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THE LITERARY JOURNAL,

VOLUME III.

THE
NEW-YORK
LITERARY JOURNAL,

AND
BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

VOLUME III.
FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1820.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY C. S. VAN WINKLE,
No. 101 Greenwich Street.
.....
1820.

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 1.]

NEW-YORK, MAY 15, 1820.

[VOL. III.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS work will in future be published by the Subscriber. Several literary gentlemen having engaged to devote a considerable portion of their time and talents in furnishing original communications, and in making judicious selections from foreign and domestic periodical and other publications, it is hoped that the work will deserve liberal encouragement.

It appears a little surprising, and indeed it has often been a subject of remark, that, in this large and flourishing metropolis, containing at this time upwards of 120,000 souls, every publication of the kind, hitherto undertaken, has fallen through. Some obloquy has on that account been thrown upon our literary taste—but we believe unjustly. This apparent indifference to letters may have originated in various causes, which it is unnecessary, and might appear invidious, to point out. We know the reason why some of these works did not ultimately succeed, and will endeavour, by avoiding their errors, to shun their fate. Our country can doubtless produce intellectual food for itself, and ought therefore, in some measure, to be independent of caterers beyond the Atlantic. That there is taste enough among us to patronize, and talent enough creditably to support, a magazine of this kind, we believe no one will deny: It is only necessa-

ry that the native genius of our citizens be called into action, to raise our reputation for literature and science to a level with the most enlightened and polished nations; and it is hoped that the Belles-Lettres Repository may become a receptacle in which our literati will be desirous of recording the offspring of their minds, as well for the present amusement and edification, as the future satisfaction and benefit, of themselves and their fellow citizens.

The publication of the Belles-Lettres Repository has been changed from the first to the fifteenth day of the month, to enable us to give the latest literary and scientific intelligence from the British Magazines; some of which appear on the last, and others on the first of each month; hence, judging from the usual passage of vessels, we may reasonably calculate on receiving them a few days previous to the day of publication.

The subscription will be continued at \$5 per annum, payable on delivery of the sixth number. Distant subscribers are required to pay in advance.

With a full reliance for support on the liberality of the public, the task has been undertaken, and it shall be prosecuted with a determination to deserve it. If it fail, we can only express our regret—if it succeed, the public may be assured of the gratitude of the publisher.

C. S. VAN WINKLE.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S MISSOURI.

A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri; including some observations on the Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, and Productions of Missouri and Arkansas, and other sections of the Western Country. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, Corresponding Member of the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York. New-York: C. Wiley & Co. 1819. pp. 299.

WE hail this work as another exemplification of the new era which has commenced in American literature and science. We would willingly dispense with the multiplicity of futile performances on similar subjects that have been palmed off upon us, and which, while they have disgraced our character abroad, and corrupted and bewildered our taste at home, have been treated by ourselves with too little severity, on the plea of their being American productions. The author of this book appears to have been fully sensible of the deceptions which have been thus practised, and has made a bold and successful attempt to redeem the reputation which has thereby been lost. We fully accord with him, that too much credit has hitherto been given to the "labours of mercenary pamphleteers and catch-penny printers, where we are served up with surmises instead of facts, with bloated descriptions instead of simple accounts; and the authors of which, in many instances, know not the countries they describe, and have neither admired the beauties, nor shrunk at the deformities, which they picture."

To be treated now and then with a repast like that which is offered us from the pages of Mr. Schoolcraft, we would cheerfully undergo a long interregnum in our intellectual gratifications, could we be well assured that the efforts of succeeding writers would be sustained with equal vigour. If it be necessary that the brain should occasionally relieve itself of its crude humours, the columns of our daily prints are admirable drains for the

purpose. Yet we cannot but here regret that so much of the mental force of our country should be expended in these ephemeral vehicles. It is not sufficient that they should give vent to the daily ebullition and bickerings of party spirit, but they are often resorted to as an appropriate arena for the discussion of the most grave and important matters. It is true, that the freedom of our press, and the exhaustless number of newspapers, afford ample facilities for investigation in every part of our country; but may it not be doubted, that the hasty and feverish impatience with which these investigations are pursued, counterbalances the advantages of the mode. This unprofitable exhaustion of our energies precludes the possibility of directing them into more steady and permanent channels, and thus accounts, in some measure, for the rarity in this country of more elaborated forms of composition.

The work before us is executed in a very philosophical manner. The matter is methodically arranged, and the style possesses great accuracy and elegance. The facts disclosed comprehend all that we could desire to know of the subject to which they relate; displaying a statistical and complete view of the natural and civil condition of Missouri, although by the modest title page we would be led to infer that it was a mere sketch of the lead mines of that territory. His reflections are judicious and clear, and give a very pleasing relief to the crowd of new and interesting details with which the work abounds. The diction is pure, forcible, and extremely perspicuous, passing at times into trains of elevated sentiment, and great beauty of expression.

The division which the author has adopted, has rendered repetition in several instances unavoidable; but this fault will not be regretted, at least in this work, as the truths which are developed in it cannot be

too strongly impressed upon our remembrance.

We rejoice that the favourable manner in which this national production has been received at Washington, has attracted the attention and patronage of the general government toward the author; and that he has been employed to accompany one of the scientific expeditions engaged in exploring the western territories. He will now have an opportunity of verifying and extending his previous researches in those regions; and in his next edition, which we hope will soon appear, will be enabled to present to us the excellent maps and delineations with which it was his intention to have adorned the present volume.

We cannot forego the pleasure of presenting to our readers an outline of this valuable performance.

There are several historical facts brought to light in this work, touching the discovery of the Missouri mines, which have not hitherto appeared in print. It seems, that among the adventurers who left France for Louisiana after that province had been granted to the Company of the West, there came out, in 1719, Philip Francis Renault. He arrived at Kaskaskia in 1720, bringing with him 200 artificers and 500 negroes, whom he bought on his way at St. Domingo. These were probably the first negroes who came to this part of the province; and here is the origin, perhaps, of that momentous question which has lately agitated the Republic. The first discovery of lead ore in Missouri territory was made by Renault, near Potosi; the mines of which still bear his name. M. La Motte, who came with him, discovered those on the St. Francis. In 1723 a particular grant of the district about these mines was made to Renault, in consideration of these services; but the province of Louisiana being retroceded to the crown in 1731, he abandoned his enterprise. Recently his heirs have put in claims to this grant, and du-

ring the civil process which ensued, these facts have been elicited. In 1762, Louisiana was ceded to Spain, but the working of the lead mines of Missouri was neglected. In 1803 the United States came in possession of them, since when the number of the mines has been greatly multiplied. But there are at this day only *four* or *five* regular shafts, out of forty-five mines, and the earth has no where been penetrated more than 80 feet! There is not an engine of any description in use to remove the water from the mines, and very little skill has as yet been employed in the method of working them.

The lead mines of Missouri comprise the present counties of Washington, St. Genevieve, Jefferson, and Madison, Missouri territory. They embrace a district extending in length from the head waters of the St. Francis, in a north-west direction to the Merrimack, a distance of 70 miles; and in breadth, from the Mississippi, in a south-west direction to the Fourche à Courtois, a distance of about forty-five miles, and covering an area of 3150 square miles. The general aspect of the country is sterile, though not mountainous. The lands lie rolling—in some places rising into abrupt cliffs, which denote the great rock or primitive formations, in other places forming level plains—a kind of highland prairie. The primitive or rock formations are red granite, quartz, and greenstone porphyry.* A stratum of metalliferous or primitive gray compact limestone underlays the alluvion and ore beds, and is destitute of organic impressions. It passes into transition and secondary limestone on the western shore of the Mississippi, where it forms a sublime rampart,

* This primitive tract is in the south part of Washington County, and is 15—20 miles in length, by 5—6 in width. It is the only formation of the kind known between the primitive ranges of the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains.

extending from Tyawapaty Bottom to St. Louis, a distance of 127 miles. Grand Tower is a lofty and singular cone of this rock, of 150 feet high, on the side of the river, and capped by a few stunted cedars. The country of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and Ohio, he considers evidently of newer formation than that of Missouri, and that the wall of limestone served in remote time as the barrier to some ocean under which these states were submerged. Organic remains are more abundant in this latter district. The country of Missouri rises imperceptibly as you recede from the limestone wall. The soil is a reddish coloured clay, stiff and hard, and full of fragments of flinty stone, quartz, and gravel; this extends to ten or twenty feet deep, and is bottomed on limestone rock; in other places it is more marly, less gravelly, and more easily penetrated. The country is particularly characterized by tabular, or hemispherical, and detached masses of quartz, consisting of crystalline radiations of this substance, and embossed upon minute layers of chalcedony. It is strewn over the surface, and imbedded at different depths. It is called *mineral blossom*, from a supposed affinity which the miners say it has with lead ore.

“Mixed with these in the clay are fragments of flinty stones. These form the first stratum of about 14 inches depth; then succeeds a stratum of red clay, four or five feet thick, and sparingly mixed with substances of the same kind, and after this a layer of gravel and rounded pebbles of a siliceous character; these are about a foot in depth, and lead ore, (galena,) in small detached lumps, is then found. The thickness of the bed of ore is generally a foot; and the lumps of ore appear to have been rounded by attrition like common gravel. This is the character of what is called the gravel ore, and no spars are found accompanying it. The greatest por-

tion of lead ore is, however, found imbedded in, and accompanied by, the sulphate of barytes, resting in a thick stratum of marly clay, bottomed on limestone rock.” p. 68—69. The ore is found in detached pieces and solid masses, in veins and beds. Beside sulphate of barytes, (called *tiff* by the lead diggers of Missouri,) the proper matrix of the ore, it is accompanied also by calcareous spar, (called in Missouri *glass-tiff*,) blende, iron, and pyrites. The sulphate of barytes, and particularly the quartz, are seldom missing. The mineral hills are invariably covered with a stunted and scattered growth of oaks, called post oaks, from 30 to 40 feet high, and rarely exceeding a foot in diameter. There is a ridge of yellow pine running the whole length, and westerly of the mine tract, and like that, from southeast to northwest. It is from six to eight miles in width, and *no discovery of lead has been made upon it*. The hills also yield sassafras and walnut; and the slopes, and especially the rich black soil on the bottoms of the streams and the lowland prairies, yield a heavy growth of sycamore, elm, cotton-wood, buckeye, oak, walnut, maple, hackberry, ash, papaw, pericimmon, spicewood, mulberry, sassafras, and dogwood. A luxuriant growth of grass covers the poorest hills, and hides the flinty aspect of the country, while on the slopes and lowlands there is a rank growth of vines and shrubs, as the grape, red plumb, cherry, black-haws, thornberry, mulberry, hazelnut, strawberry, blackberry, whortleberry, crab apple, and gooseberry.

The soil thrown out of the pits sunk in search of ore, produces several plants and trees which are not peculiar to the surface, and which are generally found only on the rich alluvial borders of the streams, as the poplar, cotton-wood, and beach grape. It may be remarked here, that a similar fact is said to occur in Orange county in this state. The bramble

flourishes in great abundance upon the embankments about the iron mines. The author mentions a sensitive brier, of a thorny stem and red flower, which grows upon the barrens. Had it not been the professed object of Mr. Schoolcraft to give a more especial account of the mineralogy and geology of Missouri, we should have been disposed to have rebuked him in some measure for not having entered more scientifically and extensively into its zoology and botany. We hope, however, that this defect will be remedied in another edition.

The cows, horses, cats, and dogs, in the mine district, are often attacked with fits, which prove fatal. It is called the *mine sickness*, and is attributed to the sulphur of the galena; but Mr. S. more properly ascribes it to the sulphate of barytes. The climate is in character with that of this continent, subject to great and sudden vicissitudes. The spring opens in March, but they have some flurries of snow during winter.

The travelling through the territory may be conducted with great facility, as the post oaks are so thinly dispersed over the hills, that you may choose your own path for the carriage. The public roads are usually much rutted, by the weight of the lead waggons.

The following are the quadrupeds which are still met with in the western parts of the territory, and the hunting of which forms the business of a large body of whites, who have taken up their habitations there, and retrograded to the *hunter life*: deer, bear, wolf, fox, wildcat, panther, hedgehog, weasel, mink, gohar, otter, muskrat, racoon, opossum, rabbit, pole-cat, fox-squirrel, gray-squirrel, red-squirrel, mole.

The birds are numerous: of these, the wild turkey, prairie hen, and pigeon, abound in the open post oak woods; the wild goose, duck, brant, and swan, on the streams; flocks of the beautiful *parakeet* wheel around

on the shores of the Ohio (below the falls) and the Mississippi; and the pelican is sometimes seen on this latter river. The eagle and raven are also met with. Washington county is the richest farming as well as mineral district. Many of the mines, and most of the plantations, are worked by slaves.

The New-York canal is a subject of great interest among the intelligent part of the inhabitants. They anticipate with pleasure the time when their rivers will be connected with it through Lake Michigan and the river Illinois. The river Plein, the main head fork of the Illinois, approaches so near the head of Chicago river, which empties into Lake Michigan at Fort Dearborn, that a communication exists in high water. Mr. S. saw a 5 or 6 ton flat-bottomed skiff at St. Louis last summer, which had come through in the spring. The distance required for a canal is only two miles! and through an alluvial soil.

The exports of Missouri may be set down as follows: pig and bar lead, shot of all sizes, whiskey, flour, wheat, corn, hemp, flax, towcloth, horses, beef, pork, dried venison, deer skins, furs and peltries, butter, peccans; and in a few years will be added to them the following list: iron, zinc, manganese, sulphur, arsenic, antimony, oil stones, alum, chalk, (which is found in the limestone rampart upon the bank of the river,) plumbago, flints, nitre, (found in limestone caves in the interior,) salt, marble, emery, red chalk, pumice, soapstone, gypsum, serpentine, tobacco, hops. The most considerable village in the mine country is Potosi, situated in the centre of the mining district, 65 miles from St. Louis, 45 from St. Genevieve, 36 from Herculaneum, and 45 from St. Michael. There are here 40 mines within a circle of 20 miles!

In Bellevue township there is a huge bed of micaceous iron ore,

heaped up in stupendous masses at the southern extremity of a mountain ridge, to the height of 5 or 600 feet; and forming one of the most sublime objects in that part of the world. A singular fact is stated by Mr. S. viz. that the lead mines at Prairie du Chien, in the North Western territory, are worked at this day by the Sacs and Foxes, who own them; but in a very imperfect manner.

The eagerness for discovery is so great, and the ore is buried so superficially in the ground, and procured with so much facility, that very few diggings have as yet been carried to any considerable depth. Mines are deserted before they are exhausted, and the earth is torn up in every part of the country. This morbid propensity has become so prevalent, that a particular class of the miners devote their entire labours to the discovery of the ore, so that "they who spend the most time in hunting for ore, spend the least in digging it." p. 65. After the ore is raised, it is separated from the spar by small picks, and then broken into lumps about the size of the two fists. It is now put into the *log furnace*, a simple piece of masonry consisting of an inclined hearth and walls on three sides, open at the top and the upper side, with an arch below. They are placed on the side hill. Mr. S. thinks this furnace peculiar to the country. The ore yields by this first smelting fifty per cent. The ashes which remain, after washing, are put in another furnace, called the ash furnace, and more complicated. These furnaces are both handsomely delineated, and described in a very minute manner by the author. The fluxes used are sand and pulverised flinty gravel; the lime and barytes which abound here might also be used, were there a deficiency of silica. The lead ashes yield 15 per cent., which, added to the first produce, makes 65 per cent. By his

own assay he procured from 100 parts, of metallic lead, 82; sulphur, 11; earthy matter, 7 by estimation. The richest species of lead of which we have any account, is that of Durham, Eng. yielding, by the analysis of Dr. Thompson, 85 per cent. Many of the English, and nearly all the German ores, however, says Mr. S., are much poorer, being usually 65 per cent.

On the view which has now been taken of the Missouri mines, it may be proper here to remark,

1. That the ores of these mines are of the richest and purest kind, and that they exist in such bodies, as not only to supply all lead for domestic consumption, but also, if the purposes of trade require it, are capable of supplying large quantities for exportation.

2. That although at different periods, the amount of lead manufactured has been considerable, yet this produce has been subject to perpetual variation, and, upon the whole, it has fallen in the aggregate far short of the amount the mines are capable of producing. To make these mines produce the greatest possible quantity of lead of which they are capable, with the least possible expense, is a consideration of the first political consequence, to which end it is desirable, 1. That the reserved mines be disposed of to individuals. 2. Or, that the term for which leases are granted, be extended from three to fifteen years, which will induce capitalists to embark in mining, who are now deterred by the illiberality of governmental terms. 3. That there be laid a governmental duty of two and a half cents per pound on all imported pig and bar lead, which will exclude foreign lead from our markets, and afford a desired relief to the domestic manufacturer. The present duty is one cent per pound. But this does not prevent a foreign competition; and the smelters call for, and appear to be entitled to further protection.

3. That although the processes of mining now pursued, are superior to what they were under the Spanish Government, yet there is a very manifest want of skill, system, and economy in the raising of ores, and the smelting of lead. The furnaces in use, are liable to several objections. They are defective in the *plan*, they are constructed of improper materials, and the workmanship is of the rudest kind. Hence, not near the quantity of metallic lead is extracted from the ore which it is capable, without an increase of expense, of yielding. There is a great waste created by smelting ore in the common log furnace, in which a considerable part of the lead is volatilized, forming the *sublimated matter*, which adheres in such

bodies to the sides of the log furnaces, and is thrown by as useless. [By his experiments, p. 78—9, proved to be a sulphuret, and not arseniate, of lead. There is a waste also, he thinks, in the slag, (p. 80,) a heavy black substance, which, with the addition of a small quantity of alkali and sand, might, he thinks, be used for junk and green bottles.] This can be prevented by an improvement in its construction, so as to prevent too fierce an introduction of heat into the ore before it is completely desulphurated; or, the *sublimed lead* thus created, may be reduced into metallic lead, by proper treatment with charcoal, as mentioned in a former part of this work. No such waste is said to occur in the common English hearth furnace for smelting lead ore, (for a plate and description of which, see the *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*, new series, by Thomas Cooper, Esq.) To pursue mining with profit, it is necessary to pursue it with economy; and true economy is, to build the best of furnaces, with the best of materials. At present the furnaces are constructed of common limestone, which soon burns into quicklime, and the work requires rebuilding from the foundation. Not only so, the frequency with which they require to be renewed, begets a carelessness in those who build them, and the work is accordingly put up in the most ordinary and unworkmanlike manner. Instead of limestone, the furnaces ought to be constructed of good refractory sandstone, or apyrrous clay, in the form of bricks, which will resist the action of heat for a great length of time. Both these substances are the productions of that country, specimens of which are now in my possession.

4. From the information afforded, it has been seen, that the mines are situated in a country which affords a considerable proportion of the richest farming lands, producing corn, rye, wheat, tobacco, hemp, flax, oats, &c. in the greatest abundance, and that no country is better adapted for raising cattle, hogs, and sheep. The country is well watered, and with the purest of water, the climate is mild and pleasant, the air dry and serene, and is healthy in an unusual degree. Every facility is also afforded by its streams, for erecting works for the manufacture of white and red lead, massicot, litharge, shot, sheet lead, mineral yellow, and the other manufactures dependent upon lead, as well as wool, flax, and hemp. The country also abounds with various useful minerals beside lead, which are calculated to increase its wealth and importance. It is particularly abundant in iron, zinc, manganese, sulphur, salt, coal, chalk, ochre, and flint.

5. That a systematic organization of the mining interest, would have a tendency to promote the public welfare. To this end, there should be appointed an officer for the inspection and superintendance of mines.

He should reside in the mine country, and report annually to the proper governmental department on the state of the mines, improvements, &c. His duty should consist in part of the following items, viz.

1. To lease out public mines, and receive and account for rents.
2. To prevent the waste and destruction of wood on the public lands.
3. To see that no mines were wrought without authority.
4. To keep the government informed, periodically, of the quantity of lead made at the different mines, of new discoveries of lead, zinc, iron, or any other minerals whatever, the qualities of such ores or minerals as ascertained by analysis, with the nature of the soil, value of it, &c.
5. To explore the mineralogy of that country, in order fully to develop its mineral character and importance. There should be a particular attention directed toward the beds of copper, silver, tin, and antimony, which are reported to exist in the western country. Connected with these duties, should be the collection of mineralogical specimens for a national cabinet of natural history at Washington.

The superintendent of mines should be a chymist, and a mineralogist, and such a salary attached to the office as to induce a man of respectable talents and scientific acquirements to accept the appointment. To allow the manufacturers of lead every advantage consistent with the public interest, the rent charged on mines should not exceed two and a half per cent. on the quantity manufactured, which is equivalent to the proposed governmental duty on imported lead, whereby the revenue would not only be kept up, but it might be considerably enhanced. The foregoing details exhibit an annual produce of 3,726,666 pounds of lead, which, it is presumable, may be half the mines are capable of producing, with proper management. But estimating the lead at four cents per pound, and taking that as the average quantity, the annual rents at two and a half per cent. will create a revenue of thirty-two thousand four hundred and ninety dollars. p. 128—133.

The following is a specimen of the author's style :

There is very little land of an intermediate quality. It is a deep black marl, or a high bluff rock, and the transition is often so sudden, as to produce scenes of the most picturesque beauty. Hence the traveller in the interior is often surprised to behold, at one view, cliffs and prairies, bottoms and barrens, naked hills, heavy forests, rocks, streams, and plains, all succeeding each other with rapidity, and mingled with the most pleasing harmony. I have contempla-

ted such scenes while standing on some lofty bluff in the wilderness of Missouri, with emotions of unmixed delight, while the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, were grazing quietly on the plains below; and if any thing in the natural physiology of the earth has a power to turn our thoughts from the pursuit of earthly glory, to the contemplation of celestial bliss—to the origin, the nature, and the end of our being—to the connexion between God and man—it must be a scene like this, where we are presented with an assemblage of all that is novel, beautiful, or sublime, in the face of nature, far removed from the tumult, dangers, and deceptions of life, and encompassed on all sides by silence, tranquillity, and peace. p. 155—156.

Mr. S. estimates the number of persons employed at the mines to be about 1,100. At a former period, however, he says 1,000 men were employed at Mine à Burton alone. The major part of the inhabitants of Missouri are farmers, with a small number of mechanics. They are all emigrants from other parts of the United States, and from France. The French language is spoken in many settlements. The prevailing religion is Methodism.

