside his wife, and wiping away the blood that flowed from the child's head—"Margaret, in God's name summon up all your powers! the lives of our children are at stake. If we do not leave this fatal spot, we shall all perish here."

But Margaret did not hear him; she lay sunk in a deep swoon.

"Listen, Antonio!" cried his father earnestly. "I will take your little sister in my arms, and hasten to the city, to seek for help. But I cannot let you go with me; you would impede my steps, and your mother's life depends upon my speed."

He now took off his coat and wrapped it around the boy; then caught up the little girl and ran, half clad, along the road to Amsterdam, which, fortunately, was not so distant as he had feared. When he reached the gate, which he found guarded by a number of soldiers, he cried:

"For the love of Heaven, comrades, show

me the house of Master Rembrandt, the painter! I must speak with him at once!"

When the soldiers beheld the half-clad, agitated man, who expressed himself with great difficulty, in a language that was foreign to him, they thought him intoxicated, and resolved to make themselves merry at his expense.

"Master Rembrandt!" said one of the number; "he lives below yonder, not far from here, at the other end of the city; only you must turn off at once to the right."

"No, no," cried another; "turn here to the left, and take that street yonder."

"God help us!" said a third, laughing; "you must take the street to the right, and if it happens to be the right one, you will be sure to come out right."

They accompanied their words with bursts of laughter, which filled the stranger's bosom with despair. At last, the latter ran towards a lantern, and held up before the soldiers the child which he carried in his arms, and which, owing to the darkness of the night, they had not observed.

The soldiers now ceased their cruel sport, but they were unable to understand what he really wanted of them. Not one of them knew where the painter dwelt. Every moment lost, however, brought increasing danger to the wife and child of the Italian. He was upon the point of returning to die with them, when a little hump-backed tailor passed by the group with a lantern in his hand, for it was now dark nights, and the laws of the city forbade the burghers to go abroad after dusk without a light. The old man, attracted by the stranger's lamentations, stepped nearer, and felt compassion for his condition, for he recognized him by his accent for a fellow-countryman.

"Come, come," he said to him, "I will lead you to Master Rembrandt; but I greatly doubt whether he will open his doors to you at this hour, and above all on All-hallow night. But no matter; come, come!"

"And my wife and child?" cried the traveller; and he now described their pitiable condition to the compassionate old man.

"If you have no hope of safety except that which you build upon Rembrandt's help, your destruction is certain," replied the tailor. "Master Rembrandt would not give a penny to save the life of his nearest neighbor! Beg rather two of these soldiers to go with you to that sunken road, and

help us to bring your wife and child to my dwelling. Then, while I try to revive them, you can go to Master Rembrandt, for I am poor, and do not know in truth if my narrow chamber can accommodate a single guest, even for a single night. But be comforted; Heaven has thrown me in your way, and I will assist you to the utmost of my power."

The tailor, whose name was Nicholas Barruello, now explained to the soldiers the service which humanity required of them. While the drummer took the infant in his arms, and bound up the wound upon its head as well as he was able, four men provided with torches followed the traveller, with the permission of the officers of the post. Upon the way they learned that the stranger was from Liege, that he was called Francesco Netcelli, and was by profession a painter.

Following the stranger, who walked onward at a rapid pace, they at last reached the sunken road, and after brushing aside the snow, they found the two silent, motionless forms. Master Barruello now begged the soldiers to raise the unhappy creatures, and bear them to his dwelling. He himself set them a good example; he took the little boy in his arms, and with the lantern in his hand, walked on before the rest, towards his hut, which, fortunately, stood at no great distance from the city gate. On entering the little chamber, he laid the mother and the children upon his bed, dismissed the soldiers with kind thanks, and then employed every means in his power to revive the unhappy creatures, not one of whom showed signs of life.

He begged Netcelli to assist him, but the latter, whether benumbed by the cold, or robbed of all his energy by despair, sat in gloomy silence near the fire, which the tailor had lighted upon the hearth, and seemed neither to hear nor see what was passing around him. Nicholas, therefore, was left to his sole exertions to recall the senseless sufferers to life again. Soon all his scanty wardrobe was exhausted in supplying them with warm, dry clothing, and in chafing their rigid limbs. All his efforts, however, appeared fruitless; he had not yet succeeded in restoring warmth even to the frame of the unhappy mother.

He now stepped upon a stool, and took from the topmost shelf of a cupboard a carefully corked jug, which contained some excellent brandy, with which he was accus-

tomed to regale himself on great occasions. Without delay, yet not without a heavy sigh, he moistened a piece of linen with the costly liquor, and then gently rubbed Margaret's face and hands therewith. Barruello's efforts seemed for a long while useless, and he already began to fear that his help had come too late, when the young woman suddenly unclosed her eyes, and stretching out her arms, stammered forth a few words in a low voice. She asked after her children.

"They are here, signora, they are here! Come, come, master Netcelli! rouse yourself and take courage; your wife is out of danger. Your children, also, will doubtless be restored to you again, if you will but give me a little assistance. Come, pledge me in a glass of this wondrous cordial! it has cured your wife, and it will cure you. To your health, and the health of our invalids!"

With these words, Master Nicholas, whose ruddy face proclaimed his fondness for the beverage which he extolled so highly, drained his cup at a single draught, and poured the remaining drops into his hands, which he rubbed briskly together. Netcelli drank also; soon a genial warmth ran through his veins, and he shook off his deep depression. His eyes, which had thus far been directed steadfastly towards the flame upon the hearth, now glanced around the chamber; he recognized his children, he recognized his wife, and gushing tears relieved his oppressed bosom.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, "do I really hold thee in my arms? dost thou smile upon me? dost thou speak to me? O God, I thank thee! We are all safe then, and the danger is over."

Suddenly he paused, for his glance rested upon the two children, who still lay rigid and motionless, perhaps in the torpor of death. The young mother divined Francesco's thought, and replied to it with a sad sigh. The tailor rebuked them gently, saying:

"To doubt of Heaven's goodness is to render ourselves unworthy of it." He then added, turning to Netcelli, "The Holy Virgin and the saints have restored to you your wife; they will restore your children also. Instead of lamenting, aid me to recall these dear creatures to life. Look! the oldest is coming to himself already; kiss me, my little angel! Come, I will take you

to your mother! Yes, signora, rejoice, and cover him with kisses. What is that I hear? God and the Virgin be praised! it is the voice of the infant!"

The kind tailor hurried from one child to the other, with unwearied care, completing the noble work which he had so well begun. Mingling a portion of brandy with hot water, he chafed the brows of the youngest with a corner of his thick woollen doublet, which he so thoroughly drenched with that cordial, that when his patients were all out of danger, the flask was completely empty.

After a few moments of true and untroubled joy at their fortunate and wonderful recovery, Barruello looked anxiously around him, with his small and twinkling eyes. He gazed at the bed, measured with a glance the apartment, the length of which was not more than eight feet, and contracted his brows. Netcelli soon remarked his perplexity, and said:

"What is it disturbs you, my noble benefactor?"

"To own the truth," said the tailor, with a slight cough, "I was just asking myself, how we could contrive to pass the night here? Five persons in a chamber like this, and but one bed for so many people! Besides, I have laid my last piece of wood upon the fire, and the lively little rogue yonder is already asking for something more to eat. But my whole store of provisions consisted of the piece of bread that he has just devoured."

"True; I must repair to our uncle Rembrandt's," said Netcelli, "to see him, to relate to him our sad fate, and implore his assistance."

The tailor shook his head.

"Yes, that is a means," he said, "that might relieve us from our embarrassment, but I count but little upon it. Well, it matters not! we have no choice. I will light my lantern, and lead you to the Jew's quarter, for there dwells Master Rembrandt, the painter or the usurer, whichever you please to call him, for he plies both trades. May God soften his heart, that he may open his door to you!"

---

## II

When Francesco Netcelli, accompanied by Nicholas Barruello, stepped from the tailor's smoky chamber, deep stillness had

long since succeeded to the fury of the tempest, and the moon shone bright in the heavens. The snow had covered the earth as with a shroud. In this deceitful light, objects around assumed a thousand doubtful shapes. The aspect of the silent city, veiled in white, filled them with a singular fear, which neither the old handicraftsman nor his companion could entirely shake off. Without imparting their superstitious fears to each other, they drew nearer together, and in this way walked through several lonely streets, in which the sound of their steps, stifled by the snow, gave back no answering echo. After walking onward, for somewhat less than half an hour, they came to the quarter of the city occupied by the Jews, and commonly termed the Jews' quarter, which lay near a deserted churchyard.

Master Barruelo pointed with his finger to a large house, flanked by two turrets, in front of which lay a vast court, surrounded by a thick and lofty wall. The stranger approached, and beheld before him a small low door, strongly studded with iron, in the middle of which a brass knob was visible. He drew upon this knob, and soon heard the shrill tones of a bell, intermingled with the barking of several dogs.

Netcelli waited for a while, listening for some sound which might promise him admittance; but no one came, no one answered his summons.

He drew the bell again; then a third time; but these repeated signals had no other effect than to redouble the fury of the dogs, which leaped in their kennels and shook their chains with violence.

At Netcelli's fourth ring, the dogs were suddenly silent; he heard a door opened, then heavy steps descend a staircase and cross the court. In a few moments the short, dry cough of an old man was mingled with the rattling of chains.

Several minutes passed, and still no one in the house seemed to trouble themselves about those who desired entrance. After waiting long in vain, Netcelli rang the bell once more, and now with a violence which betokened anger and disappointment, rather than the hope of speedy admission. He now understood the meaning of what had passed in the court; the dogs, barking furiously, rushed toward the gate, which, massive as it was, seemed an insufficient barrier against their violence.

"I told you so," muttered the tailor; "he will not open his doors to you. Come, let us return to my dwelling. It is even better to pass an uncomfortable night in my chamber than here before this gate, exposed to the cold, piercing air, and so near a churchyard. To-night is the night of the dead, and it seems to me, every moment, as if I saw a spectre ascend from the graves yonder. If you only knew all the frightful stories they tell of this place! In truth, Master Rembrandt is to be excused for keeping his house well locked and bolted; although it is a large and handsome dwelling, yet it has remained for more than twenty years without a purchaser, all were so afraid of the neighborhood of the churchyard. The old usurer cared but little for that, and bought it for a mere trifle. To spare a thousand florins, he would take up his lodgings at the gates of hell. Let us leave this place and return to my house. Heaven only grant that we reach it safe and sound!"

As he spoke, the tailor drew Netcelli onward with him, quickening his pace and not venturing to look around, for the noise of the snow, crackling beneath their feet, together with the howling of the wind, which had now risen again, sounded in his ear like the laments of a tortured spirit following their steps. Pale as ashes, his forehead bathed in a cold sweat, harassed by feelings which he was unable to comprehend, the Italian yielded to the terror which, like the whips of furies, drove him and his companion forward. The most fearful forebodings disturbed his bosom; he felt a presentiment that some new misfortune was hovering over him, and with a hand trembling with terror, he at last grasped the latch of the tailor's door.

He listened before entering.

"Mother! mother!" cried little Antonio.

His mother did not answer.

Netcelli rushed into the apartment. Not a spark of fire was to be found upon the hearth, the lamp had gone out, the cold wind found a free passage into the wretched chamber through the broken window. Francesco groped his way towards the bed, placed his hand upon it, and it encountered a cold and rigid body; it was the face of the wounded infant, which Margaret held tightly clasped in her arms.

With considerable difficulty Master Nicholas found steel and tinder and struck a light.

A fearful spectacle now met their eyes. Margaret and the infant lay cold and lifeless upon the bed; the little boy was sunk in a deathlike torpor; and the father, after bending over them for a while, sank upon their remains, uttering a wild and maniac laugh.

"O God!" exclaimed Master Nicholas, in deathlike terror, "what a fearful night! What sin have I committed, that Heaven should visit me with all this misery? What shall I do? How will it end? My chamber is desolate, two lifeless bodies lie upon my bed, and before me sits a madman with his dying child!"

He sank upon an old arm-chair, concealed his face in his hands, and wept bitterly.

The worthy man's faint-heartedness did not last long, however. The necessity of succoring the unhappy beings whom Providence had intrusted to his care, stood clear and plain before his soul. He sprang from his seat, hastened into the street, and soon returned, accompanied by three or four soldiers, with an armful of wood and a small portion of brandy, both of which he had obtained from the sentinels who were stationed at the gate.

While the soldiers lighted a fire, he took the little boy in his arms, and seating himself with him near the chimney, he succeeded at last in restoring warmth to his chilled frame. In the mean time the soldiers mended the broken window with old boards. When they had completed this task, which rendered the chamber somewhat more comfortable, they took the lifeless bodies from the bed, laid them side by side in a small adjacent room, which Master Nicholas used as a workshop, and then turned to lead away the maniac, who made

not the slightest resistance. As the boy remarked this, however, he escaped from the tailor's arms and hastened to his father.

"Take me with father too," he cried. "Oh, how cold it is here! I want to be with him!"

The heart of Master Nicholas was near breaking at these words.

"It is true, indeed," he said; "if I watch the dead, I can watch the living also; leave the poor child and his father with me here; the man's madness seems nowise dangerous. Early to-morrow morning I will pay a visit to Master Rembrandt; as hard and miserly as he is, he will not, at least, refuse me a little money, that I may provide a coffin for the dead. He must use his influence also with the magistrate to have the father sent to the hospital, and then, after all, he cannot entirely forsake the child of his own niece. Perhaps he will even undertake to provide for it in future. So, then, farewell, comrades; I thank you."

The soldiers retired, but not without first having emptied their brandy-flasks into Master Nicholas's jug. When they had gone, the tailor took a small ivory crucifix from the wall, together with a consecrated branch of a box-tree, and laid them upon the breasts of the two corpses. He then crossed himself devoutly, locked the door that led to his workshop, wrapped Antonio in the bed-clothes, and returned to the fire, in front of which the painter was seated.

Master Nicholas gazed, not without terror, at the maniac, but he armed himself with the sign of the cross, and muttered prayers from a breviary which he drew from his bosom, until the faint light of dawn penetrated the desolate chamber.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## AN EXILE'S DREAMS.

BY JOSEPH BRENNAN.

[The writer of the following lines has endeavored to catch the great characteristic of Celtic poetry, its musical *irregularity*.]

I WILL go to holy Ireland, the land of Saint and Sage,  
Where the pulse of boyhood is leaping in the shrunken form of Age ;  
Where the shadow of giant Hopes for evermore is cast,  
And the wraiths of mighty Chieftains are looming through the Past.  
From the cold land of the Stranger I will take my joyous flight,  
To sit by my slumbering country, and watch her through the night ;  
When the Spring is in the sky, and the flowers are on the land,  
I will go to ancient Ireland, of the open heart and hand.

I will go where the Galtees are rising bare and high,  
With their haggard foreheads fronting the scowl of the clouded sky ;  
I will gaze adown on the valleys, and bless the teeming sod,  
And commune with the mountains—"the Almoners of God ;"  
I will list to the murmurous song which is rising from the river,  
Which flows, crooning, to the Ocean, for ever and for ever.  
When the May-month is come, when the year is fresh and young,  
I will go to the home of my fathers—the land of sword and song.

I will go where Killarney is sleeping in peaceful rest,  
Unmoved, save when a falling leaf ripples its placid breast ;  
Where the branches of oak and arbutus are weaving a pleasant screen,  
And the sunshine breaks in diamonds through its tracery of green ;  
Where the mists, like fantastic spectres, for ever rise and fall,  
And the rainbow of the Covenant is spanning the mountains tall.  
When the wind blows from the West, across the deep Sea,  
I will sail to my Innisfail, to the "Isle of Destiny."

I will go to beautiful Wicklow, the hunted outlaw's rest,  
Which the tread of rebel and rapparee in many a struggle prest ;  
I will go to the lonely graveyard, near the pleasant fields of Kildare,  
And pray for my chief and my hero, young Tone, who is sleeping there ;  
I will go to the gloomy Thomas Street, where gallant Robert died,  
And to the grim St. Michans, where "the Brothers" lie side by side ;  
I will go to where the heroes of the Celts are laid,  
And chant a *Miserere* for the souls of the mighty Dead.

I will seize my pilgrim staff, and cheerily wander forth  
From the smiling face of the South to the black frown of the North ;  
And in some hour of twilight I will mount the tall Slieve-bloom,  
And weave me a picture-vision in the evening's pleasant gloom :  
I will call up the buried leaders of the ancient Celtic race,  
And gaze with a filial fondness on each sternly-noble face—  
The masters of the mind, and the chieftains of the steel,  
Young Carolan and Grattan, the McCaura and O'Neil ;  
I will learn from their voices, with a student's love and pride,  
To live as they lived, and to die as they died.  
Oh, I will sail from the West, and never more will part  
From the ancient home of my people—the land of the loving heart.

## DONA PAULA;

OR,

## THE CONVENT AND THE WORLD.

A TALE OF PERU.

(Concluded.)

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEREIN THE STORY CLEARS A HEDGE, AND STARTS OFF AT A CANTER.

"Si nunquam Danaën habuisset abenea turris,  
Non esset Danas de Jove facta parens."—OVID.

WE had resolved in our own mind to learn in some way or other by what means Doña Paula was released from the convent whose gates had closed upon her; and well knowing that our naval friend alone could enlighten us, determined to make one more desperate attempt. We prepared ourselves for the task by reading Phillips on Evidence, and Sam Slick on Impertinent Questions. Matters looked unpromising enough when we reached the vessel. Crocket was on watch, and in a detestable humor. He was, scarcely civil to us. We almost despaired. But Fate befriended us in the end.

Crocket was walking the quarter-deck, "growling" at every body and every thing. We watched him as we conversed with some verdant mids on the larboard, or rather, (since Mr. Bancroft's secretaryship,) the port side of the deck. All at once an incident turned the current of his temper.

As he walked up and down, rolling his eyes and seeking whom he might devour, he chanced to pounce upon "Jack o' the Dust," a privileged character on board. We forget what sin of omission or commission poor Jack had been guilty of; but Crocket "fell afoul" of him on this occasion in a way that made him tremble in his purser's shoes. Jack pleaded innocence with a fervor worthy of a righteous cause.

"Christopher Columbus!" roared the

young lieutenant, "these rascals are always innocent. I'll have you in irons, sir; I'll have you seized up at the gangway; I'll —"

"I didn't do it, sir; indeed I didn't."

"You did, you son of a sea-cook! you know you did."

"Indeed, sir, I didn't. *By* —, sir, I didn't!"

Jack could not, by any artifice, have done or said any thing better calculated to please his superior. The young man had begun to fear that he had lighted upon the wrong victim. He felt quite uncertain as to the guilt of poor Jack; but here was a palpable offense, evident to all as well as himself. Here was a case provided for in the Articles of War. Profane language on the quarter-deck, on that sanctum of rank! The angry lieutenant felt his wrathful spirit rejoice. He was sure of his prey. His manner therefore became greatly mollified; and it was in a voice soft as a girl's that he asked the trembling culprit the following "stumper:"

"And pray, sir, how dare you swear *before me*?"

Triumphant looked the young officer; while Jack, in evident dismay, turned and twirled his cap between his fingers. Crocket clearly enjoyed the situation, and again he inquired, in his blandest tone:

"I say, how dare you swear *before me*?"

"Please, sir," answered Jack, "I didn't know you wanted to swear first."

This retort was put in with so much apparent simplicity, that our lion of the quarter-deck scarcely knew what countenance to put on. He bit his lip, muttered, "Go below," turned on his heel, and after taking a look forward and a look aft, and giving a few unnecessary orders, by way of maintaining his dignity, he turned to join us in the best imaginable mood. He readily consented to go ashore with us, and accept a seat in our box at the wretched play-house in Lima.

As soon as we had got out of sight of "our flag," he gave full career to his exhilarated spirits, acceded to every thing, laughed at our jokes, tried his hand himself at a pun, and finally, in the fulness of his heart, proposed to communicate to us the details of the elopement of Doña Paula.

We were seated at a balcony of the Plaza Mayor, sipping "*Italia*," puffing "*pajalitos*," and enjoying to the utmost that delicious atmosphere of Lima, every puff of which counsels and dignifies indolence, when our companion of his own accord branched off at a tangent.

"Well, that Saint Clair was a trump! He was, by Christopher Columbus! Nothing balked him. He persuaded our skipper to send me with the launch to survey the Guano Islands. Precious little surveying did we do, though. All the report of that expedition I ever sent in was a map of the coast with hap-hazard dots representing islands. I dare say, Saint Clair handed in quite a different one, in the shape of a bill of lading for silver bars. But that's another affair. We started off with a spanking breeze, and came to off Huanchaco. Were you ever there? In no place but Peru would Huanchaco be called a sea-port. A kind of point, with a line of reefs, protects you from the swell, and that is all you require in a country where the wind always blows one way. I have the place and the landscape now before my eye. An open roadstead under the lee of a point; a group of houses on the beach; a lofty church in the rear. Beyond that stretches a level plain, called the valley of Chimu. Level spots are so rare in this country that they deserve notice. This Chimu is hemmed in on all sides by high, barren, inaccessible rocks, whose abrupt features offer the most fantastic variety of

lines. Among these summits, shrouded in part by genuine Peruvian clouds, the sun is constantly producing the strangest and most unexpected effects of light. Far in the distance, and above those clouds, an occasional peep at a stupendous mountain-top, and that general disposition of a heavy, humid atmosphere, called by sailors 'the loom of the land,' intimate the neighborhood of the Cordilleras. The plain itself is amazingly fertile; and among its beautiful green shades you can perceive at a distance of eight miles the stately steeples of Trujillo, the first city which the Spaniards ever founded on this coast.

"I had full opportunity to study the bearings of the place. Indeed, I had nothing else to do. Nor was Saint Clair better occupied. At night he either went ashore, or, if the fog was very thick, he remained on board wrapped in a heavy cloak. A light canoe would sometimes emerge from the mist and come alongside. With these visits I never meddled; but I clearly saw sundry suspicious packages hoisted on board and stowed away into the launch; so that the bundles of staves which embellished her bottom daily grew more and more elevated. During the day he passed a great part of his time in watching through a spy-glass a large building which stood aloof from the rest on the road to Trujillo, and was surmounted with a gigantic cross. This building was the convent where Doña Paula languished, and I am free to confess that when I surveyed its proportions, and considered its great strength, I despaired of our enterprise. This I hinted to my friend.

"My dear boy," answered he in a most desponding tone, "I care nothing for stonework and iron gratings. I do not fear the vigilance of the authorities. Were I so disposed, I could muster a force sufficient to storm the city. But a woman's will is a brazen wall."

"It appeared that Saint Clair was in frequent communication with his beloved, and that the latter still clung to her cherished scruple. She would sacrifice any thing but one to follow her lover. She did not feel bound by her reluctant vows. But she dreaded having her father's curse upon her head. Were he dead, she would readily brave the anger of the Church and the perils of the Canonical Law. Saint Clair, after exhausting his powers of eloquence—and they

were not inconsiderable—began to look gloomy and despondent. So infatuated had he become with his nun, that without her life was worthless in his estimation. At last, just as the staves in the bottom of the launch had reached a most preposterous elevation, and the gunwales of the little vessel began to look rather close to the water—just as I had determined to shape my way back to Callao, an expedient occurred to Saint Clair.

“One afternoon he came to me in high spirits.

“‘My dear boy,’ said he, ‘you can weigh to-morrow at daylight. Meanwhile, come ashore with me; we have a hard night’s work before us.’

“Without answering a word—I knew my man, you see—I buckled on my sword and pistols, passed a *poncho* over my uniform, and followed him. It was getting dark just as we reached a little grave-yard in the neighborhood of the convent. Here we were joined by two suspicious-looking characters, one of whom took charge of our horses while the other accompanied us into the church-yard. The low *adobe* walls that inclosed the holy ground were easily scaled, and we soon commenced groping our way among the tombs; not in utter darkness however, for our new companion, who acted as a guide, produced a small lantern, which threw a little red light through the fog.

“I had no more idea of the object of our expedition than a thirty-two pounder has of the nature of Paixhan shells. But though ignorant of our aim, shuddering with cold, and somewhat awed at the solemnity of the scene, I followed my mute guide and my no less mute friend with perfect readiness. Indeed, I should have followed Saint Clair any whither, so great was the influence which he had gained over my young mind. There were circumstances in the scene we were traversing calculated to fill one with horror. Burying is a most superficial operation in Peru. Such is the nature of the soil, that decomposition does not take place here in the same way as elsewhere. Bodies placed in the earth do not decay, but dry up.

There would be no such thing in this climate as restoring ‘dust to dust’ and ‘ashes to ashes,’ were it not for the agency of the wild beasts, the ounces, foxes, and dogs who haunt the grave-yards at night and prey upon the tenants of the tomb. As if to facilitate the operations of these hideous exhumers, interments are carried on in the most careless manner. The poor Cholos of this region may be said to have originated the Burying Societies. For many years it has been usual for them to insure a decent burial by the weekly payment of a premium. The avaricious undertakers who accept those bargains naturally wish to perform their part of the contract at as small an outlay as possible. Consequently they have been known to make one coffin and one shroud serve for many successive interments.

“At every step of our progress we stumbled against a crumbling mound, a skeleton or a skull. Now and then the plaintive howl of a wild beast sent a chill through our very bones. At last we came to a fresh grave. Our guide stopped, dropped his lantern, produced a couple of spades, and said, ‘*Està aquí!*’

“I was at a loss to know whether we were to turn treasure-hunters or resurrectionists; and I entertained an inward horror of breaking the turf of a consecrated ground. Nevertheless, I grasped a spade and fell to digging with great ardor—glad to have something to do, and to escape my thoughts. After a few minutes’ hard work, our spades struck against wood. With the assistance of our guide we dug around the obstacle, and we soon raised from the ground a couple of rough boards, between which was bound the body of a young Chola, with her beautiful black hair plaited in long glistening tresses, and wreaths of faded almencai encircling her head and neck.

“‘Now then!’ said Saint Clair. Without more ado we shouldered the corpse. My companion exchanged a few words with the guide, took his lantern, and led the way. I followed as best I could, stumbling at every step, and half faint with horror. I was very young, you see, at that time.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN THE ROMAN RITES OF SEPULTURE ARE REVIVED.

"FALTERING under our fearful burden we advanced toward the convent. It was but a short distance, yet it seemed to me that we were a long time in getting there. I'll tell you what, I'm from Tennessee; but I wouldn't for a great deal take such another walk, feeling as I did at that time. At last we reached the building. Saint Clair led the way toward a small side gate. Here we came to a pause. My companion, placing his hand before his mouth, gave three distinct cries in imitation of the cry of the ounce; that strange sound, half bark, half mew, was so life-like that involuntarily I looked around me for the animal itself. At the third summons the gate was softly opened from within by some invisible hand, and we entered the sacred inclosure. Here began the truly perilous part of our adventure. We had to traverse a long wing, thronged with timid inmates, through a corridor paved with sounding marble. In spite of our utmost precautions, our muffled shoes sometimes awakened the old echoes of the cloister, and brought us to a stand, almost breathless with emotion. We had darkened our lantern, through motives of prudence, and had nothing to guide us but Saint Clair's limited knowledge of the topography of the place and our sense of touch. Besides, the hideous object we bore was constantly present to my mind, and all the horrors of Pandemonium were conjured up by my too lively imagination.

"Once I thought that I felt the dead Chola move. I soon discovered, however, that Saint Clair had missed the way, and had come within a very little of tumbling down an unseen staircase. The false step which he made, and his effort to recover his balance, communicated a strange kind of oscillation to our ghastly burthen, and this had produced the horrible delusion. It continued but an instant; yet no life would last through many such instants.

"On we went through many intricate passages, now in utter darkness, now enjoying, through some oriel, a gleam of the lesser obscurity without. I had almost be-

gun to get accustomed to the strange and novel part which had been imposed upon me, when we turned a corner, and soon afterwards stopped. I heard a whisper before me, a door close gently behind me, and in compliance with Saint Clair's directions, I allowed the Chola's body to slide softly down to the floor. By the light of our lantern, my eyes, accustomed to greater darkness, surveyed the apartment where we now found ourselves. It was the nun's cell. The beautiful Doña Paula was disrobing herself of her white mantle, and Saint Clair was engaged in placing the corpse upon her bed. This was an appropriate couch for this gloomy occasion. Agreeably to the rules that governed the austere sisterhood, it consisted of a large wooden box, shaped like a coffin, and filled with straw. This strange regulation was intended to keep the novices as well as the nuns perpetually reminded of Death. With this exception, every thing about the cell, walls, table and bench, was of solid stone. The floor itself was of the same material. A disagreeable feeling of dampness pervaded the little apartment. But I had no time to indulge these feelings. By Saint Clair's directions, I assisted him in disposing under and around the corpse a number of sticks of wood and a quantity of shavings, which had been procured for the occasion.