The Missouri territory is extremely well watered by rivers, of which the principal are the Osage, and the Gasconade, which fall into the Missouri and the Merrimack, the Salt river, and the St. Francis, (at the head of which is the noted Iron mountain of Bellevue,) which fall into the Mississippi. They are divided by a ridge of land, the most considerable elevation in the territory, which commences on the Merrimack, near the Fourche à Courtois, and extends in a southwest direction to the banks of White river, in Arkansaw territory. It occasionally rises into peaks of mountain height. The chief town, St. Louis, is situated near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi. It is the seat of justice for St. Louis county, and the seat of legislation for the territory. Mr. S. considers it destined to become the emporium and depot of all that vast and rich region between the Rocky and Alleghany mountains. It is a sort of central

point, at which the trade of this immense region will naturally empty itself. The main branch of the Missouri is navigable 2,500 miles. Its tributary, the Yellow Stone, falls into it 1,800 miles above its mouth, and is above 800 miles long. Its other tributaries, the La Platte, the Kanzas, the Osage, the Soo, the White Stone, the Manitow, and the Gasconade, are all navigable from 300 to 700 miles. The Missouri and its tributaries will thus comprise a fertile and salubrious region of 2000 by 600 miles. The Mississippi is navigable 1000 miles above St. Louis, and is watered by numerous tributaries. By connecting the waters of Illinois and Michigan, those of the Columbia and Missouri, and those of the Yellow Stone and Multnomah, and by extending our military posts into those remote regions, Mr. S. thinks the whole fur trade may be diverted from Montreal, and brought down to St. Louis, its natural mart.

Article IV. of part II. contains a topographical account of White river, made from actual surveys by the author, and embracing a great deal of information concerning the extent and ramifications of that river, never before known. The following remarks, with which this interesting account is ushered in, will serve as a general and succinct view of that vast basin which embosoms the Missouri and Mississippi.

In looking on the map of ancient Louisiana, the most striking physical trait presented, is the Rocky or Chippewan Mountains, extending from Mexico into the unexplored regions north and west of Lake Superior, with the Del Norte, Red River, the Arkansaw, the Kanzas, La Platte, and Yellow Stone, all issuing from its sides near the same point, and uniting, (with the exception of the former,) at different points in the vast basin below, with the Missouri, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, in whose congregated flood they roll on to the Mexican Gulph. Other streams traverse that country, but these are the only rivers of Louisiana, whose heads rest on the Chippewan mountains. Immediately at the foot of these

mountains, commences the almost interminable plains of sand, or desert, which stretches from north to south, for more than a thousand miles, and has an average breadth of six hundred. To this succeeds the highlands and mountains of the present territories of Missouri and Arkansas, and which preserve a pretty exact parallelism from north to south, with the Chippewan chain, and give rise to several rivers of secondary magnitude. This is again bounded by the alluvial tract of the Mississippi, being the third grand parallel division, presented by the surface of the soil. Through these the Red River, and the Arkansas, hold their unaltered course, and reach the Mississippi without a fall; while the Kansas, the La Platte, and the Yellow Stone, bending northward, reach the Missouri, without meeting any mountains to oppose their progress. Those rivers of secondary magnitude, and whose origin is east of the highlands bordering the western desert, are the Teche, Vermillion, Tensaw, Washitaw, Little Missouri, Courtableau, Beauf, Crocodile, Little Red, Grand River, White River, Black River, the Osage, Merrimack, Gasconade, and St. Francis. Of these, White River, a stream hitherto almost wholly unknown, or only known to hunters, and which has not received its deserved rank on any existing map, is one of the most considerable. It was therefore with surprise that I found, on travelling into those remote regions, so considerable a stream unnoticed by geographers, or only noticed to attest their want of information respecting its length, size, tributaries, character, productions, and importance. I therefore concluded, that a summary of these particulars, as observed by myself during a tour into that quarter, would be an acceptable piece of service, and with this view, began these observations. p. 246—248.

White River originates in the Pawnee Mountains, in 36° north latitude, and after running 1,300 miles, empties into the Mississippi 700 miles above New-Orleans. It appears that the Great North Fork, or Pine River, a branch of White River, about 700 miles above its mouth, and about 200 miles in length, has been heretofore considered the main stream of White River, except by Mr. Robinson, in his late Map of Louisiana, printed at Natchez. It has been discovered by Mr. S. that White River continues westerly from this branch 600 miles farther, and by a much larger channel!

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Among the curiosities of Missouri are the Hot Springs of Washitaw, (Ouachitta,) near the river of that name. Their temperature is about 200°, and the hot vapour which hovers about them, is observed to produce an unusual growth of rank grass and vines on a spot which is comparatively barren.

The work is concluded by an interesting notice of the steamboats of the Mississippi, and some remarks on American antiquities.

Σ

MEMOIR OF DR. WILLIAMSON.

A Biographical Memoir of Hugh Williamson, M. D. LL. D. &c. Delivered on the 1st of November, 1819, at the request of the New-York Historical Society. By David Hosack, M. D. LL. D. &c. New-York: 1820. pp. 91.

Dr. Johnson says, in one of his *Ramblers*, that he "had often thought that there had rarely passed a life, of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful." We know not whether Doctor Hosack has adopted this sentiment in its full extent, but if any inference can be drawn from the *number* of biographical memoirs with which he has favoured the public, we think it sufficiently obvious that the learned Doctor is very partial to this species of composition. There is his life of Hippocrates, and his life of Sydenham, and his life of Boerhaave, and his life of Dr. Rush, and his life of Dr. Jones, and his life of Dr. Edward Miller, and his life of Dr. Wistar, and his life of Dr. Tillary—and last, though not least, his life of Dr. Williamson. Indeed, the Doctor's biographical writings have become so numerous, that a uniform edition of them might with much propriety be undertaken. The materials are quite abundant to make up a very comely volume, which might be entitled, "Lives of Physicians."

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This, we conceive, would be but justice to our learned author. At any rate, the Doctor would thus *concentrate* his claims in a very formidable manner, to the character of a medical biographer—a character in which he seems most ambitious of having his fame perpetuated. It is impossible to predict, with any kind of accuracy, what would be the success of the publication we have just recommended, or what place would be assigned to our countryman, among those worthies, of different ages and nations, who have signalized themselves as the delineators of individual character. Thus much, however, we can say with confidence and perfect safety, that though he might never rival the fame of a Plutarch, or a Johnson, that he would rank very superior to that class of biographers happily described by the author of the Rambler, “who rarely afford any other account than might be collected from public papers, but imagine themselves writing a life when they exhibit a chronological series of actions and preferments; and so little regard the manners or behaviour of their heroes, that more knowledge may be gained of a man’s real character, by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral.” It is not our intention, however, at present, to go into any particular investigation of the merits of Dr. H. as a general biographer. This task we shall reserve for a period, not very far distant we hope, when the Doctor shall have complied with the suggestion which we have just made.

The biography of Dr. Williamson is certainly one of the most elaborate and complete performances of our author; and we think the members of the New-York Historical Society, at whose request it was written, and afterwards published, ought to be much indebted to their associate for the promptitude with which he com-

plied with their wishes, and for the industry and ability which he has expended upon this performance. The greatest objection to it, we think, is the minuteness of some of its details, which illustrate not a single feature of Dr. W.’s character, and the only apparent object of which seems to be that of increasing the size of the pamphlet. We do not wish to be understood by any means as intending to convey the idea, that the venerable subject of this eulogium was not deserving of a pretty extended notice. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that in whatever light he may be viewed, as a philosopher, a patriot, or a christian, he is worthy of the highest respect and approbation of his countrymen, and that his character will long continue to be looked up to as a model of no ordinary excellence. All we mean to say is, that Dr. Hosack might have told us a great deal more of Dr. Williamson than he has done, and that more forcibly too, in a much smaller compass. Our readers, however, may differ from us in this respect, and we shall not attempt to dispute the point. We are aware of the nice intellectual discrimination it requires in a writer to make a judicious selection of those occurrences, whose agencies are visibly impressed upon the character he is portraying. On the one hand, the most trivial circumstances frequently, either by a direct or more remote connection with their effects, give a decided modification to a man’s character, while those of a seeming importance, leave behind them a feebleness of impression than does the foaming and noisy current of a shallow stream upon the rocks which underlay it. Illustrations of the latter occur daily, and of the former they are only less frequent because less noticed. One of the most striking of these to be met with is found in the history of the emperor Commodus. It is related by the historian of the decline and fall of the

Roman empire, that this emperor, during the first years of his reign, although extremely profligate, was not only unstained with blood, and guiltless of cruelty, but even displayed some traits of a noble and more generous disposition. The following incident decided his fluctuating character. One evening, as he was returning to the palace through a dark and narrow portico in the amphitheatre, an assassin, who waited his passage, rushed upon him with a drawn sword, loudly exclaiming, "the senate sends you this." The menace prevented the deed; the assassin was seized by the guards, and immediately revealed the authors of the conspiracy. It had been formed, not in the senate, but within the walls of the palace, and by the relations of the emperor. None of the senators were concerned in the plot. All the conspirators suffered the rigour of justice. Notwithstanding this, the words of the assassin sunk deep into the mind of Commodus, and left an indelible impression of fear and hatred against the whole body of the senate. And from that period, he began to exercise those cruelties which covered the Roman empire with blood.

Here there was nothing very uncommon in the attack made upon the emperor; and if it had occurred to almost any other monarch, might have terminated simply in the infliction of punishment upon the conspirators; and yet, in this case, it became the means of evolving one of those black and bloody characters which occasionally darken the pages of history. And the record of this little incident, together with its consequences, sheds more light on the true character of Commodus, than a laboured and lengthened account of his whole life perhaps would have done. It shows him at once weak, cruel, cowardly, and profligate. But to return: We adduced this to show, how the most apparently trifling occurrences often work the most complete transforma-

tions of character. Here the *cause* was well marked, and the *effect* obviously resulted from it. In most other cases, however, while the effect is obvious and permanent, the cause is obscure and unnoticed.

Hence arises a constant source of embarrassment with the philosophical biographer, in the selection of the incidents which should enter into the portrait of his hero.

If Dr. Hosack has betrayed occasional evidences of this embarrassment, we can only say, that it proves nothing more nor less, than that he is not possessed of the gifted powers of a Johnson.

There is another remark which has been suggested while reading this production, and we believe it may apply also to some other of Dr. Hosack's publications. We think he is rather too fond of ornamenting his writings with *quotations*. We are perfectly aware how difficult it is for one who is profoundly versed in ancient lore, and at the same time familiarized with the classic writers of France, Italy, Germany, and England, to abstain from drawing occasionally from those storehouses of intellectual wealth, and appropriating them to his own use. But there is danger in carrying this too far; and there are always ill natured critics in abundance, (and never more than in the present age,) who are ready to decry it as a vain parade of learning; as the affectation of extensive reading; that the quotations are second hand; and that in many cases the authors who are most largely quoted, have never been even seen, much less read; with a great number of other malicious charges of a similar nature.

Dr. H. cannot expect to escape from the attacks of these wicked and envious critics. How far he may think it proper to notice their assaults, we are ignorant. But it would certainly be very injudicious in him to disregard them altogether. If he will permit us to perform the office of

a friendly counsellor, we would advise him to a little more prudence in this respect in future. The Doctor's merits are sufficiently estimated by the public; and even if they were not, we are too well acquainted with the high honour of his character, to believe for one moment that he would attempt to build a reputation for extensive reading and classical learning upon such a slender and equivocal foundation.

Having thus candidly expressed ourselves on this subject, we shall now state what strikes us as the general merit of this memoir. And we think it to consist rather in the absence of errors and defects, than in the presence of any positive beauties. It is adorned by no vigour of style, no profound reflections, no copiousness of language, no variety of illustration. In short, truth compels us to state, that there is a barrenness of all the higher qualities of a vigorous and classic writer. Still there is a certain correctness, perhaps somewhat mechanical, together with an ease and simplicity in the style, that is very pleasing, and which constitute merits of no ordinary kind. These, however, are of very little consequence, when compared with another characteristic of this work, and which counterbalances all the defects we have been speaking of. And this is the tone of deep seriousness, and even of fervid piety, which pervades it from the beginning to the end. We confess that we have long entertained the opinion, that many of the members of the medical profession, if not decidedly hostile to religion, were yet very indifferent to its interests; and we were led to suspect that there might be something in the nature of their studies to produce such a tendency. As a refutation of this, we have been told exultingly of the piety of a Boerhaave, a Haller, a Gregory, a Percival, and some other of the ornaments of that profession. These, however, we considered only as exceptions to

the general rule. With sentiments so unfavourable to the religious character of the faculty, we felt the most unfeigned pleasure in finding that Dr. H. had rescued himself from this imputation, and that he will hereafter be ranked with the illustrious men we have just named, as the open and intrepid defenders of truth and piety. We cannot refrain from congratulating his patients, that Providence has blessed them with a physician, who, while he is administering by his pre-eminent skill to their physical maladies, is at the same time so abundantly qualified to pour the balm of religious consolation into their afflicted souls.

But it is time that we should give our readers some account of Doctor Williamson, the subject of this memoir, and this we shall do as briefly as possible, following the track of his friend and biographer.

Dr. Hugh Williamson was a native of the State of Pennsylvania; he was born on the 5th day of December, 1735, in West-Nottingham township, near Octarara river, which divides Chester from Lancaster county. His parents were natives of Ireland, but their earlier ancestors, it is believed, came originally from Scotland. His parents were both distinguished for their undeviating integrity, their habits of industry and frugality, their great moral worth, and attention to the duties of religion. Hugh was the eldest son, and as he was observed to be of a slender and delicate constitution, and that he was not likely to attain to that vigour that would enable him to support himself by manual labour, his father resolved to give him a liberal education. After having received the common preparatory instruction of a country school, near his father's house, he was sent at an early age to learn the languages at an academy established at New-London Cross Roads, under the direction of that very eminent scholar, the Rev. Francis Alison, justly entitled, from his talents, learning, and disci-

pline, the *Busby* of the western hemisphere. p. 13. Here, we are told, he distinguished himself by his diligence, his love of order, and his correct, moral, and religious deportment. After leaving this school, he entered the college of Philadelphia, for which a charter had just been obtained. Here he remained four years; and at the first commencement held in that institution, on the 17th May, 1757, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

It seems that Mr. Williamson's mind had been early impressed with a sense of religion; and it was this that decided his choice of a profession. He accordingly commenced the study of divinity, under the direction of Dr. Samuel Finley, an eminent divine, who at that time preached at East-Nottingham township, Chester county, and was afterwards made President of Princeton college. In 1759 Mr. W. went to Connecticut, where he still pursued his theological studies, and was licensed to preach the gospel. After his return from Connecticut, he was also admitted a member of the presbytery of Philadelphia. He preached but a short time, not exceeding two years, and then only occasionally; he never was ordained, or took charge of a congregation, for his health did not permit him to perform the stated duties of a pastor; the infirm state of his health, together with the disgust which he is said to have taken at the controversies which then agitated the church, induced him to abandon divinity, and to study medicine.

In the year 1760 he received the degree of Master of Arts, in the college of Philadelphia, and was immediately after appointed the professor of mathematics in that institution. This appointment he resigned at the close of the year 1763, and in the following year, left his native country for Europe, for the purpose of prosecuting his medical studies at the uni-

versity of Edinburgh. After attending the lectures at this celebrated seat of medical instruction, he went to London, where he remained a year, and from thence to Leyden, where he completed his medical education, and obtained the degree of Doctor in Medicine, on presenting a Latin thesis.

On his return to his native country, Dr. W. practiced medicine in Philadelphia, for some years, with great success, as it regarded his reputation. But his arduous labours so shattered his constitution, that he found it necessary to give up the practice of his profession, and determined him to engage in mercantile pursuits. This plan, however, he did not put into execution until after an interval of some years. In the mean time he devoted himself to literary and philosophical investigations. In January, 1769, he was appointed by the American Philosophical Society, as a member of a committee, consisting of David Rittenhouse, Rev. Dr. Ewing, Dr. Smith, provost of the college, Mr. Charles Thompson, and some other eminent mathematicians and philosophers, to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, which occurred on the 3d day of June, 1769. The accuracy and ability with which this committee performed their duty, reflected great credit upon themselves, and gained them the approbation of European philosophers. The results of their observations were published in the first volume of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society.

Shortly after this, the same committee was appointed to observe the transit of Mercury, which was to take place on the 9th of November, 1769. The observations of Dr. Williamson on this transit are also published in the same volume.

We come now to a more interesting period of Dr. Williamson's life, inasmuch as it is connected with the early history of our revolutionary war. In the autumn of 1773, Dr.

W., in conjunction with Dr. Ewing, accepted of an appointment to make a tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, to solicit benefactions in behalf of an academy, in the State of Delaware, of which institution they were both trustees.

The vessel in which Dr. Williamson had engaged passage for Europe, lay in the harbour of Boston, to which place he had proceeded, and was waiting for her sailing at the very time at which that remarkable circumstance took place, the destruction of the tea of the East India Company. Upon Dr. Williamson's arrival in England, he was the first to report to the British Government that occurrence; and, after a private interview with Lord Dartmouth, was examined on the subject before his Majesty's Privy Council: that examination took place on the 19th of February, 1774. On that occasion, Dr. Williamson ventured to declare, that, if the coercive measures of Parliament were persisted in, nothing less than a civil war would be the result. Time soon verified his prediction; but the want of correct information on the part of the British ministry, as to the state of public feeling in this country, seems almost incredible. Lord North himself has been heard to declare, that Dr. Williamson was the first person who, in his hearing, had even intimated the probability of such an event. p. 35.

While in London, Dr. W. became concerned in one of the most important incidents that preceded our struggle for independence. We mean the discovery of the celebrated letters of Hutchinson and Oliver. The history of these letters is well known to all our readers; but the agency which Dr. W. had in their discovery was never before revealed. We shall content ourselves with giving Dr. Hosack's account of it.

The *third person* from whom Dr. Franklin received these famous letters, (and permit me to add that this is the first time the fact has been publicly disclosed,) was Dr. Hugh Williamson.

I have before stated his mission in behalf of the academy. Dr. Williamson had now arrived in London. Feeling a lively interest in the momentous questions then agitated, and suspecting that a clandestine correspondence, hostile to the interest of the colonies, was carried on between Hutchinson and certain leading members of the

British Cabinet, he determined to ascertain the truth by a bold experiment.

He had learned that Governor Hutchinson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transaction of the business of that office, (it is believed it was the office of a particular department of the treasury,) he immediately repaired to it, and addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the principal within: assuming the demeanour of official importance, he peremptorily stated that he had come for the last letters that had been received from Governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorized person from some other public office. Dr. Williamson immediately carried them to Dr. Franklin, and the next day left London for Holland.

I received this important fact from a gentleman of high respectability, now living; with whom, as the companion and friend of his early days, Dr. Williamson had entrusted the secret. p. 50.

This was certainly a very daring act, and however much very scrupulous casuists may object to the artifice that was practised, still, no man will refuse his assent to its being a striking and undeniable proof of Dr. W.'s devotion to his country. And we think Dr. H. has performed the part of an honest biographer, in publishing it to the world. We know, that doubts have been expressed with regard to the sufficiency of the evidence, upon which Dr. H. related this affair. But, beside seeing nothing either inconsistent or improbable in it, we understand that he has since laid before the Historical Society, such documents as render the truth of his statement unquestionable.

While in Holland, Dr. W. received the news of the declaration of American Independence, upon which he immediately resolved to return to his native country, which he did shortly after. On his arrival, the Doctor wished to enter the service, but found there was no vacancy in the medical staff. In consequence of this, he engaged in mercantile pursuits with his brother,

at Edenton, in North Carolina, and at the same time resumed the practice of medicine.

In the winter of 1779, 1780, Dr. W. was appointed to the head of the medical department, in the North Carolina militia, who were ordered for the relief of South Carolina. In this capacity he served with great credit, displaying at once his abilities as a physician, and his attachment to the cause of freedom.

In 1782, Dr. W. took his seat as a representative of Edenton, in the House of Commons of North Carolina, and on the election of members of Congress, he was chosen without opposition, and continued at the head of the delegation for three years, the longest time that any member was then permitted to serve.

In 1786, he was one of the members sent to Annapolis, to revise and amend the constitution of the United States.

In 1789, he was one of the delegates from North Carolina, in the general convention at Philadelphia, who formed and signed the present constitution of the United States. And in the same year he was again chosen by the General Assembly, to take his seat in Congress the succeeding spring, when he should be again eligible, having been three years absent from that body.

In 1789, he also served as a member of the convention which framed the constitution of North Carolina.

The Doctor's congressional career was now to terminate. He had been chosen a representative from North Carolina, in the first and second Congress; but desirous of retiring from political life, he at a new election declined being a candidate.

As a proof of the estimation in which Dr. Williamson was held as a member of Congress, it will suffice to mention the opinion expressed concerning him by Mr. Jefferson. "We served together," says he, "in Congress, at Annapolis, during the winter

of 1783 and 4; there I found him a very useful member, of an acute mind, attentive to business, and of an high degree of erudition." p. 67.

After a long life of devotion to the service of his country, and to the advancement of science, Dr. W. died, on the 22d day of May last, in the 85th year of his age.

Dr. Hosack concludes his eulogium by giving a summary of Dr. W.'s character. This we shall take the liberty of offering to the reader, as a favourable specimen of our author's style of writing.

To those who have not enjoyed a personal acquaintance with him, I may remark, that he was no less distinguished for the manliness of his form, than for the energy and firmness of his mind. Dr. Williamson, in his person, was tall, considerably above the general standard, of a large frame, well proportioned, but of a thin habit of body. He was remarkable for his erect, dignified carriage, which he retained even in the decline of life. His whole physiognomy was peculiar and striking. The proportion of his head to his person was good, and its configuration capacious and well formed. The features of his face were strongly marked, and indicated bold and original thinking. His forehead was high, open, and boldly arched. His cheek bones were elevated, exhibiting the characteristic of his Scottish ancestors. His eyes were of a dark gray colour; in their expression, penetrating and steady. His nose was long and aquiline. His mouth exhibited an unusual depression, which in advanced life was greatly increased by the loss of his teeth. His chin was long and remarkably prominent. These peculiarities diminished the beauty of a head, which, with those exceptions, was one of nature's finest models. Altogether, his form was one of those which cannot pass unnoticed; and if, in early life, he had sacrificed a little to the graces, his appearance would have been eminently attractive, as well as commanding.

In his conversation, Dr. Williamson was pleasant, facetious, and animated; occasionally indulging in wit and satire; always remarkable for the strength of his expressions, and an emphatic manner of utterance, accompanied with a peculiarity of gesticulation, originally in part ascribable to the impulse of an active mind, but which early in life had become an established habit.

As was to be expected from the education of Dr. Williamson, and from his long and extensive intercourse with the world, his manners, though in some respects eccentric,

were generally those of a polite well-bred gentleman. Occasionally, however, when he met with persons who either displayed great ignorance, want of moral character, or a disregard to religious truth, he expressed his feelings and opinions in such a manner, as distinctly to show them they possessed no claim to his respect. To such, both his language and manner might be considered as abrupt, if not possessing a degree of what might be denominated Johnsonian rudeness.

His style, both in conversation and in writing, was simple, concise, perspicuous, and remarkable for its strength; always displaying correctness of thought, and logical precision. In the order, too, and disposal of his discourse, whether oral or written, such was the close connexion of its parts, and the dependence of one proposition upon that which preceded it, that it became easy to discern the influence of his early predilection for mathematical investigation. The same habit of analysis, arising from "the purifying influence of geometrical demonstration," led him to avoid that profusion of language, with which it has become customary with some writers to dilute their thoughts: in like manner, he carefully abstained from that embroidery of words which a modern and vitiated taste has rendered too prevalent.

Under the impressions and precepts he had very early received, no circumstances could ever induce him to depart from that line of conduct which his understanding had informed him was correct. His constancy of character, the obstinacy, I may say, of his integrity, whether in the minor concerns of private life, or in the performance of his public duties, became proverbial with all who knew him.

As an instance of this, the following striking anecdote is related :

Joseph Ceracchi, an Italian statuary of great celebrity in his profession, finding the turbulent state of Europe unfavourable to the exercise of his art, had come to this country. This gentleman exercised his talents in erecting honorary memorials of some of our most distinguished public men. The busts of Washington, President Adams, Gov. Jay, Gen. Hamilton, Gov. George Clinton, and Col. John Trumbull, are eminent examples of his art.

He, at that time also, as appears by a correspondence in my possession, applied to Dr. Williamson, then a member of congress, for permission to perpetuate in marble the bust of the *American Cato*, as Mr. Ceracchi was pleased to denominate him.—I beg leave to read the originals :

"Mr. Ceracchi requests the favour of Mr. Williamson to sit for his bust, not on ac-

count of getting Mr. Williamson's influence in favour of the National Monument; this is a subject too worthy to be recommended; but merely on account of his distinguished character, that will produce honour to the artist, and may give to posterity the expressive features of the American Cato."

To this note Dr. Williamson replied in his appropriate caustic style :

"Mr. Hugh Williamson is much obliged to Mr. Ceracchi for the polite offer of taking his bust. Mr. Williamson could not possibly suppose that Mr. Ceracchi had offered such a compliment by way of a bribe; for the man in his public station who could accept of a bribe, or betray his trust, ought never to have his likeness made, except from a block of wood.

"Mr. Williamson, in the mean time, cannot avail himself of Mr. Ceracchi's services, as he believes that posterity will not be solicitous to know what were the features of his face. He hopes, nevertheless, for the sake of his children, that posterity will do him the justice to believe, that his conduct was upright, and that he was uniformly influenced by a regard to the happiness of his fellow citizens, and those who shall come after them.

"Philadelphia, 11th April, 1792."

To those who knew his unbending resolution when once formed, it need not be added, that Dr. Williamson, offended by this flattery, persisted in his determination not to sit to Mr. Ceracchi.

The steadiness of his private attachments ought not to be passed over in silence. Dr. Williamson was slow in forming his friendship, but when formed, as the writer of this memorial of his worth can testify, it was immovable, and not to be changed by time or distance.

Whatever may be the merits of Dr. Williamson, as a scholar, a physician, a statesman, or philosopher; however he may be distinguished for his integrity, his benevolence, and those virtues which enter into the moral character of man; he presents to the world claims of a still higher order. The lovers of truth and virtue will admire much more than his literary endowments, that regard for religious duty, of which, under all circumstances and in all situations, he exhibited so eminent an example.

There are some philosophers, and of great attainments too in their particular departments of knowledge, whose views are so rivetted to, I had almost said identified with, the objects of their research, that they cannot extend their vision beyond the little spot of earth which they inhabit; they are, indeed, with great felicity of expression, designated by the appropriate name of *Materialists*. Dr. Williamson was not an associate of this class: with all his inquiries into the physical constitution of this globe, like

Newton and Rittenhouse, he could elevate his views to the great agent that gave existence to our world, and sustains it in its connexions with the other parts of the universe. With all the attention he bestowed upon the various departments of nature, he still, in the true spirit of a lover of wisdom, could direct his thoughts to

“—————Sion Hill,
And Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God”

To those who like to dwell on themes like these, it will be gratifying to receive the expression of his own sentiments and feelings on this momentous subject. In a letter I possess, written during his last illness, while it displays the full possession of his mental faculties, and manifests the consciousness of his approaching dissolution, and his patient resignation to that event; he observes, “I have not any apprehension of a long confinement by sickness; men of my habits usually drop off quickly, therefore I count it my duty to be constantly in a state of preparation, whether I may be called off in the morning, at noon, or at midnight.”

Upon another occasion, a short time before his decease, he thus concludes a letter to his nephew, and which, I believe, proved one of his last communications.

“I have, as I believe, given you notice of every thing to which it is proper that you should attend; and having now, as I think, nearly finished my course through the wilderness of life, grant, O Lord! that when my feet shall touch the cold stream of the waters of Jordan, my eyes may be steadily fixed on the heavenly Canaan, so that I may say to death, ‘where is thy sting?’”

Such was the man whose character and services we have this day endeavoured to commemorate.

The principal productions of Dr. Williamson's pen were, “Experiments and Observations on the Gymnotus Electricus, or Electrical Ecl.,” which was first published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1775, and has since been reprinted in the abridgment of that work. “Observations on the Climate in different parts of America, compared with the Climate in corresponding parts of the other Continent,” in one vol. 8vo. “History of North Carolina,” in two vols. 8vo. and an Oration before the New-York Historical Society, on “the Benefits of Civil

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History.” Beside these, he contributed to the American Museum, published by Matthew Carey, several fugitive pieces on languages and politics; and to the American Medical and Philosophical Register, several articles on medicine and philosophy.

We shall conclude our notice of this production, by commending, in the most unqualified manner, the custom which the Historical Society appear to have adopted, of honouring the memories of their distinguished members. It is honourable to the good feelings of the Society, and will eventuate in the accumulation of many valuable facts connected with the history of our country. Of the truth of this, no stronger or better proof need be required, than the very performance we have just been noticing, in which the distinguished author has thrown so much light upon one of the most interesting and obscure portions of our Revolutionary History.

The Means of National Prosperity, A Sermon, delivered at Litchfield, Connecticut, on the day of the Anniversary Thanksgiving, December 2, 1819. By Lyman Beecher, D. D. Pastor of the First Church of Christ in Litchfield. Second Edition: New-York, 1820. pp. 24.

A Review of the Trade and Commerce of New-York, from 1815, to the present time, with an Inquiry into the Causes of the present Distress, and the Means of Obviating it. By An Observer: New-York, 1820. pp. 43.

Remarks on the present State of Currency Credit, Commerce, and National Industry: In reply to an Address of the Tammany Society of New-York. By Oliver Wolcott, Governor of the State of Connecticut: New-York, 1820. pp. 43.

THE embarrassments that have been felt by every class of the community, in a greater or less degree, since the peace, have been productive of permanent good to the country. They have excited a spirit and interest of inquiry on political economy; and questions involving the true interests of the nation are begin-

ning to be discussed. The people of the United States are no longer divided into two great political parties, each wishing to pursue a different course of policy, and from *principle* differing in opinion, with regard to the true interests of the country. Indeed, the time is fast approaching when the policy of this country will become fixed, and the real interest of the nation steadily pursued. Political parties will become merged in the struggle of individuals for office, and the great contest will be, who shall exercise the authority of government. The present period, therefore, possesses an interest second to none, in the history of this country, except the era that gave birth to our national constitution.

The situation of the world, and the novelty of our own, has been so peculiar ever since the adoption of our present form of government, as to preclude the idea of fixing upon what would be our future situation. We were too much engaged in contemplating the mighty contests of Europe—of espousing the interests and feelings of one or the other of the two great parties into which the people of this country were divided, to turn our attention toward those great and fundamental principles that lead to national greatness.

The happiness of a country is the true object of its government. This consists in national wealth, secured to its individual possessors by the protection of good and permanent laws. The frequent change of law and of policy is the too common fault of republics. This is in some measure interwoven into the very nature of the government. It is therefore the more to be guarded against. The great object is, then, to settle in what the true policy of this country consists; and every discussion having any connection with it, must possess no small degree of interest.

The three pamphlets before us are

nearly allied to each other, although the occasions that prompted them are widely different. The sermon of Mr. Beecher was preached on the annual thanksgiving of Connecticut—The Review seems to have grown out of the distress of the times—The Letter of Gov. Wolcott is an answer to an Address of the Tammany Society.

The style of the sermon is decidedly superior to either of the other productions, although there is a copiousness of thought and terseness of expression in the Review that entitles it to much commendation. The letter of the Governor contains much good sense; yet there is a general looseness of thought and expression throughout the whole of it. Indeed, this is no more than might be expected from the jejune address that it professes to answer. But it is not our intention to enter at the present time into a minute criticism of each particular work. We rather intend to lay before our readers some considerations upon a subject in which the three are agreed. They all unite in referring much of the present distress throughout the nation to the system of banking that so extensively prevails. Mr. Beecher remarks:

This abundance of paper currency depreciates the support of all who live upon a specific moneyed income, tempts to adventurous speculations in trade, and to indiscreet expenses in the family, while, by the smiling aspect of seeming prosperity, it hides from the thoughtless multitude the day of destruction. For the banks at length, alarmed at the disappearance of specie, which the adverse balance of trade has borne to other lands, and at the extent of credit which the desire of gain has tempted them, retrench at once their discounts, and call upon their customers to pay their debts. These, the venders of foreign manufactures over the face of the nation, call upon the consumers to pay their debts. But the paper medium is retrenched, and the solid medium is gone, and the payment in money cannot be made—and in lands and other kinds of capital it cannot be made but at a sacrifice of one half, or two thirds its real value. And now commences a scene of failure and fraud, and sacrifice of property, of blasted hopes and family distress, of ma-

tional embarrassment, and stagnation of business, that beggars description.

We shall follow this extract with one from Mr. Wolcott :

The inconvenience resulting from this state of things, (the banking system) is, that whenever gold or silver is demanded by an unfavourable state of exchange, it can only be obtained from the banks, which are then compelled to recall their circulating notes; thus creating a scarcity of money sufficient to turn the exchange in their favour, and thereby avert the demand. When this change cannot be effected as fast as the notes are returned for payment, the banks forfeit their credit, and subject the public to loss; even when the credit of the banks is preserved, the oscillations between the plenty and scarcity of money, created by their operations, are more sudden, and perhaps in some degree more extensive, than would have happened if the course of exchange had been regulated without the intermediate agency of banks.

The author of the Review is much more severe, and occasionally shows some little irritation of feeling, and, if we may be allowed a conjecture, it would be, that he had been handled rather roughly by some of the bank gentry. He loses not a little of his equanimity when speaking both of the bank directors and of the auctioneers. There is, however, much force and truth in his remarks, and he is not alone in the belief that some auctioneers are haughty, and some bank directors cheats. We give the following extract :

The banking system of this country is at the present time its greatest, sorest evil. The disclosures that have been made of the internal management of the United States Bank, and the facts stated in this work of the transactions of the banks of this city, prove too clearly the necessity of a change in the whole system. Nearly all the embarrassments that have taken place in this country since the peace, have arisen from the speculating character of our moneyed institutions. The arm of law must correct the evil. To temporize with them would be like giving opiates in a consumption—relieve the cough, and fix the disease. The banks in the interior of the country require no particular notice. Their situation and character are well known—the institutions bankrupt, and the directors rich. The ma-

agement that the bank directors use is immense; instance after instance might be adduced, and the history of a bank, recently incorporated in New-York, tells the simple story—that the directors appointed by the state to receive subscriptions for the stock, took in the first place one half of the shares to themselves. This, perhaps, was no more than a reasonable compensation for the trouble and expense of procuring the charter. It is much to be regretted that the national legislature does not pass a law prohibiting banks from issuing notes of a less denomination than ten or twenty dollars. This would have the happy effect of throwing the precious metals into circulation, and destroy the fictitious banking capital which is created by the vast quantity of paper of a small denomination that is always in circulation. It would be a great check upon counterfeiting and the commission of crimes. Nearly all the forged bank paper in circulation is of a less denomination than twenty dollars. The reasons of this are obvious. Small notes can be passed to the poor, the ignorant, and those who receive but little money. They are likewise taken with less attention than larger ones. American gold eagles and half eagles can be used with as much ease as bank notes. Indeed, Providence seems to have intended gold and silver for the circulating medium of the world. Their great specific gravity above baser metals, and their other distinct characters, almost exclude the possibility of deception.

The ruinous consequences of the banking system as it exists in this country, appears to be clearly established. The inquiry naturally arises, in what way can it be obviated without infringing upon those rights that are already conferred by legislators on the banks? This can best be done by restricting their emissions of paper to notes of a large denomination. The happy tendency of such a measure would not only relieve the community from the load of spurious paper that is constantly in circulation, but would likewise tend to diminish the number of crimes. In looking over the criminal lists of our courts, we are astonished at the catalogue of indictments both for counterfeiting and passing counterfeit money. By restricting banks in the manner proposed, they would be confined to the object for which they

were originally intended—to facilitate exchange and commercial transactions.

The loss that is sustained by bad paper falls most heavily upon that class of society the least able to sustain it—the poor, and those who receive but little money.

In this country, the medium of circulation depends upon the whim or the feelings of moneyed institutions. Speculation is the great object of many of those who have the direction of them. Money is made more or less plenty as best suits their convenience. The value of property is increased or diminished in its nominal value from sinister motives. The public are held in constant suspense by the sudden transitions from one extreme to another, and an uncertainty of calculation is created, that gives a gambling character to much of the business of this country.

The proposed restriction upon the banks would retain in the country a large amount of specie, which could not, by any course of trade whatever, be taken from it; for a nation must at all times have within itself a sufficient quantity of money to answer the purposes of internal trade. The doctrine, therefore, of draining a country of specie is entirely fallacious. It may be forced out by the introduction of something as a substitute, but left to itself, it will always remain. Causes may operate to lessen the amount of money in circulation, such as a falling market, or a sudden or unusual demand for specie for some foreign trade, and in this way reduce the currency of the country. The evils, however, arising from such a reduction are never as much felt, or as lasting in their effects, as those that are produced by the contrary extreme.

We have always been taught to think that it was sufficient to show the bad effects of any measure to ensure an effort to remedy it; but in this case it will not answer. The influ-

ence of moneyed institutions, and of those who direct them, over society, is so extensive, and exercised in such a variety of ways, that they command a kind of passive obedience to whatever they propose. It was the exercise of this influence that calmed the public mind when the banks suspended specie payment, and which enabled them to delay resuming them long after the reasons assigned for the measure had ceased to operate.

Gold and silver do possess within themselves qualities so distinct and peculiar that they cannot be easily mistaken. They appear to have been originally designed to constitute the medium of exchange; at least, their utility as a circulating medium is so superior to every thing else, that it evinces a diseased state of society where they are driven out of circulation by the introduction of a paper currency. A. B.

DUELLING.

THE servile continuance of this remnant of barbarity amongst an independent and enlightened people, is a mortifying proof of the slow progress of civilization; and if this country should be fortunate enough to surmount the corruption that threatens it, and fulfil its promised destinies, the future historian will relate the astonishing fact, that, long after the trial by ordeal, and other superstitions of the Gothic ages, had been abolished throughout Europe, *trial by pistol* remained in full vigour in America, and that some of her most able statesmen and distinguished heroes had been put to death by it. But let us tread lightly over *their* graves. I hope, however, that this journal, and these observations with it, may descend to posterity; and in that view I beg the historians of future times to do us the justice to state, that this trial by pistol made no part

of our judicial system, but was so far discountenanced by the people and their laws, that it was proscribed under pains of death and infamy, and all concerned in it declared to be criminals.

The philosophical historian will seek for the key to this mystery, and will wonder what charm there could be in the practice to render it worth the while of any rational being, who had lived in honour, to rush on death in rebellion. If he looks to the etymology of the term, he will find it, according to learned critics, made up of two Latin words compounded, "*duorum bellum*," a war of two. What is there of seductive magnificence or grandeur in a small warfare of this kind, where there is but one man in each army? It is, indeed, sometimes called single combat; but that is not so properly referable to this trial by pistol, as to the kindred modes of trial by hot or cold water, or choak bread, or fire. In those cases, the term single combat applies, because there is but one person engaged in those proceedings—the lump of dough, or the hot plough-share, or the boiling water, or the horse pond, as the case may be, making the party of the other part. The greatest difficulty hereafter will be, to know why, of these various modes of trial, that by pistol should have retained the preference, in an enlightened age, being, by no means, the most just or liberal of them, as I think I can show.

When the witch was thrown into the pond, if she sunk, she was declared innocent—she was guilty only when she swam; and it was very seldom that the innocent person was condemned: she suffered death, indeed, but not dishonour:—if she would swim, and not drown, it was her own fault, and her own perverseness.

With respect to the choak bit, there was some chance; for one with a good swallow, and a plentiful secretion from the salivary glands, might

escape with honour and a clear conscience.

For the trial by boiling water, and hot iron, I cannot say much; though, as it was ordained by our ancestors, and was part of the common law, I am bound to hold it in some veneration.

But it is clear, that of all these modes of settling a controverted point, or solving a moral doubt, or deciding who is right, or who is wrong, the trial by pistol is the most imperfect—in this: that whatever be the subject of the dispute—whether a drunken squabble, or political rancour, a gambling transaction, or case of seduction, or defamation, or any other affair of honour, there is ten to one in every such case that the worse man shoots the better; and for this plain reason, that most good men employ their time in useful occupation or study, while the idle meditate upon quarrels, and exercise the arts necessary to maintain them.

If none were to fight duels but such as those last mentioned, the evil would not be so great; yet, there is scarcely one who falls in this way, be he ever so mean or abandoned, whose death will not afflict some innocent person. But when men whose lives are useful and honourable, will forget that they hold those lives in trust for their country, their family, and their friends, and will squander them for the sake of false honour and vain glory, it is natural to inquire, what that honour and what that glory is. This I leave to the advocates of that practice. It may be shorter, and as profitable, to examine the act itself.

Take any given quarrel between any two gentlemen—love, policy, drunkenness, gambling, gallantry, cock-fight, horse-race, bull-bait, young ambition, or old-fashioned folly, grave or gay: and now come me my two parties with their seconds, in the affair of honour—all quaint preliminaries and punctilios of etiquette duly settled behind the curtain—out

they come upon the scene, each with his little instrument—not the sword, but the pistol of justice in his right hand; the two surgeons, with each his case of instruments, take position in the rear of the column. A thimble full of sooty powder, composed of certain penny-weights of the three terrible and fatal ingredients, brimstone, charcoal, and saltpetre, are now stuffed into each of the little cylinders, and rammed, and upon the top of this, a mystical globule of lead ready to fly off with an explosion, and make a round hole in the guilty head. The ground is duly measured. All nature now is hushed—the warblers of the grove suspend their tuneful strains, and, (awful and magnificent sight!) the cylinders are poised in air, while justice, in white-robed majesty, enthroned in the clouds above their heads, suspends the fate of the combat in her golden scales. *Pluff!*—It is done—it is done forever—the hero is no more—the guilty, or the innocent is fallen!!!—Reader, supply the rest!

Having spoken of the trial by the corsned, or choak bit, it brings to my mind the story of a French Doctor, of great eminence, who was lately challenged to fight. His vision having been rendered somewhat obscure by a long course of midnight studies, and being unacquainted with the use of fire arms, he insisted upon the choice of weapons, which, he understood from his reading, belonged to the challenged. He accordingly prepared two pills about the magnitude of pistol balls, and telling his adversary, that one was made of pure dough, the other of poison, left it to him to choose; and proposed that each should swallow one, and he who happened upon the poisoned pill should abide the fortune of the war. The pistolier remonstrated, saying these were ungentlemanly weapons, but in his turn, not to be outdone in generosity and noble daring, proposed that each should sit on an end

of one barrel of gun powder. But the Doctor, holding him disgraced by refusing gentlemanly satisfaction, and the choice of weapons to the challenged, posted him for a coward.

L. E. O.

THE FELON.

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that peridious stuff that weighs upon the heart.

Shakespeare.