"Are you ready?" whispered Saint Clair.

"Quite ready," answered the sweet voice of Doña Paula, in a firm tone. I turned around to look at the speaker. She was very pale, but appeared resolute. She now wrapped around her slight person the large cloak of Saint Clair, and as her head was covered within its folds, I was forcibly reminded of the first time I had seen her, draped in a *soya y manto*, coquettishly displaying her graceful motions, and concealing the whole of her beautiful features, except that one bright eye which now looked so kindly and gratefully upon me. All at once, and just as I was placing our last stick of wood on the bed of Doña Paula, the plan of operations became manifest to my mind;



and I must say that my admiration of my friend's genius was greatly increased by the discovery.

"He requested me to accompany the lady to the gate, and await his return outside. I complied cheerfully. The beautiful nun placed her hand in mine, and led the way. Emotions of a far different character now agitated me, as I retraced my steps through the dark passages and down the mouldering staircases. Instead of a cold and ghastly corpse, I now had charge of a lovely girl, full of life and beauty. I could feel her heart beat against my arm. I forgot the fearful trial through which I had passed, and only regretted that I was not eloping on my own account. We experienced several alarms on our return. The sound of a broken and querulous voice grated suddenly upon our ears, and caused our blood to run cold. But for my arm around her waist, the poor girl would have fallen to the floor. Breathless we listened. It was only an old crone dreaming and praying aloud in her sleep. '*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,*' was repeated several times, and the ancient edifice was still once more. We resumed our course with every imaginable precaution, and had proceeded but a few steps, when again we were brought to a stand by the sound of footsteps approaching in an opposite direction. They came in a slow, solemn measure, and rang through the hollow walls like the smothered sound of a hammer. Directly, a tall, white figure, bearing a lighted taper, was seen approaching. We crouched behind an angle, and allowed it to pass us. 'Tis only the crazy nun,' remarked Doña Paula in a low whisper to me; 'they will think that she has done it.'

"There was much sense in her shrewd remark, as subsequent events proved. Without any other serious grounds of alarm we reached the outer gate, and found ourselves in the open air. With a feeling of delight which I would vainly strive to express, I inhaled the cold, humid atmosphere of this damp climate as if it had been the bracing air of my own dear home. Saint Clair soon joined us, and all three hurried away in the direction of the grave-yard. Here we found our horses, and Saint Clair bestrode his own in true old cavalier fashion, with the lady behind him.

"We had been galloping for a few minutes in the direction of Huanchaco,

when Doña Paula called us to stop. Her keen eye had never wandered from her late prison, and she was the first to perceive a signal which told us that Saint Clair's stratagem was perfectly successful in every respect. From one of the windows of the convent volumes of red smoke came forth with a crackling sound. The rest of the building was shrouded in complete darkness, and this one lurid light contrasted strangely with the gloom around it. Signs of life began to manifest themselves through the old convent, and among the dwellings in its neighborhood. Bells commenced to ring, nuns to scream, children to run and shout, dogs to bark and howl. It was a perfect Babel of uproar. A crowd was soon assembled before the gates; each window of each cell revealed a white form clinging to the iron bars, and screeching *Misericordia!* We remained long enough in sight of this scene of confusion to satisfy ourselves that the work was well done, and that from the length of the conflagration the body which we had laid in Doña Paula's bed must have been so burned and charred as to render it impossible that it should ever be identified, and then we went on our way.

"We were not through our toils, however. Now that the presence of danger no longer supplied its stimulus, and all anxiety for the fortunate issue of our stratagem was at an end, the courage of Doña Paula began to give way; and I half loved her for it.

"My poor father!' she cried; 'my poor, poor father!'

"And so she went on sobbing and crying, until she appeared to my unsophisticated self to have lost her reason. She was only in a hysterical fit.

"Now ladies' hysterics may or may not be quite interesting in a crowded ball-room, where the fit only involves the contagion of example, the consumption of smelling-salts, and the cutting away of some of the fair patient's standing rigging. But on horseback, with a rough road, the situation is perfectly devoid of attractiveness. At least it was so on this occasion for me, who felt but a secondary degree of admiration for the imperfections of this particular beauty. For a while Saint Clair managed her all alone. His vigorous arm transferred her to the pommel, where he supported her for a while, until the horse took umbrage and began to be restive. We had then to alight and wait for the fit to pass

over. Saint Clair for the first time now appeared perfectly ridiculous in my eyes. Bending over the gasping girl, he folded her to his breast, and called her by the most endearing names, in a voice which sounded as if full of tears. For my part, I held the horses and watched the road. I was heartily ashamed of my friend. At last Doña Paula became quite calm; but she was so exhausted that we had to carry her. Do you see me leading my horse with one hand, and with the other supporting half a nun, a sobbing, blubbing nun? I'm hanged if I didn't wish the dead Chola had been there instead. I did, by Christopher!"

Such was the narrative of our friend Crocket, at least so much of it as relates to the subject we have in hand. For towards the latter part of the evening he became quite discursive, and mixed up the

relation of Saint Clair's exploits with so many recollections personal to himself, that it was with considerable difficulty that we succeeded in framing a connected discourse out of his rambling and desultory conversation. In vain we strove to pin him to the point: he insisted upon telling the story in his own way, or not at all. The vapors of Italia punch appeared to have made a solution of continuity in his understanding. Observing this, and reflecting moreover that so that we knew that our hero and heroine had reached Callao in all safety, it was of no kind of consequence to us or any one else how in the world they got there, we prudently fell asleep, just as our young friend was about to tell us the story of "The Ghost of John Smith," a capital sea-tale;—but we had heard it before.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

OF MATRIMONY CONSIDERED AS A CATASTROPHE, AND OF JOB-COMFORTERS, ADVISERS, AND FAULT-FINDERS.

"Fortunæ miseræ auxiliis arte vias."—PROPERTIUS.

"Chi troppo s' assottiglia si scavezza."—PETRARCH.

SAINT CLAIR and Doña Paula, soon after their arrival at Callao, were married privately on board of a French man-of-war, by a missionary who was on his way to Catholicize the Sandwich Islands—one of those, *apropos*, who subsequently, by the charity of their Protestant competitors, were set adrift in a crazy shallop upon the broad waves of the mighty Pacific.

Now by all rule and precedent our story ought here to end. Marriage is the well-acknowledged climax and catastrophe of a novel. True, a few bold innovators have departed from this usage. But they are heretics. The orthodox maxim is, that the winding up of a novel is at the point where the real tribulations of lovers do begin, viz., at that geographical point in the "Carte du Tendre," called Matrimony. Here again do we experience the difficulty under which we labor in having to relate real events instead of fictitious ones. We could not with any conscience, even if we would, cross here the *pons asinorum* of authors, and rejoice in our accomplished labors. For it will soon appear that the commission of matrimony by

our principal personages was the mediate if not the immediate cause of the catastrophe whitherward our successive chapters will now tend, with a rapidity which shall increase in proportion as we increase our distance from the apex of the hill we have just surmounted.

Why is it that so many writers eschew married life as a subject? Is there no romance in that relation? Does all the poetry of life expire at the altar? Is the "course of true love" any smoother for being consecrated? or are the duties and incidents of connubial existence so obvious, so self-evident, that a rising generation requires not to be instructed therein, but only to be taught how to marry dramatically? The answer to all these questions would involve a voluminous treatise—a treatise which might well take the shape of a series of novels. The author in sooth who will treat that subject in a becoming tone of skilful analysis, guided by experience and personal observation, will be remembered as a public benefactor. To paint the first transports of heedless passion, the glowing hopes of two ignorant young hearts gradually fading away and making

room for a reality never dreamt of before; to represent the mutual schooling of discordant tempers, the gradual harmonizing of antagonistic dispositions; to show the many generous concessions, the innumerable and sublime self-denials, purchasing in the obscurity of private life that lasting love and enduring confidence which are the foundation of wedded happiness—to make this truth evident, that youth rushes into marriage in pursuit of a phantom which soon vanishes, but leaves in its stead, with the good and virtuous only, something infinitely preferable—what a task! Can it be performed? Will it ever be attempted?

Our subject does not involve considerations of so grave a nature. Besides, we are in a hurry to proceed with our narrative. We claim for our hero great ingenuity in devising the plot by means of which Doña Paula was released at once from the duration of compulsory sanctity and from the torture of an over-fastidious conscientiousness; a plot which reconciled or appeared to reconcile her filial respect and her love, her scruples and her inclination. The plot was the more successful, that no one had any interest in unravelling it. The temporalities of the Church were benefited to exactly the same extent whether Doña Paula lived as a recluse at Santa Maria de Trujillo, or whether she slept under a superb cenotaph in the churchyard of that convent. In both cases Padre Francisco pocketed the same emoluments, and Don Ramon was equally heir presumptive to the wealth of the nun's father. Therefore, albeit not altogether unaware of the true state of the case, those worthies confined their endeavors to causing her death to be properly authenticated and proven in due form of law. The shapeless mass of human cinders that was found amid the ashes of Doña Paula's cloistral couch was easily identified as the remains of the beautiful victim of avarice and bigotry, and was interred with what pomp and solemnity the magnificent Catholic rites vouchsafe to rank and wealth. The death of Doña Paula, therefore, became an adjudicated fact, although scarcely a month had elapsed before its impossibility had been established by public rumor in a hundred different and inconsistent ways.

But, as it were purposely to demonstrate the vanity of human endeavors and the utter folly of our most skilful attempts to an-

ticipate circumstances, just as our principal personages were congratulating themselves upon the success of their schemes, and preparing to enjoy a felicity attained at so much risk and trouble, the whole edifice of their speculations tumbled down about their ears; the foundation gave way; Don Antonio de Silva died. It was with the most intense bitterness of spirit that our hero now reflected that if he had waited—but a few weeks, he might with scarcely any pains have claimed his beautiful bride in the face of the world, and enjoyed her father's fortune. For Doña Paula had never taken any definitive vows that would bar her inheritance.

Nevertheless he had many subjects of consolation. His prospects in life were of the most brilliant character. His domestic happiness was unalloyed. As to the latter point we have had abundant personal proof in perusing some curious letters from his pen, dated at the period we are now speaking of. They all breathe an ardent consciousness of happiness which a superstitious observer might have considered as ominous of reverse. Occasionally these confidential disclosures break into metre. Saint Clair was quite a versifier. Many of his Spanish songs set to music by himself are still sung by the señoritas of Lima, and he understood the cadence of several languages. In one of his letters to Crocket, written from Valparaiso, we find the following ode, which we here reproduce, not for any extraordinary merit which it can boast, but because the systematic and not unclassical progression of its strophe, antistrophe and catastrophe illustrate a very usual and natural transition of the feelings which we hardly remember to have seen so pointedly noticed elsewhere:—

#### THE HEART'S SCHOOLING.

##### I.

Oh, for a strain, soft as the sighing shell's,  
 Attuned to silvery monotony,  
 Like the grave plaint of distant evening bells,  
 Whose humble chime to rapture never swells,  
 Nor stirs the blood with thrilling harmony,  
 But lulls the ear, and steals into the heart  
 Ere the charmed sense awake to listening.  
 In such a strain, above the reach of art,  
 Of Love, sweet dreamy Love, I'd sing:  
 True Love, soft nestled in some lonely cot,  
 Where the throng'd city's voice could reach us not,  
 But songs of birds and carols of young springs;  
 While the voluptuous charmers of the spot,

The shade and stillness of the trysting bower,  
The worship incense of each amorous flower,  
And two hearts made one altar to his power,  
Would lure the fickle god and rob him of his wings.

## II.

No ! light Eros scorns to brood  
O'er the same scene evermore,  
Though it were the magic shore  
Where Armida's captive woo'd.  
Sick of tameness,  
He sighs for change ;  
Faint with sameness,  
He longs to range.

Come, beloved, enjoy the hour,  
Wear young Passion's short-bloom'd flower.  
Should it wither ere to-morrow,  
As it will for all thy care,  
Grieve not, mourn not—vain thy sorrow ;  
Cull a fresher bud and wear.

Nay, avert not thus thy face,  
Struggle not in my embrace ;  
Strive not to conceal the fire  
Eloquent of warm desire,  
Which, should stars forget to shine,  
Through those eyes would light the air ;  
Let my soul, immersed in thine,  
Quench her thirst of rapture there.

## III.

Away, false Passion, hollow mockery,  
Thy nothingness once felt, as all must feel,  
Not all thine angel semblance can conceal  
The fiend that lurks in thee.

Thy cup of pleasure, poisoned with regret,  
(How bright its glow ! how sweet its earliest sip !)  
Go offer it to him whose virgin lip  
It never moistened yet.

Yet thou, like any poison, canst be made  
A minister to health ; 'tis thus that Fire  
Now useful toils, now lords it in his ire,  
Obeying or obeyed.

There is a spirit can drive thy hectic flush  
Back to the heart in pure and kindly glow,  
And crown thee with a wreath of white which thou  
May'st wear without a blush.

As, in the clime where fierce Pizarro sway'd,  
If some scant shower descend upon the land,  
Behold the waste of dark eruptive sand  
In golden smiles arrayed :

So, if the dew of pure celestial Love  
Fall on the heart thy breath had volcaniz'd,  
Its very lava ashes, fertilized,  
A fruitful soil may prove.

Without attaching more significance to the above rhapsody, and others of like import which Saint Clair penned at this happy period of his life, we will avouch that our hero enjoyed at this time more real felicity than falls to the lot of many. The bitter

remorse of having played into the hands of an artful enemy alone disturbed the quiet rest of his soul. This feeling it would have been for his interest to dismiss from his heart. Blessed above the immense majority of mortals in the gifts of nature and fortune, he had no earthly reason for rousing a whole host of slumbering enemies. He had nothing to do but to enjoy the enviable lot which still remained his own, and give up with a philosophic sigh all pretensions to the succession of Don Antonio. We are inclined to think that his own inclination led him to pursue this rational course. He was too sensible a man not to know that there were many points in his personal history that would not bear strict scrutiny. In fact, he had received a specific warning from Padre Francisco himself, who one day, under some pretext of displaying his knowledge of chiromancy, demonstrated to him that his fate was written upon the palm of his hand, where the "line of life" was deep, bold, and lengthy, and had but one dangerous cross in it. In conclusion he advised him to avoid getting into any difficulty with the Church. It is our settled belief that Saint Clair, if left to himself, would have followed the enigmatic counsel of the Padre, especially as it came coupled with hints which showed that the latter knew a good deal more of his preceding adventures than was either safe or comfortable for many reasons. But Fate, or rather his friends, had willed it otherwise.

What an unaccountable propensity it is that prompts us poor mortals to be for ever interfering in the affairs of our neighbors. It is enough to make a hermit of a man to see how officious our friends are apt to make themselves in volunteering that cheap commodity, advice.

"Ah, qu'on aime à faire le bien,  
Surtout quand il n'en coute rien."

If counsel were food, there would be no need of any alms-house. The millennium of edibles would have long since come. There be dealers enough in that kind of charity to glut the market. The supply forestalls the demand in an incredible proportion. Therefore the article is forced upon the consumers at any price. Incalculable mischief sometimes follows from these over-benevolent dispensations of what nobody wants and every body wishes to give away. Your

kind friends often act the part of the bear who bruised the man's face in trying to catch a fly on his nose. The best way to deal with them would be to follow the advice of a friend of ours—wise hater of Job-comforters and fault-finders. "Treat these things in monosyllables," is the panacea of our laconic Mentor; but will he vouchsafe us also the philosophy requisite for using the panacea? If you are an author, your critical friends will carp at your writings till they have expunged all the genius from them, and cooled them down to the standard of their own frigid mediocrity. If you are an artist, your compositions will be smothered in the growth with criticisms, until you cease to take any interest in them. If you are nobody or nothing, then your very washerwoman takes you under her protection. In fact, whatever your business and station, advice dogs you like a hound through life. Are you laboring under any illness? Then bear it like a man, and complain to no one, not even to your wife. Else such a college of advisers of either sex will gather about you, that if you but follow one tithe of their prescriptions, you will speedily metamorphose yourself into a medicine chest.

We lately had occasion to admire a most excellent method of turning the difficulty which was practised under our observation. An old and very dear friend from the Western country chanced recently to visit New-York. He was taken ill with a severe fit of ague. This drew his numerous acquaintance to his bedside; sympathizers in petticoats and breeches all tendered the benefit of their multifarious and inconsistent experience. Our prudent friend demurred to nothing, thankfully accepted each suggestion,

procured each boasted specific, each recommended physician. In a few days the doctors quarrelled, and all left him to his fate except one zealous sectarian of a practitioner who clung to his patient with praiseworthy solicitude, and plied him with little powders in infinite number. These our ailing friend received with the most placid countenance, but at the first opportunity requested us to throw out at the window, together with pills, Indian specifics, and drugs of all kinds, for the benefit of the canine race. The sick man eventually recovered, and his case was published at large with becoming comments.

Few will fail to admire the quiet philosophy of our Western friend; fewer still will be able to imitate it. Yet without this all-important requisite, it is somewhat perplexing to manage your advising acquaintances. In the first place, it is not prudent to disregard their croaking altogether. Accident may confirm their previsions, and in that case you will be pelted to death with their triumphant "I told you so"s. Besides, you must consider that their intentions are of the purest kind. They only advise you for your good, even as the Inquisitors of Spain used to burn the Jews.

Unfortunately for our hero, he had not philosophy enough to withstand the storm of advice which assailed him. His friends belabored him so long and so thoroughly with arguments to prove that it was his duty as well as his interest to enforce the rights of Doña Paula to her father's fortune, and so successfully nettled him with positions and propositions, that he finally determined in an evil hour to cross the Rubicon by instituting legal proceedings.

## CHAPTER XV.

BEING A REVIEW OF THE ENEMY'S TROOPS, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE RT. REV. J—H—, BISHOP OF ———, LATE PAPAL LEGATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Ceste méchante ferraille de moines sont par tout le monde ainsi aspresus les vivres—puis nous disent qu'ilz n'ont que leur vie en ce monde. Que diable ont les roys et grandz princes?"—RABELAIS.

It is a pleasant and time-honored usage with those who deal in narrative, when they arrive at the eve of a hostile encounter, to pause and review the forces of the contending parties. Thereby the ingenious reader is furnished with data whereupon to base his speculations. Thereby, also, he is

made acquainted with the principal actors in the contest, so that afterwards the narrator, when he comes to describe the actual conflict, may do so in that rapid and lively style which is consonant with the action he wishes to represent, instead of pausing here and there, *re infecta*, to give explanatory



details on the personal history of his actors. In compliance with this ancient custom, which has been in vigor at least from the time of Homer, it may be well for us, since our hero is about to enter on a momentous contest, to suspend our narrative, and survey the obstacles he is resolved to encounter—what foes he will have to engage, what power these may bring to bear upon him, and also what influence, what resources he will have to rely upon.

In this encounter, not of arms but of parchments, Don Ramon was to be the nominal adversary of our hero. It is easy for us to dispose of that worthy. We need but state that he was Don Ramon Casauran, that he belonged to an old and influential family, and that he had the control of the sinews of war to an almost unlimited extent.

Our hero's most fearful antagonist was Padre Francisco, backed by the Church. It were a truism to state that the Church is at all times and in all countries a powerful engine for good or for evil. On the mere principle of association, the principle whereby the energies of the many are concentrated and made to operate with one accord, it is as easy to imagine the might of a Church as to describe a phalanx or a Phalanstère. But, as the slightest knowledge of dynamics is sufficient to show that in order to produce momentum the *vires* of the motive force must be directed to one point, so the Catholic Church, owing to the relative perfection of its organization, must be considered the most effectual appliance ever devised since theocracies have gone out of vogue.

The Catholic Church in Lima was in former days a truly splendid establishment. That city was the seat of spiritual jurisdiction for the whole western coast of South America. Its Inquisition was as vigorous as that of Madrid. Its *autos da fé* were frequent, and remarkable for the pomp of their tragic ceremonies. Its numerous religious houses, with their princely grounds and superb edifices, must have covered one fifth of the whole area of the City of Kings. The freehold of an immense landed estate was vested in those establishments, and the ground-rents which came regularly to their treasuries would have supported a large army. And even to this day, though shorn of much of its ancient splendor, though

plundered of its incomes and of its privileges, though reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, the Church in Lima is still a wealthy and powerful institution, and a most dangerous enemy to attack. The stranger who visits the temples of that city is amazed to find his travelled recollections of Italy and Spain equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by the splendors which break upon his sight. Through all the corruption of its population, he may still discern a fervent respect towards the Mother Church, and a devotional feeling which, though only the offspring of habit, is not the less a prodigious element of strength in behalf of the Establishment.

Now, in Lima, the thought that moves this strong machinery must necessarily be confined to a very few brains. The great mass of priests and monks are distinguished by the most deplorable ignorance, and a profligacy beyond parallel. The fat Benedictines may be seen daily pacing the streets in listless indolence, or killing time by a thousand childish or disreputable devices. The mendicant friars, in squalid robes, assail the stranger with their whining demands, and abuse him in unclerical phrase if he decline to comply with the invitation. In their outward man they furnish a most disgusting example of *otium* without *dignitate*. Their interior life is much more scandalous. Visit one of the *curas*, and you will find his domicile resembling a seraglio in every respect except refinement. Nor does the appellation of "Uncle" in the least disguise the obvious domestic relation between him and the large troop of children who play about his door. In the four corners of his yard, chained by one leg, lusty game-cocks may be seen; and on close observation you will see that their natural weapons have been cut off, to leave room for the deadly steel spur in use at the Peruvian cock-pits. Fine guns, thorough-bred dogs, and in the interior a fair assortment of hooded falcons, testify the pursuits and inclinations of the host. His conversation, however, discloses the most sottish ignorance and the most brutal depravity. In one respect alone he seems to be learned, viz., the scale of fees which he may exact from his parishioners. Some of their extortions have come under our personal observation. In 1847, the mate of a French merchantman died in the harbor of Callao.

The rites of Catholic burial in consecrated ground were denied his body, unless a sum were paid to the Church which all the arrears of wages of the departed sailor were insufficient to pay. The fact was made publicly known, and excited so general a burst of indignation, that the crews of several men-of-war on the station were permitted to turn out, and they performed the ceremony of burial by force of arms.

We candidly believe that the slight sketch just given of the monks of Peru, far from being too highly colored, is rather pale in comparison with the truth. From such a state of things it naturally follows, that the resources of the whole fraternity are in a great measure at the disposal of a few energetic and talented members of the body,

whose influence becomes great in proportion as their brethren are ignorant.

Now, Padre Francisco was one of the intelligent few, and withal one of the most unscrupulous among the Peruvian priesthood. He was distinguished for untiring industry, a thorough knowledge of the laws of his country and of the manners of all classes, while his business habits, his crafty disposition, and the shrewdness of his keen intellect, had procured for him a sort of agency or proctorship in Lima for nearly all the most wealthy religious communities of the country.

We may be justified in saying, under the circumstances, that Saint Clair's most dangerous foe was Padre Francisco, backed by the Catholic Church.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

"Notum quid femina possit."

"How can ye do such things and keep your name?"—DON JUAN

To oppose the host about to be arrayed against him, Saint Clair had, *imprimis*, himself, his genius, his enterprise, and the command of considerable means. His position as the proprietor of the only steam-vessel in those seas was also an element of influence and success. But above all things he had the friendship of Señora G—. This extraordinary lady never abandoned our hero. It is a singular mark of exquisite generosity, rarely displayed by her sex, that although Saint Clair had bestowed his affections upon another, she did not become his enemy, but perseveringly upheld and protected him. However, this beautiful trait in her character need excite but little surprise, for she was equally masculine in many other respects. In battle, in council, in business and in diplomacy, she guided and controlled her weak and indolent lord. She sat at the source of power, and she had the genius, the energy, and the will to use it most signally in behalf of our hero. There is an incident in her previous career which deserves to be commemorated, if only to illustrate her shrewdness and wit. It relates to the manner in which she secured for herself the hand as well as the heart of him who had gained her affections and refused

to consecrate the bond. When the incident was first made known to us, we considered it a fair subject for a ballad; and since we now have it written in that shape, our readers will probably forgive us if we lay it before them in its metrical dress. They need but change a name and divest the ballad of its color of antiquity to have the real story fairly before their eyes.

### MARRIAGE IN EXTREMIS.

#### A TRUE STORY OF WOMAN-CRAFT.

##### I. THE RING.

###### I.

'T was revel day in Brantome Hall;  
A titled throng was there,  
To drink the health and share the wealth  
Of Brantome's youthful heir.

###### II.

A merrier meeting never was;  
Round, round the Xeres went;  
With glee or wine each eye did shine,  
Each tongue grew eloquent.

###### III.

So lightsome were those noble guests,  
From well-bred spleen so free,  
You would have sworn them lowly-born,  
Not lords of high degree.

## IV.

A page came to the entrance door,  
In blue and silver clad;  
He stood and blushed—the revellers hushed  
To learn what brought the lad.

## V.

"May 't please your lordship," spoke the page,  
"A priest attends below,  
And begs to say, without delay,  
What boots you much to know."

## VI.

"A priest!" the wondering host exclaimed;  
"A priest!" the guests chimed in.  
"A priest!" quoth one; "comes he alone  
To shrive us all from sin?"

## VII.

"A convent full he would have brought,  
If such his purpose were;  
But I misdoubt he comes about  
Some sin of Brantome's heir.

## VIII.

"Confess, my lord, what is it brings  
The holy man to thee?  
Hast driven thy hounds o'er abbey grounds,  
Or scaled a nunnery?"

## IX.

"Hast wrong'd the curate of his tithe?  
His housekeeper hast kissed?  
His cellar broke, or lightly spoke,  
Perchance, of Eucharist?"

## X.

"Out on your jests!" the lord replied,  
"The Pater's aim I know;  
It is the dinner, not the sinner,  
He comes to visit now."

## XI.

"May 't please your lordship," said the page,  
"This ring he bade me show,  
And urge you by a sacred tie  
To 'suaage a mourner's woe."

## XII.

"Hush!" cried the lord; and, as he cried,  
His manly cheek grew pale,  
That erewhile blushed, with wassail flushed:  
The ring had told its tale!

## XIII.

Up rose the lord of Brantome Hall  
With look of sad dismay;  
Some courtly word of leave preferred,  
Then hied him fast away.

## XIV.

Soon as he spied the friar, he cried,  
"What tidings dost thou bring  
From her I love all things above?  
Why sends she with the ring?"

## XV.

"Now steel thy heart, my son, for grief:  
She's at the point of death;  
Yet weakly clings to earthly things  
E'en with her latest breath.

## XVI.

"So longs to see"—"What ho! my horse!"  
The impatient Brantome cried;  
"A palfrey too! for, father, you  
Thither with me shall ride."

## II. EPITHALAMIUM.

## I.

Oh! 't was a sight to melt a heart of stone:  
That fair young girl in languished faintness laid,  
Her golden curls in rich profusion strown,  
Her pallid cheek, where hectic glowings played;  
Down from the bed's side hung one listless arm,  
With all the drooping lily's melancholy charm.

## II.

The other hand was clasped against her breast,  
As if to still its throbbing pulse of pain;  
Her eyes were closed, and tear-drops ill suppressed  
'Twixt the shut eyelids forced their way amain,  
And glittered 'mid the scooping lashes caught,  
Like brodered gems in silken net-work wrought.

## III.

The breath of life, beneath her bosom's snow,  
Unwilling captive, struggled to be free—  
Perchance to 'scape companionship with woe  
That rankled there in pent-up agony—  
Till shook the white walls of its prison cell,  
Whose beauty should have woo'd the truant there  
to dwell.

## IV.

Young Brantome gazed till tears had dimmed his  
sight,  
And then, with keen remorseful grief unmanned,  
Aloud he sobbed, that stalwart, doughty knight;  
While the old priest, a crucifix in hand,  
Spoke of the wrong his cruel lust had done,  
And striving to console, yet urged him to atone:

## V.

"Behold thy victim, dying of her shame;  
Her aged sire hath laid his curse upon her,  
For casting o'er the brightness of his name  
The shadow of the guilty love that won her.  
On the death-verge her soul in terror hangs,  
And doubts of mercy above and dreads eternal  
pangs.