It was a cold morning in January, that I took my seat in the stage at Albany, with the intention of proceeding to New-York. Before we crossed the river, we stopped to take in another passenger; as rising from a warm bed at two o'clock, to pursue a cold journey is not apt to sweeten the temper, mine could not boast of much serenity. I sat fuming and fretting at the delay, when a large man hustled into the stage, and after some difficulty, he was settled to his liking, when we proceeded. As we rode over the frozen river, my companion was continually blessing himself, and awakened me from a sweet slumber by swearing with a tremendous oath that the whole concern was going to the devil; "speak for yourself sir," said I, peevishly; "certainly, sir," he replied, "but, bad company you know." Notwithstanding my fellow traveller's prediction, we reached the opposite shore in safety, where, at the humble inn, which then was the only house there, we took in another passenger, who, as the faint light of the lamp glared on him, seemed a complete contrast to my portly companion. He sprang lightly in the vehicle, whistling the while, and depositing his little body in one corner, began, in a tolerable voice, a jolly song, that soon lulled his audience to repose. We were scarce awake when we reached the place at which we were to breakfast. As I strolled round the house while

our meal was preparing, I observed a boy pensively leaning against the fence; his apparel was decent, but much worn, and he bore the appearance of having come off a long journey. I inquired whence he came? "Ohio, sir," was the reply—"that is a great distance"—"yes, but I had lifts—I did not walk all the way, sir." "My poor child," I said, "what has forced you to wander alone over such a tract of country?" He answered, "that his uncle had sent him away, and he was going to New-York to his mother." I was struck with pity for the urchin, and, pleased with his intelligent face, promised to procure him a seat in the stage, and ordered him some refreshment. The driver consented to admit him, on receiving a small recompense; and our repast being finished, we recommenced our journey. The moment Mr. Rasdale (as the little man called himself) saw the poor boy, he began with, "Hey, youngster, who are you?" "Charles Herberts, sir." "Where do you come from?" "Ohio, sir." "Why the devil did you not stay there?" "My uncle sent me away," said the boy, omitting the sir. "Aha! you have been about mischief, my chap; what did you do, eh?" "Nothing," said the boy in a dogged tone. "And you are bound to New-York," continued his merciless interrogator—"who have you there to look after you?" "My mother keeps a garden." "And you are going to live on your poor mother?" "No," said the child, with a glowing face, "I be little, but I be strong—I can work." "And what will you do?" "Any thing—every thing," replied the youth. "Hum, I suspect it will be any thing," said Mr. Rasdale; "I see you are a knowing one, and I dare say I shall meet you in court, or have the trying of you myself for some state prison business yet; I see it by your eyes."—There did lurk a sly expression in the corners. As the lawyer uttered this charitable pro-

phesy, the blood rushed to the boy's face, he clenched his hands, and darted an indignant glance at Mr. Rasdale. When we reached the city, in the bustle of arrival, I forgot my protégée, and saw no more of him for some years. One morning I chanced to enter the counting room of an eminent merchant, and beheld, perched on one of the highest stools, my friend from Ohio. His employer spoke much in his favour, commending his industry and integrity. I frequently met him afterwards, though I did not recognize him, fearing to mortify him; he increased in favour with his master, and seemed to have every prospect of raising himself to affluence. I had just returned from a strolling tour in the country, when I met Mr. Rasdale; I had frequently seen him, but never recalled our stage adventure to his remembrance; he was proceeding to court, whither he invited me to accompany him, and witness an interesting trial: "It is a youth," said Rasdale, as we entered the room, "who I am to try for forgery; the affair has made some noise." The court room was already crowded, but the friendly lawyer procured me a convenient seat near the inclosure appointed for the prisoner. I was scarce seated before the prisoner was brought in; I started, rubbed my eyes; but they saw aright: Charles Herberts stood in the criminal box to be tried by Mr. Rasdale. His words in the stage flashed over my mind: "Can the devil speak true," I exclaimed half aloud.—"Will you please to sit down sir," said one of my neighbours; for I had risen and was gazing earnestly on the prisoner. He was composed and firm, but his form was wasted; and his cheek was sallow; he lifted not his eyes from the ground until called upon to declare himself innocent or guilty; he then raised them; and pronounced, in a firm tone, "not guilty." As he threw a hurried glance around, he saw Rasdale, who

had not the slightest remembrance of Herberts' face or name ; but when the unhappy youth beheld the lawyer, a deadly paleness blanched his countenance ; even his lips became colourless, and though the heat was extreme in the crowded apartment, he shivered as if from severe cold. After a long trial, the particulars of which it is not necessary to relate, the evidence was so doubtful, his past character so unimpeachable, that he was acquitted. He seemed not to hear the welcome words : I took his hand, which was cold as marble, and said, " Young man you are acquitted—you are pronounced innocent." " Will the world ever believe it," said he, in a bitter manner. " Yes, and respect you for your unmerited sufferings," I replied. He did not answer, and I left him with the fear that unjust suspicion and unmerited disgrace acting on susceptible feelings, had unhinged them forever. As I had observed to him, Herberts became an object of universal sympathy ; his late employer was the first to seek him, and implore his forgiveness, offering him any recompense for his sufferings, and entreating him to enter his house again ; but Herberts could not listen to Mr. W.'s proposals with composure, and the good man quitted him, miserable at the idea of having caused such wretchedness.

After this occurrence, fortune seemed to take delight in bestowing her favours on Herberts ; his uncle who had driven him a beggar from his house, now dying, his wealth was inherited by Herberts. Our hero entered into business ; business crowded upon him : he ventured into most daring speculations, and like a successful gambler, he always won the stakes. He became the husband of a lovely wife, and the father of promising sons and blooming daughters ; yet rarely did the smile of happiness light up the features of this *fortunate man* : that one dark incident of his

early life, which all the world forgot, he lived to remember. Should conversation even remotely glance that way, he writhed in agony ; and you soon perceived in talking with him, that there was one subject which, like the fatal chamber of Blue Beard, it was death to open.

Many years have not elapsed since I was called to the dying Herberts ; though still young, his life was fast drawing to a close. Supported in his bed by a pillow, he addressed me in a weak voice : " I have long perceived, sir, that you recognized in me the poor boy you charitably protected twenty years since. I feel I am dying, and have sent for you that I might unburthen my mind of a weight that sinks it to despair. You remember me in an honourable employment under Mr. W. ; he had raised me from abject poverty, and reposed in me unlimited confidence ; you saw me a prisoner, accused of a crime in which fraud and ingratitude were darkly blended, confronted by my old accuser Mr. Rasdale : he knew me not ; but I had never forgotten him ; and when I beheld him, his cursed prediction rose to my memory, and seemed to be written in characters of fire wherever I cast my eyes ; you also heard my acquittal, and strove to soothe a dejection which you judged proceeded from injured feeling ; but I was guilty ; yes, though pronounced innocent by my judges, *I was a felon*. I thought, that when the trial was over, when I had received the undeserved congratulations of all around me, and heard my venerable parent pour out her gratitude to heaven that her son was declared innocent, that life had no bitterer pangs ; but I was not enough punished ; my employer, the man who had cherished me in his bosom, and who, serpent like, I had stung, came to me ; he implored *my* pardon, he besought *my* friendship. Oh ! that moment of remorse and self condemnation exceeded the horrors of the

most infamous execution ; but I survived, and heaven has showered down blessings on my unworthy head as if in anger : the love of my wife, the smiles of my children, pierced my guilty soul ; and *forgery* and *felon* seemed stamped on every bank note I touched. Mr. W. still lives, an aged man, in reduced circumstances ; I have hitherto supported his family, and he has riven my heart with his expressions of gratitude ; take these notes, they exceed the amount I wronged him of ; after my death, do you deliver them to him, but let him never disclose the giver's name. I would, for my boys' sakes, that my memory might not be dishonoured." He died, and was interred with all the pomp of wealth, and followed to the tomb by a long train of mourning friends ; for all the kindly feelings of affection dwelt in his wretched heart—he was bountiful, merciful, and gentle. I made these reflections over the narrow space where lay his remains, and did not check the tear of regret, though it fell on the grave of a felon. C.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

[Whatever fell from the pen of Washington, cannot fail to excite a lively interest in the bosom of every American ; we therefore deem no apology necessary for inserting the following original letter, handed to us for that purpose by a friend. A series of them will appear in this work.]

Letter from General Washington to the Marquis Chastellux, never before published.

New-Windsor, Jan. 28, 1781.

DEAR SIR,

ACCEPT my congratulations on your safe arrival at Newport in good health, after traversing so much of the American theatre of war ;* and my thanks for your obliging favour of the 12th, making mention thereof,

* The Marquis published his travels in the United States in 1786.

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and introductory of the Count de Chartres, whose agreeable countenance alone is a sufficient index to the amiable qualities of his mind, and does not fail at first view to make favourable impressions on all who see him.

He spent a few days with us at head quarters, and is gone to Philadelphia, accompanied by Count de Dillon. I parted with him yesterday at Ringwood—to which place I had repaired, to be convenient to the suppression of a partial meeting of the Jersey troops at Pompton, who, in imitation of those of Pennsylvania, had revolted, and were in a state of disobedience to their officers. This business was happily effected without bloodshed. Two of the principal actors were immediately executed on the spot, and due subordination restored before I returned.

I wish I had expressions equal to my feelings, that I might disclose to you the high sense I have of, and the value I set upon, your approbation and friendship. It will be the wish and happiness of my life, to merit a continuation of them ; and to assure you upon all occasions of my admiration of your character and virtues, and of the sentiments of esteem and regard with which I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and

Humble Servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Perkins and Fairman.—The bank of England, it seems, have declined to adopt the plan of these gentlemen for preventing forgery of bank notes ; they have, however, obtained a patent in England for their invention. Some of their best artists approve of the method, and speak with certainty of its success. But their writers, as usual, claim the invention as their own. One of them remarks, " This device is not original : the principle of it has long been employed at Birmingham, and elsewhere, in producing ornaments of various kinds." Strange that it should not long since have occurred to the mind of some inventive genius there, that it could be applied to bank notes to prevent forgery!

SELECTIONS.

ANASTASIUS.

[In our last, a review of this interesting work, taken from the London New Monthly Magazine for January, was commenced, with an intention of continuing it as promised to be given in their February Number; but its length prevents our doing this: we shall therefore give only the concluding remarks of the reviewer.]

We cannot pass on to the last extract of the reflections of Anastasius on Rome, without adverting to those affecting details which he gives relative to his infant son. For while they display his diversified power of language, there is a goodness of heart and warmth of feeling manifested throughout, to which none but a mind of exquisite sensibility could have given utterance. Let us now hear what were the author's sentiments in that memorable capital, which has been such a fertile source of contemplation to the acute and philosophic of every civilized country.

As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! if he who names Rome names energy, names strength—he who beholds her in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility: he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and the good, and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay—they are only the fungus starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric's substance, achieves its destruction.

Silva* seemed to enjoy my disappointment; satire was his profession. "These

* The companion of Anastasius on his visit to Rome.

people," said he, "cannot prevent the sun of their fine climate from shining at its stated hours, but they make their streets impervious to its cheering light—a deep gloom meets the eye wherever towers man's abode. They cannot prohibit the rich vegetation of their fertile soil from diffusing its fragrance, but they collect every villanous odour to subdue nature's sweets, and convert one sense, at least, into means of torture. They cannot cancel the spring's ancient privilege of enamelling alike with flowers the hill and the valley, the garden and desert, but they tarry in their fetid town till the magic has vanished, and autumn sears the leaf, and embrowns the parched meadow:—no one thinks of country rambles before the summer's close. They cannot stop the crystal rills while gushing down the mountain's slope, but they suffer their aqueducts to ooze out the captive stream, and to convert the healthy plain into a pestilential marsh. They cannot dive into the inmost recesses of the human brain, to nip in its very first germs every brightest faculty, but, conducting its developments as the Chinese do that of their peach and plumb trees, they encompass each tender shoot of the intellect with so many minute fetters, religious, political, and social, that dwarfs are produced where giants were intended. Their manuscripts are not suffered to be inspected; their pictures are left to rot; their very city has been allowed to slip from its seven hills into the sink between. They clip their trees into men, and their men into singers. In their vaunted Last Judgment, heaven appears far more dismal than hell. Their law deems infamous not the thief, but the magistrate—the bargello. Their tribunals sell justice to the highest bidder; their churches protect from it the criminal; and the huge temple on which we now stand, (for from St. Peter's proud dome went forth this bitter diatribe,) built at the expense of all Christendom on a foundation which stands awry, and with a cupola which yawns with rents—contains absolutions for every sin, as well as confessionals appropriated to every language. A priest habituated only to the duties of humility and obedience during the greatest portion of his life, near its close becomes the sovereign, and assumes the supreme power when his failing faculties fit him to think only of death: and as each inferior member of the imbecile government, like its tottering chief, must forego a lawful lineage, so are of each statesman the views oblique, and the ways devious and crooked. The word virtue indeed exists in the language, but is applied to skill in singing; and as to valour,

the former signification of the same word, it is a quality which during so many ages has been let out for hire, first in the gross by the condottiere, and next more in detail by the professed bravo, that it is become discreditable, and cowardice, under the name of caution, forms not only the privilege of the priest, but the pride of the cavalier. Visit a friend in the day time, and he surveys you through a grated hole in his entrance door, ere he dares to let you in: venture out at night, and from a distance you are bidden to avert your eyes, lest one murder witnessed should necessitate a second. The very head of the church, when in the holy of the holies, dares not take the consecrated wine except through a gilded reed, lest his lips should suck in poison; and in the heart of his capital, the Pontiff of Rome keeps in his pay—for the safety of his person—the rude mountaineer of Switzerland, as your Turkish pasha does the barbarian from Epirus and from Coordestan. Thank God, however, this map of imbecility and vice hies fast to its fate; for if by a late submission, which the Romans call a treaty, the rotten grant of St. Peter's rich domain is yet saved awhile from utter ruin, its seals are all torn off, and its ornaments effaced. Nature herself conspires with man in the work of just destruction. In that sky so transparent lurks a permanent poison, which, formerly only creeping like the adder along the hollow valley, now soars like the eagle above the steepest hill, and invades the last abodes once safe from its intrusion. Thus shall soon the world's ancient mistress again return to nought; and as the herdsman erst wandered in solitude where Rome in later days arose, so shall the herdsman again wander in solitude where Rome has ceased to be."

We have also seen the former mistress of the world, in the midst of her ruins and her superstition; her splendid misery and degraded condition! No wonder, therefore, that we should unequivocally subscribe to the justness of our hero's description, which, with one or two trifling exceptions, is, in our humble opinion, at once the most eloquent and faithful picture of the *eternal city*, as it now is, recorded by any writer of the present day.

When we sat down to terminate our notice of these singular memoirs, it was fully our intention to have confined the analysis and extracts to a much narrower space, but having found it impossible to adhere to her, we trust the reader will admit that the novel character of the

work is a sufficient excuse for trespassing somewhat more largely on this department of our Magazine than might have been otherwise justifiable.

Without attempting to offer a lengthened panegyric on these volumes, we may be permitted to observe, that almost unique as a work of fiction, it discloses a knowledge of men and manners, which, if exercised on matters more immediately connected with the local history and domestic habits of our own country, would give the memoirs of Anastasius a degree of popularity seldom, if ever, accorded to books of a similar cast.

From having already stated, on the authority of a contemporary, that the high honour, and, we doubt not, lasting fame of this production, belongs to Mr. THOMAS HOPE, we are by no means inclined to tear the imperishable wreath from his brow. But however extravagant it may appear, owing to the self-evident difference of sentiments and opinions between the two writers, we have, while perusing several passages in the Memoirs, often been impelled involuntarily to exclaim, "surely this is Lord Byron!" So much has the spirit and manner of his lordship found its way into the mind of Anastasius!

The above will doubtless be easily accounted for by more able judges, though we think it will not be denied, that the person who wrote Anastasius, if not a poet, is at least full of poetic inspiration, and above all, that no one could have written such a book who had not been long practised, and deeply versed, in literary composition. With this remark we shall take a leave, once more thanking the author for the pleasure his book has afforded us, and expressing our wish that he may shortly re-appear before that public, which he has proved himself so capable of gratifying by the present interesting production.

CRITIQUE ON MODERN POETS.

Qui proficit in literis, deficit tamen in moribus, magis deficit quam proficit.

A JUST estimate of national morality, it is said, may always be made from the state of national literature. The proposition is not universally true: where literature is thinly diffused, the morals of the country must be measured by another standard; but when a country is in so high a state of civilization, that literature has become an occupation instead of an amusement—when books are so rapidly circulated and so universally read, that half the stock of the nation's ideas are borrowed from its writers—when *men begin to talk more of what is written than of what is done*, and authors come to legislate to our opinions and our passions, *then* the state of our national literature, and the tone of the popular writers, become objects of the deepest interest; for as the people of a country read, so will they feel—and as they feel, so will they act.

It is this circumstance that has forced my attention to the present favourites of literature. I am a man advanced in life, and neither irascible or jealous, particularly as I have nothing to hope or to fear, to win or to lose. I enter the arena not without emotion, but wholly without anxiety; and in the conflict, I call to the public to “strike—but hear.” I have seen the strong sense and caustic spirit of the writer of the *Baviad* employed below their powers to “whip me those vermin,” who five-and-twenty years ago stained paper with the “ropy drivel of rheumatic brains,” and break on the wheel the butterfly forms of Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, and Della Crusca, cum multis aliis; I have seen the powerful club of the *Anti-Jacobin Magazine* wielded with resistless effect against the hydra-monster of the German School, and demolish, blow

after blow, and every blow a death, all the sprouting imps of the brood, who, in the language of the Darwinian school, “breathed the soft hiss, or tried the fainter yell.” But these were like the tormenting insects we brush away in an evening's walk—they tease and they buzz, but there is no strength in their wing, and no lasting venom in their sting; they “come like shadows, so depart.” But now I feel like one who, after having got rid of those insects that tormented him, and hoping that the close of his progress may be unmo-lested, sees to his terror and astonishment a meteor rising above the horizon, “perplexing him with fear of change;” a meteor, the elements of whose orbit are beyond all calculation, whose fiery hair shakes “pestilence,” though not war, and who retires troubled and anxious how the night so portentously ushered in may end.

It must be obvious that I allude to Lord Byron—a phenomenon to whom the literature of no age can produce a parallel: would that he were not a greater phenomenon, if possible, in the moral than in the intellectual world—would that the inscription which posterity must place on the pedestal to which modern idolatry has raised him, were not to be like that placarded on the statue of Louis XV.: “Sans foi, sans loi, et sans entrailles.” I feel his genius—I know his popularity—I know his power.—I care not; power, when employed in the cause of evil, only calls for a louder cry of denunciation, if it may be resisted; or of deprecation, if it may be averted. I will say what I think, and let his idolaters *think what they say*. I am aware of the danger I incur in attacking the popular idol; but I heed it not. He is like the image in the dream of the king of Babylon—he is part gold and silver, but part brass and clay—and such an image must fall and be broken in pieces.

Time and morality will deal alter-

nate blows at its perishable frame, like the giant-statues with their flails in the visionary adventure of Roderic. The blows of the former are slow; the blows of the latter are sometimes decisive at once. What has become of Rochester, and Sedley, and Vanburgh, and Wycherly? Nay, who reads Dryden now without wishing his pages expurgated? *Immoral poetry was never long-lived.* Let the noble writer remember that—and let his admirers remember it too—a brief and forced existence is bestowed on it from the hot-bed of contemporary pruriency of feeling; we wonder at its rapid growth—we are dazzled by its glaring colours—are overcome by its oppressive odour; but we sicken while we praise, and before we have ceased to praise, the object of our admiration has sickened too. There is, I allow, a fearful excess of genius and passion, when united, that obliterates for a moment the distinction between right and wrong, and makes us half believe, that vice so dignified is almost virtue, and virtue so overshadowed almost loses its lustre. But this union of powerful talent and intense feeling is very rare; the Jewish theology distinguished well between the spirits who know most, and the spirits who love most. Lord Byron has no excuse from that dangerous union of mental enthusiasm, and heart-born passion, that may lead far astray the minds of youthful poets when they love, but leaves behind it a glorious and fearful light, like that which follows the erratic path of the meteor.

There is a generous and almost noble vice in that superb devotion, that "proud humility," with which we prostrate ourselves before the object of our earthly adoration; it has (*I speak it with reverence*) many of the characteristics of true religion; it has the same spirit of self-resignation, of humiliation, of profound abjection of spirit, of an utter prostration of all its powers, mental and

bodily, before the idol for whom it is dearer to die than to live for the first object on earth—such is the enthusiasm of youthful passion. Lord Byron has nothing of this; he makes love like a sensualist, or a bandit; he loves only to enjoy, or to ravage; he stoops not to admire the brilliant colours, or to inhale the delicious odour of the flower; if he stoops, it is to crush, to trample, and to destroy; he never remarks or commends one single moral or mental quality in the object of his passion; he appreciates her with all the callous and calculating brutality of a slave-merchant, (in the miserable countries in which he wastes his existence,) by her locks that sweep the ground, or her naked feet that outshine the marble; he is a Mahomet, (vascillating between lust and ferocity,) who would grasp the bright locks of his Irene, and strike off her head before his bashaws *pour un coup de theatre.* The man knows nothing of passion.

There is also a pardonable enthusiasm in youth; the brilliant and seductive colouring with which imagination paints the deformity of life—it is venial—it is almost justifiable to represent it to others in this light.

We have not to fear that the deception will be continued: perhaps we have to fear it may be dispelled too soon—In travelling through the desert of life, if a delirious companion points out to us a *mirage*, and invites us to drink, we cannot but sympathize with the delusion we almost wish to partake of. Reality is equally insufficient for the demands of the imagination and of the heart, and poets, the slaves of both, may be forgiven if they paint with glowing and exaggerated touches a world of their own, a world of *love*, and music, and fragrance—of flowers that steal their balmy spoils from Paradise, and airs that "lap us in Elysium;" and if they dwell too much on the *first* of these exquisite elements of their Paradise, we pardon them, for we feel

that life has already undeceived us, and will soon undeceive them; they will learn that hatred is much more the business of the world than love; that in life, to speak the language of the schools, suffering is the *essence*, and joy the *accident*.

Almost the first strains of every poet have been devoted to Love, but his latter, or at least the greater part of his works, are dedicated to Grief. Even the muse of Moore (the loosest of modern poets) has latterly changed her garb and her accent, as the French say, to *throw herself into religion*. It is said she can accommodate herself even to the monotonous psalmodizing of a Hebrew synagogue—can in a fine *la Valiere* style resign the luxuries and magnificence of the court, embellished by her charms, and polluted by her depravity, for the coarse weeds and chilling austerity of a Carmelite penitent; or, to speak in a more awful metaphor, we hope the harlot has converted her dearly-bought gains into the *price of the ointment of her conversion*; has bowed at her Saviour's feet, and wept there, and wiped them with those rich and redundant tresses, so often garnished with meretricious decorations, and displayed as the popular banner around which vice and voluptuousness were summoned to rally—tresses which should have rather streamed like the hair of Berenice, the ornament of earthly loveliness, and the symbol of celestial invitation—the light of earth, and the star of heaven. Youthful poets have had their errors, but they have had their reformation; the acute susceptibility, and feverish desire of excitement, that led them far astray, was a pledge of their happy return—the pendulum touched by no mortal hand vibrates beyond all mortal calculation, and the writer who set out in his triumphant career of folly, pruriency, and vice, returns from his *alternate oscillation*, purged, purified, and sanctified. None but minds of

power can prove these extremes; all minds of power in their turn have proved them; they have erred, and are bid by the voice of man and God to “go and sin no more.” The muse of Byron sets out at once in the extreme; her language is blasphemy, her character misanthropy, her passion hatred, her religion despair. I have before spoken of that desert in which other writers have tried to rear the flower, or to flatter with the *mirage*. The horrors of the desert are not enough for this writer: he aggravates them by breathing over its wilds the icy Sarsar wind of death, and watching in its withering hiss the echoes of that blast which announces the annihilating desolation of his own powerful and blasted mind; in the breath that exhales from his pages, no flower of life can bloom—no verdure can flourish—no animal can live; the heart and its passions, life and its purposes, are alike suspended; nothing of creation can prosper; “the icy air burns fierce, and cold performs the effect of fire.” What becomes of the convert of his poetical creed?—(*poetical creed*, for he has no other)—the victim gazes around him, wonders why, or for what he lives—love is illusion—nature a name—religion a farce—and futurity a jest;—the convert bows, believes in—nothing—“dies, and makes no sign.”—But “God forgive” *the author*. In writing of Lord Byron, do I dare to deny or depreciate the genius of the first poet of the age?—No: I were unworthy to be his meanest reader did I not confess, to his *immortal dishonour*, (let not those words be lightly esteemed,) that he is a man whose intellectual powers might, like those of the ancient mathematician, shake the world from its place—God grant he may never find his *πυρσφα*—or we may tremble for the dissolution of the moral universe. I grant him genius “*beyond the potentiality of intellectual avarice*,” imagination that exhausts worlds, and then imagines

new—an eloquence of poetry that might draw after it the third part of heaven's host, were they yet untempted—an imperial command of the whole region of poetry from its highest summit to its lowest declivity—an eye, whose reach extending beyond the range described by Shakspeare himself, scorns the restraint of that "proud liminary cherub," and glances not only from heaven to earth, but from heaven to hell—a felicity, richness, a variety of poetical modulation, for which nothing is too lofty or too low, from the satire to the sonnet, from the epic to the ballad; which can combine and echo in the same lines misanthropy and mirth, levity and despair—that like the Satanic host, when assembled in council, can counteract or expand its dimensions at will, can to "smallest forms reduce its shape immense, and be at large"—but still "amid the hall of that infernal court"—where he presides as the master demon—the god of hell—in all the dazzling glory of omnipotent depravity—the mind sinks under the task of eulogizing, or describing, or even imagining the powers of that "man—almighty" who, like his prototype in "Kehama," plunges from the heaven he has violated, to the hell he has obtained the empire of, and deserves to reign over.