## VI.

"O thou, who canst her comforter now prove,  
Forfend the curse, assuage a parent's pride;  
Hallow the ties that bound her trusting love;  
Give her thy name, and let her die a bride!"  
Long might the priest such litanies have mut-  
tered,  
But on the sufferer's lip the shape of utterance  
fluttered.

## VII.

Young Brantome knelt; him thought her soul had  
flown,  
Yet, love-bound, strove upon those lips to linger,  
That they might breathe a cherished name—his  
own!  
The ring so long withheld upon her finger  
He quickly slipped, then signed the willing friar  
To read the benison that sanctifies love's fire.

## VIII.

Now while the priest the solemn words expressed,  
 Strange power of Love! the sufferer 'gan revive;  
 Her lovely cheek, so pale before, confessed  
 A burning wish, a blushing hope—to live;  
 And when was o'er the grave, religious rite,  
 Her heavenly eyes she oped, that beamed with  
 life and light.

## IX.

Her beauteous form, so languishing erewhile,  
 Graceful she raised, clasped her beseeching hands,  
 Uplooking sweetly with a tearful smile;  
 Like as the fitful sun of tropic lands,  
 Now hid, now glimm'ring through the show'ry skies,  
 So beamed that tearful smile within her azure eyes.

## III. THE RATIFICATION.

"Fit il pas mieux que de se plaindre?"—LA FONTAINE.

THE holy man cried, "Miracle!"  
 And "Gratias Domine!"

He vowed that wedlock from that bed  
 Had frightened death away.

## II.

The bridegroom silenced with a scowl  
 The meek officious priest;  
 His brows he knit, his lips he bit,  
 And shook his clenched fist.

## III.

A storm was gathering in his breast,  
 A flash was in his eye;  
 But, as the cloud, whose gloomy shroud  
 Wraps half the summer sky,

## IV.

Meeting some soft, opposing gale,  
 Warm from a sunny shore,  
 Melts all away, and leaves the day  
 Serenely clear once more—

## V.

So fled the wrath-cloud from his brow,  
 As she, his bosom-wedded,  
 With tearful smile, confessing guile,  
 For pardon sweetly pleaded:

## VI.

"Oh! by those dear remembered hours  
 When first you sought my love,  
 By all you sued for, all I rued,  
 Alas! the granting of,

## VII.

"Forgive, my lord, your trembling bride,  
 For that she's living still;  
 She would have died with joy and pride,  
 If pride or joy could kill."

## VIII.

Relaxed the stern lord's haughty brow,  
 With wrath erewhile compressed;  
 Between his arms her blushing charms  
 He folded to his breast.

## IX.

"Forgive! Pardie," he gayly cried;  
 "When late I took the vow,  
 It was, of course, for better or worse:  
 I'm glad thou'rt better now.

## X.

"Thou'rt Lady Brantome, hence for aye,  
 Of Brantome Hall the pride;  
 An hundred lords shall draw their swords  
 When lists my beauteous bride.

## XI.

"The husband and the coronet  
 Are thine, and fairly won:  
 Thine too my heart, though not through art,  
 But Heaven's behest alone."

Such was the artifice by which the beautiful Señora G—— had in former days become the wife of her indolent but wealthy and intellectual lord. Her superior mind soon obtained for her a complete ascendancy over him. It was she who drove him from the leisure of private life to the busy field of politics; she whose intrigues had raised him step by step to his present exalted position, after many hard-fought encounters in diplomacy and in war. She was at once his right hand and his head. She thought for him and acted for him. Foreign diplomatists attended her levees more punctually than any other state reception. The most experienced statesmen of the land respectfully listened to her suggestions. More public business was transacted in her boudoir than in the council-room. As to her husband, poor man, so that he had the finest horses in Lima, and leisure for his amusements, he was content to don his splendid uniform and act a prompted part on gala-days, and in the meanwhile to affix his official hand to any papers his wife presented to him with his chocolate in the morning.

With so much power in her hands and a mind so masculine, the protectress of Saint Clair was likely to prove a valuable auxiliary in his cause. Unfortunately, however, reasons of public policy compelled her to treat his adversaries with much management. It was only in a secret way, therefore, that she could afford him much assistance. For such is the inherent virtue of republican institutions, that even where little exists of them except their mere outward form, that form has still power to spread a shield over the governed, and protect them in a measure from the arbitrary exercise of power. It was something more than the *name* of liberty that consoled imperial Rome for what she had lost. It was the form of a popular government which masked the face of Tyranny.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

WE have said that Saint Clair was happy. We feel under the necessity of explaining that bold statement, for fear that our readers might imagine that we are writing an Arabian tale, or that we have committed the absurdity of supposing that there is some fabulous Jouvence or Eldorado where abstract happiness is to be found. Saint Clair was not happy. He never was so, any more than you or ourself. But at this particular juncture of his life he had attained something very like happiness. Many blessings he had and many comforts, and to the enjoyment of these he yielded himself up with a relish that ought to have alarmed him for the future ; and forgetful of the vanity of life, oblivious of the many trespasses for which he had yet to atone, he presumptuously ayowed himself contented.

He was linked to a being who by universal report was accounted one of the most perfect of the creatures of earth. She was beloved by every one. Her presence exerted a charm. There was something purifying in her very look. Even the servants in her father's hall, degraded Sambos, wild Indians or callous blacks, who might have been supposed devoid almost of human feelings, even these, the oppressed, the trampled, doted on Doña Paula ; they loved her better than their own offspring, yet with a respectful affection which made them loth to do a wrong act when they thought it might come to the knowledge of the señorita. From a child she had taken that stand which she ever afterwards preserved, and, careless of authority, exerted power over all who approached her. She had that serene and mournful beauty peculiar to those who are fated to die young. Her beautiful black eyes were oftenest turned towards heaven. Her smile had a fascination in it ; and the commanding dignity of her appearance overawed men whom naught else could overawe. She was the idol as well as the pride of her father, until the influence of a designing priesthood succeeded in clouding his aged mind with bigotry. It seems surprising that this lovely creature felt reluctant at embracing the life of a nun. Her thoughts were remarkably detached from earthly things.

Vanity formed no part of her character. She appeared wholly unconscious of her superiority. She was the very impersonification of a Sister of Charity, and one who knew her well has declared to us, that if there ever was an angel on earth, it was Doña Paula de Silva. Her face was a true index to her mind. It was a grave, sweet face, usually pensive in its expression, but illumined at times by a smile whose brightness exceeded that of mirth, a smile expressive of overflowing charity and kindness of heart.

Now, when all this magic of grace and goodness came to be exerted upon our intractable hero, there took place in him a perfect miracle of transformation. From his elevation as a knight-errant of dubious principles, he sank down to a mere commonplace lover and husband. The peculiar circumstances attending his union forced him at first to lead a secluded life. For how could he introduce to his fashionable acquaintance a bride whom he could not name, or a bride whose death had been established before the law ? Saint Clair and Doña Paula therefore soon became all in all to each other. They created a little world apart for themselves, and grew so contented with it, that ere long they wished for no other.

It is passing strange how affection will exalt the simplest things in life, and invest them with a charm and a consequence which in sober truth do not belong to them. Because these two beings were attached, it became delightful to them to sit together alone through the long evenings, sometimes conversing, sometimes silent for hours, and occasionally singing or playing some instrument. A ride in a carriage or on horseback, or a sail around the harbor, they soon learned to consider as true enjoyments, to be planned and projected long beforehand, to be commented on in detail long afterwards. Whence this strange relish for things so immaterial in themselves ? The landscape around Callao is not of a nature to arouse any enthusiastic emotions of the soul. Every road that leads to it is tedious and dreary in the extreme. The merchant alone can perceive any beauty in the arid island that protects



the harbor from the swell and the trade-wind. What made these two take such pleasure in their promenades by land or water? Doña Paula could boast no great talent for music. Her voice had considerable compass, but, from want of proper culture, sometimes wandered from the tone. Wherefore then did Saint Clair, a good judge in such matters, listen breathless to every note, as if a Thracian spell had been woven in it? Whoever has loved will answer that these two loved each other. But to explain the explanation would require another pen than ours; or rather no pen is equal to the task. Often has the phenomenon been observed, and much rhapsody expended upon it. We, who hate words that convey no meaning, are content to allude to the fact, and appeal to the experience of our readers. For, of our readers, some have known and remember, some (happy they) are now learning, and the others will yet live to learn wherefore, without obvious reason, Saint Clair and Doua Paula felt as if they had been born again in a new world of bliss, and passed the first days of their union in a dream of happiness and content.

A dream—how short a dream! That life of seclusion which conventional considerations imposed at first upon them, and which had proved so much to the taste of both, soon became an imperious necessity. The health of Doña Paula had received a fatal shock. Sorrow, disappointment, and the dull loneliness of her convent hours had undermined her constitution. And now the result became but too visible. She had no stated illness; but the powers of life began to give way. It was now that the effects of her influence upon her wayward husband became apparent. That impatient spoilt child of Pleasure and Fashion, whose energies had never been actuated by other than selfish motives, seemed to take delight in rendering her the thousand tender offices of the most devoted nurse. Except when called away by the most pressing engagements, he was never out of her sight. It was his dearest wish and constant care to enliven her solitude. By dint of being so much by her side, he grew accustomed to her decline, and began to believe—what he himself strove to make her believe—that she was getting better. All the physicians in the Republic were called in by turns. They prated learnedly, argued dogmatically, and concluded that no

fears need be entertained. They spoke of speedy recovery, and pointed for the verification of their prophecies to a period now very close at hand, whose near approach made Saint Clair's heart throb with pleasure and pride. He was soon to be a father!

Time passed on, and the longed-for event occurred; days and weeks elapsed, and still the physicians staked their dark knowledge upon her speedy cure. But no improvement took place; and poor Saint Clair soon found himself face to face with the horrible truth—his devoted wife was in a rapid decline,—rapid, yet not always altogether evident; for there were times when Doña Paula appeared as fair and blooming as on her bridal day, soon to relapse however into a state of despondent listlessness, from which nothing could rouse her, not even the presence of her husband, not even the plaintive voice of her babe.

Thus Saint Clair's mind was perpetually racked by the torture of alternate hope and fear. It was well for his reason that misfortunes of a different nature began to claim his attention. He had now fully entered upon his contest with the Church, and the power of the Church was making itself felt, though unseen. From the day of his first consultation with "land-sharks"—as Crocket obstinately called the eminent counsel engaged—a strange fatality seemed to attend all his enterprises. The business of exporting the precious metals, in which Saint Clair had been so long and successfully engaged that he had become rash and careless in his operations, was now made almost impossible. At least, instead of being as heretofore a safe and profitable pursuit, it involved risks and difficulties of the most serious nature.

One foggy night, the misty stillness of the harbor of Callao was startled by the extraordinary report of fire-arms. The cause of this unusual occurrence was soon ascertained: a canoe manned by Indian paddlers, and laden with a rich freight of silver bars, had been surprised by the guard-boat, almost under the bows of a national vessel of the United States. The Indians made no resistance, but submissively laid in their paddles at the first hail. Nevertheless, their pursuers, with characteristic cruelty, and with a view perhaps to enhance their exploit, fired a volley of musketry at the helpless offenders. Two men were killed, and several bullets struck the hull of the American vessel,

whose commander, but that he did not altogether relish the idea of a minute investigation into the circumstances of the capture, would probably have set up against the Peruvian government one of those claims which the offended majesty of powerful nations is so frequently seen to urge against the irritable petulance of weaker States.

This accident had serious consequences for our hero. A legal investigation took place, which implicated him. He would have been taken into custody at once, but for his influence with persons high in rank. The Governor of Callao, through whose hands the process for his arrest had to pass, was the godfather of his child; and the obligation taken at the baptismal font is regarded in so strong a light where the Roman Catholic discipline prevails, that our hero considered himself assured of the support of that functionary. The manner in which the latter exerted his discretionary indulgence on this occasion was characteristic, and deserves especial notice.

One day he stopped at Saint Clair's residence, and asked him to join him in his evening ride, as he had some matters of consequence to communicate. As the two friends rode along in the direction of the village of Miraflores, their conversation rolled on indifferent topics, our dispirited hero striving to his utmost to please the man of power, and wondering when it would please his Governorship to disclose the matters of consequence he had in store for him. It was only on their return, and within a short distance of Callao, that the Peruvian officer came to the point.

"Caballero," said he, "you have strong friends, but you also have some very powerful enemies."

All Saint Clair's diplomacy could not induce him to affect that his friend's remark had enlightened his mind. So he awaited the sequel without answering.

"The little affair of the captured silver," continued the Governor, "will not, I trust, lead to any very serious consequences, beyond a little present annoyance. Indeed, I never before knew of a prosecution being commenced against *gente de razon* for an offense of this kind. But I have good cause to fear that this is only the commencement of a series of attacks against you."

"I am prepared," remarked our hero laconically.

"It is well that you are so," resumed his friend. "I beg you to consider me as one on whose support you may rely."

They were now within a few steps of Saint Clair's house. The Peruvian officer proceeded:

"As a proof of my friendship, I will show you these orders which I have just received from Lima for your arrest. You know that I incur serious responsibility by allowing you to remain at liberty. Nevertheless, I will run the risk. Am I not the *padrino* of your child?—What a beautiful horse you have there!" remarked the Governor, just as they were about to dismount.

"*A la disposicion de Vmá,*" answered Saint Clair, according to the Castilian custom.

"Many thanks," replied his generous patron. "I will keep him for your sake."

It was almost with tears in his eyes that our hero delivered over his faithful steed to the Governor's servant. He felt as if he was paying too high a price even for liberty. But this was only the first instalment of his ransom. St. Clair possessed a beautiful English carriage. His *compadre* the Governor borrowed it one day to give his wife an airing, and never returned it. At short intervals the high-minded functionary would call upon our hero, and benevolently inform him of new judicial proceedings being commenced, the execution of which, from pure friendship, he would suspend; and at each visit he would drop some hint which transferred to his possession some valuable chattel of his helpless victim. About once a week he would send a confidential servant with a request for a Ioan of twelve ounces or so. Nor was this all: the entire household of the Governor soon came in for a share of the plunder. His very menials scented the prey, and fell upon it like a flock of *gallinanos*; it was seldom that they had an opportunity of eking their scanty wages with such bountiful perquisites.

At last the evil grew to such an extent that it appeared likely to work its own cure by ruining Saint Clair completely. We are generally disposed greatly to commiserate the unfortunate who gets entangled in the meshes of the law. But especial pity is due to the victim of Hispano-American jurisprudence. The revelations of Gil Blas anent the administration of justice in Old Spain, fabulous though they may seem to the American reader, would appear tame if com-

pared with the details of some very recent transactions in the Spanish Republics of America. The alguazils of Spain merely stripped their victim of his actual possessions. The judicial officers of her colonies pursue a plan more refined and systematic. They do not always drain the sponge at once, but squeeze it considerably and at intervals, so as to afford it an opportunity of becoming again replenished.

This beautiful method had now been pursued towards Saint Clair, until any extremity seemed to him preferable to further endurance. Serious mischances of several kinds had lately impaired his means considerably. Failures considered impossible had taken place. His best-devised plans had been frustrated. His most trustworthy agents had turned against him. It seemed as if some infernal influence were at work to conquer him, by depriving him one by one of the means of defending himself. He felt like a soldier who finds his armor dropping off piece by piece before the enemy is in sight. He had determined to stake his all upon the struggle which he had so bravely undertaken; but now he saw his all melt-

ing away before having brought his adversary to the field of battle.

Wearied and rendered desperate by the continued recurrence of petty annoyances, which threatened to reduce him in the same way as the gnat once conquered the lion, Saint Clair resolved either to bring matters to an instant crisis, or to place himself beyond the reach of persecution. And on this point it was his first care to consult his active and benevolent protectress, Senora G—.

He had not been a courtier of late; the peculiarity of his position prevented him from visiting his acquaintance in high life. He felt almost dubious as to the reception he would receive at the palace. Yet for many reasons a private audience was out of the question under present circumstances. Time was becoming too valuable in his case to be squandered in punctilios, and he therefore boldly resolved to present himself at the palace on a public reception day.

There is virtue in a determination, however desperate. As soon as Saint Clair had marked out a course for himself, he felt his mind at ease. He rested well that night, and the next morning set out for Lima.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE AUDIENCE.

WE hear and read much of the boasted splendor which distinguished the rule of the ancient Viceroy of Peru. Whatever the truth may have been in this respect, it would seem that the pride of architecture formed no considerable part of their character. The palace where so many of them sat in state still remains, and is not calculated to impress the traveller very forcibly. On the north side of the Plaza Mayor, a flat unornamented wall, surmounted by lean, ambitious-looking flag-staffs, and disfigured—if it be possible to disfigure such a piece of masonry—by a long row of wooden shops or stalls that extends in front—presents the most favorable view of the vice-regal edifice. Nor does the interior redeem the unpromising appearance of the outside. The great reception-hall, or *Sala de los Virreyes*, has no more remarkable feature (now that its famous collection of portraits has been transferred to another build-

ing) than a floor which seems to have been laid without regard to level, by some squinting mechanic who abhorred straight lines. It fairly tests the capability of human muscles for surmounting inequalities of surface without alteration of the body's decorous perpendicular. It is in this room that state balls are given. No wonder that the Peruvian gentry are good waltzers. He or she who can whirl without accident over a waving surface like this, must be capable of doing the same under any circumstances; in the same way as mountaineers, when they visit a city, are conspicuous for their easy and graceful walk.

In a smaller room adjoining this great hall, the commanding and still handsome Señora G— held a levee on the morning when Saint Clair sought her counsel in his embarrassment. It was difficult on this occasion to obtain her private ear, although

not an individual entered that crowded room without being noticed by her quick searching glance.

We deeply deplore our lamentable unfashionableness, when called upon to describe occasions of ceremony like the present one. We have witnessed them just enough to observe their strangeness, yet too little to comprehend their pith and significance. There may be a deep reason in those receptions of etiquette, levees, and other gatherings of a like nature, but to our obtuse reason they present the quintessence of solemn absurdity. There sat, on the present occasion, the fair Señora G— on a rich sofa, alone. Some ladies were seated in different parts of the room, but the great majority of the visitors were standing, in what would appear to us indiscriminate confusion, around the walls. A general buzz of conversation pervaded the hall, and now and then little knots of men and women would become detached from the throng, approach the hostess, make low bows or curtsies, exchange smiles, and then, after many scrapes of their feet, and extraordinary distortions of their bodies, sail out of the room in a dignified style. Nor were these little incidents governed altogether by chance or by the will of the visitors, as would at first glance appear. It was plain, after a little consideration, that a kind of precedence was observed, and that above all the eye of the Señora, like a general-in-chief reviewing his troops, issued out some mute orders, in obedience to which the practised courtiers approached by turns to receive her greetings and take their leave.

In obedience to one of those magnetic signals, Saint Clair approached his powerful patroness. The reception which he had so far met with was not calculated to raise his despondent spirits. Had he not known himself the desperate state of his affairs, the demeanor towards him of those whom he met on first entering the palace might have alarmed him outright. Some shunned him altogether, as if he had been afflicted with leprosy; some, as he passed by them, elevated their significant eyebrows, and with eyes nearly closed, looked over him, or even right through him, as if he had been made of transparent air. Others there were who stared at his bow, and others again who returned it with an offensively compassionate manner.

“The rats are swimming away from the

sinking ship,” said Saint Clair to himself; and wrapping up his mortification in pride and contempt, he turned haughtily aloof from his former dear friends, and awaited in silence and apart the signal for a short audience.

His powerful patroness did not fail to note these circumstances, and generously resolved to make ample amends to our hero. When his turn came—and it came promptly—she arose from her seat with a gracious smile, and actually advanced toward him two steps: General Puntillo counted them. She then made him seat himself by her side, and commenced a conversation with him, in a tone so low as to reach his ear alone. Not a syllable could the anxious courtiers hear, save here and there a word or two about indifferent topics, which, coupled with the speaker's kindly smile, and light graceful manner, and the listener's unconcerned attitude, made the bystanders believe that nothing passed between them except the stereotyped compliments of courts, and those gallant nothings which, with Fashion's stamp upon them, serve as current coin in a certain world. Saint Clair's stock instantly rose almost to par.

Yet the interview was of a most important character for our hero. Under the mask of trifling indifference which both contrived to assume, information was conveyed and warnings given which would have driven most men to heedless and uncontrollable acts of desperation. He left the presence with rage and indignation in his heart, yet with a well-bred diplomatic coolness of manner, which was highly creditable to him as a pupil of that worldly school whose utmost aim is to reduce our actions, emotions, gestures, dress, and general conduct to a common—a very common standard.

Society, or what is so called in a certain sense, is your true solution of the problem of equality among men. With an indiscriminating plane, it thoroughly smooths the surface of life; no matter if the cast-off shavings be worth more intrinsically than what remains of the material, so that what remains be like a frozen lake—hard and cold, but unruffled. A certain level has been adopted, so low that the great majority can attain it; all that is higher must be lopped off. Feeling, genius, sentiment, peculiarity of any kind, avault from “Society;” you must be crushed if you cannot be kept

out of sight; your inequalities would betray the insignificance of the polished mass—how polished, but how flat!

Our hero's feelings on leaving the palace were of the most dismal character. He had come to Lima to seek his generous friend's advice under what he considered the most insurmountable of difficulties. And now a new item was added to the sum of his anxiety, compared with which all the rest sank into insignificance. A secret information, he had just learned, had been lodged, charging him with being accessory to the murder of El Chato Encarnacion. In that well-aimed blow he recognized clerical intervention, and he was too well acquainted with Peruvian jurisprudence to entertain any hope as to the result of a trial. Fly he must with all speed. His protectress had promised to stay the arm of the law for two days. She dared not interpose any longer delay. He felt no personal apprehension, for he had the means of flight at hand. But his proud spirit rebelled at the idea of defeat. To be conquered by an ignorant monk, and to acknowledge the fact by retreat, was in his eyes the last extremity of humiliation.

Distracted by such reflections, and half crazed with impotent rage, he spurred his horse on the road towards Callao, at the speed of one who runs for dear life, or at the still greater speed of one who seeks to escape from thought. Alighting from his panting horse, he proceeded at once to his wife's apartment, without even pausing to relieve himself of his poncho, or of his heavy silver spurs. As most natural with the afflicted, his first thought was to make her kind and loving heart the depository of his distress. He resolved to tell her all, even at the risk of losing her esteem; her love he felt he could never lose.

When he entered her apartment, Doña Paula was reclining in a Guayaquil hammock, with her infant daughter in her arms. Her pale face wore a listless, apathetic expression. Her eyes were heavy, her wasted features bore the stamp of habitual physical suffering. She noticed her husband's entrance with her usual kindly glance and half smile, but spoke not a word, and continued, as before, humming her child asleep with a Catholic hymn.

This little scene deeply affected Saint Clair. He, who knew her so well, saw at once that this was no time to impart his

secrets to her. There seemed scarcely intelligence enough left in her to understand, or, if she understood, there seemed scarcely life enough left in her to withstand the disclosures he had to make. His whole misery of spirit therefore rolled back upon his heart with double weight. His soul was so oppressed that he could hardly utter a syllable. Yet, speak he must, if only to hear her speak in return. This mute scene of maternal love surviving all the other earthly affections was heart-rending. As he looked on that beautiful shadow of her he loved so well, mechanically rocking in the suspended couch, with eyes downcast, and seemingly unconscious of his presence, or of the existence of aught on earth except her slumbering infant, he felt like one who is alone with a spirit, and grew almost frightened.

"Paulita!" said he, in his most caressing voice.

"My dear!" she answered, without once raising her eyes towards him, and then continued humming to the sleeping child as before.

Poor Saint Clair, smothering his sorrow, now told her as much as he dared tell of his position. He explained to her that unexpected circumstances, growing out of the prosecution of her claim, made it advisable that they should leave the country without delay. His steamer, he added, would sail the next day, and with her they must go; that it was inexpedient their intention should become known, and that in order to conceal their departure, it would be necessary to make a feint of visiting the steamer. Meanwhile, their establishment at Callao must be kept up for some time, to make it appear that they would soon return. At the same time it was impracticable to carry any thing with them, save such indispensable articles as he would cause to be conveyed on board secretly that very night. These he begged her to make ready with her own hands; no servant, he said, was to be trusted in such an extremity.

She listened, or appeared to listen to what he said with the most perfect composure, but made no answer, and scarcely raised her eyes towards him. And when, in a voice broken with emotion, he begged her to speak and say whether she would go, she calmly replied: "Wherever you go, dearest, thither will I go;" and continued as before, singing in a low tone.

These words, and the indescribably soft



tones in which they were spoken, almost crushed what little energy was left in the distracted adventurer's breast. He had observed before, during some of those alarming crises of her illness which appeared likely to terminate in speedy dissolution, that her voice at such times became gifted with soft silvery vibrations, more touching and heart-reaching a hundred-fold than their natural tone; and now that ominous, unearthly sweetness again fell upon his ears, and had power almost to throw open the secret well where those bitter, unconsoling tears—the tears of manhood—yet remain to the last, even in the most rugged and hardened natures.

Saint Clair remained for some time in a state of dreadful agitation, gazing in silence at her who sat before him unconcerned, indifferent, and beautiful as a marble statue. In bitter agony he computed the few days he might yet possess even thus much of her; then he remembered how this state of apathy had grown upon her, how it kept pace with her disease. He looked forward to the day when she would no longer even remember his identity; and when he reflected that it might be his fate to watch her slow agony, and hear her call him by a strange name, under the influence of some of those half-delirious recollections of childhood which assail the death-bed, the most dreadful counsels of despair presented themselves to his mind. He thought it would be better if the earthquake would now rock the polluted soil of Peru, and swallow them up both together in one grave. He saw a ghastly comfort in such an end. Then the evil counselor whispered to him that it was in his power to produce a catastrophe like that he had been contemplating; thoughts of revenge too came coupled with the fiendish suggestion, and knit his brow and set his teeth firmly together. Such thoughts were revolving in his distracted mind, when again that supernaturally sweet voice broke upon his startled ear:

"What dress, dearest, shall I wear for the party?"

There was so much unfitness in the question, it was so obviously uncalled for and ill-suited to the present state of things, that Saint Clair started up as if a dagger had entered his side.

"Party!" cried he; "O my God! she dreams of parties."

For a while he paced the floor in a dreadfully agitated state of mind. All at once a luminous thought seemed to break upon the chaos of his mind. He paused in his excited walk, stooped over his wife, kissed her calm forehead, and whispering to her, "Thou art my inspiring genius," hurried out of the house.

He knew that he could place implicit confidence in the honor and secrecy of his young American friend. He now sought him out at once. They remained closeted together for a considerable time. Saint Clair unfolded his real position, his fears, his difficulties, and the means yet in his power. They both agreed that Saint Clair and his wife had no time to lose in placing themselves beyond the reach of such inveterate and powerful enemies; that to disguise their flight was a paramount object; and the plan which Saint Clair suggested was after some deliberation mutually assented to.

Our hero was to tender an invitation to all the Peruvian fashion then in and about Callao for an entertainment, to take place on the following afternoon on board of his steamer. This would undoubtedly be well attended, and would sufficiently account for his presence with his family on board the steamer. The party would break up late at night. Then Saint Clair would, with all dispatch, stow the necessary fuel on board, light his fires, and slip quietly out of the harbor. If pursued, as there was too much probability that he would be, he need but turn his vessel's bows into the teeth of the trade-wind, and bid defiance to the entire navy of the Peruvian Republic.

Their plan being matured, and all its incidental parts preconcerted, the two friends parted, each in his department to carry their measures into effect.

## CHAPTER XIX.

WHICH ENJOYS THE ENVIABLE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE LAST.

BEAR with us a little longer, gentle reader; we are in sight of "the end;" our task has nearly reached its termination, and, so far as we are concerned, what remains of it is rather more mechanical than intellectual. We need but copy from our scrap-book the record of a conversation which we had with our steadfast and well-informed friend Crocket.

"Well," said that worthy to us, one evening, "I suppose that you will give me no peace until I have told you all about it. And it is unfortunately too true," he added, in a somewhat melancholy tone, "that I am the only person now living who can at all describe the scene from personal recollection, or rather from experience.

"It was a beautiful day, considering the climate. The bay was almost without fog. The steamer was gayly dressed with many-colored flags. A snow-white awning covered the deck. The music was good, and the refreshments the best which the place could afford. A great number of persons had acceded to the invitation of Saint Clair; for his reception at the palace on the preceding day had raised him in the estimation of the fashion, and many attended for the mere sake of keeping on good terms with one who might again be powerful.

"I was his right-hand and faithful aid-de-camp, and, I believe, the only confidant of his project. Our captain declined to attend, but gave me leave to do so, and permitted me, furthermore, to take and keep till the next day his gig under my command. Its crew, as Saint Clair and I had calculated, was to be of great service in assisting us, after the party was over, to throw aboard the necessary supply of coals. For, partly to keep his steamer in a proper condition for the entertainment, and partly with a view to conceal his design to the last, he had not yet a bushel of coal on board. The operation of 'filling up' was not as difficult a one as might at first appear to you. We intended to take only what quantity was absolutely indispensable. We had plenty of hands, and the coal-ship was close aboard.

For you must understand that then, as now, there was no such thing as a coal-yard in Callao. An old French frigate, large enough to take in a mountain, served instead; and as she was good for nothing else, she answered the purpose admirably. Whenever a vessel came from abroad with a cargo of coal, she went alongside of the frigate, and the cargo was transferred to her capacious flanks. Whenever, likewise, the steamer required fuel, she anchored near enough to the old frigate to warp alongside of her, if necessary. This was the case on the day in question; and you must try to remember that Saint Clair's steamer was quite near to the old hulk.

"The day wore along pleasantly enough for the invited guests, I dare say, but quite anxiously for me. As for Saint Clair, he did the honors of his ship in most beautiful style. His wife, too, bore the excitement remarkably well. Two or three times during the afternoon and evening she came into the cabin, and sat there a considerable time, entertaining her husband's guests. She seemed to have regained her former ease of manner, and her former strength; much of her former beauty she had unquestionably recovered. I could not help mentioning it to the surgeon of a British vessel, as I rowed him back to his ship that evening. He was a skilful man, and, for his profession, a kind-hearted one. He had bestowed much attention on Doña Paula during her illness. When I told him how glad I was to see her so well—

"'Nonsense!' said he; 'she has not a month to live.'

"I looked aghast, but said nothing; these doctors are so dogmatical, you know.

"Well, the afternoon passed on, and the evening was at hand. The elder guests had all departed, and the younger ones continued dancing on deck. I grew somewhat nervous as the time for action approached. But Saint Clair was as calm as you are now. He seemed to have no thought but for his guests. Yet, like a careful general, who quietly prepares for

battle while negotiating with the enemy's plenipotentiaries, he, at all fitting times, gave his entire attention to the real business of the day. Never did Captain H——'s coxswain handle the spare oar in our gig so often before. One would have thought, to see the gay little boat crossing the harbor in every direction, as she did that day, that there was a treaty of amity and peace being negotiated between the old store-ship and the other vessels at anchor there.

"I was thus returning from one of Saint Clair's many errands, when, just in the direction where I was looking, through the lowering darkness, for the sharp bows of the steamer, I saw a vivid light shoot out of a stern-port, and then a mass of reddish smoke rise high up in the air. 'Give way, men,' I cried, for I felt like a farmer on the borders of Indian warfare, who, returning at night from the fields, hears the war-whoop, and sees his cabin on fire. A few strokes more of the oar brought me well in sight of the burning ship. I now saw that it was the old French frigate, and not the steamer.

"At first I was overjoyed at discovering my error. But a moment's reflection satisfied me that there was no great occasion to rejoice; for whether Saint Clair was burnt out like a fox, or burnt in like Marshal Bugeaud's Arabs, made but little difference. In either case he seemed wholly, irretrievably in his enemy's power. The magnificent steamer, with all her glittering machinery, but without fuel, was like a paralytic, whose limbs and muscles are to all appearance perfect, yet who, lacking the mysterious power that sets them in motion, lies helpless upon his bed.

"I rowed towards the old hulk, that was now wrapped in a mass of flames. At one glance I saw that every thing had been done which could be. Launches and boats of all kinds and dimensions surrounded the floating fire. A desperate attempt had been made to discharge some part of the precious cargo, but in vain. The old vessel crackled on all sides like pitch-pine, and the intense heat which she evolved was intolerable, even at the distance where I now stood. I heard Saint Clair give the order for all hands to abandon the useless enterprise.

"I followed Saint Clair to the steamer; again we stood together upon his own deck, he gazing steadfastly upon the burning ship, and I scarcely knowing what to

say. My friend's courage, hitherto indomitable, seemed to have given way. To such questions as I ventured to address him, he either made no answer or replied in the most despondent tone.

"'Tis madness to linger here,' said I; 'follow me on board of our ship; you will be safe under the United States flag.'

"'Impossible,' he answered.

"'Wherefore so?' I inquired. 'You cannot stay here; to-morrow's sun will see you a prisoner; what prevents your following me? Is Doña Paula ill?'

"'You will see for yourself,' said he, leading the way into the cabin.

"The scene which I there witnessed made a profound impression upon me. The large tables were still covered with the remains of the feast. The rich wine still glittered in the half-empty decanters; the varied fruit still graced the heavy baskets of silver. At the further end of the cabin a hasty couch had been disposed, and there lay Doña Paula in a condition which I could hardly mistake. I had been too long on board of a man-of-war not to know the symptoms of approaching death. Her beautiful eyes were strangely bright, but the pupils were half hid by the open lid; she appeared to have lost the power of directing her glance, and to be compelled to look upwards. She did not seem to know either of us, gasped dreadfully, and occasionally muttered some incoherent words in a tone of supernatural sweetness that made me shudder. For a long time I gazed in silence; at last I ventured to ask:

"'Shall I go for the surgeon?'

"'It is no use,' answered Saint Clair with a fearful calm. 'Come on deck.'

"I followed him without saying a word. He went up to the poop-deck, and leaning against the mizen rigging, remained silently gazing at the burning ship. The conflagration was now upon the decline. The rigging and upper works had long since been consumed. The fire still burned fiercely in one part of the ship, but she was filling with water very fast, and settling by the head. The scene was strangely picturesque. Around the burning vessel hundreds of boats might be seen plying, although there could now be no motive but curiosity for a visit to that dangerous neighborhood. A buzz of confused voices showed how keen an interest the spectators took in the unusual spectacle.

Occasionally a brighter flash would issue from the declining conflagration, and it was hailed by a hundred excited screams, as it threw its lurid reflection upon the waters, and lighted for an instant all the shipping in the harbor. Fortunately there was no danger of the fire spreading among the other vessels, as these were well to windward.

"At last a servant touched his hat to Saint Clair, and informed him that two gentlemen had called to see him.

"Show them into the poop-cabin," said Saint Clair; and by his request I accompanied him below.

"I was somewhat surprised when I saw that the visitors were the Governor of Calao and Padre Francisco. But my companion was something more than surprised. His face became deadly pale, and as he bowed them politely in, a heavy mahogany chair, on the back of which he leaned with one hand, creaked as if it would break.

"The visitors being seated, Saint Clair whispered to me:

"I will accept your kind offer; perhaps you had better go after the surgeon. And, by the way, I had rather you would not return here to-night. The captain will miss his gig. Go aboard; good night."

"As he said those few words to me, I watched his countenance. It wore an expression of determination bordering on ferocity. I felt certain that he had taken some stern resolution, and could hardly resist the inclination to insist upon being permitted to stand by him to the last. His request, however, was of such a nature that I could not well decline complying with it. As I left him, however, I made up my mind, in spite of his injunction, to return without delay. I pressed my weary oarsmen to the utmost of their speed, and fairly took by assault H. B. M.'s ship. I felt the more anxious, that on leaving the steamer's side I had noticed that the boat which had brought the priest and the Governor was filled with soldiers. They informed me on board the British vessel that the surgeon could not leave the ship, his assistants being absent, and the rules of the service compelling him in such a case to remain on board.

"Without pausing to parley, I repaired to the steamer, and dismissing my gig, soon stood knocking for admittance at the poop-cabin. Saint Clair was not there, and Padre Fran-

cisco directed me to seek him below. Below I went, and there I saw him, strangely enough, as I thought, just coming out of the powder magazine. When he saw me, he fairly screamed, 'You here!' and dragged me, by main force, up the hatchway on deck. As soon as I had recovered myself I sought to resist, and demanded an explanation.

"Come on!" cried he, as he forced me forward; 'I have need of you; you must come. Where is the gig?'

"Gone off."

"Rash boy!" he exclaimed. Then, in a tone which he strove to make calm, he resumed, as we reached the fore-castle together:

"Do me the favor to lay out on the flying jib-boom end. Don't object—go, for God's sake, go!"

"What for?" I inquired.

"What for! Why, to look—to look if the yards are square," he answered, as he fairly pushed me up on the boom.

"The idea of sending me at that hour of night to look at the yards of a vessel which had only fore-and-aft sails, was, under all the circumstances, positively ridiculous. But, subjugated by my friend's urgent manner, and accustomed as I was of old to act under his direction, I obeyed almost mechanically. When I had reached my post, I turned around to see if he followed me, but I saw him no more. I had but an instant, however, to look; for hardly had I got hold of one of the stays to steady myself, when that dizzy sensation I have experienced before and since during an earthquake came over me, for a space of time too short to be named. Immediately after, I felt as if the sky had fallen down and crushed me. These are the only sensations I could ever remember in connection with the catastrophe which followed. I lost consciousness, and for a long space of time, earth was a blank to me. Of course you know what happened. Owing to some cause which has never been explained, the powder magazine of the steamer (which, according to contract with the Peruvian government, was always kept well filled, and in a condition for warlike purposes) had exploded, and of those who stood on board of her, I am the only survivor. My position on the flying jib-boom saved my life. That comparatively delicate spar fell into the water with me at the first concussion, and I was picked up soon after-

wards, to all appearance dead, but still clinging to the floating spar."

"Now, really," said we, somewhat disappointed, "is that all you can tell of the terrific explosion? Did you not hear the crash?—see no flames?—feel no warning convulsion of the stout ship, as the mighty captive within her flanks struggled to be free?"

"Heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing but what I have told you," he answered dryly. "If you wish to study the pathology of an explosion," he continued, "you had better go home and take a trip on the Mississippi, where you will meet with abundant facilities for such research."

"Do you think," we inquired after a

pause, "that Saint Clair blew up his ship on purpose?"

"You can draw your own inferences," he answered; and that was all the explanation that we could get from him on the subject. Nor was the public of Lima or Callao better informed. Every body knew that the "Tiburo" had been blown up on a particular night; but as to the drama to which this incident served as a catastrophe, they seemed profoundly ignorant. Padre Francisco and the Governor had carried to the grave with them what secrets they had in their power to reveal, and soon afterwards a revolution had driven Señora G—— and her weak husband in exile to a foreign land, where they both died.

## POST FACE.

PREFACES being out of vogue, we substitute a Post-face—and with cause. Is it not an amazing piece of presumption to address one's public in the tone either of expostulation or self-laudation, before being made acquainted, before the relation of author and reader has been fairly established? The writer who takes so unwarrantable a liberty must necessarily express himself in a cold, formal manner, as he would speak to a new and questionable acquaintance upon first shaking hands, instead of the kindly and cordial tone in which he would utter a farewell after a long companionship. What wonder then that prefaces generally prove tedious, and that the public will have none of them?

Our plan, we imagine, is not open to the same objections. We now feel as it were quite intimate with our reader. We have been conversing with him, telling him a story, and, we hope, amusing him. We feel that we may now with tolerably good grace inform him wherefore we have intruded our labor upon his eye. It so chanced that we possessed knowledge of some rather remarkable incidents which had never yet come to light; at the same time we felt conscious of personal experience as to the *locus in quo*, and we deemed it expedient to turn that knowledge and that experience to account. What we pride ourself especially upon is the

modest reserve we have displayed in executing our task. Thank Heaven! we are better than our neighbors. We have nowhere distorted facts in order to heighten effects. We have not diluted one drachm of emotion into an ocean of insipid Sentimentalism, nor evaporated a drop of meaning into clouds of Transcendentalism. We have read you no lectures—whined you no sermons—bombasted you no rhetorical hyperbolas—revamped you no common-places—invented you no under-plot—adopted none of the artifices of bookcraft to swell a story into a book—displayed no learning or word-finery (we had none to display)—blowed our own trumpet not at all (until now.) In short, we have "told our story as 'twas told to us," or rather we have let the story tell itself.

We also expect especial commendation on the score of Brevity. That excellent point—whether it be considered as the soul of Wit or the redeeming feature of its opposite—has been the constant aim of our endeavors. We will leave it to any committee of critics to decide (after dinner) whether there be not incidents enough crammed into the foregoing laudably condensed pages to have made a large imp. 8vo novel. And if we had indulged in description—as we safely might since our scene was laid abroad—we could have swelled it into an Eugene-Sue-like



romance, as large and perhaps as heavy as the Wandering Jew.

We have also forborne spreading love-scenes before our readers. For this we also had a cause. We have noticed and carefully studied passages purporting to describe the interchange of affectionate words in some of the most popular works of fiction of the day. Neither in our own experience nor in that of any of the many friends we consulted could we ever discover any thing like unto those passages. They are unlike the life—unlike any thing upon the earth, and for aught we know any thing in the heavens above, or the place beneath. This fondness for the unnatural we have been at great pains to explain for ourself, without ever reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Sometimes we have thought that novels were

written by old maids who had never made love, or by old bachelors who had forgotten how. Sometimes we fancied that those experienced writers had discovered that love passages drawn after the life would never "take" with the public, and that they therefore felt compelled to draw upon their fancy for their models.

Whatever the cause might be, however, one thing was quite clear and self-evident to our mind, viz., that it was hopelessly beyond our power to sketch love-scenes in the approved novel style, wherefore we abstained.

For all these things which we might have done, and yet have abstained from doing, we demand our meed of praise, negative praise. As for what we *have* done, we leave it to the tender mercies of the critics.

## A T R U T H .

WHAT lesson graves those hoary rocks  
Set deeply on the shores of Time,  
With fangs that reaching to the prime  
Sway not by elemental shocks,—

Strong songs of deep and lustrous mind,  
Clear annals of the world's long life,  
Sharp truths of argumental strife,  
True pictures of our human-kind?

Not that in sudden gust of force  
Lies the high secret of the spell  
By which we too may build as well  
Eternal records of our course.

But that the might which rears a tower  
To be by distant ages spied,  
Grows in the arm by labor tried,  
And owns no circumstance or hour.

REINHOLD.

## D E A T H - V E R S E S :

A STROLL THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH WITH TENNYSON, IN COMPANY WITH SHELLEY, MILTON, BLAIF, SWIFT, COLERIDGE, MOORE, AND OTHERS.

"ALAS! that all we loved of him should be  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal."—SHELLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.—As the title denotes, this book is of the elegiac order, being composed of two hundred and sixteen pages of thought and lamentation, in one hundred and thirty-one different "In Memoriams" or thoughtful poems, not continuous, as a consequence, save in being the record of a bewailing soul, noting down its recurring bursts of feeling and thought on the subject of its lamentation through a number of years. The very title of the book is an epic—full of thought and retrospection—and brings welling round our mind pleasant and dreary recollections alternately. There is no one, however wicked or inhuman, but who cherishes some feeling akin to an "In Memoriam." Good people love it as a virtue. The basest of creation bestow affection on something, and feel its loss when it is severed from them; they feel the loss, at least externally, in a greater degree perhaps than those of a more benign character. They are nearer akin to brute, and cannot reconcile their selfishness so easily. To think, with such people, is the acme of cold-heartedness. Impatience to them is natural devotion, and obstinacy an apotheosis. To the kind and steady-loving heart, such reflection is capable of the highest moulding of thought, and the purest philosophic repose. To those who can calmly sit and look down the vista of an endearing friendship, when that friendship has been severed by a God; when between one and his counterpart the earth has yawned, and a wild and everlasting river careering in the chasm sets a union at defiance; when one feels half his strength and love roaming at the far side, and dare not seek it willingly; to such we say, who can sit calm and reconciled and gaze through the acts and thoughts, the love-links of years, what a wide realm of thought fresh and angelic opens to his

mind. He awakes as he thinks, and learns for the first time that all his life has been a dream. He feels his heart beating at the off side of the Stygian river; its pulsations throb and wave to and fro across the flood as the pendulum from soul's time-piece—tick, tick—and back he counts the hours of a life. No boisterous movement unhallows the serenity of his thoughts; no vulgar wailing pollutes the purity of his regrets; he is in a new life; he is an essence; he is all tears, but they are crystal; time and manly love have subdued him into a spirit; he is purged of the flesh, and for the time is a mirror of the angel-world. His "In Memoriam" could never be written save in heaven. It might be imagined, but language would desecrate the hallucination, as even the daguerreotype jaundices the likeness which is unerring. Few men are capable of the subjection of body which we have idealized. Few have so much faith in Providence as to give Heaven credit for the wisdom of its actions; and most burst into a lamentation equally insulting and offensive to the Supreme Will, as it is unavailing to that which it bemoans. It is a harsh philosophy that would close up the flood-gates of sorrow, and crush the feeling of love after life in man. It would be cruel philosophy to preach this: such we do not preach, for we feel it could never be practised. But that which we idealize would not crush or close the pure and pious voice of sorrow, but would spiritualize it; cloister it within the secret porches of our being, amid the aisles of thought, where the conscious retrospection of good, like the pealing of a full-toned organ, would choir our lament, laden with love and loneliness, to heaven; where we might unburden our woes and sorrows, sheltered from the Argus-eyed crowd, to accommodate the kind will of which hypocrisy and cant are ever the sweet singers.

But alone, man is no hypocrite, nor could be.

We have been led into these thoughts, as one wandering through a forest might come upon a simple tomb, erected there by some pioneer, to the memory of, and to mark the spot where an ill-fated comrade perished. As one would feel and ponder on such a meeting, have we felt and pondered on meeting the title-page of Mr. Tennyson's book amid the forest of leaves we are now-a-days in the habit of encountering. With the simple words "In Memoriam" at the top of the otherwise unencumbered page, it looks like a tomb whereon the sculptor had forgotten to grave the name of him to whose memory it was raised, or that *he* had been also called away to that eternity of which the blank space is so suggestive. We feel all the effects of such a book before we read one sentence of it. Already is the Old Mortality of our thoughts rechristening the grave-stones of our memory, and we are weeping, or pondering, or blessing, as he brings each loved old name to light from amid the growth of brain-weed and moss which years of daily meetings with persons and occurrences engender. The person to whose memory this eloquent and Doric pile is perpetuated was the beloved friend from youth of the poet, as well as the betrothed of his sister; and by this monument to his friendship, is ever after linked with, and links, the two proudest tribunes in the literary assembly—Poetry and History—in being the son of Hallam and the inspiration of Tennyson. The poet's friend died at Vienna in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-three, since which time, leisurely and carefully, in hours purified by thought and sorrow for the dead, this monument was constructed. Block after block, the condensed essence of innumerable complaints, cemented with the healthy tears of benign sorrow for the intellect lost to the world, as well as the friend dead to himself, was added with Egyptian strength and Grecian finish, till the classic pyramid stands revealed. And as we can tell the age and manners of the sculptors by the peculiar positions of, and carvings on, the stones of old piles and abbeys, as they are in fact their own bards and chroniclers; so each stone of Mr. Tennyson's monument is at once the historian of the thoughts and feelings by which its working was encompassed, and the silent orator of the cemetery, claiming attention from every passer-by by the strange traces

of workmanship on it. Every slightest chisel track seems like the toiling of a tear down a care-worn face, or solemn and mystic *ogham*\* inscription, relating to the dust which it shelters. Each mark seems to hold a meaning deeper than that it is an every-day piece of labor. It seems to have grown beneath the mason's will into a participation of that mystic and melancholy appearance which the wailing spirit within is allowed to enjoy entire. The more you look at it, the more you doubt your vision; your ears play you tricks too, and your brain is filled with lamentable sounds; your body lightens, and your brain seems to grow over-burdened; yet the sounds are so soul-worthy you utter no complaint against the wailings that pour themselves upon your thought, and might even wish you could sink down into eternity burdened with such a freight of purity. Every stone in the monument has got a voice; the tongues of Babel are around, but all seeking the one end, through slightly variable thoughts.

Mr. Tennyson's poem is of that class which at once defies, discards, and forbids criticism. It being an elegy suitable for any portion of the human family—its pure and high execution—its generally faultless expressiveness, and above all, its claims upon the heart as a tribute of friendship, raise it above the sphere of every-day notice and critical inquiry. At the same time, without cavilling, we mean to take a glance at it, keeping in view Mr. Tennyson's former productions. As a meditative poem, it is languid and melancholy; not languid as a weak man giving way to grief or despair, but as a Hercules overcome with thought, bowed down with ideas of a future world, or as a giant using his strength too much. Its melancholy is the melancholy of a strong mind; not superstitious, sickly, but the melancholy of a forcible will; clear, religious, thoughtful, firm as his love, the earthly snapping of which gives rise to it. Judging it simply as a *poem*, it is inferior in our mind to the "Princess." 'Tis true there is no more room for analogy betwixt the two, than between "Lalla Rookh" and "Paradise Lost," save that we can

\* Ogham, the alphabet on stone used in ancient Ireland. It is formed by certain lines graven perpendicular to a main line, a set number of lines being equivalent to a certain letter; each linear symbol being detached from each other by a space or stop to avoid confusion.

pierce deeper than the mere words of either, and look down into the soul, the machine-shop of the poet, and view the secret workings, plans and powers there reposing, and at work. Thus it is, looking through his expressiveness, as a clear mirror, into the microcosm of which it is the atmosphere, from which the poet speaks, we should say, that as a poem, more enduring fame will follow the track of the "Princess" than will slumber within the hallowed shadow of "In Memoriam." It is not that the latter shall be loved less, but that the former shall be loved more. There are many reasons for our opinion. Taking both generally, the former may have more striking faults than the latter; they will be more noticeable in the former, from the nature of the poem, but its many remarkably beautiful and brilliant passages will always captivate, while the monotony consequent (at least seemingly) on a poem of the nature of the "In Memoriam," will have any but a like seductive effect on readers; with, perhaps, the exception of students, and those who read poetry for its own sake, and not merely as a preventive of *ennui*. Whoever reads the beautiful descriptions and lyrics in the "Princess" cannot easily forget them; while few minds are capable, as we hinted at the beginning of this article, of receiving the elevated meditation and high poetic fervor and feeling which produced an "In Memoriam." If you have once visited the Princess's College, and seen her when

"There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,  
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,  
All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
The Princess, liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the sun,  
Than our man's earth,"

you cannot forget her; or when upon the judgment seat,

—"above her droop'd a lamp,  
And made the single jewel on her brow  
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,  
Prophet of storm."

And again, the description of the pupils in the "University for Maidens," sitting ranged on the forms,

—"like morning doves  
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,"

is exquisite—who can forget it? Who can displace from memory the song of the northern Prince to the swallow?

"O swallow, swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I there, that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died."

The love passages in the "Princess" are some of the finest descriptions ever penned, rich, exquisite, warm, yet pure. That part where the Prince is ill, and the stern Princess, caretaking "her chiefest enemy," is conquered herself; when, under the belief he is dying,

"She stooped, and with a great shock of the heart,"  
their mouths met; and when she rose,

"Glowing all over noble shame, and all  
Her falsèr self slipped from her like a robe,  
And left her woman,"

is grandly conceived and true to the nature of woman. But it is useless, as well as unkind, to torture our readers (and ourselves) with little snatches, when we cannot strike out and swim in the ocean of melody which the "Princess" affords.

The "In Memoriam" is remarkable for its perspicuity. It is as plain, smooth, and symmetrical as a Doric column. The diction is pure and without affectation, but a decided improvement on the too familiar simplicity which spoiled some of his earlier writings. It opens finely:—

"I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

"But who shall so forecast the years,  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?"

When we speak of this poem being inferior to the Princess, we must add, it is mainly in general effect as a poem, and as to its probable fate with the reading world. All the poet has aimed at in the present instance, we should say, he has admirably accomplished. It would be entirely out of character, not to say sacrilegious, to bedeck a mourning suit with rubies and emeralds, or perform a morris-dance on a pall. In like manner, that brilliancy and versatility which is the great feature in the Princess, would ill become the solemn efforts of a lamentation. Also, we must remark that the present poem was far advanced in being

at the time of the publication of the Princess, and we regard that poem as a later production than the one now given to the world.

Friendship, in the hands of a poet like Tennyson, is a grand theme; every tree, walk, or book, which was common to himself and friend, giving fine room for his descriptive powers, and the consequent thought upon such a link of love.

His identification with every thing relating to his friend, his intellectual promise, hopes, and pastimes, form the chief string which knots the several poems together; and the fervor which graces all portrays a true profundity of affection, and a heartfelt love of meditation on that which constituted his friendly happiness, leading him into thoughts and speculations on death and universal happiness. Here is a passage full of that simplicity which is a ruling characteristic with this author:—

“Old yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the under-lying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head;  
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.

“The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

“Oh, not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale!  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

“And gazing on the sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardness,  
I seem to fail from out my blood,  
And grow incorporate into thee.”

Communing with himself on his loneliness, he speaks to his heart:—

“O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,  
Who scarcely darest to inquire,  
What is it makes me beat so low?

“Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years.  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!”

Like all who have felt real sorrow, the poet appreciates the “dull narcotic” of poetry to unburden the grief-laden soul.

Shelley says, and truly:—

“Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

Hear Tennyson in illustration:—

“I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

“But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies:  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

“In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;  
But that large grief which these unfold  
Is given in outline and no more.”

That is a sort of apology for writing his thoughts, and bathing his frayed mind in the flood of poetry of which it is at the same time the conjuror and the comforted. The following invocation to the ship with his friend's remains abounds with feeling and affection:—

“Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

“So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

“All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

“Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love.

“My Arthur! whom I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.”

We must continue this: it heightens in description and passion eloquently. The nearing of the ship is beautiful; every line marks it striding towards the shore. At first he but hears the “noise about the keel;” then he hears the night-bell; it comes on gallantly, yet mournfully, as though the sea were a wide sheet of canvas, and the ship fastened and steadied thereon, and a vast roller at the beach rolled up the canvas, moving the vessel almost imperceptibly to the shore. He sees the “cabin window;” then he descries the helmsman; then comes the sailor to his wife, and travellers return



home, and letters from abroad, and a "dark freight with vanished life."

"So bring him : we have idle dreams :  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies : oh, to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

"To rest beneath the clover sod  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

"Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine ;  
And hands so often clasped in mine  
Should toss with tangle and with shells."

The last two stanzas are really beautiful—so simple and so highly expressive.

—"Where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,"

is perfectly Grecian. And the

—"gulf him fathom deep in brine,"

how artistic in the last stanza ! He is a perfect artist, and his great art is in being so artistically simple that you never think it has been studiously simplified. The following is quite an ethereal picture of a messenger of woe :—

"Lo ! as a dove when up she springs  
To bear through heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

"Like her I go : I cannot stay ;  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away."

Here is a picture of his loss, which many a hearth-side will recognize and appropriate with a tear :—

"Tears of the widower, when he sees  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

"Which weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart reposed ;  
And, where warm hands have pressed and  
closed,  
Silence, till I be silence too."

The poet is fond of dwelling on the sea in his imaginative flights. It is true, the sea was the great barrier, like the river of life, which his friend crossed never to return

alive, and which separated them from each other. The sea, too, is the element which is to convey the shape of the loved to the arms of the loving. Besides, the eternally rolling waves are typical of that great eternity to which one friend has passed, and of the enduring love of the survivor. The sea is a great poet, mirroring the heavens and all that is luminous, and pure, and resplendent therein ; therefore is a fit realm for the man-poet to refresh his imagination, mirroring as he does all that is bright and holy in the heaven of love. There is a feeling existing evidently between the poet and the ocean, and the best passages in the poem are those which refer to it : his watchings and expectations by the shore, and where he lets his imagination picture a probable return. Here is one of them :—

"If one should bring me this report,  
That thou hadst touched the land to-day,  
And I went down unto the quay,  
And found thee lying in the port ;

"And standing muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know ;

"And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half divine ;  
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home ;

"And I should tell him all my pain,  
And how my life had drooped of late,  
And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possessed my brain ;

"And I perceive no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange."