I would accumulate on him every expression that was ever dictated, uttered, or extorted, by the enthusiasm of praise, or the devotion of admiration; but when I had done so, I should feel I had been only heaping coals of fire on his head.

Every talent so depraved becomes a crime; the intellectual powers rise up in judgment against their betrayer; every line (however its echo may be drowned by infatuated praise) has a voice that says, "Why hast thou thus dealt with thy servant?"—praise is the bitterest satire, and admiration a horrible and hollow mockery.—I know no exaltation more terrible

than intellectual eminence thus seated like the regicides of old in a chair of torture, crowned with a circle of burning metal, and whose anointing turns to poison as it drops on the head of the usurper, while all the subject talents that should "put to their mouths the sounding alchemy," turning away from the pomp, "plead trumpet tongue against the deep damnation" of their apostate sovereign, and their own abused and prostituted energies.

But I have spoken enough of Lord Byron, let him now speak for himself. The end of all poetry is to instruct or to please. He who seeks either from the perusal of Lord Byron, must have a singular taste.—He must be prepared to look for it in the mingled and chaotic gloom of infidelity, misanthropy, political scepticism, (the unfailing and dangerous companion of both,) and the avowed and ostentatious abandonment of every moral principle, social duty, and domestic feeling—"whatsoever things are pure, are lovely, are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," his reader must invert the rule of a writer very different from Lord Byron—he must NOT "think of these things." From Lord Byron's own pages I shall select proofs that the charge is not exaggerated. From a poet we expect something to exalt or to delight; we expect that if his subjects be connected with the best interests and feelings of man, his lines shall breathe a lofty spirit of religious devotion, a pure and high love of morality—that they will display all the enthusiasm of patriotism, and the eloquence of passion; that all his public energies will be in their fullest vigour—all his social affections richly harmonized; that the *dulcia vitia* of his lines will rather exaggerate the goods of life than its evils; that his appropriate office will be rather to "open Paradise in the wild," than to aggravate its sterility, defile its fountains, and blast its rare

and infrequent spots of verdure ;— and that when we have closed his pages, we shall wish that life was what he describes it, or at least think better of what he has described so well.

Is this to be found in the poetry of Lord Byron ?—What shall we think of the religion of him who describes death as

“ The first dark day of *nothingness*,
The last of weakness and distress ?”

(The best wish, perhaps, that the reader of these withering lines can give the author, is, that *he may find it so.*) Take another specimen of Lord Byron's creed from Childe Harold :

“ Even gods must yield, *religions take their turn*,
’Twas Jove's, ’tis Mahomet's, and other creeds
Will rise with other years—till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds.”

Alas ! and is there then *no truth* ? There is at least one obvious one—that the writer of those lines had no creed, and believed no truth. Take one more specimen, which I almost shudder to trace :—

—————“ The *lyre*,
The only heaven to which earth's children may aspire.”

Childe Harold.

This needs no comment.*

What shall we think of the political principles of the writer whose tergiversation, self-contradiction, and anomalous versatility, put calculation and conjecture to the blush, and make even genius ridiculous ? who meanly insults Bonaparte in a lame and halting ode, and then in a *palinode* revives the hopes of his partizans, by the assurance that the violet shall again bloom in their valleys ? Abstract principles in politics are, in-

* Also in Harold's song to “ Donna Inez,” the poet speaks of the mark which the “*fabled Hebrew wanderer bore.*” It is useless, however, to multiply passages to prove what is almost self-obvious.

deed, hardly worth contending for, and historical events become, from the late rapidity with which they have passed before our eyes, remote almost as soon as beheld ; and where is the man, except Lord Byron, who in the very seat and centre of that most awful struggle in Spain, which he must have witnessed, could write these frigid lines with a hand unshaken and a heart unmoved ?—

“ Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue
skies,

The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory,

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally

That fights for all, but *ever fights in vain.*

Time has proved the prediction as false as it was then base and soulless ; Albion could not fight in vain—her cause went security for her with Heaven, and she has nobly redeemed her debt.

There is a heartlessness about this man, that is the original sin of his poetry—every line represents and forces it on the reader with frightful fidelity. His country was engaged in a conflict unparalleled in magnitude and difficulty ; did he aid her by arm, or brain, or pen ?—did he wield a sword in her battles ?—did he breathe a word in her senate ? No : Rome was on fire, and Nero sat playing on his harp. He neither fought her battles, or eulogized her heroes.

Tyrtæus himself, lame as he was, could animate by his songs those whom he could not lead to battle. What did our modern Tyrtæus ? the champions of his country bled, and he joyously smiled.*

I have not done with his political heresies. I repeat, what shall we think of the man who can address a

* What shall we think of the man who, on viewing the “ Talavera's plain,” the Gogtha of his fallen countrymen, could, with the heartlessness of a French *philosophe*, and the withering sneer of a demon, address them as—

“ Ambition's honoured fools—*there let them rot.*”

late illustrious personage in the words—

“Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire’s disgrace, a realm’s decay?”

Can wipe away his own tears with the same facility with which he scrawled his Jacobinic whine, and on an event which all his countrymen wept with eyes and hearts overflowing, could only produce the hemistich, (half borrowed from Ossian,)

—————“in the dust
The fair-haired daughter of the Isles is laid?”

The consistency of his literary principles is the same with that of his political—now eulogizing—now abusing. Does he really imagine that we have forgotten his “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers?” or though we have, that Scott and Moore can ever forget it? Yet, on these distinguished writers he has poured abuse as virulent as its retraction was mean: to Moore, under the familiar and colloquial appellative of “my dear Moore,” he dedicates one of his poems, no matter which; they are all only Lord Byron in various masquing habits, the costume changed—but the same hideous likeness faithfully preserved.

I have done with his want of all religious creed, his desertion of that only anchor of the soul; with his defalcation in all public feeling, or political principle; with his revolting inconsistency in literary opinion.

I pass on to his satire (yes, his satire, for that predominates throughout all his works.) Misanthropy is very satirical, and I know no work of Lord Byron’s that may not properly be termed a satire on religion, morality, social order, or domestic feeling; but his satire is not satire; it is only the morbid effusion of universal misanthropy. He lashes not with the hope of causing amendment, but of inflicting pain; the arm is strong, and the scourge is heavy—but there is no benefit in the blow; it might be

keenly retorted on him, “strip thy own back.”

The genuine satirist selects appropriate subjects, and marks them with *discriminating* severity. Is this the characteristic of his satire, who, feeling nothing too high for his temerity or his talents, and nothing too low for his malignity, sometimes reviles his sovereign, and sometimes lampoons a scullion? After this, who will value or dread his ostracism?

A charge still heavier remains against his writings; the noblest intellectual power may suffer eclipse under a passing cloud of scepticism; in the strife of the political warfare, a man may sometimes be seen among the enemy’s ranks, whom we know to be in his heart on the other side. But what writer can assign a cause, (I do not talk of *pleading an excuse*, for that is impossible,) for the predominant impurity of his works, but the predominant depravity of his mind.

The works of Lord Byron are just fit to be bound up with those of Cleland and Parny: it is incredible how females can peruse them, or how husbands and fathers can suffer their infamous impurity to shed its venom on the female mind. Look to his *Parisina*—his *Manfred*—his—look to all he has ever written.

Crime itself appears too rapid for his taste; simple fornication is not enough, it must be seasoned by adultery, by incest, by every loathsome and ineffable combination. Vice, in its unmodified state, is not sufficiently meretricious.

The harlot must be arrayed in the tempting and transparent splendour of the Coa vestimenta. The Priapus must be attired in full-dress, drawers of the thinnest silk to make his hideous organism more prominent and obtrusive; the object of passion, in or-

* No exaggeration; listen to Lord Byron’s own account of this miserable quarry of a “falcon towering in his pride of place”—

“Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred.”

der to stimulate the raging debility of exhausted sensuality, must be an adulteress, a step-mother, or a sister; with a reference to the atrocious indecencies of Don Juan I shall not pollute my page.

After this, it seems idle to notice lighter defects in Lord Byron's compositions; yet while admitting the unquestioned and unquestionable eminence of his genius, I know not any writer whose pages present more frequent instances of violation of every rule of good composition. His rhyme is often harsh, eccentric, and prosaic; if wit be justly defined the discovery of a resemblance between remote objects, no specimen of it occurs in his writings. I know not a single simile or metaphor that ever brought one acquainted with a resemblance unknown before.

He paints from his own mind more than from nature or life; nor from either of the latter does he appear to have learned one beautiful combination, or one powerful contrast. He appears to have looked on nature with the eye of a man who was trying to make the most of a storm, and powerfully depict its thunderings and lightnings; but amidst them he never reverts to the low voice of the Almighty, breaking forth through their terrors, and sending to man *his law, even from the mount that burned with fire*. His imagery often revolts us by its unexpected vulgarity:—

“Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes.”

His epithets seem selected with wilful absurdity of inappropriateness:—

“Young-eyed lewdness”

seems to have been borrowed from the mock-Darwin poetry of the Antijacobin, where we have—

“Of young-eyed massacres the cherub crew.”

I protest I know not which monster is most loathsome; but, I believe, Lord Byron's.

There is also a wretched affectation of classical pedantry, which would be disgusting in the theme of a school-boy. He raves about Parnassus, and “babbles about green fields” in Greece, as if any man in the present enlargement of intellect and diffusion of knowledge need have recourse to a dead language for either instruction or delight. This affectation leads him to unpardonable puerilities of common-place language. War is Mars, and female patriotism Minerva, and he invokes *the Muse*, and calls the moonlight “pale Hecate's rays;” his Græco-mania, seems, however, latterly exchanged for a Turcomania; and the Rose must be “Gul,” and the nightingale “Bulbul,” and the Moon “Phingari,” and his heroines count the beads of a “Comboloio,” and fall in love with a “Galiongee.” Any thing but a Christian name for Lord Byron. “This shows a pitiful ambition in the fool who uses it.”

Even amid the richest luxuriance of poetical description, the want of a moral taste withers all its flowers. Moral taste is more closely combined with intellectual taste than Lord Byron is disposed to imagine. There is something selfish, physical, and heartless in his enjoyments, as well as his descriptions; and one cannot help feeling revolted by the morbid emasculation of a mind that can abandon the morality and intelligence of England, for the depraved manners and intellectual destitution of that society he can paint so well, *because*—

“He likes to dine on Beccaficos,”

and would rather encounter a cart laden with grapes, than a waggon filled with the healthful harvest of his country.

I know nothing easier than to compose a poem *a la* Byron: I acknowledge, also, I know nothing more difficult than to array it in the decorations of a genius like his. The recipe is easily made: take a (not)

human being, load him with every vice and every evil passion that can deface humanity; if these are not sufficient, (as Lord Byron generally seems to think,) borrow as much pride, malignity, and blasphemy as Satan can afford, if Satan *can afford enough*; let him have a mistress, (a hero is "better accommodated than with a wife;") but take care that she be *the wife of another man*—if possible, of *his father*, or, in default of that, let her, (in some hemistich that seems to fault at its own meaning,) be *insinuated* to be *his sister*. Observe, let this only be insinuated; let a hint of it be dropt as in "*Manfred*," by a conscious and terrified domestic; for though Lord Byron has brought us to bear fornication in the "*Giaour*," and "*Corsair*," adultery in "*Mazeppa*," and even adulterous incest in "*Parisina*;" this last outrage of natural and social feeling must be breathed in a hint: brothers else might trample on the pages, and sisters commit them to the flames, unless they were fortified by the previous study of the trial of *the Monster Horne*. Let the hero gnash his teeth, rattle his chains, and if there be a thunder storm to be had, hold them close to the grating of his dungeon, in hopes that the lightning may strike both, and, (as Sancho's wife said when the thunder-bolt fell on the pillory, *on such* may it always light,) let him curse, writhe, and agonize through four cantos, and then make a ranting confession to a priest, (aware of the joke of an atheist confessing to a priest,) like the *Giaour*; or disappear, nobody knows why, and nobody cares where; like *Conrad*, or like *Manfred*, battle with the devil to the last breath, and give him, (as he is well able,) the worst of it after all.

In the progress of the composition, three things must be chiefly attended to as constituting the very essence of the admired prototype—first, *let there be no narrative*; the interest derived from watching the progress of anima-

ting events, the opposition of character, or the strife of conflicting interests and passions, must be altogether neglected or effaced; there must be no variations of light and shade, no soft gradations of colouring, no lovely and mingling attenuations of tint, like those of the rainbow, melting into each other, and dissolving and uniting the bright and contracted hues into "one arch of peace;" no, let the whole atmosphere be black, heaven shut out, and earth all darkness; let one predominating tinge of "ebon grain" swallow up every object and every colour, and while genius like his alone, sends a flash across the gloom, let it be like the brilliant and terrific lightning of a midnight storm, that makes darkness more awful, and light itself blasting and horrible.

Secondly, let the essence of the poem be wholly *physical*—let the females be arrayed in all the meretricious and intoxicating sensuality of the serail, but they must not have one charm of mind, one attraction of virtue—"their large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands," must be taken at a fair appraisement in lieu of one intellectual trait, one pure feeling, one virtuous energy—if ever they display resolution, let it be in the appropriate and feminine act of murder—while the milder heroines (like *Medora*) have only to conclude a life of prostitution and outlawry, by lying down to die (on the singular incident of their lovers going out on a piratical expedition) with a bouquet of flowers in their hands, (as it was formerly the custom to equip their less guilty brothers of the gibbet in England,*) and "die in their calling like clever Tom Clinch." Lastly, let it not be possible for the utmost malice of ingenuity to extort a moral from the work—let it be turned and sifted every way, but let the last and hopeless confession of the reader be, "Who can bring a clean thing out of

*Vide Swift.

an unclean?" Let the bravoes and the banditti, the harlots and the murderers, die without remorse, as they have lived without feeling—let them begin in blasphemy and end in despair—let them not show "one compunctious visiting of nature"—let the heroes, after a course of incestuous adultery, die like Hugo, insulting the parent whom they have violated nature to injure—or let them, in their last hours, contend with the demon whose hideousness is annihilated and lost in the preternatural deformity and turpitude of his victim, who is able to give "bloody instructions" to his teacher, and even to school him out of his own book—and finally, let the reader rise from the page with the conviction that there is nothing new under the sun, since Job's wife has long ago extracted the quintessence of Lord Byron's morality, and presented it in four short words: "Curse God and die." As Lord Byron perhaps never read the book, he may be forgiven the apparent plagiarism.

To imagine a poem so constructed is easy, but to imagine such a being as the author, requires a union of incredibilities that might startle the strongest imagination—we must then try to imagine a man who, while his country is called to a trial more awful than any the page of history exhibits, more interesting to a son of that country than all his darling Greece ever sustained, or had virtuous energy to sustain, stood apart, (with all his pretensions to keen sensibilities and lofty feelings,) and contented himself with sneering in cold-blooded apathy at the patriotism he did not feel, the wisdom he did not possess, and the valour he shrunk from imitating.

Let us try to imagine a man, who, possessed of a genius sublime and unrivalled, delights only in its prostitution, as the ancient king of Lydia found even the beauties of his wife insufficient for his felicity, till he had

exhibited her naked charms to his favourite.

Let us try to imagine a man, who, blessed, or (as he would make it out) cursed with all the lavish and glorious opulence of nature, genius, and fortune, (powers that rarely unite in their favour,) tramples the pearls under his feet, and malignantly turns to rend the giver—who, bound to life by every tie that can render life lovely or precious—a companion fair and pure—a child—and that child a daughter too—can fling them off—ramble into remote regions with un-intellectual harlots, and leave for the consolation of the deserted wife, a satire on a kitchen maid—a man who, enabled and qualified to enjoy, to embellish, and to dignify every scene of polished intercourse, and intellectual luxury, prostitutes his life away amid sceptics and sensualists—a man who, gifted with the finest and most keenly-pointed darts in satire's own quiver, has allowed vice to riot, and folly to revel in his sight unsmitten and unhurt, and reserved their swiftest and sharpest aim only to be directed against religion, patriotism, moral feeling, and conjugal fidelity.

A man who, affecting (and it is but affectation) a superiority that exempts him from chastisement or censure, pretending to be seated in the clouds, far above the lightning and thunder of public opinion, and laughing at their futile explosion, yet shows the wincing of a galled jade at the slightest touch of criticism, and retaliates with a fierceness of invective, a trepidation of jealousy, and an eagerness of mingled rage, fear, and acrimony, that has terrified even the Edinburgh reviewers into submission and praise. Lastly, a man who, "knew he but his happiness, of men the happiest, he" runs wild about the world, in a fit of misanthropy run mad, and cursed with a satiety of every blessing, tries to make the world believe he is miserable, and to persuade it to be as miserable as

himself—if imagination sinks under such a task, the original is to be met with in Lord Byron.

I have detained public attention too long with a subject which derives its importance only from its mischief. I have one question to propose to the readers and admirers of Lord Byron (the power of his genius has made the terms synonymous)—what man ever rose wiser, better, or happier, from the perusal of his writings?—what female ever closed his pages strengthened in rectitude, confirmed in chastity, or softened to benevolence? Did man or woman ever carry away from his writings one principle of action, one rule of life, one thought, one image, that might suggest comfort in this life, or hope in the next? I have done with him—I leave his character to the painting of a bold, and one would almost think, a prophetic pen.

He is one whom—“brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes—when heavenly talents make infernal hearts—that insurmountable extreme of guilt.”

ON BRITISH NOVELS AND ROMANCES,
INTRODUCTORY TO A SERIES OF
CRITICISMS ON THE LIVING NOVEL-
ISTS.

WE regard the authors of the best novels and romances as among the truest benefactors of their species. Their works have often conveyed, in the most attractive form, lessons of the deepest and most genial wisdom. But we do not prize them so much in reference to their immediate aim, or any individual traits of nobleness with which they may inform the thoughts, as for their general tendency to break up that cold and debasing selfishness with which the souls of so large a portion of mankind are encrusted. They give to a vast class, who by no other means would

be carried beyond the most contracted range of emotion, an interest in things out of themselves, and a perception of grandeur and of beauty, of which otherwise they might ever have lived unconscious. Pity for fictitious sufferings is, indeed, very inferior to that sympathy with the universal heart of man, which inspires real self-sacrifice; but it is better even to be moved by its tenderness, than wholly to be ignorant of the joy of natural tears. How many are there for whom poesy has no charm, and who have derived only from romances those glimpses of disinterested heroism, and ideal beauty, which alone “make them less forlorn,” in their busy career! The good house-wife, who is employed all her life in the severest drudgery, has yet some glimmerings of a state and dignity above her station and age, and some dim vision of meek, angelic suffering, when she thinks of the well thumbed volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*, which she found, when a girl, in some old recess, and read, with breathless eagerness, at stolen times and moments of hasty joy. The care-worn lawyer or politician, encircled with all kinds of petty anxieties, thinks of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, which he devoured in his joyful school-days, and is once more young, and innocent, and happy. If the sternest puritan were acquainted with *Parson Adams*, or with *Dr. Primrose*, he could not hate the clergy. If novels are not the deepest teachers of humanity, they have, at least, the widest range. They lend to genius “lighter wings to fly.” They are read where *Milton* and *Shakspeare* are only talked of, and where even their names are never heard. They nestle gently beneath the covers of unconscious sophas, are read by fair and glistening eyes, in moments snatched from repose; and beneath counters and shop-boards, minister delights “secret, sweet, and precious.” It is possible that, in

particular instances, their effects may be baneful; but, on the whole, we are persuaded they are good. The world is not in danger of becoming too romantic. The golden threads of poesy are not too thickly or too closely interwoven with the ordinary web of existence. Sympathy is the first great lesson which man should learn. It will be ill for him if he proceeds no farther; if his emotions are but excited to roll back on his heart, and to be fostered in luxurious quiet. But unless he learns to feel tenderly and deeply for things in which he has no personal interest, he can achieve nothing generous or noble. This lesson is in reality the universal moral of all excellent romances. How mistaken are those miserable reasoners, who object to them as giving false pictures of life—of purity too glossy and ethereal—of friendship too deep and confiding—of love which does not shrink at the approach of ill, but “looks on tempests and is never shaken,”—because with these the world too rarely blossoms! Were these things visionary and unreal, who would break the spell, and bid the delicious enchantment vanish? The soul will not be the worse for thinking too well of its kind, or believing that the highest excellence is within the reach of its exertions. But these things are not unreal; they are shadows, indeed, in themselves; but they are shadows cast from objects stately, grand, and eternal. Man can never imagine that which has no foundation in his nature. The virtues, he conceives, are not the mere pageantry of his thought. We feel their truth—not their historic or individual truth—but their universal truth, as reflexes of human energy and power. It would be enough for us to prove that the imaginative glories, which are shed around our being, are far brighter than “the light of common day,” which mere vulgar experience in the course of the world diffuses. But,

in truth, that radiance is not merely of the fancy, nor are its influences lost when it ceases immediately to shine on our path. It is holy and prophetic. The deep joys of childhood—its boundless aspirations and gorgeous dreams, are the sure indications of the nobleness of its final heritage. All the softenings of evil to the moral vision by the gentleness of fancy, are proofs that evil itself shall perish. Our yearnings after ideal beauty show that the home of the soul which feels them, is in a lovelier world. And when man describes high virtues, and instances of nobleness, which rarely light on earth; so sublime that they expand our imaginations beyond their former compass, yet so intensely human that they make our hearts gush with delight; he discovers feelings in his own breast, and awakens sympathies in ours, which shall assuredly one day have real and stable objects to rest on!