The student will hail this volume of true and genuine poetry with a welcome which no book has drawn from him for years. It must be read and pondered on, to be appreciated as it ought. The monotony which superficially meets the reader vanishes as he gets into the wailing mood. As you open the book think of some friend, (who is there that had not a friend ?) think of some sweet spirit, some kind soul, some dear relative, or perhaps, ye young and unrequited—ye loving and losing—think of something nearer and dearer, that has perished, that is dead, and left you friendless, lonely, childless, parentless, brotherless, or loveless ; and

with the feelings rising to such a mood, sit calmly down and read, and you will be comforted. It is always a blessing to find one who knows the human heart so well, that he, as it were, only gives utterance to what you yourself were about to say: you feel at home with him; he is a friend; he seems to know your secrets, and touches all the chords of calmness, benignity, despondency, or hope, until your whole soul is one vibrative lyre of your thoughts and his will. Tennyson is such a man, and this poem will be balsam to many a lone mortal—many a “poor exile far away,” whose land and love are dead to him; and to a thought comfort seeker, it will be “as sun to the earth.” Here is sweet consolation:—

“As sometimes in a dead man’s face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness hardly seen before  
Comes out, to some one of his race;

“So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know,  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old.

“But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
His darkness beautiful in thee.”

One quotation more, and we are done with excerpts. The more we think over this poem, the more we should wish to quote largely from it; if for naught else, to prove that what we said of it in juxtaposition to the “Princess” was not meant to depreciate the present poem.

“I leave thy praises unexpressed  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief,  
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

“What practice, howso’er expert  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?”

The next verse is quaintly and very neatly done:—

“I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of song  
To stir a little dust of praise.

“Thy leaf has perished in the green,  
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been.”

The ruling feeling of the “In Memoriam” naturally brings to mind recollections of other poems having the same object, directly or indirectly; and ere we conclude we shall take a glance at the most note-worthy monodies, elegies, or death-verses in the language, and try and give the “In Memoriam” its place. Elegies are as common as grave-stones, and the merits are about in the same latitude, the scale of kind feeling being generally weighed, up or down, according to the size of the purse which it has to balance. Every thing connected, no matter how humbly, with that sublime existence called Death, of course carries with it due respect and feelings which are entire strangers to any other sensation or idea. These feelings can vary just as much as man’s life may, pendulating between the merest clod and the most poetical giant—between the Witten and the Thought-Titan. So can their effigies or their monuments vary, not perhaps so much in their dimensions as in their classical expansiveness; for, like a Greek epigram, the smallest may reconcile an impossibility to the senses, and hold a giant in the mantle of a dwarf. The chief dread of attempting a monument in letters, of great dimensions, would appear to be the fear of failing in uniqueness, and preserving that solemn aspect without which it would appear to be an anti-Christian burlesque. Few feel capable of attempting such a work. It is the work of years as Mr. Tennyson’s is, and to an enviable extent he has succeeded in creating a monument which may not fear attack as to either its unity, solemnity, or dimension, and is, in fact, a pyramid when compared with the elegiac monuments which we meet with now-a-days.

In the English language the most noteworthy of those productions we have alluded to, are Mark Anthony’s *Oration over the dead body of Cæsar*; Milton’s *Lycidas*; Pope’s *Epitaphs*; Collins’ *Ode on the Death of Thomson*; a few *Epitaphs* and *Elegies* by Swift; Gray’s *Elegy*; Blair’s *Grave*; Coleridge’s *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*; Shelley’s *Adonais*; Wolfe’s *Burial of Sir John Moore*; and Moore and Byron *On the Death of Brinsley Sheridan*. These are all well known and widely read. Mark Anthony’s defense of his dead friend is in every school-boy’s mouth, and a better could not be. The ingenuity and sarcasm at once displayed in it are excellent, and the rapid-

ity with which it gained over the Romans to the speaker's cause, and to decry the man (Brutus) by whose influence he first got a hearing, shows what a master *that* Shakspeare was; how well he knew human nature, and how truly he could pull the strings of man's action. The Burial of Sir John Moore will ever retain its popularity; it is so well known comment would be superfluous. Pope's Epitaphs are fast going into that congenial oblivion to which their subjects would have gone as they fell, save for the magnetic electricity by which Pope's versification held on the latter part of the last century, and the first quarter of this. Moore and Byron on Sheridan are each excellent, the former being a satire lacerating the Prince Regent for his neglect of Sheridan, after he had sported on his genius for years. There are some powerful and scathing stanzas in this monody. The "way of the world" is disagreeably true in the verses:—

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,  
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;  
To think what a long line of titles may follow  
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the fun'ral array  
Of one whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow;  
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket, to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

Sheridan's powers as

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master  
of all,"

are tersely and eloquently characterized. There are some fine lines in Byron's monody, though not equal to Moore's.

Coleridge's Monody on Chatterton, though a juvenile production, contains some excellent passages. The most interesting now, perhaps, is that in which the fate of the genius he bewails leads him to think of his own misfortunes, and which he dares not dwell on,

"Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom;  
For, oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,  
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;  
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart  
The last pale Hope that shiver'd at my heart."

Yet he promises himself the solace of following the "sweet dream,"

'Where Susquehanna pours its untamed stream,"

of raising a cenotaph to the "Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy,"

"And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the sore ills I have left behind."

Alas for the dreams of youth! Like the *Fata Mogana* of the coast of Antrim, or the Straits of Messina, the glowing panorama of chivalry, ambition, glory of war, or more glorious delights of seclusion, which crowd the brain of youth, sink into a mere optical illusion, beautiful in itself as such, but it is only a richly-colored shadow, bodiless, pulseless, that, to use Goldsmith's admirable comparison,

"That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies."

Collins' Ode on Thomson is a tame performance. Not so Swift's *Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer*, *Satirical Elegy on a late famous General*, and his *Elegy and Epitaph on the supposed Death of Partridge*, the cobbler and almanac-maker. The first-named is at once satirical, sarcastic, and just, and withal contains some admirable remarks on the transition from this world to the unimaginable "to come." Without ornament those lines "state the case" as eloquently and as severely as if a heaven of rhetoric were discharged in word-lightning on it. They address the commonest mind by their truth, as much as the enlightened by their quaint strength:—

"Know all men by these presents, Death the tamer  
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar;  
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound  
Redeem him from his prison under ground."

It would seem that this great fact, so epigrammatically expressed by Swift, was not known to men, they toil, speculate, peculate, and connive so much in life to build up that which is of no after-life use, but the making of which most probably shortens their existence. The miser, denying himself the necessary food of man to hoard up treasure, never thinks he is starving himself, and lessening the joy, by years, he lives and longs to live for most—that of wooing, and gazing on, his gold. If there is so much inexpressible delight (as we are told) in gazing on the treasure for a day, why, it should be heaven in a twelvemonth! And yet, these miserable devils are blind to their own deification. Drat the knaves! if they had but sense

enough, they could make a heaven of this earth, and their gold pieces would shine like so many stars, rendering their sphere blissful and congenial. They deserve their fate. In their anxiety to turn every thing into gold, like Midas, they mind not to exclude bread from the auriferous ban; for it is the nature of those creatures, even if hungry, to sell their musty crust, if money—gold, delightful gold!—be offered for it. They would sell life for gold, poor wretches, and know not what they do; thus,

“He that could once have half a kingdom bought,  
In half a minute is not worth a groat.  
His coffers from the coffin could not save,  
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.  
A golden monument would not be right,  
Because we wish the earth upon him light.”

SWIFT.

The annexed four lines were written by Stella (Esther Johnston) in the same elegy:

But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite  
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;  
And, as he saw his darling money fail,  
Been his last breath, to sink the lighter scale.”

Swift thus distinguishes the sexton:

“A dismal banker must that banker be,  
Who gives no bills but of mortality.”

With the concluding thought in the “Epitaph on the Miser,” we shall leave this admirable poem, which is so characteristic of Swift, and of his treatment of the subject:

“And, if his heirs continue kind  
To that dear self he left behind,  
I dare believe that four in five  
Will think his better half alive.”

Every thing in that poem elucidates the character of its subject by similes drawn from the miser's life. It is not a mere piece of sarcasm, carrying its shafts no farther than the present object, but to all of the same *genus*; while the ideas of mortality expressed in it are so ruggedly simple and severely correct as to have a peculiar charm. The *Grub Street Elegy* on Partridge is a capital piece of satire and humor, with a sly vein of devilry running through it. That on the *Famous General* is of equal merit, but contains some lines of great power and malignity, which to our mind heighten it vastly. We are tempted to print it entire, for on it might rest Swift's claims to the laurel of Satire:—

[ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL, 1722.]

“His Grace! Impossible! what, dead!  
Of old age too, and in his bed!  
And could that mighty warrior fall,  
And so inglorious, after all?  
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,  
The last loud trump must wake him now;  
And trust me, as the noise grows stronger,  
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.  
And could he be indeed so old  
As by the newspapers we're told?  
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;  
'Twas time in conscience he should die!  
This world he cumber'd long enough;  
He burnt his candle to the snuff;  
And that's the reason, some folks think,  
He left behind so great a stink.  
Behold his funeral appears,  
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,  
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,  
Attend the progress of his hearse.  
But what of that? his friends may say,  
He had those honors in his day;  
True to his profit and his pride,  
He made them weep before he died.  
Come hither, all ye empty things!  
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!  
Who float upon the tide of state;  
Come hither and behold your fate!  
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,  
How very mean a thing's a duke,  
From all his ill-got honors flung,  
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.”

The most pretentious, however, of these Death-verses, the heads of which we have enumerated, are those by Shelley, Milton, Gray, and Blair.

Shelley's *Adonais* “To the Memory of John Keats” is the grandest, most imaginative, and most beautiful production of the kind in the language. It is the grand poem of a grand poet, wailing the death of a younger brother and rival, who was worthy of such a lamenter. Its brilliancy of illustration, depth of thought, height of imagination, harrowing strength, and Grecian completeness, are unparalleled. We dare not quote from such an offering. Urania, that divinest Muse, would wither us for the sacrilege. We must not sip of this cup of sorrow, but quaff the sweet bitterness entire. Here are no milky tears, but the cold shivering sweat and proud gall of intellectual unquiet. Here you do not sigh, but shiver; do not weep, but feel an indescribable clamminess; you choke for words, which the many beacons of sorrow at once presented hinder from finding the path of voice. An oily loathsomeness hangs like a weight on your brow, with heavy, unvoiced lamentation for the youth, and hatred of his enemies,

while you read; and finished—sink into a confused reverie of his greatness, of their malignity, and the inexpressible power which has conveyed both so vividly to you. Truly, it is a *great* sorrow. The reading of this poem produces a deeper sensation on us than melancholy music, which we have often been inclined to think of as the most depressing influence. We are not sure but it has that power in a greater degree than any sympathetic authority which influences, or trifles with, human sensations. But this poem, while it depresses, makes one strong in sorrow, which is the opposite to that effected by melancholy music. It depresses at first, and ends by consigning us to a deep and sorrow-subdued trance; while Shelley makes us the subject of depressed, but living and inwardly radiating thought. You are deep in lament, while, like a blinded eagle, Imagination dashes wildly through the elements, in vain searching for words to hold it down.

Milton's *Lycidas* is an exquisite pastoral. It is from beginning to end one beautiful passage, fresh as May, and scented as fragrant as sweet brier and wild thyme.

"The tufted craw-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,"

out-perfume the rosemary and willow-sprig  
with which they are interwreathed. It is essentially and in design a pastoral lament; the sorrow of an

———"uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;"

drawing all his illustrations from the Arcadian simplicity of his haunts and home, without the deep thought which cultured intellect is supposed to wield; and is therefore free from the pretense of deep, chaotic, labyrinthine sorrow, wide imagination, or profound meditation. It is as calm and richly placid as the sweet face of its author; full of bounding recollections of youth and the Pandean shade.

Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard* has the reputation of being one of the most exquisite pieces of word-melody in the language, and it deserves it. It is as smooth and enchanting as Life viewed through the eyes of childhood. There is scarce one stanza but has contributed to our

stock of "household words," scarce a line that we do not remember to have known long before we knew who wrote it. Yet it is like a beautiful statue or wax-work. It is utterly devoid of passion. It is very like nature, but not nature. It instructs by the morality of the picture it presents, but could never move by its own intrinsic capacity. Its tameness proves its bane, and it has no antidote save perfection of rhythm, and that is not sufficient to preserve it from the death monotony ever entails. Or, if it does not die, it will be saved from oblivion by its own very recommendations to die, like certain personages of weak, doubtful, and plausible characters, whom history cannot dispense with, but whose living proves they never should have lived. It is the picture of an eminent colorist whose original sketch may have been spirited, but whose pains-taking brush has zealously, though unconsciously, embalmed it from the sight. It is true that the spirit of the poem is much in accordance with a general view of a church-yard. But to a thinker, who for a time dwells among the tombs, what noble and expansive vistas of passion and conjecture does not each grave open to him? Gray has not caught this spirit. He has written of the church-yard without conjuring up and communing with the shades which the tomb-stones cast beneath them. His is the melodious whine of philosophy without the strength of the philosopher. The blood does not run cold as you read. You feel no sensation to make you akin to corpse-life; you don't feel clammy, or as if there were worms filling up the wrinkles on your forehead. No! it is not of the grave. You read it as you would a sentimental love-poem. You feel that "the path of glory leads but to the grave," as "cooing" and "wooing" lead to marriage; that the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," as well as that "dark eyes shine like diamonds," and all that sort of thing. But in the *Elegy* you grow not cold, nor in the sentimental love-poem warm, because they are equally devoid of the necessary aids of thought and imagination. Every man knows he will *love* and *die*, and you can produce no effect on him by telling him things which he was born to fulfil. The subject must be wreathed round with a certain imaginative influence to make it effective. Every thing in life is so. The man who is jostled through the streets and edged off pathways,



like any other man, is a person of deep respect when we see him sitting on the bench of justice administering the law of his land. Yet he is only a man, but he is in a new light. So it is with every thing. Gray was an elegant, we may say eloquent versifier, but only a poet so far as balladists and descriptive verse makers can claim that honored title. He was a poet, in the same sense as Teniers and Watteau are allowed to be painters. But to a mind who delights in the imagination of Shakspeare or Shelley, nothing less than an Angelo, Raphael, or Barry can afford any sterling or lasting gratification. Others may be the object of transient laudation from their likeness to reality, but one cannot swear by them as did Vasari by Michael Angelo and his works. Nor can one *love* them, for they lack immortality. They want a soul; and *Love*, being in itself immortal, needs must choose a mate for eternity.

Blair's *Grave* we have ever cherished as a dear companion. Our friendship has been long, and shall only be augmented when that "home that lasts till doomsday," around which he has woven a "dome of thought," shall present a chance for our thanking him for the mental repast he laid before our youth. There are some fine passages in this poem, and if they are not remarkable for intense or harrowing strength, they are replete with vigorous natural passion, identified by thought with the object of his meditation.

"The grave, dread thing!  
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature, appall'd,  
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!  
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark  
night,  
Dark as was chaos ere the infant sun  
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams  
Athwart the gloom profound."

These few lines give more impetus to thought than all the *Elegy* of Gray; the illustration of the darkness of the tomb takes us back "ere the infant sun" "had tried its beams" on the profound chaos from which God willed the earth. This thinking power which an author holds over his reader is the power exactly which proves him worth recurring to as a friend for comfort and consolation. We do not wish to make a syphon of our brain, that what we hear should enter at one ear and go out at the other. A continual current of such air would soon leave

us senseless. But we desire that each poet who visits our brain should leave a deposit—as toilers leave the cream of their labor in a bank, which may fructify with the deposits of others, and produce an interest necessary to the support of the dome which shelters and protects the principle. Who that has ever in boyhood visited a graveyard at night-time will fail to recognize himself?

"By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)  
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,  
The sound of something purring at his heels;  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him  
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand  
O'er some new-opened grave; and (strange to tell)  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock."

Thus the poet weaves a charm round the "unvarnished tale," and makes it of self-interest to all. This poem is full of feeling, vigorous thought, a pleasing and suitable imagination, sound meditation, and all poetically expressed. Campbell's well-known and oft-quoted line,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between,"

is taken wholesale from a passage in this poem. It is thus in Blair:—

"Like an ill-used ghost  
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between."

We cannot say it is much, if anywise improved by Campbell; and even if it were, that would be a bad excuse for the plagiarism.

Now, bringing Tennyson's poem into company we value so highly is complimenting him, some may think, too much, but not more than we think his productions deserve. Less imaginative and less grand than Shelley's beautiful poem, the *In Memoriam* has a calmer dignity. It is the dignity produced by his not being so highly poetical. Shelley, from being so grandly and wildly imaginative, often found language to convey but an obscure translation of his thoughts. Like a jagged lightning-conductor, language often scattered into irremediable flashes the fire of his imagination. Tennyson, from not being

so great a poet, is a greater economist of his powers, and preserves the dignity of a certain position. His Pegasus is a sure-footed steed, speeding at a pleasant and steady pace, seldom venturing far into the aerial element. Its wings seem to be neatly arranged, having great faith in appearances; and, like the flying fish, returning to the wave when its wings get dry, so Mr. Tennyson's steed seeks the

earth every time there is presage of a storm, lest its wings be ruffled or a feather displaced. Shelley's Pegasus is of a different order; it is a war-steed—breathing inspiration for a fight; its wings are strong and everlasting, as those which Æolus masters. He rarely touches the earth, but revels in the aerial realm as though he were not made of mortal clay. The earth lies beneath him in fact, as in imagination, and with an "Upward and on," he ever faces his steed to the sun. His Adonais is full of grand imaginings; and a thorough heart-wrung poesy runs through it which we can only compare to light in darkness, lighting up the dead Keats, as the illuminations breathe a life and an explanation through an old black-letter volume; or like a second life travelling into the dead corse of a second Lazarus. Mr. Tennyson's poem is of more pretention than the Lycidas of Milton, more ambitious in design, but cannot exceed the purity of style of the old bard. It is less simple, though the diction is as pure as Lycidas, which is saying a great word for it. And if it does not, as a lament for the dead, rank before the Lycidas, inasmuch as philosophical and meditative poetry will precede the pastoral, it is because we have raised Milton on that steady pedestal

of immortality to ambition, which, in a modern, is almost an unpardonable sacrilege. Only think, reader, of a live man, with a Mr. before his name, comparing with the John Milton of our childhood, and our fathers' and grandfathers' and great-grandfathers' childhood! It is revolutionary—it is rebellious! Put it down.

It is a waste of ink to write that the *In Memoriam* is stronger and healthier than the *Elegy* of Gray. It is less ornate, at least to all appearance, and more forcible, with a vast deal more of thought and heart-labor. Haydn the composer was in the habit of dressing as if for a ball, when about to make music; and we always have the idea that Gray must have been under a like influence, writing his *Elegy*, every thing is so neat and regular. We never should expect to meet Gray by the sea-shore in a profound distraction, impatient with the lazy waves that slowly bring him the loved corse of his dead friend. Beside the *In Memoriam*, the *Elegy* seems an elegant piece of *dilettantism*.

Blair's *Grave* has passages which are not surpassed by Tennyson. It is dignified, meditative, abounding with feeling, fine perception, and elegant descriptions. It perhaps, taken as a whole, is less artistic. It is however a beautiful poem, and, varying in subject very materially from a lament, is therefore rather exempt from a comparison with Tennyson, but which it can bear without danger. The *In Memoriam* is of a higher meditative order, though scarcely, for its subject, better expressed, and might be proud of the companionship if it did not aspire beyond it.

J. S.

## THE DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.\*

It is now some five years since there appeared one morning in the London Book Trade, a new work, of costly antique binding, clasped and edged with silver, with ribbed paper and ancient type, which at once drew attention to it as a literary curiosity. It was without history of any kind attached to it; without preface, introduction, advertisement, or dedication; without mention of its compiler, annotator or editor; without biography, save what was to be found within the pages of the diary, of its author; and, we believe, without the name of its printer upon the title-page. Bearing the pleasant inscription of "*So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First;*" printed with the capitals, italics, and ancient spelling of the seventeenth century; relating in all its details to a most interesting portion of English history, about which, at that particular juncture, public attention was sensitively alive; and purporting to be a veracious journal of the domestic events of a family, concerning whom enough was known to awaken the intensest curiosity, the edition, necessarily small as an experiment, was seized upon with avidity, and in a few days could have been found nowhere out of the cabinets of antiquarians, each of whom was rejoicing over it as a literary curiosity.

The second edition, which appeared soon after, was in a less costly style of paper and binding, although still bearing the characteristics of its antique spelling and capitals. Simply announcing to the reader the following notice, viz.: "*The style of printing and general appearance of this volume have been adopted by the publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the author, who in this work personates a lady of the seventeenth century,*" the work was again thrown into the market with a like wonderful success.

A third edition was soon called for, and then a fourth, when it began to attract attention on this side of the water, and was soon issued from the press of Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, among the numbers of their Library of Choice Reading. The volume now before us is a second edition of the *First Part*, accompanied, between the same covers, with a *Second Part*, under the title of "*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.*" The character of the work, so far as relates to every thing except its authenticity as a Diary of the real Lady Willoughby, is the same as it was in the first edition, the readers of which were left to their own literary acumen as to its genuineness as a fragment of antiquity. It is still without explanation, except the brief notice just spoken of, without history, advertisement, or preface, acknowledged indeed to be fictitious, but so far kept in the shade, that the illusion thrown over the eager reader is scarcely the less complete. How many may have taken it for a truth in the outset we have no means of knowing; but where the *vrai* is ever before you more than the *vraisemblable*; where the truth to nature is ever so strict, that neither the wife's fidelity, nor the mother's love, nor the daughter's affection, finds a chord struck which has not its response in the heart; and where personages, places, events, characters, and even dates correspond to historical fact, unless too closely investigated,—a thing not likely to happen, when the heart is touched by the pathetic story and holds the judgment in abeyance,—we should not wonder if the deception had extended even to the cabinet of the virtuoso, or the study of the historian.

We consider this Diary of Lady Willoughby, as now completed, to be the *rara*

\* *So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First.* New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845.

*Some further Portions of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, which do relate to her Domestic History, and to the stirring events of the latter years of the Reign of King Charles the First, the Protectorate, and the Restoration.* New-York: John Wiley. 1848.

New Edition. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1851.

avis of the season—the most charming work of the day. Evidently devised and composed by a woman's wit, whose heart has been in her story from the beginning to the end,—for the pen of no man, since the eldest born of our great progenitor, could depict such domestic life;—choice in its language of good old English undefiled; frequent in its allusions, and no less happy than frequent, to the stirring events of those days of England's birth-throes for civil and religious liberty; cautious in regard to those things which a woman in her home could know little of except from thousand-tongued rumor, but full and natural in her revelations of what might be supposed to come under her own observation; clear and true in the lineaments it gives of persons and characters who made the nation world-famous during the seventeenth century; warm in its expressions of attachment to the great principles for which the true hearts of the age were battling, and yet gently partial to those old inheritances which a daughter of royal blood could not but regard as almost sacred from antiquity; true, natural, earnest, loving and eloquent; as a work of art it stands deservedly foremost among all the fictitious writing which has proceeded from the British press in many years. True, it is nothing more than a simple story of a high-bred and home-loving woman's life, in the midst of a civil war; but it is this very simplicity which constitutes its excellence and beauty. A less acute observer of common things, possessing equal tact and cleverness, would have filled her pages with tales of suffering and bloodshed common to the time. It was better known to our authoress, on the other hand, that in the dire contest of civil commotion, the stream of domestic bliss will often wind along in its accustomed channel; and she has beautifully taught us that, come the fell gales of human passion whence they may, the daily life of home still finds beauty in its environs, and often entwines its tendrils more closely than wont about the objects of its love.

In the disconnected character of the very brief extracts which we shall give from the volume, it will be impossible for us to follow the thread of the story, in the simple and clear manner in which it runs through the Diary. Endeavoring, so far as is possible, to render the tenor of the tale intelligible to our readers, and to give them, at the same

time, some idea of the simple style and natural pathos of the writer, we will introduce them to a quiet and beautiful family scene of days long gone by.

1635.

"*May 12. Tuesday.*—Arose at my usual houre, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little *Sonne*; opened the casement and look'd forth upon the Park; a herd of Deer pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their footsteps in the dewy Grasse. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-bine and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible*; found the mark at the 103rd *Psalms*; read the same; and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and Extremity, and in his great *Bountie* had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleas'd him I would take Breakfast with him, in the *Blue Parlor*. At noon walk'd out on the *South Terrace*; the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me: divers household Affairs in the course of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

"*May 19, Tuesday.*—Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven; Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The *Chaplain* detain'd us after Service to know our Pleasure concerning the Christening; my *Lord* doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect for that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give honour to his first born *Sonne*. During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration: My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father*; his brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand God-father. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity; he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms."

"*May 26, Tuesday.*—Slept last night in very Weariness of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelessness; and ill at ease my selfe, methought every Thing around seem'd melan holy; Truth and Affection doubted, Short-comings hardly judg'd of; this is an unlook'd for trial. The Sun shone brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my usual Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep; thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face: felt I was a poor dissembler, having had but heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal; mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my Selfe-command when he gave a kindly pressure of my Hand as he led me down stairs. This Evening

how different does all appeare; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceive that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of human Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident."

"June 4, *Thursday*.—My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon; she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the Nursery to see her *Grandson*; he was awake and smiling; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet child, my *Daughter*: may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends my nursing him: and would not for my own sake I should lose so greate satisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting: deare kind old *Mabel*, I was well pleased to see her, and kiss'd her as I was wont when a Girl: and so did spoile a most respectfull curtesie to my Ladyship. Deare *Mother* look'd round the room, pleased therewith: and with such small Comforts as I have been enabled to provide, which she hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happinesse: Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving-kindnesse and tender Mercy; read the 23rd *Psalm*: my Cup doth indeed run over.

"The House full of Company since the Christening; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day many have left; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind."

"August 3, *Monday*.—The last day of my *Mother's* sojourn; to-morrow she setteth forth into *Rutlandshire*; and there will remain some Weeks before she returns to *Wimbleton*. My *Lord Noel* had engaged to meet her at *Harlingdon*. May I be sensible of the greate Comfort and Happinesse in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me; many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed: Words expressive of her owne humble and steadfast Faith, of Thanksgiving and Praise, fell from her Lippes, and precious Counsell and kind Encouragement to me; to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said; Deare Child, may that little one be a crown of rejoicing to thee as thou art to me; lead him early to *God*, my *Daughter*; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother*!

"September 17, *Saturday*.—After having pass'd a week in *Lincolnshire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* took me to the *Cathedral*, and show'd me the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the year 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William*: *Nurse* says *Baby* has not been well for some days past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

"Baby ill, restlesse and feverish, sent off a Messenger to *Ipswich* for the Physitian there.

"My poore Child worse; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine; he looks

up so piteously as if for help from those around him. The *Chaplain* mentioned him by name at Prayers: this startled me: seeing others believe him so ill, my fears encrease.

"Sep. 21, *Wednesday*.—No better to-day: I dare not think: Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God*, spare him to me; give mee not this bitter cup.

"Weeks have passed and I am childlesse; yett doe I seeme as one not awaken'd from a frightfull dream. My Child, my Child!

"Oct. 23, *Sunday*.—The Fever hath left me weak: I dare not looke back, and there is nothing left me to looke forward to. O *Mother*, my Heart is well nigh broken; how is it that I live! shall I ever be able to say, It is the *Lord*, lett him doe what seemeth unto him good. I thought to write downe some of the particulars of the Patience and Sweetnesse, the Smile of Recognition when the parch'd Lippes could not speake, but I cannot: he is out of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

"Oct. 25, *Tuesday*.—Sat this morning for a long time with the *Bible* before me, thoughts too distracted to read; at last turned to the History of the *Shunamite woman*; Alas! no Prophet was here to give me back my *Sonne*, and, alas! neither could I say unto the *Lord*, *It is well*, when he tooke from me his precious Gift. Bear with me, O merciful *Father*; thou knowest the anguish of my Heart, and thou alone canst enable me to say, *Thy will not mine be done*.

"My deare *Mother* writes to comfort me, but a sorrow is now mine, in which even she cannot give Comfort: She urgeth me to take care of my health for the sake of others: but what is Life to me now? Yett will I try to beare in minde her Injunctions, though with a heavy Heart, and with more than indifference to the Prospect before me. I turn away from the thought of looking upon another Infant's face; all love for a Child is in the Grave; yet not in the Grave; it liveth in Heaven, my precious *Child*, with thy blessed Spirit; let me not speak in bitterness of a triall sent me by the Almighty Hand.

"Oct. 26, *Wednesday*.—At prayers my *Lord* was sensibly affected by hearing the words *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not*; for of such is the Kingdome of Heaven: the beholding him thus overcome by strong emotion, led me to consider my owne Conduct, and I do feare me I have been very selfish in the indulgence of my own Sorrow, too regardlesse of him who equally with me hath lost the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and who doth ever strive to strengthen and support me, and would faine lead me to take an Interest in our family Concerns, and in the Welfare of our Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy on his Heart. I felt another Reproof in his Look of tenderness and commiseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused myselfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to and fro in sweet and solemn Silence; my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gen-



tle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for; Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections."

The following description of rural scenes would do no dishonor to the finest pastoral writers of any age of the world:—

"1637, *May Day*.—We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, just in time to see the Procession of the *May-pole*, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merey Games, the Queene in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of flowers, looking happier than the Wearer of the real Crowne, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens; but a number shortly appeared as *Robin Hood*, *Maid Marian*, &c. Methought some of the Elder Folks looked grave, and at one side of the Green a stern looking man, dressed in a loose Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut close, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harsh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them; after listening a few minutes to the Discourse, he made as though he would speak; but mett with discourteous reception and return'd with a smile on his face, saying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitternesse to set forth the diabolical Wickednesse of the Dance and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I sate me down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poor *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offered to head a party at *Prison-bass*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of *Sir Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was sett on with greate spirit. Ale and Victuals came down from the Hall and other Quarters, and I left the Greene. There was no want of Merriment the rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usual Proceedings.

"*June 27, Tuesday*.—Hope that I have latterly made some Progress in subduing Selfe, so far as attaining unto a greater desire to give up my owne will to that of others, and conform to their pleasure; more especially his who hath rightful Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in those matters that interest him; herein only can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their own Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curly-headed Children pre-

sented us with Posies of Gilliflowers and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them: we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but curtsied and thank'd us with trustfull Countenances: the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might now have been, had he lived."

"Methought the *Chaplain's* discourse savoured somewhat of phrisaical gloom and austerity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armstrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to say the Domestics petitioned for a Dance and *Christmasse* Games to-night according to old Usage. We gave our consent. The *Chaplain* expressed his Disatisfaction, nevertheless the Evening passed merrily: a goodly assembly were gathered together of our Neighbours, and to show our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firste Dance with the *Baillif's* Daughter: the young Men of our Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damsels, my favourite *Cicely* being one of them: and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Sonne play'd the Viol and Pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and *Alice* had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them."

Meanwhile the family history goes on. *Lord Willoughby*, earnest for the people's rights, yet still attached to the old order of things under proper reform, is long absent from home, and much missed among his yeomanry and tenants. The young wife bears it all bravely, though oftentimes with a sad and troubled heart. Difficulties increase around her, but she heroically resists them. Rumors of fearful doings in the Parliament-house come in terrific shapes, which she prays over, but will not fully credit. The first-born, as we have seen, is dead, and the old mother too sickens and dies, in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality; yet still, through all, the wife and daughter and mother puts her trust in God, and is safe.

"*March 8, Monday*.—Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any sort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* last sickness is unrecorded: but so deeply engaven on my Memory are the events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

"I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautifull and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to

fall at length across the Grasse, the Honey-suckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious flowers which hung down until some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-Briar Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these, she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach; and when I gave her such aid as I could, she say'd with a mournfull yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Fears that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She look'd better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty of Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffnesse. Before retiring to her Chamber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Chearfulness: we accompanied her up the staires one on each side of her: when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long: but I meant not your kind heart should so consider me. I thank you; thank you both: may God bless you.

"For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regain the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by an exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Passages often repeated: of such I might make particular mention of the *Psalms* and the *Gospels*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earnestnesse and sweetnesse. She was able most days to walk out a little; and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much kindnesse of manner, and expressing her concerne at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the fine Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an hour or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthensome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet Contemplation of the Works of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunshine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many

Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

"The sweete Season of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Year: yet in all did she recognise the bountifull Hand of the *Creator*; and most aptly drew from all his Workes those Divine Teachings made manifest to the pious and lowly Minde, unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night sheweth Knowledge*. In the Quietness of Contemplation, the still small Voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she repaeth her Reward: the Years draw not nigh unto her when she will say, *I have no pleasure in them*. Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her comend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord*, teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulness in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father*. She asked me if I would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalms*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is there Strength, Labour and Sorrow*. Three score and ten Years I have not scene: and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage, thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath lay'd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne: Sight and Hearing remaine, and the use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close, and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightness. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open; but some there are which will unfold in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face: I perceived her meaning. My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refrain from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daughter*: I shall soon meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is: let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. O that I may one day meet there all my deare Children: many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants met us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the House but seldom, and soone shewed herself incapable of much exertion; her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

"She desired one day to speak with my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbleton*, talking of setting forth the next Day; but it was too late, she was too weake to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie*.

"One night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happinesse in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed

my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had always shewn to her beloved *Daughter*; she pressed our two Hands together, rays'd herself up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd, as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

"Almighty Father, behold these my Children: besse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their Spirit faint not, neither be afraid; but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Intercourse with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the Day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water to drink, and smiled affectionately upon all around.

"Late in the evening she say'd, Is *Mabel* here? Her faithful Servant approach'd near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domestices as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Women, to whom she had bene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Againe she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease; but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her Eyes: the early Sunne shone in at the Casement, which was at the farthest side from the Bed: she appeared conscious of the Daylight, and we could partly distinguish the words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the Light thereof*. She look'd on all that were near unto her, and we thought she say'd, *Deare Children*. I stoop'd to kisse her: with a last Effort, she returned my Embrace; and as I gently lay'd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion."

Years of wedded life pass away. In the midst of the earnest contention of hostile factions, the Scotch party and the English, the Presbyterian and the Independent, each claiming the might of truth upon its side, and manfully battling for it, long winters and beautiful summers come and go crowded with events which will never be forgotten. The bloom of the bridal year in the old mansion has long given place to the ripe fruit of middle life. Through the long corridors and spacious halls, the voices of children make May-day merry in its early wild flowers and garlands of green, and the Christmas holidays ring with joyous wishes and loud laughter over the early call and the twilight game. The mother, care or subdued sorrow

stealing over her still beautiful face, but never invading her brave, placid heart, looks on in grateful joy, that, though much has been taken away, so much still has been left behind. The husband and father, often absent and long, is still the load-star of every heart in the home-circle,—his departure noted with sorrow, his letters read aloud until the sweet words they contain become jewels of love garnered up with other sacred memories, and his return chronicled with shouts of joy, and welcomed by moist eyes that long have

—"mark'd his coming,  
And look'd brighter when he came."

"July 19, Monday. — Yester-noone, thankes be unto the *Most High*, to my unspeakable joy and comfort, my deare Life returned to his Familie, through Mercie well in Health, but changed by the long Sea-voyages and the climate of the *Indies*; this, though onely in the outward, being the same loving *Husband* and *Father*. He stayed not in *London*, but so soone as he could leave the Ship, did earnestly set forth hitherward. He expresseth some surprise to find the Nation so quiet. The joy of our Meeting was saddened by the manie relations to be given of the murder of the late *King* and of some of his former Friends, and divers other particulars of the state of Affaires and Parties, and the hopelesse condition of his present *Majestie*: of Familie news there was much to learn: Mr. *Edmund Spenser* sayth,

"One loving houre  
For manie yeares of Sorrow can dispense,  
A dram of Sweet is worth a pound of Soure:  
She hath forgot how manie a wofull Stoure  
For him she hath endured; she speaks no more  
Of past; true is, that true Love hath no power  
To looken back; his eyes bee fixed before."

"Feare that I can scarce say this, not having so great Hopefulness.

"My deare Life is well satisfied with his Daughters, and knoweth not which he doth the most admire; yet methought his eye turned to the youngest most lovingly: he is pleased to commend my care of them. I had feares that he might thinke them forward or deficient in observance of some ceremonies, and did essay some little Apologie if they were more free in his presence than did seeme altogether becoming, seeing they had bene, in consequence of my retired life, more with mee than is customarie. In my lonely state, I was faine to so-lace myself with their sweet Societie, and did encourage them to feele unrestrained before mee; manie a lonesome and wearie Houre have they lightened by their simple Talk, and eased me not seldome of troubled Thoughts by their dutifull Affection.

"He smiled as he replied he knew not what might be deemed too forward, they spake not to him without Blushing, yet were they free from awkward Bashfulness, he wished them none otherwise, or in aught different, and had onely to desire that they might grow up such as their Mother. Teares did spring to my Eyes as he uttered these

kind Words; but although as a Wife the prayse was sweet and encouraging, and I believe might be so received without conceit, yet in my Hearte did arise the secret prayer, that they might be much better Women than their Mother. He added, no Father could desire better or prettier Children, and in his absence *Diana* had so grown, she was, tho' not so handsome as *Fanny*, an exceeding lovely young creature. *So we are rich in our Daughters, if in nought else.*

"*St. VALENTINE'S DAY, Feb. 14, Thursday.*—At an early houre this morning a small packet was left by a serving Man wearing a Liverie not knowne to *Lydgate* who tooke it from him. It was addressed to Mistress *Frances Willoughby*, *Fanny* received it with an abashed Countenance as her eye caught the writing of the Superscription which character did not seeme altogether strange to her. Within the outmost paper was a Letter tied with silke. She quickly handed it to mee to open, but I would not so dishonour *St. Valentine*, and left her to penetrate the Myserie. The custome is in my minde a harmlesse one, innocent in being generall, and in its poetick and fancifull guise partaking somewhat of the Ancient Chivalrous Character: No doubt the *Knight* in this little piece of Gallantry, is a certaine Gentleman whose attentions will not be displeasing to the faire young Maiden; who can say that she will not sometime looke backe upon this very Day with a mournfull pleasure? But I will checke my penne, nor disturb even in imagination, what is perhaps the first whisper of Love to her young heart; it may not bee so, but I know not a more blessed reliefe to my concerne for this deare *Child* than that no marriage contract should be made for her, unsanctified by a sweet and holie Affection. Custome hath led us wrong in this matter, in the disposal of one dearely loved *Daughter*, not so shall it againe: I have heard say that one overture of marriage was made by my Lord *Leicester*, who did aske my hand for his sonne, Lord *Lisle*, which was respectfullie declined by my honoured *Father*: I was of tender Yeares, and my *Mother* approved not engagements entered into for parties in their Childhood."

The story, from the beginning to the end of the Diary, is traced with so delicate a hand, and is so blended and intermingled with the lights and shadows of the family history, that it is well nigh impossible to repeat it in ordinary narrative. Lord Willoughby, earnest in the outset, both by principle and temperament, for the reform then universally demanded by all classes without the immediate precincts of the court, becomes at length lukewarm towards the extreme measures of the army and Parliament, and finally finds himself upon the death of the King numbered among the opponents of the leading party in the Commons. Retiring upon the occurrence of this deeply deprecated event to private life upon his estates, he yet views with great solicitude the wild current along which the public affairs of the

country are rushing, more with the wish than the expectation of being able to interpose any effort which should stay their fury. He is the fair representative of what might have been called the Puritan nobility of the seventeenth century, a true exponent of a large portion of the upper class of English society of that day, which, earnest and active for thorough reform in the government, were yet strongly conservative towards the old kingly fabric which seemed tumbling into ruins. The object of much hope to the great mass of this class, among whom he stood pre-eminent; the chief personage in all their plans for the recovery of what they did not deem to be irrevocably lost; and the centre of a wide and constant correspondence; Lord Willoughby becomes a mark upon which the government *de facto* had set its eye, to the knowledge and great sorrow of the loved ones of the home-circle, for upon his liberty and life all their hopes of worldly enjoyment depended. Unaccustomed to be diverted through fear of danger from his pursuit of the great ends of duty, Lord Willoughby soon becomes entangled in the meshes of political schemes, which, to the existing government, seem strongly tainted with treasonable designs. Disdaining to fly, he is arrested, brought a prisoner to London, and without a public trial or opportunity of defense, is confined within the Tower. He is soon followed by his wife, who exhibits, during his long imprisonment, the enduring fortitude and self-sacrificing spirit of a true and loving woman.

"*April 17, Thursday.*—The Imprisonment of my deare *Husband* becometh greatly Wearisome to him. He doth now often wish that hee had not returned to *England*, but had stayed to manage his affaire in *Antigua*, saying to-day when the time drew neare for mee to take my Leave, that hee would more willingly bee separated from us by the wide Sea, than the thicke walls of the *Tower*, prevented the free use of his Limbs, and denied the fresh aire and exposed to the Insolence of the *Governour*. Beholding him thus chafed, proposed to goe myselfe to the *Protector*, and petition for his Release, but this angered him Mightily. Doe suppose it is more Difficult to Man's nature to be patient than it is to us: Accustomed to resist and overcome Difficultie and Danger, it is a surprize to them when it doth happen Otherwise; and whatsoever they may suffer, if likewise occasion offer againe seldome are they deterred from the same conduct. At this time, beleeve my *Lord* would, if hee were given his libertie, plunge into the first scheme that was contrived as hopeful of Success, as though they had never failed in Attempts which have hitherto ended onely in Death or Captivitie: Hee

did urge upon me to leave this wearie Citie: *The sweet aire of Parham would better thy Health deare Wife*; this he sayd as he did tenderly remarke on my pale and worne Lookes, and my Haire turning Graie. *And yet it will goe hard to part with such a loving caretaker, the only deare Comfort I have.* Would not consent to leave London, on the contrarie, would desire to stay with him altogether in the Tower, but this he will never heare mee speake of. Reached my Lodging well nigh spent.

"Oct. 27, Monday.—Have remained in the Tower since this day seight to attend on my dearest Life, who hath bene grievously ill, he is now better and hath walked out twice or thrice.

"Dec. 20, Monday.—Later than usuall when I arrived at the Tower; the striving to keepe a cheerefull countenance, and to lighten the Hardships of this long imprisonment, is beginning to affect my health: to-day my heart was full, and I gave way, on first meeting my deare Husband's embrace, and hidde my face on his shoulder, unable to controll my teares. *My poore Wife, thou art worne out, he sayd tenderlie, but chere up, love, wee will have a merrie Christmasse yet.* It was very sweet to bee comforted by him, even in a Prison. When my time was up and I had to leave, he consented to take into consideration what I had urged more than once, that I should Petition the Protector in Person.

"January 8, Thursday.—Set forth in a good Degree of outward Composure, and not without an inward Strengthening which did greatly support mee; nevertheless, when wee stopped at Whitehall, I had much need of my Lord Lisle's arme. When we entered the roomes, the Protector sate at a Table whereon were Papers and Letters. One or two Gentlemen were in attendance, whom hee did dismissee, and then rose. My Lord Lisle spake a few wordes and ledde me towards him: He bowed as I advanced, with the petition held in my hand, and presented it to him; he tooke it, and motioned to mee to be seated. I was faine to obey him through weaknesse, else would it have better pleased me not to accept even this small Courtesie at his hands. He glanced at the paper and then spake: *The Lord Willoughby doth entreat his Enlargement in a more humble tone it seems, as does better suit his Condition, and doth no longer talke high of Injustice and the like: it is well; He is one who, haviny set his hand to the Plough, hath turned backe, and concerning such is it not sayd they are accused? what sayeth the Spirit to the Laodiceans? For that thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my Mouth.* He went on in this manner for some time, and then sayd, *I doe perceave my Lorde Willoughby giveth us his word that, so hee may be allowed to go forth for a space, to attend to the needful settlement of his Affaires, he will return to his Imprisonment. But how expecteth hee to be believed: Who shall put their trust in such as he?* Hereat I spake with some warmth, *May I remind your Highnesse that you speak to the Lord Willoughby's Wife, and ill would it become her to heare such wordes unmoved. I crave your Highnesse's pardon, but methinks no act of my Lord doth warrant any man, much lesse your Highnesse, to doubt his*

*honour. You shall judge yourselfe, Madam, he replied; thereupon hee turned to a Cabinet that was neare to him, and tooke out some Papers; from these he did select two Letters, one of these hee unfolded and asked mee, did I know the writing? I could not denie that I did; there was no signature, and the latter part was in Cyphers, That is not the only one, he continued, and opened another, and gave it mee, dated but two months backe: His Highnesse did then commence a Discourse, if so it could be called, seeming rather a confused utterance of his Thoughts; quoting sundrie texts of Scripture, which he did intersperse with talke of Government, High-treason, and so forth; of some men being forced against their will, to rule the state, though sorely oppressed by the burthen; this seemingly addressed to other ears than mine; after a while hee paused, and I againe spoke something in this manner, that I did conceive a Prisoner and one illegally made so, had a full right to use any Means in his power to escape, and to engage his Friends in his behalf. As he replied not, I further sayd, *If your Highnesse cast your eye back a few yeares, it would be sene that the Lord Willoughby did show as true Concernment for the Libertie of the Nation, as others who were then striving onely to obtaine this Justice for the People; That hee believing that howsoever righteous a Cause might bee, that it would not sanctifie un-righteous Meanes, and foreseeing great Evill and Confusion, did stop short in the Worke, was no dishonour to him as a Christian or a Gentleman. As to High Treason, it passeth my poore abilitie to comprehend what doth make High Treason, seeing it changeth sides with the strongest, and is the Crime of the Oppressed resisting the Oppressor. I marvell that I spake so boldly. So I arose and sayd, Since Your Highnesse setteth at nought my Lord's word, your Highnesse's answer will bee best transmitted through your Secretarie, a Wife's lippes repeate not words of such indignitie to her Husband, I begge your Highnesse's leave to withdraw.* To my surprize hee did detain mee, and questioned mee on some indifferent and trifling matters, as it appeared to mee, then of a sudden changed his tone, saying, *Who can find a vertuous Woman? her price is far above Rubies; the heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her. Madam, we doe accept my Lord Willoughby's termes, holding his Wife's truth as his hostage, his petition shall be laid before the Councill.* So ended the interview, and I hasted to the Tower. It is rumoured that the Protector is greatly desirous that the old Peeres should come to his new House of Lords: hence his wish to conciliate in some Quarters. His looks are not those of one at ease in his Position, his face was worne and cast downe, and I observed an anxious manner of listening to any Sound, and once at a sudden movement of my Lord Lisle, he started and looked behind him, seeming as though hee would have put his Hand on the Pistolls which were beside him, but checked himselfe; do compassionate him, as one who hath felt himselfe called to a mightie Worke, the Issues whereof have bene too mightie for his Guidance, and too full of Temptation and Conflict for his Peace. Many do say of him, that never was there a man*



of so great Courage and Abilitie to lead others. With Power have come Pride and Self-exaltation, and these have brought Crueltie, and Injustice: but who am I that I should judge Him, or speake of events above my Knowledge and Place: Let mee be thankfull for the prospect of the speedie Release of my beloved *Husband* from his long Imprisonment."

With a single letter from Lord Willoughby to his wife, written after the Restoration, we will close our already too protracted notice. Most earnestly, without one word of cautionary advice, do we commend the whole contents of the Diary of Lady Willoughby to the perusal of the youth of our country. Next to the biography and history of the great men and great events of that day, do we deem it to be a book of sterling value. As an epitome of history, or a record of the great events which occurred in Great Britain during a large portion of the seventeenth century, we regard it as holding no mean place; but as a work of cultivated taste, high character, pure womanly feeling, and unabated interest, from its commencement to its close, we consider it unsurpassed. In the words of another, no less true than eloquent, "Where natural, simple feeling, pure piety, the unaffected womanly thoughts of a daughter, wife, and mother are valued, and the more for being elevated above the sphere of common life, by being associated with one of the most spirit-stirring scenes of the past, the great English Revolution, this Diary of Lady Willoughby cannot fail to be appreciated."

## LETTER FROM THE LORD WILLOUGHBY TO HIS WIFE

*Deare Heart*:—Having occasion to send Lydgate into the Country on some Business of a nature not to be entrusted to Paper, I at the same time make him Bearer of these Lines to my deare *Wife*, whose tender Heart will suffer in that I have to write. This afternoon was sent out of the World the honestest and noblest Man in it; Sir *Harry Vane* was beheaded on *Tower Hill*, notwithstanding that his *Majestie* had pledged his word to remitt the Sentence, should it be given against him, which it was knowne the *Solicitor-Generall* had resolved: there is a Curse methinks on Kingship; and the Royall Word is ever to be a Mockerie. There was assembled a vast multitude, numbers at Windowes and on the tops of the Houses; as Sir *Harry* pass'd within the *Tower* railing, the acclamations of the People were loud,

manie crying out, *The Lord goe with you, The Lord helpe you*. He did make acknowledgement by taking off his Hat at different times; as the Sled was drawne slowly through the crowd, I heard one who stood neere the Sled say to him, it was the most glorious Seat he had ever sate in; he answered him, *It is indeed*: one Man who had knowne him in *New England*, pressed forward to bid *God* blesse him, the teares on his furrowed Face. As he stood on the Scaffold the multitude were strucke with admiration at his noble presence as hee began to speake to them; but he was presently interrupted by Sir *John Robinson*, who was there for this intent, and who ordered the Trumpeters to come neare, and sound the Trumpets before his Face, to prevent his being heard, and this was done severall times, and his notes were rudely snatched from his hands as I am credibly informed, but did not see it; the People were much moved by what he say'd, and it was feared they might be wrought upon in a degree like to be dangerous, if he was permitted to go on with his Discourse. As he knelt downe, one that was neare heard one or two short sentences, such as, *I blesse the Lord who hath counted me worthe to suffer for his name*. I blesse the Lord I have not deserted the righteous Cause for which I suffer. Such, deare *Wife*, was the end of this good and upright Man. As the People went their way after the fatal stroke was given, there was much murmuring; they spake one to another of his manifold Vertues, his integrity in Office; while some scrupled not scoffingly to jest on the worth of a King's Promise, and others, whose garb betokened them of somewhat better Rank than the crowd, did with great warmth enlarge on that Speech of his in the *House* some while ago, when he did support the Petition of the Royalists, Prisoners sold for Slaves in the Publicke Market at *Barbadoes* by order of the *Protector*. His *Majestie* is blamed by many. I mett Mr. *Pepys*, who had witnessed the execution, and hee say'd to mee, the *King* would lose more by this Man's Death than he would get againe for a good while. Tho' of late differing from Sir *Harry Vane*, there has been no personal enmitie between us, and greatly desiring, in remembrance of our former Friendship, to see him once more, in companie with others of his Friends, I visited him on the morning of his Death. *Why*, say'd hee, *should wee be affrighted with Death? I blesse the Lord I am so farre from being affrighted with Death, that I find it rather shrinke from mee than I from it*. Kissing his Children he gave them his Blessing, saying, the *Lord* would be to them a better Father than he was: told them not to be troubled for him, he was going home to his Father. I have writt these particulars for your private reading. Farewell, sweete *Wife*, whom I dearly love, yet would I rather be the dead Sir *Harry Vane* than one who must be namelesse. WILLOUGHBY.

*Strand*, this 14th day of June, 1662.

N. S. D.

## THE YANKEE MAHOMET.

*To the Editor of the American Review:*

I HAVE thought that at a time when public attention is so generally turned towards the different elements which are mingling to form the population of the western limits of our country, and the influence which that population must, at no very distant period, exert upon our national destiny, the following sketch of Mormon history might not be uninteresting to a portion of the readers of your Review.

In treating of Mormonism, I propose to state the origin of the system; to explain its structure; to represent the causes of its past and present rapid dissemination, and to give a sketch of its history from the establishment of the "stake" at Kirtland to the present time.

And, first, it will be necessary to relate a few events connected with the origin of the "Book of Mormon," a work which bears to the remainder of the sacred writings of the Mormon Church, a relation similar to that of the four Gospels and Acts to the more elaborate and didactical Epistles of the New Testament.

Those who were acquainted with the early life of the founder of Mormonism, with his ignorance and character for stupidity, wondered much at the publication of so invention-displaying and elaborate a work, of which he claimed to be sole author and proprietor; and as the prophet daily lived down his own boasts of superior virtue and wisdom, the wonder grew into a suspicion of the genuineness of his claims of exclusive authorship. A short time served to give this suspicion basis and confirmation, and a number of affidavits filed almost simultaneously in different parts of New-York and Pennsylvania, and by witnesses between whom there was no opportunity of collusion, showed clearly the sources of the pretended inspiration.

Of these affidavits I shall only give the substance of one of the most important, which embodies nearly all the information possessed by the world on the subject. I quote from the information given by John

Spaulding, the brother of the subject of the testimony:—

"Solomon Spaulding was born in Ashford, Conn., A. D. 1761. He graduated at Dartmouth College, and was afterwards regularly ordained a minister. After preaching three or four years, he gave up his profession, and commenced mercantile business, in partnership with his brother Josiah, in Cherry Valley, N. Y., where he soon failed. In 1809 he removed to Conneaut, Ohio, where he engaged himself in building an iron forge; but in this business also he soon failed.

"Casting about him for some method of retrieving his losses, he conceived the design of writing a historical romance upon a subject then much mooted in the scientific world, the origin of the Indian tribes. This design he carried into execution between 1809 and 1812, and the produce of his labors was a novel entitled the 'Manuscript Found.' In this work he mentioned that the American continent was colonized by Lehi, the son of Japheth, who sailed from Chaldea soon after the great dispersion, and landed near the isthmus of Darien. Lehi's descendants, who were styled Jaredites, spread gradually to the north, bearing with them the remains of antediluvian science, and building those cities the ruins of which we see in Central America, and the fortifications which are scattered along the Cordilleras.

"Long after this, Nephi, of the tribe of Joseph, emigrated to America with a large portion of the ten tribes whom Shalmanezzer led away from Palestine, and scattered among the Midian cities. This remnant of Joseph was soon after its arrival divided into two nations, the Nephites and the Lamanites. These nations made war constantly against each other, and in the year A. D. 420, a great battle was fought in western New-York, which terminated in the destruction of the armies of both the belligerent parties, and the annihilation of their power. One man only was left; Mondoni, the son of Mormon, who hid the records of the Nephites near Conneaut, Ohio, previously at his death."

In 1812 Mr. Spaulding went to Pittsburg to negotiate for the publication of this work. He presented it at the office of Patterson & Lambden, but his proposals were made without success. It seems, however, that the firm did not give him a decided refusal, since the manuscript was left at their office. In 1814 Mr. Spaulding moved from Pittsburg, where he had settled, to Washington county, Penn., where in 1816 he died.

From the above facts, which might be substantiated by a vast amount of confirmative testimony, did our limits permit, we are forced to the conclusion that, previously to his publication of the Book of Mormon, which consists of the historical matter above condensed, and of various prophecies concerning himself, together with a large amount of religious matter, Smith had obtained access to the "Manuscript Found."

How he gained this access it is impossible, with any degree of certainty, to say. We know the Manuscript Found to have been left with Patterson & Lambden in 1812, but all subsequent inquiries as to its fate have been ineffectual. One member of the firm rarely engaged in business, and has forgotten the affair altogether; the other is dead.

We know, however, that Sidney Rigdon, who was next to Smith the most important man in the Church, was an intimate acquaintance of Lambden, and that during the three or four years previous to the publication of the Book of Mormon, he prepared the minds of over a thousand people for sudden conversion to the Mormon faith, by preaching the main doctrines of the system.

Many maintain that it was Rigdon who obtained the manuscript of Spaulding, modified it, chose Smith as his tool and cat-spaw wherewith to feel of public opinion, and afterwards joined the sect which he himself had in fact created.

The following testimony, however, although not actually proving any thing to the purpose, would seem to indicate Smith as the originator as well as prosecutor of the scheme, although I am inclined to think that there did exist an understanding between him and Rigdon long before 1830, the time of the publication of the sacred writings.

I make an extract from the testimony of Mrs. Spaulding, widow of the author:—

"In 1817, the year subsequent to my husband's death, I removed to Onondaga county, in New-York, and from thence to Hartwick, Otsego county, in the same State, having with me a trunk containing his writings. At the latter place I married again; and soon after went to Massachusetts. From 1817 to 1820 the trunk remained at Onondaga Hollow. After my marriage in 1820, it was removed to Hartwick, where it remained until 1832. A man of the name of Smith was, between 1823 and 1827, frequently seen prowling round the house without any ostensible object, and so suspicious were his manœuvres, that he was

once or twice arrested as a common vagabond, and only escaped the penalties of the law by running away."

Mrs. Spaulding, at the time of giving this testimony, was old, and family misfortunes had impaired her memory, so as to destroy her recollection of the smaller circumstances attendant upon the removal of the trunk. She remembers, however, that the above-mentioned trunk contained quite a number of writings, at the time when she left it at Onondaga Hollow; and although no one was known to have visited it between 1817 and 1832, it was found, by examination in the latter year, to contain but one manuscript, and that unimportant.