The early times of England—unlike those of Spain—were not rich in chivalrous romances. The imagination seems to have been chilled by the manners of the Norman conquerors. The domestic contests for the disputed throne, with their intrigues, battles, and executions, have none of that rich, poetical interest, which attended the struggles for the holy sepulchre. Nor, in the golden age of English genius, were there any very remarkable works of pure fiction. Since that period to the present day, however, there has been a rich succession of novels and romances, each increasing the stores of innocent delight, and shedding on human life some new tint of tender colouring.

The novels of Richardson are at once among the grandest and the most singular creations of human genius. They combine an accurate acquaintance with the freest libertinism; and the sternest professions of virtue—a sporting with vicious casu-

istry, and the deepest horror of free-thinking—the most stately ideas of paternal authority, and the most elaborate display of its abuses. Prim and stiff, almost without parallel, the author perpetually treads on the very borders of indecorum, but with a solemn and assured step, as if certain that he could never fall. “The precise, strait-laced Richardson,” says Mr. Lamb, in one of the profound and beautiful notes to his specimens, “has strengthened vice from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries, and the abstruse pleas against her adversary virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester, wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented.” He had, in fact, the power of making any set of notions, however fantastical, appear as “truths of holy writ” to his readers. This he did by the authority with which he disposed of all things, and by the infinite minuteness of his details. His gradations are so gentle, that we do not at any one point, hesitate to follow him, and should descend with him to any depth before we perceived that our path had been unequal. By the means of this strange magic, we become anxious for the marriage of Pamela with her base master; because the author has so imperceptibly wrought on us the belief of an awful distance between the rights of an esquire and his servant, that our imaginations regard it in the place of moral distinctions. After all, the general impression made on us by his works, is virtuous. Clementina is to the soul a new and majestic image, inspired by virtue and by love, which raises and refines its conceptions. She has all the depth and intensity of the Italian character, with all the purity of an angel. She is at the same time the grandest of tragic heroines, and the divinest of religious enthusiasts. Clarissa alone is above her. Clementina steps stately in her very madness, amidst “the pride, pomp, and circumstance” of

Italian nobility; Clarissa is triumphant, though violated, deserted, and encompassed by vice and infamy. Never can we forget that amazing scene, in which, on the effort of her mean seducer to renew his outrages, she appears in all the radiance of mental purity, among the wretches assembled to witness his triumph, where she startles them by her first appearance, as by a vision from above; and holding the pen-knife to her breast, with her eyes lifted to heaven, prepares to die, if her craven destroyer advances, striking the vilest with the deep awe of goodness, and walking placidly, at last, from the circle of her foes, none of them daring to harm her! How pathetic, above all other pathos in the world, are those snatches of meditation which she commits to paper, in the first delirium of her wo! How delicately imagined are her preparations for that grave in which alone she can find repose! Cold must be the hearts of those who can conceive them as too elaborate, or who can venture to criticise them. In this novel all appears most real; we feel enveloped, like Don Quixote, by a thousand threads; and, like him, would we rather remain so for ever, than break one of their silken fibres. Clarissa Harlowe is one of the few books which leave us different beings from those which they find us. “Sadder and wiser” do we arise from its perusal.

Yet when we read Fielding's Novels after those of Richardson, we feel as if a stupendous pressure were removed from our souls. We seem suddenly to have left a palace of enchantment, where we have passed through long galleries filled with the most gorgeous images, and illumined by a light not quite human nor yet quite divine, into the fresh air, and the common ways of this “bright and breathing world.” We travel on the high road of humanity, yet meet in it pleasanter companions,

and catch more delicious snatches of refreshment, than ever we can hope elsewhere to enjoy. The mock heroic of Fielding, when he condescends to that ambiguous style, is scarcely less pleasing than its stately prototype. It is a sort of spirited defiance to fiction, on the behalf of reality, by one who knew full well all the strong holds of that nature which he was defending. There is not in Fielding much of that which can properly be called ideal—if we except the character of Parson Adams; but his works represent life as more delightful than it seems to common experience, by disclosing those of its dear immunities, which we little think of, even when we enjoy them. How delicious are all his refreshments at all his inns! How vivid are the transient joys which he depicts—how sweet the resting-places of his heroes, in their chequered course—how full and overflowing are their final raptures! His Tom Jones is quite unrivalled in plot, and is to be rivalled only in his own works for felicitous delineations of character. The little which we have told us of Allworthy, especially that which relates to his feelings respecting his deceased wife, makes us feel for him, as for one of the best and most revered friends of our childhood. Was ever the “soul of goodness in things evil” better disclosed, than in the scruples and the dishonesty of Black George, that tenderest of game-keepers and truest of thieves? Did ever health, good-humour, frank-heartedness, and animal spirits, hold out so freshly against vice and fortune as in the hero? Was ever so plausible a hypocrite as Blifil, who buys a bible of Tom Jones so delightfully, and who, by his admirable imitation of virtue, leaves it almost in doubt, whether, by a counterfeit so dexterous, he did not merit some share of her rewards? Who shall gainsay the cherry lips of Sophia Western? The story of Lady Bellaston we confess to be a blemish.

But if there be any vice left in the work, the fresh atmosphere diffused over all its scenes, will render it innoxious. Joseph Andrews has far less merit as a story—but it depicts Parson Adams, whom it does the heart good to think on. He who drew this character, if he had done nothing else, would not have lived in vain. We fancy we can see him with his torn cassock, (in honour of this high profession,) his volumes of sermons, which we really wish had been printed, and his Eschylus, the best of all the editions of that sublime tragedian! Whether he longs after his own sermons against vanity—or is absorbed in the romantic tale of the fair Leonora—or uses his ox-like fists in defence of the fairer Fanny, he equally embodies in his person “the homely beauty of the good old cause,” of high thoughts, pure imagination, and manners unspotted by the world.

Smollet seems to have had more touch of romance than Fielding, but not so profound and intuitive a knowledge of humanity’s hidden treasures. There is nothing in his works comparable to Parson Adams; but then, on the other hand, Fielding has not any thing of the kind equal to Strap. Partridge is dry, and hard, compared with this poor barber-boy, with his generous overflowings of affection. Roderick Random, indeed, with its varied delineation of life, is almost a romance. Its hero is worthy of his name. He is the sport of fortune, rolled about through the “many ways of wretchedness” almost without resistance, but ever catching those tastes of joy which are every where to be relished by those who are willing to receive them. We seem to roll on with him, and get delectably giddy in his company.

The humanity of the Vicar of Wakefield is less deep even than that of Roderick Random, but sweeter tinges of fancy are cast over it. The sphere in which Goldsmith’s powers

moved, was never very extensive, but, within it, he discovered all that was good, and shed on it the tenderest lights of his sympathizing genius. No one ever excelled so much as he in depicting amiable follies and endearing weaknesses. His satire makes us at once smile at, and love, all that he so tenderly ridicules. The good Vicar's trust in Monagomy, his son's purchase of the spectacles, his own sale of his horse, to his solemn admirer at the fair; the blameless vanities of his daughters, and his resignation under his accumulated sorrows, are among the best treasures of memory. The pastoral scenes in this exquisite tale are the sweetest in the world. The scents of the hay field, and of the blossoming hedge-rows, seem to come freshly to our senses. The whole romance is a tenderly-coloured picture, in little, of human nature's most genial qualities.

De Foe is one of the most extraordinary of English authors. His *Robinson Crusoe* is deservedly one of the most popular of novels. It is usually the first read, and always among the last forgotten. The interest of its scenes in the uninhabited island is altogether peculiar; since there is nothing to develop the character but deep solitude. Man, there, is alone in the world, and can hold communion only with nature, and nature's God. There is nearly the same situation in *Philoctetes*, that sweetest of the Greek tragedies; but there we only see the poor exile as he is about to leave his sad abode, to which he has become attached, even with a child-like cleaving. In *Robinson Crusoe*, life is stripped of all its social joys, yet we feel how worthy of cherishing it is, with nothing but silent nature to cheer it. Thus are nature and the soul, left with no other solace, represented in their native grandeur and intense communion. With how fond an interest do we dwell on all the exertions of our fellow-man, cut off from his kind;

watch his growing plantations as they rise, and seem to water them with our tears! The exceeding vividness of all the descriptions are more delightful when combined with the loneliness and distance of the scene; "placed far amid the melancholy main" in which we become dwellers. We have grown so familiar with the solitude, that the print of man's foot seen in the sand seems to appal us as an awful thing!—The *Family Instructor* of this author, in which he inculcates weightily his own notions of puritanical demeanour and parental authority, is very curious. It is a strange mixture of narrative and dialogue, fanaticism and nature; but all done with such earnestness, that the sense of its reality never quits us. Nothing, however, can be more harsh and unpleasing than the impression which it leaves. It does injustice both to religion and the world. It represents the innocent pleasures of the latter as deadly sins, and the former as most gloomy, austere, and exclusive. One lady resolves on poisoning her husband, and another determines to go to the play, and the author treats both offences with a severity nearly equal!

Far different from this ascetic novel is that best of religious romances, the *Fool of Quality*. The piety there is at once most deep and most benign. There is much indeed of eloquent mysticism, but all evidently most heartfelt and sincere. The yearnings of the soul after universal good and intimate communion with the divine nature were never more nobly shown. The author is most prodigal of his intellectual wealth: "his bounty is as boundless as the sea—his love as deep." He gives to his chief characters riches endless as the spiritual stores of his own heart. It is, indeed, only the last which gives value to the first in his writings. It is easy to endow men with millions on paper, and to make them willing to scatter them among the

wretched; but it is the corresponding bounty and exuberance of the author's soul, which here makes the money sterling, and the charity divine. The hero of this romance always appears to our imagination like a radiant vision encircled with celestial glories. The stories introduced in it are delightful exceptions to the usual rule by which such incidental tales are properly regarded as impertinent intrusions. That of David Doubtful is of the most romantic interest, and at the same time steeped in feeling the most profound. But that of Clement and his wife is perhaps the finest. The scene in which they are discovered, having placidly lain down to die of hunger together, in gentle submission to heaven, depicts a quiescence the most sublime, yet the most affecting. Nothing can be more delightful than the sweetening ingredients in their cup of sorrow. The heroic act of the lady to free herself from her ravisher's grasp, her trial and her triumphant acquittal, have a grandeur above that of tragedy. The genial spirit of the author's faith leads him to exult especially in the repentance of the wicked. No human writer seems ever to have hailed the contrite with so cordial a welcome. His scenes appear overspread with a rich atmosphere of tenderness, which softens and consecrates all things.

We would not pass over, without a tribute of gratitude, Mrs. Radcliffe's wild and wondrous tales. When we read them, the world seems shut out, and we breathe only in an enchanted region, where lovers' lutes tremble over placid waters, mouldering castles rise conscious of deeds of blood, and the sad voices of the past echo through deep vaults and lonely galleries. There is always majesty in her terrors. She produces more effect by whispers and slender hints than ever was attained by the most vivid display of horrors. Her conclusions are tame and impotent al-

most without example. But while her spells actually operate, her power is truly magical. Who can ever forget the scene in the Romance of the Forest, where the Marquis, who has long sought to make the heroine the victim of licentious love, after working on her protector, over whom he has a mysterious influence, to steal at night into her chamber, and when his trembling listener expects only a requisition for delivering her into his hands, replies to the question of "then—to-night, my Lord!" "*Adelaide dies*"—or the allusions to the dark veil in the Mysteries of Udolpho—or the stupendous scenes in Spalatro's cottage? Of all romance writers, Mrs. Radcliffe is the most romantic.

The present age has produced a singular number of authors of delightful prose fiction, on whom we intend to give a series of criticisms. We shall begin with MACKENZIE, whom we shall endeavour to compare with Sterne; and for this reason we have passed over the works of the latter in our present cursory view of the novelists of other days.

MACKENZIE.

ALTHOUGH our veneration for Mackenzie has induced us to commence this series of articles with an attempt to express our sense of his genius, we scarcely know how to criticise its exquisite creations. The feelings which they have awakened within us are too old and too sacred almost for expression. We scarcely dare to scrutinize with a critic's ear, the blending notes of that sad and soft music of humanity which they breathe. We feel as if there were a kind of privacy in our sympathies with them—as though they were a part of ourselves, which strangers knew not—and as if in publicly expressing them, we were violating the sanctities of our own souls. We must recollect, however, that our readers know them as well as we do, and

then to dwell with them tenderly on their merits, will seem like discoursing of the long-cherished memories of friends we had in common, and of sweet sorrows participated in childhood.

The purely sentimental style in which the tales of Mackenzie are written, though deeply felt by the people, has seldom met with due appreciation from the critics. It has its own genuine and peculiar beauties, which we love the more the longer we feel them. Its consecrations are altogether drawn from the soul. The gentle tinges which it casts on human life are shed not from the imagination or the fancy, but from the affections. It represents, indeed, humanity as more tender, its sorrows as more gentle, its joys as more abundant, than they appear to common observers. But this is not effected by those influences of the imagination which consecrate whatever they touch; which detect the secret analogies of beauty, and bring kindred graces from all parts of nature to heighten the images which they reveal. It affects us rather by casting off from the soul, those impurities and littlenesses which it contracts in the world, than by foreign aids. It appeals to those simple emotions which are not the high prerogatives of genius, but which are common to all who are "made of one blood," and partake in one primal sympathy. The holiest feelings, after all, are those which would be the most common if gross selfishness and low ambition froze not "the genial current of the soul." The meanest and most ungifted have their gentle remembrances of early days. Love has tinged the life of the artizan and the cottager with something of the romantic. The course of none has been along so beaten a road that they remember not fondly some resting places in their journeys; some turns of their path in which lovely prospects broke in upon them; some soft plats of green refreshing to their

weary feet. Confiding love, generous friendship, disinterested humanity, require no recondite learning, no high imagination, to enable an honest heart to appreciate and feel them. Too often, indeed, are the simplicities of nature, and the native tenderesses of the soul, nipped and chilled by those low anxieties which lie on them "like an untimely frost."—"The world is too much with us." We become lawyers, politicians, merchants, and forget that we are men, and sink in our transitory vocations that character which is to last for ever. A tale of sentiment—such as those of that honoured veteran whose works we would now particularly remember—awakens all these pulses of deep sympathy with our kind, of whose beatings we had become almost unconscious. It does honour to humanity by stripping off its artificial disguises. Its magic is not like that by which Arabian enchanters raised up glittering spires, domes, and palaces, by a few cabalistic words; but resembles their power to disclose veins of precious ore where all seemed sterile and blasted. It gently puts aside the brambles which overcast the stream of life, and lays it open to the reflexions of those delicate clouds which lie above it in the heavens. It shows to us the soft undercourses of feeling, which neither time nor circumstances can wholly stop; and the depth of affection in the soul, which nothing but sentiment itself can fathom. It disposes us to pensive thought—expands the sympathies—and makes all the half-forgotten delights of youth "come back upon our hearts again," to soften and to cheer us.

Too often has the sentiment of which we have spoken been confounded with sickly affectations in a common censure. But no things can be more opposite than the paradoxes of the inferior order of German sentimentalists and the works of a writer like Mackenzie. Real sentiment is

the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth. It is more ancient as well as more certain in its operations, than the reasoning faculties. We know and feel before we think ; we perceive before we compare ; we enjoy before we believe. As the evidence of sense is stronger than that of testimony, so the light of our inward eye more truly shows to us the secrets of the heart, than the most elaborate process of reason. Riches, honours, power, are transitory—the things which appear, pass away—the shadows of life alone are stable and unchanging. Of the recollections of infancy nothing can deprive us. Love endures, even if its object perishes, and nurtures the soul of the mourner. Sentiment has a kind of divine alchymy, rendering grief itself the source of tenderest thoughts, and far-reaching desires, which the sufferer cherishes as sacred treasures. The sorrows over which it sheds its influence are “ ill barter’d for the garishness of joy ;” for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling. It endures, not only while fortune changes, but while opinions vary, which the young enthusiast fondly hoped would never forsake him. It remains when the unsubstantial pageants of goodliest hope vanish. It binds the veteran to the child by tie which no fluctuations even of belief can alter. It preserves the only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains—connecting our past with our present being by delicate ties, so subtle, that they vibrate to every breeze of feeling, yet so strong that the tempests of life have not power to break them. It assures us that what we have been we shall be, and that our human hearts shall vibrate with their first sympathies, while the species shall endure.

We think that, on the whole, Mackenzie is the first master of this delicious stile. Sterne, doubtless, has deeper touches of humanity in some of his works. But there is no sus-

tained feeling—no continuity of emotion—no extended range of thought, over which the mind can brood in his ingenious and fantastical writings. His spirit is far too mercurial and airy to suffer him tenderly to linger over those images of sweet humanity which he discloses. His cleverness breaks the charm which his feeling spreads, as by magic, around us. His exquisite sensibility is ever counteracted by his perceptions of the ludicrous, and his ambition after the strange. No harmonious feeling breathes from any of his pieces. He sweeps “ that curious instrument, the human heart,” with hurried fingers, calling forth in rapid succession its deepest and its liveliest tones, and making only marvellous discord. His pathos is, indeed, most genuine while it lasts ; but the soul is not suffered to cherish the feeling which it awakens. He does not shed, like Mackenzie, one mild sweet light on the path of life ; but scatters on it wild coruscations of ever shifting brightness, which, while they sometimes disclose spots of inimitable beauty, often do but fantastically play over objects dreary and revolting. All in Mackenzie is calm, gentle, harmonious. No play of mistimed wit, no flourish of rhetorick, no train of philosophical speculation, for a moment diverts our sympathy. Each of his best works is like one deep thought, and the impression which it leaves, soft, sweet, and undivided as the summer evening’s holiest and latest sigh.

The only exception which we can make to this character, is the *Man of the World*. Here the attempt to attain intricacy of plot disturbs the emotion which, in the other works of the author, is so harmoniously excited. A tale of sentiment should be most simple. Its whole effect depends on its keeping the tenor of its predominant feeling unbroken. Another defect in this story is, the length of time over which it spreads its narrative.

Sindall, alone, connects the two generations which it embraces, and he is too mean and uninteresting thus to appear both as the hero and the chorus. When a story is thus continued from a mother to a daughter, it seems to have no legitimate boundary. The painful remembrance of the former interferes with our interest for the latter, and the present difficulties of the last deprive us of those emotions of fond retrospection, which the fate of the first would otherwise awaken. Still there are in this tale scenes of pathos delicious as any which even the author himself has drawn. The tender pleasure which the *Man of Feeling* excites is wholly without alloy. Its hero is the most beautiful personification of gentleness, patience, and meek sufferings, which the heart can conceive. *Julia de Roubigné* however is, on the whole, the most delightful of the author's works. There is in this tale enough of plot to keep alive curiosity, and sharpen the interest which the sentiment awakens, without any of those strange turns and perplexing incidents which break the current of sympathy. The diction is in perfect harmony with the subject—"most musical, most melancholy"—with "golden cadences" responsive to the thoughts. There is a delicacy of loveliness, a plaintive charm in the image presented to us of the heroine, too sweet almost to dwell on. How exquisite is the description given of her by her maid, in a letter to her friend, relating to her fatal marriage:—"She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribbons; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Belville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls. And to be sure, with her dark brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then her eyes, when she gave her hand to the count! they were cast down, and you might

see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil, over the white of her skin—the modest gentleness, with a sort of sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time." And yet, such is the feeling communicated to us by the whole work, that we are ready to believe even this artless picture an inadequate representation of that beauty which we never cease to feel. How natural and tear-moving is the letter of Savillon to his friend, describing the scenes of his early love, and recalling, with intense vividness, all the little circumstances which aided its progress! What an idea, in a single expression, does Julia give of the depth and the tenderness of her affection, when describing herself as taking lessons in drawing from her lover, she says that she felt something from the touch of his hand, "not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight: it was like a pulse in the soul!" The last scenes of this novel are matchless. Never was so much of the terrific alleviated by so much of the pitiful. The incidents are most tragic; yet over them is diffused a breath of sweetness, which softens away half their anguish, and reconciles us to that which remains. Our minds are prepared, long before, for the early nipping of that delicate blossom, for which this world was too bleak. Julia's last interview with Savillon mitigates her doom, partly by the joy her heart has tasted, and which nothing afterwards in life could equal, and partly by the certainty that she must either become guilty or continue wretched. Nothing can be at once sweeter and more affecting than her extatic dream after she has taken the fatal mixture, her seraphical playing on the organ, to which the waiting angels seem to listen, and her tranquil recalling the scenes of peaceful happiness with her friend, as she imagines her arms about her neck, and fancies that her Maria's tears are falling on her bosom. Then comes

Montaubon's description of her as she drank the poison ;—" She took it from me smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank thy health ! She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale silk ribbons. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection ; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder." We do not think even the fate of " the gentle lady married to the Moor" calls forth tears so sweet as those which fall for the Julia of Mackenzie !

We rejoice to know and feel that these delicious tales cannot perish. Since they were written, indeed, the national imagination has been, in a great degree, perverted by strong excitements, and " fed on poisons till they have become a kind of nutriment." But the quiet and unpresuming beauties of these works depend not on the fashion of the world. They cannot be out of date till the dreams of young imagination shall vanish, and the deepest sympathies of love and hope shall be chilled for ever. While other works are extolled, admired, and reviewed, these will be loved and wept over. Their author, in the evening of his days, may truly feel that he has not lived in vain. Gentle hearts shall ever owe to him their sweetest tears, and blend their thought of him among their remembrances of the benefactors of their youth. And when the fever of the world " shall hang upon the beatings of their hearts," how often will their spirits turn to him, who, as he cast a soft seriousness over the morning of life, shall assist in tranquillizing its noon-tide sorrows !

New Monthly Mag.

THE MONASTERY.

A Romance, by the Author of " Waverly," in 3 vols.