The fact that Smith was near this vicinity and engaged in questionable business at the time, during which his revelations were in course of preparation, seems therefore, in connection with the others above mentioned, to show that he himself purloined the manuscript, one copy of which had been left with Patterson & Lambden. Spaulding was then the innocent author of the Book of Mormon, and Smith the plagiarist and impostor who gave it to the world as inspiration.

But to understand thoroughly any system, we must seek in the early life of its founder for those ultimate causes which have given it its peculiar nature and distinguishing characteristics. I think that we may find the elements of Mormonism in the early life of Smith.

Joseph Smith was born on the 23d of December, 1805, in the town of Sharon, Vt., of poor and vicious parents, whose influence was, in his early years, constantly exerted to suppress the development of any of the higher qualities of the human soul to the exercise of which his disposition might incline him.

When he was about ten years old, his family removed to Palmyra, N. Y., in the vicinity of which they resided about eleven years. His childhood was spent in following the occupation of a money-digger, one in which the ignorance and credulity of his parents constantly prompted them to engage themselves and family, to the great detriment of all industrial pursuits. The mounds and sepulchres of the extinct races of our land, holding out as they did promises of treasure to the ignorant, gave, the country over, strong motives to the idle and avari-

cious to search into their depths and endeavor to reap advantage from the examination of their contents. Accordingly, we find Smith, in early youth, following his father, pickaxe on shoulder, digging eagerly into whatever might seem an Indian tomb; encouraged by stories of boundless wealth hidden in the earth beneath him, which only waited the touch of his skilful hand, or the presence of the divining-rod, to reveal itself to the world; and subsisting by the plunder of hen-roosts, or upon whatever else fortune might throw in his way.

The effects of such a course of life upon him who follows it may readily be imagined. Constantly revelling amid the wildest fictions which the avarice-stimulated imagination of his parents could fabricate, his fancy and love of the marvellous were cultivated to a surprising degree. Constantly striving for gold, and obtaining little by his efforts, he prized it above all other things, and became one of the most avaricious of men. Hope of future acquisition sustained him in his labors; and as he was seldom reduced to want, but generally, either directly, by obtaining articles of value as a reward of his researches, or indirectly, by cheating those who joined him in speculations of the kind, made his expeditions support him, a strong and buoyant feeling of self-confidence was created and fostered. Permanent feelings of this kind are only companions of those who have learned to depend upon themselves, and they are generally found in conjunction with decision, with pride, and often with vanity; all of which qualities Smith possessed in a very high degree, as is indicated by his conduct in after life. He could, when he had risen to power, frame legends to reanimate the desponding spirits of his devotees, and could hope on, even when his Church was most persecuted and scattered, for final exaltation and boundless dominion.

Such was his cupidity, that he announced revelation after revelation to his saints, commanding them to bring him moneys and necessaries when his treasury was full; and such his vanity, that it required all the faith of his followers to obviate the ridiculous effects of his boasts. He was firm even to obstinacy, as his unyielding determination to occupy western Missouri testifies; and proud, regarding all men as fit subjects of a delusion in which he did not himself be-

lieve. Yet he possessed a trait of character seldom joined with pride, a low cunning which could stoop to the adoption of any means for the attainment of a desired object, and which often defeated the best preconcerted projects of his enemies.

In foresight, and power of estimating the probabilities of the future from the aspect of the present, he was far from deficient, as the organization of his Church, adapted to all countries and all times, testifies; but we often find him overlooking affairs of minor importance, with a neglect which, in one occupying his position, seems surprising. He would, for instance, jest over his own infallibility and inspiration; would provoke wantonly the most powerful and trustworthy of his dependants; and would openly proclaim projects the concealment of which policy plainly dictated.

His intellect was of no ordinary kind. Great powers of reasoning were his natural gift; and as his reasonings were rather of an analogical than an analytical cast, there existed (as is always the case with minds thus constituted) a deep vein of humor that ran through all he said and did. An imperfect education had left him deficient in knowledge of the structure of language; and hence his oratory and writings are characterized by most ridiculous grammatical blunders. He possessed, however, a rough kind of eloquence which won upon the hearts of those too ignorant to see the glaring absurdities of his doctrines.

Add to these qualities a retentive memory; a correct knowledge of human nature, so far as he had opportunities of observing it; ambition that knew no scruple, and licentiousness that scorned all bounds; a Herculean frame and a commanding appearance; and we have the Mahomet of America, and the most dangerous religious impostor that has appeared for centuries.

The knowledge of his early life which has been given to the world is limited; for all that seems to have been desired by those who made researches or gave testimony concerning him, was either to establish the bad character of the Smith family, or to show the real origin of the Book of Mormon.

We find him at the age of 17 going out among the neighbors to do work by the job. The following anecdote is related of him, showing the effect which his previous training in the gold-seeking department had at

this time produced in exciting a love for the marvellous and mysterious. It is in itself trifling, and only derives importance from its connection with his after life.

As he was engaged one day (1822) in digging a well in company with a neighbor, a very curious stone was discovered, which he desired leave to examine. This being granted, he put it into his hat and asked Chase, the friend whom he was helping, to lend it to him. Chase did so, telling him at the same time not to lose it, as it was something of a curiosity. Soon after this, Joe began to aver that with this stone he could discover treasure, and see all things both above and beneath the earth. Chase then called upon him, and required it of him; but Smith could never be prevailed upon to give it up. It was afterwards used in the translation of the Book of Mormon, and styled the mysterious Urim and Thummim.

His employment between this time and 1826 is not known, saving some few expeditions in search of gold and silver. One of his neighbors gives us an account of the ceremonies employed by the Smith family upon the occasion of such an expedition. These consisted in the use of the divining-rod; the sacrifice of a black sheep, previous to the commencement of the incantations; the formation of a circle of stones, and others of a like nature; from an observation of which said witness sagely concludes, that the business brought them more mutton than gold.

Occasionally he was heard advancing contradictory statements concerning a discovery made by himself of certain gold plates, and declaring the existence of a connection between himself and the spirit-world. These various stories gradually assumed form, and in after times, the story told to those who asked concerning his inspiration and published in the same writings, was as follows:—

When he was about seventeen years of age, a revival of religion occurred in the village where he lived, by which many young people of his acquaintance were converted. His own mind was much troubled by a sense of the sinfulness of his conduct, and by doubts which of the various religious sects was most worthy of his support. One day, as he retired to a grove for purposes of prayer and meditation, an angel from hea-

ven appeared, comforting him, and prophesying that he should be the founder of a sect destined to be greater than all others, and to embrace all mankind as its members. He was directed to search on the summit of the hill Camora, in Manchester, Ontario county, N. Y., for a volume which should contain the institutions of this sect, and which had been buried there for upwards of fourteen hundred years. He searched, found, and was about to obtain possession of it, when a voice from heaven forbade him, and enjoined upon him a certain course of conduct for the ensuing four years. He was to be married to a woman described to him, and whom he should know as soon as they might meet; and was to prepare himself for the labor of translation by diligent study of the Coptic. In 1827 he might return and claim the book.

He obeyed the Divine command; was married in 1826; obtained a complete mastery over the difficulties of the Coptic,\* and returned, to obtain the fulfilment of the Lord's promise.

The spot being indicated to him by the recollection of his former adventure, he removed the earth, and saw, after opening a stone box, a large number of gold plates, each about eight inches long and seven wide, and of the thickness of sheet tin. Upon taking up the precious record, he looked down into the cavity occasioned by its removal, and saw a toad, which immediately leaped out and assumed the form of the Prince of the infernal world. His majesty, glancing at Smith for an instant, rushed upon him, dealt him a tremendous blow, and wrenched from him the sacred plates.

Nothing daunted, and animated by supernatural aid, the daring intruder grappled with his opponent, and after a hard contest succeeded in regaining his treasure, with which he commenced an immediate retreat. The baffled fiend followed close, and planted upon the rear of the retreating prophet a kick which raised him four feet into the air; then, disappointed, vanished.

But, unluckily for his credit, Smith had made a partial exposure of himself to a

\* With regard to this profound knowledge of the Coptic, there is some reason for doubt, as he has assured those asking him the meaning of Greek passages, that they were in the ancient Egyptian, and could be translated by no person save himself.



neighbor, Peter Ingersol; and this throws some little light upon the pretended discovery. The conversation had turned upon the golden Bible, and Joseph had admitted it to be a mere speculating affair; when, Ingersol desiring to know something about his first proceedings, he answered: "Early in the fall of 1827, as I was passing along in the woods, I saw some beautiful white sand. I gathered several quarts of it, tied it up in my frock, and carried it home. On entering the house, I found the family at dinner. They were all anxious to know the nature of the contents of my frock; so I gravely told them that I had the golden Bible, which I had previously mentioned; and, to my surprise, they all believed me. I added that no man could see it and live, but still offered to take it out and show it to them, upon which they left the room in alarm. Now, says I, I have got the damned fools fixed, and will carry out my fun." Such passages as this, occurring often in our hero's life, serve to show that, whatever else he was, he was no fanatic.

I have mentioned the marriage of Smith. In 1826, he paid his addresses to a young lady named Hale, whose father soon forbade him his house, and removed to Pennsylvania. Joe, nothing daunted, went to a credulous neighbor named Lawrence, and told him that he had discovered a silver mine near a river which ran by the place where Miss Hale resided, and that some of the silver might easily be put into boats, and floated down to a good market. Lawrence carried Smith, who was moneyless, whither he desired, gave him upon his request a recommendation to Mr. Hale, and was then left to go home, empty-handed as he came. The money-seeker then eloped with his chosen, and, by promises concerning a gold mine, persuaded a good old Dutchman, named Stowell, to move all his furniture to a place of residence which he had prepared.

The necessity of increased expense probably made him cast about him for means. Accordingly we see him, in 1827, in Palmyra, New-York, entering into negotiations with Martin Harris, for the publication of the Book of Mormon. To use his own words to Ingersol, "I went to that d—d fool, Martin Harris, and told him that a revelation from heaven had informed me that he should give me fifty dollars towards

the publication of the Golden Bible." This Harris, at once knave and fool, partly believing in Smith's inspiration, and partly engaging in the plan for the sake of profit, was the best tool that Smith could have found. He followed Joe to the town of Harmony, Pa., where together, Harris acting as secretary, they prepared the Book of Mormon for the press.

Smith, seated on one side of a suspended blanket, diligently used the above-mentioned Urim and Thummim in the pretended inspection of the golden plates, (which his disciple was not permitted to see, lest their brightness should slay him,) while Harris transcribed his words. When the anxiety of the scribe to see the sacred volume became intense, as it frequently did, a revelation would be announced, telling him to wait patiently; and thus, restraining him from undue meddling, and encouraging him by flattery, his master prevailed upon him to advance all the funds necessary for the publication of the work, which took place in 1830.

From the above facts it must appear that money-making was primarily Smith's object, and that it was success which enabled him to make his high pretensions to sanctity and miraculous power.

Besides Martin Harris, Smith had gained over to his interests Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, whom he occasionally employed as secretaries; and when the Book of Mormon was issued from the press, a Church was formed, consisting of Smith, his father, his brother Hiram, and these three worthy coadjutors. The doctrines of this Church were contained in the newly issued volume; but as there were in the Book of Mormon only meagre explanations upon disputed theological points, the summary of faith was soon after enlarged by the Book of Covenants, published in small portions and at intervals. This last was, no doubt, partly written by Sidney Rigdon, during the sojourn of the Church in Ohio.

The Mormon theological belief, thus ushered into the world, is in many respects worthy of attention; and although we may see in it much that is ridiculous, it nevertheless appears to be the result of the endeavors of a sound mind, though of one sadly misinformed, to clear up the mysteries with which modern speculation has darkened the Scriptures; the principle of absolute

human supremacy in Church affairs being constantly kept in view.

The minds of the members of a sect which is to be governed in religious belief by one individual, must be deeply imbued with faith, lest an inquiring spirit should overthrow their confidence in the claims of him who governs them. Faith, therefore, is most treated of in the Mormon system; and so far do Mormons carry their admiration of this quality of the soul, as to maintain that it is the power by which God created the world. In this view they sustain themselves by an ambiguity in Hebrews xi. 3, which has been suffered to remain in our translation.

Good works are less made a theme of injunction; and although obedience to the will of the Prophet is sternly insisted upon, many indulgences are granted to the saints in other respects, and many restorations made of the doctrines of the various sects that have allowed their members liberty of action, and regarded belief as the only requisite to salvation. The Prophet, for instance, very generously allowed his chief supporters polygamy, provided the additional wives received the term spiritual, and the marriage ceremony was performed by himself. This privilege was of course unmentioned in any of the sacred writings, and extended at Smith's good pleasure.

Three offenses Mormons are enjoined to forgive, but the fourth, they are emphatically told, God shall revenge for them; and the interpretation of this has ever been, that they may revenge themselves.

On the subject of the Trinity, Smith agrees with what is termed the Orthodox belief, as nearly as he understands it; but was often heard during his life to declare himself far superior to our Saviour.

The Bible is said to be, after the Book of Mormon, the great canon of faith; and claims are made by the Prophet of having rectified many mistranslations, and restored many parts suppressed by the Catholics, who are denounced in no measured terms. Mormons regard it in the same light in which Christians regard the Old Testament, and its prophecies are to be literally fulfilled.

There are now many differences in the Church, upon theological points; and were, even during the life of Smith. Elder Pawley Pratt wrote a book, entitled the

"Voice of Warning," in explanation of the subjects of disputation, which is almost regarded as canonical.

In this work, the Mormon belief concerning the fulfilment of the predictions of the Apocalypse is thus explained:—

"The New Jerusalem mentioned is to be built up in America, at Independence, Mo., and at the same time the old shall be rebuilt in Palestine. The two cities shall flourish until the great and last change, when both shall be caught up to heaven, to be near the Lord and his eternal habitations."

The Book of Mormon declares that the "saints of the Church shall in after ages be equal to our Saviour, and, like him, engage in the creation and salvation of worlds;" and adds, "that there are four future states or conditions of the soul, the Celestial, the Terrestrial, the Terrestrial, and the Infernal;" so that the distinction between the Mormon and other sects can be as well preserved hereafter as here.

The creed of the Mormon Church would little differ, excepting on the points above enumerated, from that of any Christian denomination; but from what has been mentioned, it will be seen that in its main features it bears considerable resemblance to that propagated by Mahomet. Both recognize the principle of arbitrary power, and both that of forcible dissemination. There are, too, in both, indulgences for the faithful and sensual paradises reserved for the elect.

It might not be unprofitable, did limits permit, to continue the parallel, and show how the minds of the great impostors of different ages are the same, and how the systems resulting from them distinguish, invariably, false teachers from THE TRUE.

Smith's system was, however, produced in an age different from that of Mahomet, and could not, from the nature of things, be immediately promulgated by the sword. Care, circumspection, and an organization which should spread itself over the whole country, were necessary before forcible measures could quicken his onward march to power; and this organization he supplied with a skill which, considering his educational advantages and his opportunities of investigating governmental machinery, is truly wonderful.

He was head of the Church, and, according to his own account, in constant communication with the Deity, whose commands he

imparted to others. The Church is therefore commanded to listen reverently to what he says, and to obey him in all affairs, spiritual and temporal.

He only exercised this power, however, as head of a body which could live and grow without him. He was but the leading member of the First Presidency, which consisted of three individuals, and exercised supreme authority in all Church affairs. The other two members were, during his life, his brother Hiram and Sidney Rigdon.

Each Mormon church is called a stake, and is ruled by a subordinate presidency, consisting of three high priests, who in religious affairs are subject to the central authority. There is in each stake an ultimate court of appeal in civil, and in some cases in religious affairs, which is composed of twelve high priests, and called the "High Council."

An inferior court also exists in each stake, subordinate to the High Council, which acts only in civil affairs.

Connected with the First Presidency is a "Travelling High Council," which acts immediately under its authority, and consists of twelve high priests, called the "Twelve Apostles," who preach the gospel in different parts of the world, and govern unorganized stakes. These twelve Apostles have under their authority first, second, and third Seventies, which assist them in the administration of the affairs of new churches, and also preach.

All the above officers are elected by the people, and hold their offices during life, competency, and good behavior.

There is thus a central authority in spiritual affairs, which binds the churches together, and an independence of the separate churches, which enables them to live under whatever civil laws they please. Every feeble and unorganized stake is amply provided for, and the bond of union is strengthened by the communication of the minor authorities with the superior power, and by the constant exertions of travelling apostles.

There are two classes of priesthood, the Melchizedec and the Aaronic. To the former belongs the First Presidency, with its High Council, together with each of the subordinate presidencies, with its High Council; to the latter the lesser courts, the "Seventies," and generally all elders and deacons of the Church who preach,

whether they are travelling or stationary. The ministerial is no preventive to other occupations. Funds are occasionally provided for the ministers by the Church; but they are generally left to obtain their subsistence without extraneous aid, provided those around them can contribute nothing, and the funds of the Church are low.

The Mormon elder is not, like too many of our Christian ministers, secluded from the haunts of life, and dependent upon a few parochial visits and upon weekly sermons as his means of reviving and sustaining religion. He wields the axe with the pioneer, climbs the mast with the sailor, drives the plough with the farmer; and thus, mingling in all the various avocations of mankind, appealing to familiar things, and using an influence which nothing but acquaintance with men and their actuating motives can give, is almost universally successful in obtaining some fruits of labor.

Moreover, as Mormons live under a democratical form of Church government, and each man stands a chance of being a high priest or elder, all feel themselves bound to gain a thorough knowledge of their Scriptures; and thus a power of argument is gained, which gives the most ignorant the advantage in dialectical contests with the learned.

This organization, and these facts, account, I think, for the vast influence which Mormonism exerts among the poorer classes; and when we consider such a constitution, we cannot wonder at the rapid increase of the new Church, and the astonishing power which it obtained in so short a space of time.

Having then these foundations on which to build, it will not be difficult to construct, uninterruptedly and understandingly, the edifice of Mormon History.

The first Mormon church was organized April 6th, 1830, at Manchester, N. Y., and was composed of six members, three of whom were, as has been remarked, members of the Smith family. Between April and October about forty were admitted as members in the surrounding villages. In October, four missionaries, among whom was Oliver Cowdery, started for the West, to preach to the Indians, whom Mormons have always looked upon with great favor, since they are taught by Smith to believe them the descendants of the ten lost tribes.

In the course of their journey, they preached at various places, and at Kirtland, Ohio, baptized one hundred and thirty disciples in less than four weeks. Before the next spring, the church at Kirtland had increased to about one thousand members. The reason of this enormous increase in so short a time is explained by Professor Turner in something the following manner.

In the year 1827, Alexander Campbell, Sidney Rigdon, and William Scott left the regular Baptist Church, and founded a new sect, styled the "Reformed Baptists." S. Rigdon was distinguished from his colleagues by doctrines which soon entirely severed him from them, and made him the leader of a separate congregation. He maintained that the prophecies of the Scriptures would be literally fulfilled, and the Israelites actually restored, together with several other doctrines coinciding with those of Smith. His eloquence and persuasive powers were irresistible, his imagination luxurious, and his emotion while addressing an audience so overpowering as to induce many to believe him acting under the influence of inspiration.

Some maintain the existence of a previous agreement between him and Smith, and the supposition is not improbable, although it cannot be verified. At any rate, as soon as the Book of Mormon was published, he started for Smith's place of residence, immediately returned after a short interview with the Prophet, and announced to his congregation his conversion to the Mormon faith. So great was his influence, that almost all of his flock followed his example, and occasioned, by entering the pale of the Church, this sudden augmentation.

Soon after the conversion of Rigdon, Smith announced a regulation, which designated Kirtland, Ohio, as the place where, until another should be provided, the Church should take up its head-quarters. He gave it the Hebrew name of Shinahar, and adopted the practice of giving Hebrew names to the places where Mormon churches were established.

When winter arrived, between one and two thousand Mormons had settled at Kirtland, and the Church seemed fairly begun. As the season progressed, many of the elders and members, excited by the revelations of Smith and the eloquence of Rigdon, fancied themselves possessed of miraculous

power, and laid claim to the gift of tongues. Some ran frantically through the woods day and night, uttering unintelligible sounds; some went into convulsions, and lost their reason through overpowering religious emotion; while the country around seemed as the plains of Bœotia must have seemed during the high festivals of Bacchus.

Smith, seeing that if each member of his church could with impunity lay claim to intercourse with heaven, his own power must fall, pronounced these farcical inspirations the work of the devil, and declared that all the commands which God would impose upon the Mormons would be first given to himself. The confusion soon after ceased.

The year 1831 opened with bright auspices to the cause. Smith announced a revelation commanding Church members to bring a large proportion of their possessions to the common treasury; and the command was obeyed. The elders made many converts throughout the country, and Smith's correspondents in the West gave him such glowing accounts of the country lying along the Missouri frontier, that he determined to make it in future time the head-quarters of the Church. He had at first selected a portion of Geauga county, Ohio, as the promised land; but his character being well known in those parts, and fifty gentlemen of high standing in community having made affirmation as to his rascality, he relinquished his project. In the month of June he called together the priesthood, to give what he termed the "endowment," which consisted in the imposition of hands and the impartment of the Holy Spirit; and after the performance of this ceremony, dispatched them to the West to preach the faith, commanding them to meet at Independence, Mo. Thither he and Rigdon soon went and pointed out a place for the erection of a temple, giving to Independence the name Mount Zion. After uttering various prophecies concerning the future greatness of the place, they returned to Kirtland.

The Church at Mount Zion soon numbered twelve hundred members; but as its history is separate from that of the Mother Church at Kirtland, I shall treat only of the latter until 1838, and then review Missouri affairs.

In the year 1832, a firm was established at Kirtland, with Smith for its head, the business of which was to take care of all consecrated property. During the commence-

ment of the next year, the gift of tongues again made its appearance. At first Smith declared it another Satanic manifestation; but soon afterwards, so great was the impression which it made upon the minds of his followers, he sanctioned it as the result of Divine influence. Judge Higbee, who soon after joined him at Kirtland, thus explains it: "Every sound that can be uttered is a word in some language. The inspired person has only to open his mouth and utter sounds, leaving it to God to make them expressive of some train of thought. The translator must yield himself to the influence of the Spirit, and he will utter the substance of what is said."

In June, the firm formed in the preceding year received a revelation from Smith, which commanded that the town should be laid out into lots, the proceeds resulting from the sale of which should be applied to the building of a temple. In carrying out this command, large debts were contracted, as the edifice to be erected was very expensive.

In 1834, the firm was divided into two separate and independent firms, the one located in Missouri, the other at Kirtland.

In 1835, Smith and Rigdon purchased goods in Buffalo and Cleveland, and established a mercantile firm, the profits obtained by which were to be applied to the building of the temple. This establishment was soon involved in debt, and the leaders attempted to gain money by issuing their notes, payable at periods after date; but this expedient soon failed. During this year three or four hundred elders assembled at Kirtland, to pursue their studies in the department of Hebrew literature, under the direction of Mr. Seixas, a celebrated Hebrew scholar, whose services Smith had secured.

In 1836 another endowment meeting was held at Kirtland, which is described as having been the most confused of earthly assemblages. Smith gave ardent spirits in great quantities, assuring the elders that the liquor was consecrated, and would not intoxicate. The meeting, soon feeling the effect, and thinking that a second day of Pentecost had arrived, indulged in the most outrageous extravagances, and spent the day in invoking curses upon the heads of the "Missouri Mob." Such meetings were afterwards discontinued.

In 1837 the Kirtland Bank was estab-

lished. It had no charter, and subscribers might pay for their stock in town lots, rated at almost any value. The notes were at first current in the vicinity, and all old debts were paid off with them; but no one in the East would take them. Elders were sent off to barter away Kirtland money, but the institution, having no basis, soon fell through, and Smith, with Rigdon and several other compeers, started for Missouri in the spring of 1838, hard followed by a sheriff, whose pursuit was, however, vain.

During the six years of which I have been speaking, the sect had increased with great rapidity. Its bishops and elders had travelled over the greater part of the Union, and made converts in almost all the States. It is impossible to compute the exact number of Mormons in 1838, but probably fifty thousand does not come far from a correct estimate.

The chief theatre of Mormon increase had not, however, been the country around Kirtland, where the Prophet's influence was most directly exercised, but Western Missouri.

In the summer of 1831, a portion of the sect settled, according to the direction of Smith, at Mount Zion. Here, under the able direction of Bishop Partridge, a little church of twelve hundred members was built up within two years. But that zealous spirit which, in a Church admitting the principle of forcible conversion, will not let members rest unless a rapid proselytizing is going forward, was at work. Mormons were now next-door neighbors of their friends the Indians, whose affection was rapidly conciliated by that respectful treatment which Mormonism inculcates with regard to the descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. No very great number of conversions were made west of the frontier; but so close were the bonds of intimacy with the tribes drawn, that the elders began to fancy that their power was sufficient to enable them to dictate to the citizens of surrounding counties. Along the northern border of Missouri was the as yet unhumiliated tribe of Sauks and Foxes, whose dominions extended from the Missouri river to the Illinois; while within a few hours' ride to the westward lay the hunting-grounds of the Pottowotamies, the Kickapoos, the Kansas, the Delawares, and the Shawnees.

Confiding partly in these allies, in the event of emergency, partly in their own



numbers, and more in the predictions of universal empire made by their sacred writings, the Mormons became exceedingly insolent, made dark and frequent predictions of the extermination of the Gentiles, and pronounced, in a way that left no doubt what would be the nature of their future conduct, that the "earth and all therein are the Lord's and the inheritance of his saints."

Such conduct excited, of course, exasperation; and when we reflect that the saints were thievish in their habits, (as the records of Missouri courts will testify,) and justified, by appeals to their books, "milking the Gentiles," as they termed it, we cannot wonder at, although we may be unable fully to justify, what followed.

On the 20th of July, 1833, a meeting of the citizens of Jackson county was held, for the purpose of considering the best method of effecting the expulsion of the Mormons from the neighborhood.

It was represented at this meeting that the sect, being composed of persons of bad character, who constantly prophesied the expulsion of their neighbors, and—being already numerous, would be a fruitful source of dissension in the community. Resolutions were therefore passed, among which were the following:—

"No Mormon shall, in future, be allowed to settle in the neighborhood."

"Those already settled shall be required to move away."

"The office of the *Mormon Star* shall be closed."

"The Mormon elders shall be requested to co-operate with the elders in carrying out these measures."

"Finally, those who refuse to comply with these resolutions shall be referred to such of their friends as possess the power of prophecy for information with respect to the fate which awaits them."

While this assembly was yet deliberating, an appointed committee of twelve waited upon Partridge, to notify him of these demands.

He required time for consideration and consultation with his friends in Ohio. The committee reported this reply to the meeting, which instantly adjourned, proceeded to demolish the printing-office of the *Star*, to tar and feather Partridge himself, and to extort a pledge from the Mormons that they

would leave the country before the spring of 1834.

That these violent measures are reprehensible, cannot be doubted; but that this expulsion has been beneficial to Missouri, is also indisputable. Whether the citizens were justifiable in taking *some* means of ridding themselves of neighbors who, it was vident, aimed at their own forcible expulsion at no very distant time, I will not pretend to determine. I leave it with such affairs as the removal of Mr. Clay's press from Lexington, to be settled in different ways, according as different canons of moral conduct are adopted.

The Mormons, considering the agreement which they had made invalid, petitioned Governor Dunklin for redress. He referred them to the civil law; but from this they received little or no assistance. The citizens meanly availed themselves of such means of molestation as pulling down houses, whipping and tarring and feathering individuals, until on the 4th of November a conflict took place, in which three or four were killed, and which occasioned so great an excitement that the Mormons thought it prudent to leave the county, and in a few weeks all had removed. The inhabitants of Clay county received them kindly, and gave them protection and subsistence throughout the winter.

The loss of property occasioned by these disturbances and this hasty removal was estimated by the Mormons at \$120,000.

In the spring of 1834, Governor Dunklin endeavored to bring the parties to justice; but so great was the excitement on both sides, that he relinquished the attempt, hoping that quiet would be restored, and seeing that impartial decisions could not be obtained before the proper tribunals.

When Smith, at Kirtland, heard of these proceedings, he issued a proclamation, reproving the Church in Missouri for its dissensions, and declaring that it had suffered punishment by the Lord's will. He also commanded his expelled disciples to return to Independence, and take possession of their property, since it was there that the Lord's temple should be established. Not contented with words, however, he mustered a number of emigrants who desired to join the Church at Independence, and started for that place with two hundred and fifty armed men.