THE matchless facility of the great Scottish novelist seems to increase as

he proceeds. Critics, artists, and manufacturers of melo-dramas can scarcely seize on the beauties of one of his works in the way of their several vocations, before another full of materials for disquisition, picture, or scenic effect, starts into existence. He has scarcely given us time to breathe, after following his rapid and brilliant excursion into the south, before we find him again within the border, wandering in the deep glens of his own romantic region, and compelling the delicate spirits which in old time were believed to haunt them, to appear at his bidding. The scene of the Monastery is laid in the south of Scotland ; its time is the age of Elizabeth ; its interest arises from the blended fortunes of a generous and gallant peasant, and of the last female representative of an ancient family, which are connected with the public events of the age, and influenced by fairy spells. Its chief characters are Halbert Glendinning, a brave, spirited, and noble-hearted youth ; Julian Avenel, a passionate and haughty chief, something between the baron and the robber ; Father Eustace, an austere monk, of fiery zeal for his faith, yet deep gentleness of soul ; Piercie Shafton, a fop of the Elizabethan age ; an old enthusiastic preacher of the Protestant heresy ; a fond, beautiful, and heroic lass of the mill ; and, though last, not least, a creature of fairy race, whose aerial existence quivers with the fates of the house of Avenel. There is little of sustained interest in the story ; and, what is of more importance, there are few of those highly wrought dramatic scenes which abound in most of the former works of the author. Its chief defects arise from the intermingling of the wildest images of superstitious fantasy with the vivid pictures of real life, and the occurrences of authentic history. We object not those merits of the supernatural, which give a solemn, yet a softened, air to our contemplations, which be-

ing put forth with diffidence, are received with awe, and to which we may surrender our imaginations without feeling that the author's whole creation is unreal and shadowy. But when amidst persons of flesh and blood, whose warm hands we seem to grasp, and in whose human emotions we intensely sympathise, fairies appear chanting their mystic strains, surrounding the characters with grotesque wonders, and actually bringing about the events of the tale by their spells, the effect is incongruous and chilling. Indeed, the spirit of this romance is, in herself, exceedingly perplexing. She leaps on the horse of a monk, and swims behind him along a stream until he is half drowned—recovers from him an English translation of the Bible—conveys the daring hero through the earth into a cavern, where the sacred volume is encircled with magic flames, from which he seizes it—digs a grave for nobody, and fills it up again, and on various other occasions appears a most “tricksome spirit.”

The appointing a fairy guardian of an English copy of the Scriptures, and surrounding it with spells, neither of earth nor of hell, seems like the image of a dream in which wild shapes from times the most remote are fantastically blended—where realities melt into shadows—and familiar things and strangest imaginations dance together before us. In one scene, indeed, the supernatural agency, though wholly without apparent end, produces an effect which is really awful. Halbert and Piercie Shafston meet to decide a quarrel by the arbitrament of blood, and seeking a fit place for their contest, come to the enchanted fountain in the wildest recess of the glen. There they perceive a grave dug close by the foot of the rock, the green turf laid on one side, the earth on the other, and a mattock and shovel on its verge. This tomb, provided by unearthly hands, on the margin of which a mor-

tal combat is to be decided, makes the blood curdle with that strange delight which imaginative horror awakens. The result, however, is absurd and perplexing. Shafston falls apparently lifeless—his body disappears—the grave is filled up, and the turf neatly placed over it, by the aerial sexton, and the dead re-appears, pale and bloody, with his wounds healed, to be accused of the murder of one who has fled, believing himself to be the homicide! Though the general effect is very broken and imperfect, there are many touches which evidently come from the masterly hand of the author of *Waverley*. Halbert is one of the most lively and spirited sketches ever drawn of a young hero of the mountains: noble-minded, fiery, and most intrepid—beautiful in wild grace, and glowing with instinctive honour. The character of Edward, who from a mild and affectionate youth becomes animated with savage joy on the supposed death of his brother and rival, which he disguises under threats of vengeance, is neither pleasant enough to fancy, nor probable enough to believe. Sir Piercie Shafston—the fop and flowery talker of another age of dandyism—who speaks Sir Philip Sidney as though “he too were an Arcadian”—though somewhat tiresome in his harangues, is the most original and the best sustained personage of the novel. In vividness of description, the *Monastery* will suffer little by a comparison with the best works of its author. The songs of the *Lady of Avenel*, which she warbles whenever she appears, are exquisite—light, delicate, fanciful, and seem to partake of the character of the element in which she is moving. In these, at least, the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* stands as clearly confessed, as though the title-page of the work had contained his name.

New Monthly Mag.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

[It is gratifying to us, as Americans, to see this work so favourably noticed in the English journals. They appear for once to have thrown aside their prejudices, and seem desirous of praising worth and talent in a transatlantic writer. We copy the following:]

“*The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 354. —The first notice taken of this work in England, appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, (No. 140.) of September 25th; and in two subsequent numbers, we copied from it as many papers. A polite letter from the author, informing us that in consequence of the favourable opinion of his work expressed very generally by the periodical press, it was his intention to reprint it in this country, induced us to desist from further extracts, which to take in anticipation of its being published, would, we thought, be an act of injustice toward Mr. Irving, for such, we learnt, was the name of Geoffrey Crayon.

In the *Literary Gazettes* alluded to, we paid the tribute of our applause to the American writer, whose sketches had a freshness and beauty about them with which we were exceedingly gratified. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us to repeat these favourable sentiments; especially as the volume itself may now be consulted for their confirmation. We shall merely say, that the essays are various and agreeable; that their matter is amusing or pathetic, as required by the subject; that their style is the best transatlantic we have yet seen; and that they display an amiable and cultivated mind, free from violent prejudices, and endued with very considerable talent. Except in a paper on English Writers, we discover no trace of the less pleasing side of the American character. There the author complains, as we conceive, without reason, boasts without foundation, and threatens with-

out effect. Literature is of no nation; and the wise of every country despise those scribblers who would divide science into parties, and split learning into factions. Surely Mr. Irving has by this time dismissed the last slight touches of that impression which induced him to think that an American author would meet with an unfair reception from a British public. His own experience must have convinced him that we are far above such paltry feelings; for his *Sketch Book* has been quoted most widely, and every voice has been raised to hail the appearance of a performance so honourable to its author, and so creditable to his native land.”—*London Lit. Gaz.*

“The work before us, by its originality, its social and conciliating spirit, the poetic feeling which pervades its imagery and descriptions, and the chastity of its style, merits a more permanent esteem than is usually enjoyed by those of its class, and is calculated to improve our opinion of American literature. We learn that some of the first numbers are reprinting in London.

The author complains, with reason, of the illiberality of some English writings on the affairs of America; nor is he much mistaken in the causes to which he attributes the injury.”—*New Monthly Mag.*

WASHINGTON IRVING is the sole author of the *Sketch Book*, a periodical work now in the course of publication at New-York; from which numerous extracts have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and in many of the *Magazines*; none of which, however, seem to have known from whose genius they were borrowing so largely. We are greatly at a loss to comprehend for what reason Mr. Irving has judged fit to publish his *Sketch Book* in America earlier than in Britain; but at all events, he is doing himself great injustice, by not

having an edition printed here, of every number after it has appeared at New York. Nothing has been written for a long time, for which it would be more safe to promise great and eager acceptance. The story of 'Rip Van Winkle'—the 'Country Life in England'—the account of his voyage across the Atlantic—and 'The Broken Heart'—are all, in their several ways, very exquisite and classical pieces of writing, alike honourable to the intellect and the heart of their author.

"The style in which 'The Royal Poet' is written may be taken as a fair specimen of Irving's more serious manner—it is, we think, very graceful—ininitely more so than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writings of our day. There is a rich spirit of pensive elegance about the commencement, and every sentence that follows increases the effect. In some of the pieces of pure imaginative writing we have named above, the author strikes a deeper note, and with a no less masterly hand. He, too, has a strange power of mingling feelings of natural and visionary terror with those of a light and ludicrous kind—and the mode in which he uses this power is calculated to produce a very striking effect upon all that read with enthusiasm what is written with enthusiasm. He is one of the few whose privileges it is to make us 'join trembling with our mirth.'"—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag.*

MOUNDS.

NEAR the residence of Col. Ward, in Davidson county, fourteen miles above Nashville, (Tenn.) there is a mound. Its elevation from the common surface of the earth, is from 12 to 13 feet. It is about 75 yards in

circumference. The earth of which it was constructed, was brought about 90 yards, and there are stumps of trees standing in the place out of which this earth was taken, containing 155 annular rings or circles. The country around is nearly level. The earth from the commencement of our digging, (this is the report of Mr. Earl of Nashville, dated April 6, 1820,) was a red gravel, and continued such for the distance of 9 feet from the summit, when we came to a very light earth, resembling that of ashes mixed with common earth, and as dry as if it had been exposed to a hot summer's sun for several weeks. Immediately above this light ashes and common earth, was found a thin stratum of clay. This light ashes, &c. continued as far downward in the centre, as we penetrated, which was about 18 feet from the summit. At 12 feet we found charcoal, at 16 feet leaves, at 17 feet pure ashes, with a mixture of lime, and substances having a perfect resemblance to human bones after having been burned. These substances, when exposed to the air, crumbled to dust, with the exact appearance of the ashes of a human body, after having been consumed by fire. There are trees on this mound which must be from 100 to 130 years old. At 20 yards distance, is another mound, about half the size of the one above described, with a stump standing upon it, counting 130 annular circles; also a decayed stump half as large again as the one just mentioned.

The coal 12 feet below the summit, and commonly only one foot above the surface of the ashes and earth, is where we should expect to find it, let the fire have been made for what purpose soever it might; but, finding leaves 16 feet from the summit, and three feet below the surface, and below the coal, indicates a deposition of the leaf there after the coal. There was at the time of its deposition, a hollow arch, one foot lower than the

leaves, and at 17 feet from the summit.

The dryness of the ashes continuing from 9 to 18 feet below the summit, shows a preservation from water, as did the leaves from the time they were there deposited. The ashes being found from 9 to 18 feet below the summit, and probably continuing from a point near to the summit and to a greater distance than 18 feet below, shows that the mound was a receptacle prepared for dead bodies before they were placed in it. The covering of the interior, with an outward coat of red gravel, contrived for the absorption of rain water, and preventing its access to the ashes, shows the sacred estimation in which they were held. The thin stratum of clay was the inner covering used, because of its adhesive properties, and to make the outer covering the more readily and closely attach to it. Why were these ashes, more than any other ashes, so carefully secured against the contact of water? and why so carefully prepared for a duration of eternity? Why so much labour bestowed to answer the object to be accomplished? and, if the materials of which the outward covering are composed, were brought from the hollow at the distance of 90 yards, how many hands must have been employed in the removal, if waggons and carts were not in use, and if the wheel was unknown to the people who built this mound? What sort of a government must it have been, which was able to command the services of so many persons at one and the same time?—persons who must have contributed their joint efforts for this tumulus? Any where near to this mound there is not any species of earth of the crumbling property or unadhesive disseverance of parts, that would, when dried by a fire of the most extreme heat, acquire so much the appearance of ashes as the interior substances above described do; much less had water ever

been intermixed with it. There is much reason to believe, that what Mr. Earl supposes to be ashes, is really such; and why do ashes occupy the whole interior? If ever used for a habitation, the ashes would have been removed from time to time. There must have been a crater at the summit; and from thence the coal and ashes must have been precipitated into the inner parts of the mound and into the hollow below the surface. The leaves must have fallen through the crater, after the burning and falling in of the ashes, and have covered them before the next burning took place; or, the ashes must have been made at another place, and then been brought from it to this mound; and, in passing from one place to the other, must have received these leaves. The substance to which the leaf adhered is now petrified, or ossified; for it has the latter appearance, at least as much as the other, and has the impression of the stem of the leaf clearly apparent upon it, so that no man can mistake it.

In India, some sectaries burn, and others inter the bodies of their dead: the followers of Vishnu are burned, the Sonnyaries are all interred. After the performance of certain ceremonies, the body is placed in a sitting posture, in a large basket suspended with straw ropes upon a strong pole of bamboo, and carried by four Bramins; they proceed to an excavation on the bank of a river, if in the neighbourhood, which is dug so as to resemble a well, about six feet in depth, and is filled up about one half with salt, on which the body is placed in the posture which has been described. It is then covered up to the neck with salt, which they press closely all round, so as to keep the head immovable. Earth is finally accumulated over the head, to the height of several feet, and upon the heap is raised an object of Hindoo worship. Some of these tombs have become famous, and are visited by

pilgrims from afar, with offerings and sacrifices. (*Dubois, vol. 1st. 108, 110.*) Substitute coal and ashes as preservatives, instead of salt, and here is every semblance that could be expected. When a Bramin dies, his body, well confined by a rope, is carried to the pile; a trench, six or seven feet in length, is dug; a pile is erected of dry wood, on which the body is laid at full length, and fired.

The Phenician idolatry, into which the people of Judea fell in the time of Jeremiah, in the seventh century before Christ, described in *Jeremiah*, ch. 7. v. 31. "And they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire," &c. *Jeremiah*, ch. 32. v. 35: "And they built the high places of Baal, which are in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to cause their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire unto Moloch," &c. ch. 19. v. 5. "They have built also the high places of Baal, to burn their sons with fire, for burnt offerings unto Baal." 2d *Chronicles*, ch. 28. v. 3. *Psalms*, ch. 106. v. 37. v. 38. *Ezekiel*, ch. 16. v. 20. and 21.

The custom prevailed universally in Asia, among those who worshipped the sun, to build high places for sacrifice, and to sacrifice by fire human victims as the most acceptable offering that could be made to the Deity. If therefore one custom prevails here, and those who used it were worshippers of the sun, the conformity of the custom to that of Asia cannot be rejected, when offered as proof of American descent from that quarter of the globe. This custom came doubtless to this country—I mean what is now called Tennessee, from the south and west. The Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws, all say they came from the west; some of them say they fled from a race of men, who carried lightning and thunder in their hands. Their names of places, in some instances, are the

same as those in Mexico. Their monumental erections are upon the same plan, and of the same form. Their paintings of the sun and moon upon rocks, and the remains of their high places, dedicated to sacrificial purposes, are such as are used by the Asiatic worshippers of the sun; and the want of such appearances on the east of the Alleganias, all point at an ancient inhabitant totally distinct from that which the Europeans found here on their arrival; and the history of the Tuscaroras, who were on Roanoke in North Carolina, and who emigrated long before the arrival of Europeans into Carolina, form a nation near to, or beyond the lakes, and finally returned to them again, that is, such as remained of the natives in Carolina, shows also the course of emigration of those people, who were settled on the shores of the Atlantic. They came from countries far to the north, and kept on the sea coast.

The Scythians, Thracians, Greeks, Trojans, Persians, Romans, Germans, Lacedemonians and Parthians, all of them made such structures; but it is not true that all Indians did. It would not follow that this similarity is the mere effect of similar mental and corporal powers, without any imitation, and without any original to imitate.

Mounds are also found in the Pacific islands; one at Lefooga, with trees growing upon it 40 feet high, and the diameter of its summit 50 feet, said to have been raised in memory of one of their kings. *Cook's Voy.* vol. 1. p. 263. At Tongataboo is another, 3 feet high. In Atooni, very tall ones, white, standing in burying grounds, like those in Otaheite, &c. *Cook's Voy.* vol. 1. p. 200.

But, with respect to the mound opened by Mr. Earl, we will add: Perhaps the reddish coat which incrustated the ashes, may have been caused by the action of the fire in the interior of the mound, the outer covering of which may not have been added immediately after the flame

had reduced the pile to ashes, but may have stood where it now is before the flame was raised; and the leaf may have been insinuated, when the top of the tree was of full growth, which shows the time of year when it fell into the mound.

There is no circumstance in nature which would lead men every where to raise mounds over the dead, from religious devotion. We see in this age, and in all ages, many nations who do not pursue such a practice: still less is there a cause in nature which can induce the custom of taking the dirt of which the mound is composed, a considerable distance from the mound itself; a circumstance in which our mounds agree with those in England and Scotland, and perhaps in other northern countries of Europe. This latter circumstance must have been deduced from a common original. Burning of the dead, so far from being the result of a natural cause, has been practised but by few nations. All these customs are derivative. If we can discover who buried under ground, and who burned with fire; and especially if we can discover who did both, we shall approach near to the original parentage of the aboriginal American.

The interment alone of dead bodies, was practised by the Ethiopians, Egyptians, Lybians, Hebrews, the people of Mesopotamia, the Parthians, the Phenicians, the Thracians, and all the Scythian tribes.

Burning on funeral piles was practised in India. The Trojans, Greeks, and Romans, burned as well as buried. Burning ceased among the Romans, and probably among the Greeks also, in the time of Theodosius the Roman emperor, about the 4th century after the christian era. Burning the wife on the funeral pile of the husband is a custom in India, from times of the highest antiquity. The most ancient laws of India inculcate this sacrifice as a duty, and is noted as a living custom by Cicero. The funeral of Pa-

troclus in Homer, and of the father of Eneas in Virgil, will show the custom that prevailed 1000 years before Christ in Asia Minor. Calanus, a philosopher of India, burned himself on the funeral pile, in the presence of Alexander, as did also another Indian in the presence of Augustus.

It is perhaps nearly certain, that the Greeks and Romans had no intercourse with America; and if so, we look no where else than to the southern and eastern parts of Asia, where the dead are burned and mounds raised. Thence probably came the custom which raised the mound we are considering—kindled the funeral pile—and superstitiously brought dirt to construct it 90 yards.—*Nashville Whig.*

ON THE NEGRO EMPIRE OF HAYTI.

POLITICIANS, who love to contemplate events on a great scale, have within these few years seen a succession to their heart's desire. They have witnessed the fall of ancient monarchies, and the establishment of new: they have beheld those new ones fail, and have contemplated the consequences, so far as they are hitherto developed. But there remains one of these novelties, more striking than any of the rest, from the circumstances which attend it; and this, to the eye of the sagacious, offers results, perhaps not very proximate—perhaps, too, not very distant—in which a larger portion of mankind is concerned, than the generality of those who pass for well-informed allow themselves to believe.

It is no more than natural, that Europeans should feel the most lively interest in events of which Europe has been the theatre; and the British isles, by their adjacency to the principal seat of revolutionary ferocity, have been occupied most intensely with the scenes passing immediately around them. The cost-

sequences left by those scenes shrink into diminished proportion when compared with what the intelligent are inclined to predict as probable, from the new condition in which a part of our species heretofore considered as property—absolute property—now find themselves. The Negro kingdom of Hayti is one of those extraordinary incidents in the history of mankind to which attention will be drawn, sooner or later, if not by its peculiarity, yet by its importance. It took its birth amidst the most horrid of political convulsions; jealousy and revenge were its parents; fire and massacre were its sponsors; devastation and ruin were its guardians, and its tutors were barbarous chiefs, rendered still more barbarous by the keen sense of treason and treachery practised against them, from which they barely escaped; and of oppression, the wounds of which they still retained, not skin deep, but deep in their flesh. In its earliest infancy this singular community resisted with complete effect the most mighty efforts of its mother country, Imperial France. Buonaparte sent thither, under his brother-in-law, and one of his ablest generals, General Le Clerc, a force of 35,000 men; and to this he added reinforcements exceeding 20,000. They perished. More than 25,000 preceded General Le Clerc to the grave; and the whole number that fell victims to the attempt against Hayti, in the short space of thirty-four months, amounted to 62,500.

It is not to the military skill alone of this negro population, that this effectual defeat of a powerful and inveterate adversary should be attributed; the nature of the climate, with the inevitable severities of the service, induced diseases, rapidly extended them throughout the army, and rendered them peculiarly fatal. We have now, therefore, to contemplate this race of blacks as left to themselves, and no longer compressed by apprehension, or swayed

by the alternations of hope and fear. What is their policy, when thus at liberty? This is a question for the meditation of statesmen. What is their literature?—and what character is it most likely to present? This rather meets our present purpose; and is more susceptible of a definitive answer. And yet, in truth, these questions are more intimately related than the judicious have hitherto inclined to admit; and, because this relation has been overlooked in some late speculations on the subject, we shall here introduce a few words respecting it. Our readers know that St. Domingo, the former name of the island of Hayti, was divided, as property, between the French and the Spaniards; and that the French part of the island is that which has destroyed, or expelled, its former masters, and assumed independence as a state. That portion of it to which we immediately refer has already seen three chiefs, of whom two have caused themselves to be crowned as kings, (or emperors,) have exercised the power and prerogatives of royalty, and have enacted laws and originated constitutions, with all the forms and phrases of unquestioned and unquestionable monarchs. The first king was Dessalines, who was crowned emperor, Oct. 8, 1804, under the name of Jacques I. He was killed on the 17th of October, 1806. The second emperor is the now reigning sovereign, who was crowned June 2, 1811, under the name of Henry I. The character and policy of this chief deserves attention.

We are not about to estimate his military character; nor, properly speaking, that of his internal government: it is enough for us to recal to mind, that he was originally a French slave; that French was the language spoken by his masters, and by the population of which he is now the head; in short, French was his mother tongue. Yet does this negro emperor prefer the language, the

dress, the manners, the appearance, and the institutions of the English. When commander of Cape François, under Toussaint L'Overture, the first of the three chiefs, he gave public dinners, to which the British officers within distance were invited; and his conversation was always in English, which he speaks with considerable fluency. His dress, when he dresses to please himself, is the Windsor uniform. He is ambitious to commit the conduct of his public institutions to Englishmen. Dr. Stuart has the care of his military hospital; he has established parochial schools for the instruction of children, on the principles of Bell and Lancaster; and these are superintended by Englishmen. In these the English language is taught; and the scholars read and write, and perform their exercises in this language. In short, this language receives every encouragement in the power of the king, that is calculated to render it popular. The children of the public functionaries are *expected* to be well versed in English; and the influence of fashion, as adopted among the higher ranks, is, even on the mind of a negro, incalculable and indelible. If any ask, **What has this to do with policy?** it might be asked in reply—Whether the blue mountains of Jamaica are not visible from Hayti; and what is the language of the black population on that island? Moreover, what language is likely to be spoken among their descendants, all of whom *must* be born on the island, no fresh importations, by which the dialects of Africa might be refreshed or renewed, being permitted. A more extended inquiry would ask, also, What is the language of the black population in America? of that numerous body of oppressed individuals which has not now to learn its own preponderance in point of numbers in Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, &c.? The various African dialects of these slaves are so numerous and so hete-

rogeous, that the most accomplished emissary could never make himself intelligible to all who speak them; but let him address them in a language they all understand—they all *must* understand—and preface his elocution by the words "**LIBERTY and EQUALITY,**" the consequences cannot possibly be doubtful.

New Monthly Mag.

SOUTHEY'S NEW POEM.