The expedition arrived about the beginning of June at the Mormon settlement in Clay county, prepared, as its members thought, for conquest. Previously to their departure, the society had voted itself the name of the "Church of Latter-day Saints," being persuaded that the time had come when wickedness should, by miraculous means, be finally removed from the earth, preparatory to the coming of the Lord's kingdom.

On the 18th June, committees from both parties met at Liberty, Clay county, to endeavor to arrange affairs. The Mormons insisted on their right of returning to Mount Zion, and the Missourians persisted in their determination to repel all attempts at resettlement. No business of any importance was transacted, and the exasperated parties soon separated. A large portion of the Missouri committee entered a boat, appa-

rently sound, for the purpose of crossing the Missouri river; but when they reached the middle of the stream their vessel suddenly filled and sank, thereby drowning several of them. There can be little doubt that this tragedy was planned by Smith, who had opportunities of tampering with the boat while it was tied to the bank. So fiercely, therefore, did public resentment burn against him, that the Prophet saw that with his present force he could do nothing; and although the relinquishment of his project of making Mount Zion the seat of his empire was no part of his nature, he deferred carrying it out until an increase of Mormon population should give him sufficient force.

I have perhaps exceeded the proper limits of a communication, and must defer until some other time an account of the Missouri disturbances.

*Providence, April 17th.*

---

#### NOTE TO THE PORTRAIT.

With the expectation of being able to present in our next number a complete and authentic article upon the present condition and future prospects of that most interesting region the Territory of Minnesota, we have concluded to place among our list of portraits the present able and efficient Governor of that region—a gentleman, who, by his energy and wisdom, is contributing to lay the foundations of a State that will hereafter rank among the greatest of the Confederacy.

The article referred to will render superfluous the biography with which we usually accompany our portraits, as it will necessarily speak of the measures of Governor Ramsey; and a man is best portrayed by his works.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Life of Algernon Sidney; with Sketches of some of his Contemporaries, and Extracts from his Writings.* By G. VAN SANTVOORD. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This book is a very creditable contribution to the historical literature relating to that, to us, most interesting period of the annals of England, when the principles upon which this government was founded received their most definite elucidation.

There were men among those who established the brief interregnum of the English Commonwealth whose ideas were in advance of their age, or at least of the circumstances which surrounded them. Their number was insufficient for the task they undertook. Some became martyrs to their cause, whilst others were enabled to plant their principles in a virgin soil, not overgrown with other habits and ideas. Among the former, Sidney was one of the most distinguished and disinterested. Mr. Van Santvoord has drawn his character and related the incidents of his life with a warm appreciation; and he has thrown in some admirable short sketches of some of his compatriots. In such a work, of course, the stern features of the great Cromwell must appear. Siding with neither of the extremes, the author, we think, gives the true view of this extraordinary man, and we commend his book warmly.

*The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town.* By an OPERA-GOER. Fourth edition; set off with Mr. Darley's Designs. New-York: Stringer & Townsend. In two volumes

Every body says that this is a rare book, and every body is right for once. Some one has said that it exceeds any thing of the kind since Addison, and to this, too, we have the greatest mind to subscribe. Indeed, we do not know but we could be driven into an argument, (were the proper occasion to arise,) to show that it is as keen, as witty, as elegant, as the corresponding parts of the great moralist himself. Certainly, *The Town*—this "Great Metropolis"—has had no such "chiel" within it "takin' notes" of its foibles and follies, its pretensions and its hypocrisies. The present elegant edition makes its appearance with a new and characteristic preface from the hand of the renowned *Ik. Marvel*, in which the long-defeated curiosity of the public as to who the author is or was, is entirely relieved by a "full and particular" account of the "nominis umbra."

*Travels in America. The Poetry of Pope.* Two Lectures by the Right Honorable the EARL OF CARLISLE, (Lord Morpeth.) New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The first of the lectures composing this very neat little volume has been extensively published in the newspapers. A great many are therefore already familiar with it; but there are, no doubt, many more who, failing to catch it thus "on the wing," will be glad to have in this permanent form these candid and generally just observations of the distinguished author. The lecture on Pope will well repay perusal.

*The Natural History of Selborne, with Observations on Various Parts of Nature, and Naturalist's Calendar.* By the late Rev. GILBERT WHITE, A.M. Bohn's Illustrated Library. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

This is one of those choice books that so long maintain their place in the affections of the quiet lovers of nature. All literary readers have of course obtained a sufficient knowledge of it from chance readings, to embrace the present opportunity of getting at it in so pleasant and acceptable an edition of it as the one before us.

*The Iliad of Homer, literally translated, with Explanatory Notes.* By THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY. London: H. G. Bohn. New-York: Bangs, Brothers & Co.

A most careful and accurate translation of the world's great Epic. It is a fine addition to Mr. Bohn's classic series attached to his famous Library of good books.

*Episodes of Insect Life.* New-York: J. S. Redfield.

An elegantly printed and illustrated volume, containing "authentic records" of the insect world, wreathed about with the flowers of imagination and fancy, admirably adapted to popularize the subject.

We conceive that there is a peculiar appropriateness in thus ornamenting the science of Entomology. The rich fancy of the author of this beautiful book may be fitly likened to the luxuriant verdure of leaves and flowers, among which live and sport so many of the tribes described.

These inhabitants of the world of verdure and of the by-places and crannies of creation, with their tiny toils and pleasures—could they have a more appropriate historian?

The getting up of the book is a really splendid specimen of taste. Mr. Redfield should be exempted from the bite of a — bug or the sting of a mosquito for the term of his natural life.

*The Glens, a Family History.* By J. L. M'CONNELL, author of *Talbot and Vernon*, *Grahame*, &c. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

A story of very decided ability. The author exhibits uncommon powers in the analysis of character and motives; and his studies have been taken from the life. His scenes are laid among our Western settlers, whose peculiarities have probably never been so carefully considered from their serious side as by this very promising author.

*Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Edited by Henry Reed. Vol. 1. Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.

Having received this welcome volume only on the eve of our going to press, we can only announce its appearance at present. This however will be all that is necessary to those who are happily of that choice multitude who make up the "audience" of the great Poets. This American edition, in accordance with the wishes of the author, has most appropriately been intrusted to the hands of Professor Reed, the editor of the fine edition of the poet's works published in Philadelphia.

*Frank Forester's Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.* Illustrated from Nature by the Author. By HENRY W. HERBERT. Third edition, revised and corrected, with an ample Supplement, by the Author. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

Having in a previous number of this journal presented, as we were in duty bound, an entire article on this book, we need only call attention to the new edition, and say that it is even more beautifully issued in paper and typography than ever; that it has been carefully revised and

added to by the author, both in matter and illustrations; and should command a place, not only in the library of every angler, but also in that of every lover of nature.

*The Works of Washington Irving, Complete in fifteen Volumes; and the Choice Works of J. Fenimore Cooper, in twelve Volumes, 12mo.* New-York: G. P. Putnam.

The American public owe Mr. Putnam a debt of gratitude for his enterprise, and we might say patriotism, in issuing such elegant editions of these standard authors, and at so cheap a rate, that all may gratify their national pride by placing so goodly a row of volumes of choice reading upon their shelves. We have often wondered that books as *parlor ornaments* were not more appreciated. What a radiant nook would a little case containing these volumes make in a room; and, by the way, how admirably would a richly-bound set of the American Review fit in opposite. *Verbum sap.*

*The Traditional History and Characteristic Sketches of the Ojibway Nation.* By G. DODWAY, or KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWE, Chief of the Ojibway Nation. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co. 1851.

Here is a book by a veritable "native." This circumstance, if nothing else, will give it interest, and, may we not add, importance, as it serves to show the education and refinement of which our Indian tribes are capable.

*A Grandmother's Recollections.* New-York: Chas. Scribner.

An admirably written and beautifully got up volume, which we highly commend as a present to the juveniles.

*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.* By JOHN TIBBS. Reprinted from the London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart.

This little manual of all the new facts of the year has been issued for several years past in England, and has acquired a wide celebrity. It will be found to be a most convenient book of reference for what has been done during the year in the way of improvements and inventions.

# LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDER,

FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF

Cockroaches, Bed Bugs, Moths, Ants, Flies, Fleas, and Insects on Plants

ALSO,

PILLS, FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF RATS AND MICE,

Within 5 minutes after being thrown in their vicinity.

Warranted without Poison. Price, Flask or Box, 50 cts.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 420 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS.

NEW-YORK, October 1, 1850.

I have made a chemical examination of the Vegetable Powder prepared by MR. EMANUEL LYON, for the purpose of destroying insects. I do not find it to contain anything deleterious to health, or what might be considered poisonous to the human species; but it is very destructive to insects, whenever they are forced to inhale the fine particles or dust occasioned by throwing the Powder forcibly in places where they frequent.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Chemist.

LAWRENCE REID, Professor of Chemistry,  
N. Y. Hospital.

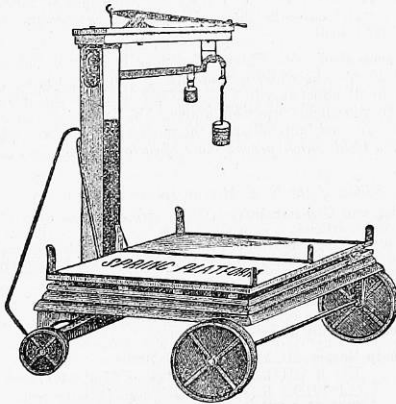
For sale by the only authorized agent for Ohio, B. H. MEAKINGS, 189 Walnut Street, near the corner of Fifth.

These articles received a premium at the Fair of the American Institute, in 1848, and the highest premium at the fair of 1850. Feb., 12t.

89 WATER STREET,

FAIRBANKS'

PATENT



SCALES.

PLATFORM

Adapted to every required operation of weighing, as RAILROAD SCALES, FOR TRAINS OR SINGLE CARS, in use on nearly all the principal Railroads in the United States and Great Britain. WAREHOUSE SCALES, (dormant and portable,) HEAVY PORTABLE SCALES on wheels for Foundries, Rolling Mills, Iron Houses, &c., STORE SCALES, Various Modifications, COUNTER SCALES, &c., HAY and COAL SCALES, made entirely of Iron and Steel.

These Scales have been long known and severely tested; and the universal confidence felt in their accuracy and perfect adjustment is such, that they are now regarded as the *standard* from which there is no appeal.

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO., St. Johnsbury, Vt.  
FAIRBANKS & CO., 89 Water Street, N. Y.

April, 12t.



DR. ROGERS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF  
**LIVERWORT, TAR, AND CANCHALAGUA,**

FOR THE COMPLETE CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting of  
Blood, and all other Lung Complaints tending to  
**CONSUMPTION.**

The above Expectorant, prepared by an experienced Physician and Chemist, has now become a STANDARD PREPARATION, and is offered for the complete cure of those diseases of the Throat and Lungs, which, if neglected, usually terminate fatally. It contains no *Opium*, *Calomel*, or any mineral whatever, but is composed entirely of those Roots, Herbs, and Vegetable substances, which have a specific influence upon the Lungs, and their connected organs. Its immediate effect is to allay all irritation and gently remove the phlegm, and other morbid secretions from the Throat and Air-Passages—thus relieving the Cough, by subduing the inflammation and other causes which give rise to it. It also exerts a decided action upon the skin, and assists nature in expelling through the Exhalents, much of that morbid matter which would otherwise be thrown back upon the Lungs, to be there eliminated from the blood; thus relieving the Lungs of a part of their work, and helping to render the system vigorous and healthy. Where ulceration has taken place, it assists the Lungs in throwing off the corrupted matter, soothes the irritation, and induces healthy action again in the diseased structure. These are its distinguished characteristics—properties possessed in equal power, it is believed, by no other medicine of like nature now before the public.

**Testimonials.**

Col. J. Watson Webb, the distinguished Editor of the *Daily Morning Courier and N. Y. Enquirer*, (published at 70 Wall-street,) in his paper of Feb. 18th, 1851, makes the following voluntary statement—the more valuable, because *unsolicited* by us, and *not paid for as an advertisement*:

"We carefully keep aloof from Patent Medicines in general, but, on the strength of actual personal trial, we cheerfully recommend *Dr. Rogers' Syrup of Liverwort, Tar and Canchalagua*, to all afflicted with *Coughs, Cold, or Influenza*. The medicinal qualities of the first two ingredients are well known; the last is a California Plant, whose virtues, we believe, are not unfamiliar to the medical profession. *We have never tried a remedy for a Cold which proved more efficacious in our own case, than this preparation.*"

*H. Fuller, Esq., Editor of the N. Y. Mirror, speaks as follows:*

"LIVERWORT, TAR, AND CANCHALAGUA.—Of the virtues of Dr. Rogers' Cough Medicine, prepared from the above articles, it is needless now to speak; its efficacy in *speedily curing Coughs, Colds, and other Lung Complaints*, which too frequently, if neglected, result in CONSUMPTION, is too well established in public confidence to need eulogy now."—*N. Y. Mirror, Jan. 12, 1850.*

THREE HUNDRED BOTTLES of the above Syrup were lately presented to, and accepted by the NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT FUND, for the use of disabled Firemen, suffering from *Coughs, Colds, Influenza*, or any disease of the Lungs.

Refer also to Rev. R. HOYT, D. D., 137 Madison-street.

ED. B. CHILDS, Esq., Office 58 Chatham-street.

Col. THOS. R. WHITNEY, 100 Nassau-street.

WM. H. LEVISON, Esq., Ed. U. S. Military and Naval Argus.

References given at the Office to many hundred persons CURED in this City.

FOR SALE, wholesale and retail, by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., Proprietors, at their Principal Depot, GOTHIC HALL, No. 316 Broadway, N. Y., and by Druggists generally throughout the City and the United States.

PRICE—In large Bottles, \$1; or three Bottles for \$2.50.

# 3,000,000 BOTTLES

nearly of **Dr. Kellinger's Liniment** have been used in the last ten years, making friends in every quarter of the globe, and curing all manner of diseases on males and females. Its first friends are its best. It has been used for years by the Hon. M. H. Grinnell, and thousands of others. For the most astounding proof see advertisement in weekly papers. This magic fluid restores the hair on the old or young as certain as it is used. In medicating for the human family the Dr. has not overlooked the noblest of all animals—the Horse. His liniment is very cheap. Sold in large bottles, \$1 to \$8 per dozen, cash. It heals all their sores, strains, poll evil, thrush, &c., &c.; wind colic instantly; heaves entirely; ringbone, curb splint, and spavin in their early stages; and work them daily. This no other article ever has done. The merchants say they sell hundreds to one of any other—ask them. Messrs. Kipp & Brown, Reynolds & Weart, the Murphys, and all the stage proprietors use it. Depots 230 Pearl, 464 and 476 Broadway.

**DR. KELLINGER—Sir:** It is nearly four years since I tried your Liniment for the heaves; it has never failed to cure in hundreds of cases with myself and others, and it is the only remedy I have been able to get that would heal old offensive sores on the back or breast, and work my horse steadily, together with strains, callouses, &c. &c. &c. The hair comes in the same color, and very fast. Yours, truly, J. LANE, Murray and West sts. Depots, 464 and 230 Pearl st., and of the Doctor, 476 Broadway, in large bottles from \$1 to one shilling each—from \$1 to \$8 a dozen, cash.

**DR. KELLINGER, Dear Sir—**My hair continues firm and sleek. I had none when I commenced using the Fluid. Mr. E. Dickson, at Hudson, whom you have already published, had no hair from his seventeenth to his forty-second year. I knew him well. His case, as well as mine, will astonish any one who will make an examination.—Yours, truly, WM. GARDNER, No. 22 Second street, Williamsburgh, L. I. Mr. John Clarke, of Hastings, had no hair for fifteen years; I saw Mr. C.; it is a most astonishing growth. There were upwards of twenty confirmed cases in Yonkers, who have had their hair renewed.—Yours, sincerely, JAMES MILLER. I am well known to Ex-Alderman R. P. Getty, the Hon. Aaron Vark of Yonkers.

**DR. KELLINGER—Dear Sir:—**In the last five years, among our large number of horses, we have used your truly wonderful Liniment. In the meantime we have been urged to use several new liniments, having larger bottles, and much larger pretensions, but none of them will compare with yours for healing old sores, cuts and bruises; it also cures the heaves, and all manner of hard swellings, strains, spavin, ringbone, curb splints, thrush, kicks and corks. Nealy three years since, one of my men was riding a horse, and leading three. The horse stumbled, and he fell, and was trampled upon in the most awful manner. He was taken up for dead. Your magic remedy was applied, and he walked out the following day. This is only one out of many astonishing cases among my men. I remain yours, truly, JAMES MURPHY, Stage Proprietor. N. B.—Dr. Kellinger was relating the above to a friend on board the steamer America, on the route to Yonkers. The Hon. Moses H. Grinnell stood in hearing, and made a remark that it was a strong story, and seemed to think that it was highly colored; and on the following morning, on his way to the landing, he and his son and coachman were thrown from the carriage. Mr. G. and son were scarcely scratched, but the man was thrown upon his face with a frightful concussion. The following day he received Mr. G. at the landing without a mark to be seen. From that time to the present, Mr. G. says he has never been without it in his family. It is mild, pleasant, and agreeable in odor and action. It is used upon the horse, because it is the cheapest to be bought in market. Sold in very large bottles, 50 cents; \$4 a dozen, cash, at 230 Pearl; 464, and of the Doctor, at 476 Broadway, white front, between Grand and Broome.

☞ A most wonderful and remarkable fact, of all the Liniments and Embrocations made and sold in the last 20 years, Dr. Kellinger's is the only one that has been able, from its merits, to maintain the real good feeling and recommendation of the medical profession, and of the wealthy circles; all that is required to endear and rivet this great medicine to families generally, is a trial of one bottle.

Its very pleasant and agreeable action when applied, and the very large quantity sold for a small price, renders it ten times cheaper, more desirable and effective than any other article in the market. All nervous difficulties yield to it instantly. Rheumatic Gout of 30 years' standing has been entirely eradicated. This wonderful medicine is especially designated to be prescribed internally or externally in spasmodic complaints of every class and character—it gives immediate relief; in pains and weakness of the back, produced from derangements of the kidneys, catching cold, over straining, imprudence, or weakness of every nature, in male or female, it acts like magic—strengthening and healing the parts affected most thoroughly.

As a Hair Tonic and Restorative, it has never had its equal. There are many pretended remedies for restoring the hair—but not one of them can show a single case of baldness of 20 years' standing having been renewed; this our remedy has done in a number of cases, where the persons were over sixty years of age—of which we can give evidence of an indisputable character. Two or three applications fasten and stop the hair from falling out. It heals all manner of scrofulous ulcers and skin diseases at the bottom, so that they never return. It has a most delightful odor, rendering the air of the sick room agreeable as soon as the bottle is uncorked; and when taken internally leaves the breath pleasant and agreeable. No lady or gentleman will suffer their toilet to be without it after a trial; it clears, softens and beautifies the skin, on old or young, and creates a most delightful and cheerful feeling whenever it is used. Sold in large 8 oz. bottles, at 230 Pearl st., 464 and 476 Broadway, between Grand and Broome sts., at 50 cents each; \$4 a dozen, cash.



FOR THE SALE OF

# VARIEGATED PYRENNIEN MARBLE,

813 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.



LEONARD SENCE takes the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public, that he is the sole authorized depository for the sale of the above Marble in the United States. He has made arrangements for the exclusive sale of that remarkable species of marble with the owners of the quarries in France. A description of the marble is impossible: it must be seen to be appreciated. It comes in all hues and colors, at times, like the most beautifully polished mahogany, and at others embracing all the colors of the rainbow.

Orders for Centre Tables, (such as were exhibited at the last Fair,) Mirror Ornaments, Mantel Pieces, and Table Tops, executed in the best style. I invite the attention of the public, and respectfully solicit their patronage.

The Trade supplied on liberal terms at my Marble Yard, No. 813 Broadway, New-York City.  
April, 12t.

## JOHN MULLIN,

MANUFACTURER OF

### SUPERIOR DOUBLE AND SINGLE BARREL GUNS,

Equal in Workmanship to the best imported.

Guns expressly made suitable for Deer, Geese, Ducks, and heavy game in general. As all his guns are proved by himself, they are warranted to shoot strong and regular in dispersion of shot, or altered to suit purchaser (free of charge) if required after trial.

Also cheap Imported Guns of every variety: Starkey's, Walker's, and Cox's Caps, Flasks, Pouches Shot-belts, Cleaning-rods, Nipple-wrenches, Wad-cutters, &c.

Repairing done in the best manner at No. 140 Nassau st. (late of No. 3 Barclay st.,) New-York.

## Prospectus

OF THE

# AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

In the original Prospectus of the AMERICAN REVIEW, issued at Washington by Mr. Colton, its former Proprietor and Editor, a number of the leading Whig Members of the Twenty-seventh Congress (1845-6) subscribed their names to the following resolution:—

“ Earnestly approving the plan of such a National organ, long needed and of manifest importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time, such communications as may be necessary to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the United Whig Party of the Union. Signed by Geo. P. Marsh, Daniel D. Barnard, J. McPherson Berrien, J. R. Ingersoll, E. Joy Morris, T. L. Clingman, Daniel Webster, R. C. Winthrop, Thomas Butler King, Hamilton Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Collamer, Wm. S. Archer, Rufus Choate, Alexander H. Stephens.”

An engraved portrait of some distinguished person will be found in every number of the Review. These will usually be portraits of living American Statesmen, and whenever that is possible, will be accompanied with an authentic Memoir of the person represented.

The first objects of the Review are of course political; it is designed to set forth and defend the principles, the measures, and the men of the UNITED WHIG PARTY of the Union. It has been a matter of just reproach to that Party, that though it embraces its due proportion of the intelligence and learning of the country, it has had no Quarterly or Monthly Organ devoted to the expression and defense of its opinions and measures. The conductors of the American Review have done what in them lies to remove this reproach, by securing contributions from sources of ability and truth.

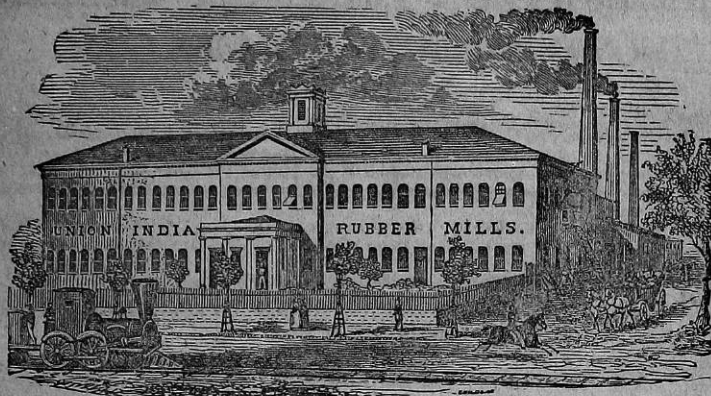
The literary department of the Review will agree in spirit with the political.

TERMS.—\$5 a year, in advance.

**D. W. HOLLY, Publisher, 120 Nassau st.**

# RUBBER GOODS FOR EXPORT AND HOME TRADE.

## CIRCULAR FOR 1851 OF THE



## UNION INDIA RUBBER COMPANY OF NEW-YORK.

The above Company having a large capital, and the command of the most desirable skill and ingenuity in the country, with machinery of immense power, of the most approved description, have now on hand, and will continue to keep on hand, THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

### GOODYEAR'S PATENT METALLIC RUBBER GOODS

EVER OFFERED IN THIS COUNTRY,

amounting to over \$100,000, and comprising over four hundred different articles, all of superior workmanship, and manufactured exclusively by this Company, which are warranted to stand all climates, and will be sold at the Company's

**DEPOT, 19 NASSAU STREET, NEW-YORK,**

AT LOW PRICES FOR CASH OR APPROVED PAPER.

The variety of goods now made under Goodyear's patent are so extensive and wonderful, as well as useful, that no stock, even for a country store, is considered complete without some of them. The attention of merchants engaged in export trade, as well as those in almost every other branch of business, is called to this growing trade, under the assurance, that they will find as above some article they need, or can deal in to great advantage.

#### LIST OF ARTICLES

WHICH MAY BE FOUND IN THE STOCK OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH CAN BE SUPPLIED TO A LARGE AMOUNT AT SHORT NOTICE.

Coats and Cloaks.	Game Bags.	Camp Blankets.	Travelling Bags.
Reefing Jackets.	Air Belts.	Gun Cases.	Horse Covers.
Monkey Jackets.	Water Beds.	Carriage Cloths.	Syringes.
Leggings and Overalls.	Air Pillows.	Hospital Sheeting.	Tent Carpets.
Spanish Ponchos.	Bed Pans.	Tarpaulins.	Water Huse.
Sow Westers.	Life Preservers.	Breast Pumps.	Stationers' Gum.
Caps and Storm Hats.	Sportsmen's Bottles.	Drinking Cups.	Sailors' Bags.
Baptizing Pants.	Wagon Floats.	Bunt Floats.	Life Spars.
Tents, all kinds.	Balming Tubs.	Sheet Rubber.	Packing Bags.
Portable Boats.	Saddle Bags.	Shower Mats.	Wading Boots.
Knapsacks.	Table and Piano Forte Covers.	Teething Rings.	Maps and Charts.
Canteens.	ers.	Fire Buckets and Pails.	Navy Goods.
Haversacks.	Cow Milkers.	Mattress Covers.	Army Goods.
Crum Cloths.			

Together with Boots and Shoes, Machine Belting, and Packing, Engine and Hydrant Hose, all sizes, Toys of all kinds, Elastic Paper holders, &c., &c.

Orders for goods will be executed with fidelity and dispatch, and those to be manufactured expressly should be accompanied with drawings and full descriptions.

A fund has been appropriated, and eminent lawyers employed, to prosecute all infringements upon the rights of this Company, as well as Goodyear's patents in general.

A list of articles, with prices attached, furnished when required.

Look out for Infringements and Impostions.—It should be understood that many of the Rubber Goods offered in the Market, and sold as Goodyear's Patent Metallic Rubber, are base imitations.

Caution to Dealers.—Goodyear's Patent Metallic, or Vulcanized Rubber Goods, are not made stiff and rigid when exposed to a low degree of Temperature, nor softened or glutinous by exposure to a high degree of heat, and all by law STAMPED,

### "GOODYEAR'S PATENT, 1844."

To Counterfeit which is Felony.

All Metallic or Vulcanized goods offered in the market, and not stamped as above, are an infringement upon Mr. Goodyear's rights, and dealers can readily ascertain that they will be liable to a prosecution for selling the same

Jan. 12th.

**BOOTH & FOSTER,**  
FASHIONABLE  
**CLOTHING AND OUTFITTING**  
**ESTABLISHMENT.**

No. 27 COURTLAND STREET, NEW-YORK.

Having enlarged their Establishment to more than double its original size, would call the attention of CLOTHIERS and others, to the fact that their stock is ENTIRELY NEW, and amounts to over 100,000 DOLLARS, manufactured under their own personal supervision from the NEWEST and MOST FASHIONABLE Goods in the American or European markets, and which for style and richness cannot be excelled in the world.

**The Wholesale Department,**

which occupies three entire lofts of their Establishment, is filled with EVERY STYLE OF GARMENTS, adapted to the season, to which the ATTENTION OF THE TRADE is invited to a careful examination of quality, workmanship, style of trimmings, and cut, which the proprietors will guaranty is equal, if not SUPERIOR to that of any house in the trade.

**The Retail Department,**

as usual, is replete with every thing New and Desirable in the way of a Gentleman's Wardrobe where can be furnished a full outfit in fifteen minutes, equal in every respect to any custom work, and at one half the expense.

April, 12t.

J. C. BOOTH,  
H. L. FOSTER,

**VAIL & YATES,**

WHOLESALE FUR AND SILK

**HAT MANUFACTURERS,**

BELLEVILLE, N. J.,

AND

NEWARK, N. J., [Opposite the Centre Street Depot.]

☞ All kinds of FUR and SILK HATS made to order at the shortest notice.

April, 12t.

**PARISIAN TAILORING AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING**  
**ESTABLISHMENT.**

**VICTOR CORRAZ,**

260 Broadway, cor. Warren st., (opposite the Park,) New-York,

MAKES TO ORDER,

MILITARY and NAVY UNIFORMS, FANCY COSTUMES, UNDER GARMENTS of the finest quality and most approved styles; HOSIERY, SILK and LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, &c., &c.

**SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER,**

AFTER THE LATEST PARIS PATTERNS.

☞ Gentlemen will please notify, as soon as possible, any defects they may find in articles furnished by us, in order to have them either exchanged, or promptly and satisfactorily altered.

Feb. 12t.