[The following editorial remarks on the Poem promised by Mr. Southey,* and the Letter of Dr. Jarvis, are taken from the New-York Daily Advertiser.]

It is stated in the newspapers, that Mr. Southey, the British Poet Laureat, is engaged in writing a poem on the history of King Philip, the well known New-England Indian Chief, and that the scene of the poem is laid in Connecticut: and, it is added, that he intends, in this work, to remove any impressions that may have been received on this side the Atlantic, of his unfriendliness to this country. Mr. Southey is a man of genius, and of very distinguished literary attainments, and we should be gratified to find him disposed to do justice to our national and individual character. But, however willing he may be to accomplish this object, we shall be very much disappointed if he does not fail in what, we take it for granted, must be the main object of his poem—a delineation of savage manners and character. It would be strange, indeed, when the people of Great Britain, even those who are the best informed on other important subjects, are so extremely ignorant of this country, of its character, man-

* See an original Letter of Mr. Southey, to a gentleman in New-York, published in the April Number of the Belles-Lettres Repository, in which he says, "I have begun a poem of considerable length, of which the scene lies in Connecticut, and the time in Philip's war."

ners, and government, and in many instances even of its geographical divisions, if they should understand the Indian character. We know of no subject that could occupy the attention and talents of a literary stranger, in which he would be less likely to succeed, than that which Mr. Southey is said to have chosen.

Philip flourished nearly a hundred and fifty years ago. His residence was at Mount Hope, in the then colony, now state of Rhode-Island; not in Connecticut. His famous war with the white inhabitants of New-England commenced in 1675, and in the following year was terminated by his death. He was a brave and heroic chief, strongly attached to his nation's independence, and a determined enemy to the English settlers, who were, in his opinion, rapacious intruders upon his soil, and deadly foes to him and his people. His courage was undaunted, his hardihood almost incredible, and his talents and skill in extricating himself from great difficulties and dangers almost unrivalled. But the sanguinary war which he carried on for more than a year with the whites, raged far more in Massachusetts and Rhode Island than in Connecticut. The war was brought to a close by the celebrated Major Church, of Plymouth, one of the most brave and active officers of his time. The following account of it is given by the venerable Historian of Connecticut.

“Captain Church, of Plymouth, afterwards Major Church, a famous partizan, took several small parties of the enemy. The Indians who were taken, or came in to the English, to save their own lives, betrayed their friends, and led the English captains to their haunts and hiding places. Thus assisted, the Massachusetts and Plymouth soldiers hunted Philip from week to week, and from place to place. They captured and killed his brother, his counsellors, his chief men, and his wife and family; but his

mind continued firm and unbroken. In the midst of all this misfortune and distress, he would hear no proposals of peace. At length, on the 12th of August, [1676] Captain Church, led by one of Philip's men, whom he had disaffected by shooting his brother, only for proposing to him to make peace with the colonies, surprised this famous Sachem in a swamp, near Mount Hope. As he was flying to make his escape, the Indian, who had been guide to the party, shot him through the heart. Thus fell a brave enemy, who had defended himself and his country, and, what he imagined to be his own and the just rights of his countrymen, to the last extremity.”

At the commencement of the war, Philip and one of his kinsmen commanded about five hundred warriors, and the Narragansetts, with whom he was closely allied, nearly two thousand. These powerful tribes were not only conquered during the controversy, but almost exterminated.

To a man of real poetical genius, and well acquainted with the savage character, manners, customs, and history, the life of Philip might afford a good subject for a poem. But we shall be agreeably disappointed if Mr. Southey succeeds in his attempt.

Letter from Dr. Jarvis, to the Editor of the New-York Daily Advertiser.

SIR,—In your paper of yesterday I observe a notice that Mr. Southey, the British Laureat, is engaged in writing a poem on the history of King Philip, the celebrated Chief of Mount Hope; and the opinion you express of the probable failure of his attempt appears to me well grounded. That he will produce exquisite poetry, no one, I presume, will doubt; and that he will construct an epic which will be read with delight in England, must be expected from the author of Roderick. But I am inclined to think it impossible that he can satisfy the American public, unless he will take

the trouble to visit this country. His delineations of our scenery as well as of the Indian character will to us want the charm of reality. The colouring may be fine, but there will be a defect in the keeping. I recollect having seen a French picture of the entrance of the British into Washington, in which a palm tree occupied a conspicuous position in the fore ground; and it is very probable that an unlucky mistake of a similar nature will, to our eyes at least, associate with Mr. Southey's work a sense of the ridiculous, which must partially eclipse the most radiant beauties. None, therefore, but an American, or one who has resided for some time in America; one who has well studied the character of the Indians, and observed their modes of thought, action and expression; one who has become familiar with the scenes which have been rendered famous by their deeds; one who has collected the traditions, which, like the spectres of their departed warriors, hover around their graves; can be competent to do justice to such a theme.

"Know ye the Indian warrior race?—
How their light form springs in lofty grace;
Like the pine that shoots on their mountain
side,

That will not bow in its deathless pride;
Whose rugged limbs of stubborn bone
No flexuous power of art will own,
But bow to Heaven's red bolt alone!
How their hue is deep as the western dye
That fades in Autumn's evening sky;
That lives forever on their brow,
In the summer's heat and the winter's snow;
* * * * *

How their glance is far as the eagle's flight,
And fierce and true, as the panther's sight;
How their souls are like the crystal wave,
Where the spirit dwells in his northern cave;
Unruffled in its cavern'd bed,
Calm lies its glimmering surface spread;—
Its springs—its outlet unconfest,
The pebble's weight upon its breast
Shall wake its echoing thunders deep,
And when their muttering accents sleep,
Its dark recesses bear them yet—
And tell of deathless love or hate!"

As such a subject belongs, I may almost say exclusively, to ourselves,

and requires so much talent and industry to be treated of well; it will, I doubt not, be interesting to the public to learn, that "The Wars of Philip" were selected as the subject of a metrical tale, more than two years ago, by a young poet of great promise, who is now, alas! no more—I allude to the late Rev. James W. Eastburn.

While he was preparing for Holy Orders under the direction of Bishop Griswold, at Bristol, in Rhode-Island, he was led by his proximity to the scene of Philip's exploits, to select them as the subject of his muse; and in conjunction with a friend, he began and completed, during the years 1817 and 1818, the first draft of a poem, entitled "Yamoyden: A Tale of the Wars of Philip."

The hero is a fictitious character, whose adventures are interwoven with the incidents derived from real history. The underplot contains the story of an exile of the Independent persuasion, who fought against the royal party in the civil wars in England—the elopement of his daughter with an Indian—the conversion of the husband by the wife—their adventures and death. The Indian incantations, war-songs, and council speeches, are introduced and contrasted with the conduct and spirit of the white men under the dominion of their stern enthusiasm. Mr. Eastburn frequently traversed all the scenes of the poem, and his descriptions were written on the spot, with the accurate observation of a mind alive to the charms of nature, and with that glow of feeling which the *admonitus locorum* must produce in the soul of a poet.

His removal to Virginia, and the arduous labours of his ministry, prevented his transcribing more than two cantos, and a small portion of the third, which he began to correct a few weeks before his death. The remainder of the poem, which extends to six cantos, is yet to be transcribed.

The notes were collected conjointly by himself and the friend who was associated with him in his labours, and the greater part of them are prepared for the press.

As I have seen but a small portion of this poem, it would be improper to express an opinion as to its general merits. A short specimen of the versification is given in the foregoing delineation of the Indian character, which was selected more on account of its connection with my own thoughts, than of its relative excellence, when compared with the rest of the poem. There are many other passages which appear to me to be far superior to the extract which I have given. The story of *Nora*, the daughter of the Independent, and the wife of Yamoyden, is exquisitely pathetic; and were it not for the fear of occupying too large a portion of your columns, I should be tempted to copy the greater part of the second canto.

It is remarkable that Mr. Eastburn expressed a wish to dedicate this poem, should it ever be published, to Mr. Southey, though he was of course entirely ignorant of the intention of the latter to write on the same subject.

I am, Sir,

Very respectfully,

Your most obed't. serv't.

SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

New-York, Thursday, May 18, 1820.

[Few subjects have been discussed in this country since the adoption of the Federal constitution, of more importance than that which we anticipate will engage much of public attention during the present recess of congress—we mean the encouragement of domestic industry. It is painful to see, in a respectable southern paper, with what jeering levity the petitioners to congress, on this subject, are treated; we fear it is but too consonant to southern feelings, arising from an unworthy sectional jealousy, which, if allowed to take deep root, and grow up among us, will undermine the foundation of our republic,

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and scatter the superstructure to the winds. Once sever the links that grapple the interests and the affections of the east, the north, and the south, and our bond of union—the great charter of our liberties—the record of our national existence, will not only be defaced by the tears, but may be blotted out forever by the blood of our fellow-citizens. We are not alarmists: but the seeming indifference of congress to the numerous petitions, signed by as respectable a body of men as ever were identified in one interest, will call forth warm and spirited animadversions from the north and east; and these again will be retorted from the south.—Where will this stop? We would recommend to our southern brethren to profit by the counsels of the man whom they have delighted to honour—the venerable Jefferson; he has emphatically told them, that “the time has arrived when we *must* place the agriculturist and manufacturer side by side;” that “manufactures are now as necessary to our independence as to our comforts.” To all we would recommend, for their text book, the Farewell Address of the Father of our Country.

We insert the following, as a specimen of the temper with which this subject is likely to be discussed.]

Let us alone.—The whole of Mr. Baldwin's brood has finally passed “to the tomb of the Capulets.” The *cash duty* bill was strangled in the house of representatives. The tariff has early received the *coup de grace* in the senate. The poor *auction bill*, after having been bandied about the representative chamber, is ultimately kicked out of doors. Joy go with them! A system more utterly at war with the clearest principles of the age, better calculated to tax the leading interests of the country for the benefit of a subordinate and privileged order, and to place two classes of the community at the feet of a third, was scarcely ever conceived in the dark days of feudal restriction. *Let us alone.* Government is at best a rude, unwieldy, and bungling machine; it is an evil, though a necessary evil; it is one to which it is essential to say, ‘thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.’

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Confine yourselves to the objects for which you are instituted; assume no more power than is necessary to these objects; and invade as little as possible the liberty of the people. Let *conscience* be free; leave *opinion* to itself; let the *pursuits of industry* be as free as possible." Men who depart from these principles are enthusiasts or empirics. There has been much idle talk on this measure. A bounty on manufactures would not have relieved the distresses of the *times*. There is a *vis medicatrix* in a free society which will work out its cure. The times are "out of joint," but leave them to themselves. Let us not die of the doctor—but leave nature to herself.

We congratulate our fellow citizens on the destruction of the Tariff Bill. We thank the Senate for the early and manly stand which they have taken against it. Let ignorance, let disappointed interest, or factious ambition, clamour as much as they will at the catastrophe; the enlightened friends of the country will thank them for their determination. We have not met with a single citizen, however humble, or however high, who does not sincerely thank them for their vote.

The sights I have seen.

I have seen within the last month scenes that surprize me almost as much as the vision which astonished Mirza.

I have seen attempts in a free country to make farmers and merchants the slaves of manufacturers.

I have seen Americans lose sight of the clearest principles of the age, and adopt the exploded errors of the old European economists.

I have seen attempts made to drive men from the fields of nature and the light of heaven, and coop them up in factories and foundries.

I have seen the fable of the tanner again realized. I was told that nothing was so good for fortification as

leather; and no cure for our present embarrassments but a tax for the benefit of the manufacturers.

I have seen a measure seriously advocated that would have filled our coasts with smugglers, and our land with excisemen.

I have seen men build up their means of ambition on cotton stuffs and broadcloths.

I have seen men of liberal minds, preaching up a tax of 30 per cent. on foreign literature—taxing the very understanding of a free people for the aid of a few printers.

I have seen a senator from N. Y. whom his friends were wont to hail as a great statesman, veer like a weathercock in the course of one week.

I have seen the representative of the greatest commercial town in the state, the only representative from that state who voted for restrictions upon commerce.

I have seen, on two occasions, the representatives of people betraying their interests, and the representatives of the states standing up for them.

In the next two months I shall see organized a *National Institution* for promoting industry in the United States; I shall see another host of essayists and pamphleteers rushing from the press, and deafening the public by clamour and complaint.

I shall see new plans formed—new plots projected—*anti-Missourians* and *manufacturers* clubbing together—and new efforts made to alienate the citizen of the north from his brother of the south.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Circular of the Board of the National Institution for Promoting Industry in the United States, to their fellow citizens.

THE board feel it incumbent on them again to give notice, that a convention of the friends of national industry will be held in the city of New-York on the first Wednesday of June next, to which they are invited to send delegates duly empowered.

When the leading journals of the administration of our general government openly advocate the doctrine, "that public disorders will best regulate themselves;" a sentiment, which, if correct, would prove the inutility of all social institutions; when ingenuity has been exhausted to prove that legislative measures to sustain our manufactures "is taxing the many for the benefit of the few," it behooves the friends of national industry and national prosperity, to come out in their strength, and put down such sophistry, as the ebullitions of ignorance, and the arguments of enemies to our republic.

The late proceedings of the Congress of the United States show the necessity of a systematic and vigorous co-operation, to effect the objects of our association, which are, to promote the prosperity of the agricultural, the manufacturing, and commercial interests of the nation, by procuring from the government equal encouragement and protection to every branch of industry.

When we contemplate the policy which refuses relief to 30,000 petitioners—freemen, representing a vested capital of about 250 millions of dollars, rendered unproductive for want of that protection which is voluntarily granted to the humblest subjects of despotic governments—When it is recollected that a considerable portion of the capital was vested during the war with the implied assurance, that it should be protected; and that on the return of peace, the government adopted a policy to encourage the importation of foreign fabrics, to the destruction of our young establishments; we need look no farther for the prolific cause of a great portion of the distress which pervades every department of industry, and has spread a deep gloom over the rising fortune of this nation.

The improvident conduct of government in thus neglecting to en-

courage and protect the arts, cannot but excite the astonishment of enlightened men of every nation. Our favoured rivals cannot refrain from the following expressions of scorn and contempt, which, however wounding to our pride and love of charity, we must confess are merited. "The Edinburgh Review," in a late number, says—"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or looks at an American picture, or statue? who drinks out of American glasses? or eats out of American plates? or wears an American coat or gown? or sleeps in American blankets?" Let the advocates for "trade regulating itself," answer these questions, and prove that we are still the most enlightened among the nations.

The board are fully impressed with the opinion, that effectually to accomplish the objects of the convention, it will be necessary to adopt some system which shall promote the election to office of men of enlarged minds and firmness of character—who will keep a watchful eye over all the departments of productive industry, and guard their interests with paternal care. If the foundation is solid, the superstructure will be safe. The nation has too long built upon sand, and rested its hopes on a feeble basis. In behalf of the board.

W. FEW, President.

JACOB T. WALDEN, Sec'y.

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We seriously ask the calculating men of this town and its vicinity, what would be our probable situation at this moment, were it not for our manufactures? What is the only profitable shipping business? The coasting trade! supported by our shipments of goods for the southern markets. Were it not for our mills, the grass might grow in the market-square—they are all that keep us alive. In every direction excepting that of Boston, the balance of trade is in our favour. To Boston, however, we must still look

for those imported luxuries, which are the bane of the country, and the source of wretchedness to the people. Cannot this unthrifty trade be stopped? It may, without injury to a single individual of the community. Let our ladies and gentlemen inquire for AMERICAN GOODS only, when they enter a retail shop, and the retailers will soon have good assortments of them, and will reap a better profit than they now make on the imported trumpery which they buy in Boston.

Why are our banks in a better situation than those of any other state in the union? Why do they possess more specie, and a more solid credit? Why do they lose nothing in bad debts? Plainly, because the balance of trade is in our favour, and specie comes from abroad. Why is that balance favourable? Because we export more dry goods than we import. What man in his senses, who belongs to this state or its vicinity, can wish to depress these manufactures, which are our only dependence? No one. He who would do it must be an ideot or a madman.—*Providence Farmers' and Manufacturers' Journal.*

[When we view the apathy of the congress and people of the United States on the subject of manufactures, and contrast it with the jealous vigilance with which the writers of Great Britain watch, and publish to their countrymen, every movement in the establishing of manufactures in all parts of the world, we cannot avoid exclaiming, with the writer of the following article, what can *this* mean!]

Manufactures and Commerce in Egypt.—We should like to know the true state of things in Egypt; public report affirms, that the present Pacha has obtained ships and shipwrights from Europe; that he has established manufactures of silk and cotton, which are now in full activity; that he has a great manufactory of broad

cloths, either already in operation, or on the point of becoming so; that he employs the talents of some thousands of Europeans, under the direction of Jussuff, his confidant, whose brother is established at Trieste; that not less than 300,000 *fellahs*, peasants of Egypt, are employed in restoring the canal of Alexandria; and that he has at least twenty agents actively engaged in forming mercantile connections throughout Europe. What can all this mean!

New Monthly Mag.

IS A WHALE A FISH?

[The following is a copy of a letter addressed to G. C. Langdon, Esq. by Samuel L. Mitchell, M. D. LL. D. &c. dated, Brooklyn, May 20th, 1820.]

SIR—There is an excellent opportunity now afforded by your successful exertions, to settle the question lately agitated in New-York and Albany, whether a whale is a fish. The creature killed on Saturday last, a few leagues from Sandy-Hook, is of the cetaceous order, and of the kind called *Balano*, by naturalists, or the *bone* whale, or *right* whale, by people in general.

Among other interesting particulars to be observed on the present occasion, the following are prominent:

1. This animal resembles other mammiferous beings, in having an ear, or passage through which sounds are communicated. The external ear is indeed wanting; but the meatus, or passage to the internal organ of hearing, is very plain, resembling that of the seal.

2. The eye of this whale differs from that of the fish, it being furnished with eye-lids like those of land animals. It is plain to every observer, that fish have naked eyes, which they can never close. But any person may satisfy himself, that the eye-

lids of the whale, are as distinct as those of the cow or the horse.

3. There is reason to believe, that this whale feeds upon the molluscous animal living in the Atlantic ocean, and occasionally driven on shore by tempests on Long-Island and New-Jersey. This is known by the name of the great *sea-clam*, whose shells are cast ashore plentifully on Rockaway beach. As Captain Jenkins has explained how the whale rooted up from the sand, the bushels of these clams contained in his mouth, it appears very probable, that their visits to our coast is for the purpose of obtaining food.

4. Fish have fins with rays of bones, giving them a *fan-like* appearance. But the whale has no fins with radiating bones running through them. They are, on the contrary, in the nature of arms in men, or of fore legs in beasts. There is a near resemblance in the organization of the two pectoral appendages (fins as they are called) to the arm of a man; there being a shoulder blade, humerus cubit, wrist and imperfect hand, all invested in one common covering of skin, as a man's hand is if wrapped in a mitten or close glove.

There are several other points of observation which the persons who visit your exhibition; will not fail to remark. They are sufficient to put the question forever at rest.

As to the actual condition of the body this morning, when I was at the place where it lies, I found nothing to alarm me on the score either of comfort or health. The removal of the more perishable parts, the free application made of lime and charcoal, and the coolness of the atmosphere, all conspire to favour the wishes of the citizens to gratify their rational curiosity.

Your assurance to me that you will, without delay, remove the carcase before it degenerates to nuisance, and in anticipation of all municipal orders, convinces me that you have

that just and proper sense of private right, which forbids it to encroach upon public feeling.

Considering you, and your associates, as contributing to aid the study of zoology, and promote researches in science, I beg you to accept the assurance of my esteem and regard.

ERIE CANAL.

During the last week, we understand that Mr. Holley, one of the Canal Commissioners, entered into contracts for the construction of about ten miles of the line of the Erie Canal, in this county. The contracts were mostly taken by citizens from the neighbouring towns, and at prices somewhat lower than have heretofore been given. The great scarcity of money among us, the abundance and cheapness of provisions of all sorts, for the subsistence of men and cattle, and the low price of labour, produced an extensive competition for taking jobs, among our citizens; and these circumstances, together with the advantages suggested, in regard to an economical application of labour, by near three years' experience in the business of making canals, we have no doubt will justify entering into engagements lower than heretofore. The contracts were made at Palmyra, where, we understand, were collected, for the purpose of making proposals, near four hundred respectable people, of different occupations and employments. Those who were successful, we learn, are men of energy and responsibility, who are likely to keep up the reputation for industry, ingenuity and perseverance, which has thus far eminently attended the prosecution of our great state improvement.

We have also been highly gratified to learn, that by the examinations made this spring, the engineers have discovered a different route for the

canal, in the towns of Palmyra and Lyons, by which the line is carried from one to four miles nearer the centre of the county, and made about two miles and three-fourths shorter than the Mud-creek route, while, at the same time, the canal will be made at less expense, and with greater security against accidents.—*Ontario Repository*.

EUROPEAN ACCOUNTS OF AMERICA.

In addition to the various wilful misrepresentations of American subjects, which abound in the works of European writers, many unintentional blunders may be pointed out, too ludicrous indeed for serious correction, but an exposition of which may nevertheless be useful to the cause of truth, as serving to show the inaccurate information these trans-atlantic gentry possess with regard to the real state of our country. For the amusement of your readers I subjoin a few examples.

In an edition of Guthrie's Geography, published in 1793, the State of New-York is represented as 50 miles long, and 300 broad, and Albany as 600 miles from the city of New-York. It is asserted in the same article, that the inhabitants of New-York are at least fifty years behind their neighbours the Pennsylvanians in the spirit of enterprise, &c.!!! In the same work mention is made of a very large town in Pennsylvania, called Oxford. There is a village of this name somewhere near the Susquehanna.

In an edition of Crutwell's Gazetteer, published about the same time, particular notice is taken of gardens, orchards, and canals in Philadelphia. In adverting to the manners of the German Farmers of Pennsylvania, the author tells us, that they are very superstitious; "and, it is not uncommon to see them ride to market with a bag of salt tied to their horses'

manes, in order, as they say, to keep off the witches."

The Rev. Hans Megopolensis, in his first letter, speaking of the Mohawks, says, "they have plenty of tortoises here, and within land, from two and three to four feet long; some with two heads, very mischievous, and addicted to biting."

Ogilvie, in his account of America, speaking of some parts of New-York, makes mention of Lions which abounded on a high mountain, and likewise observes, "In the borders of Canada, there is seen sometimes a beast, which hath some resemblance with a horse, having cloven feet, a shagged main, one horn just on the forehead, a tail like that of the wild hog, and a deer's neck." He furthermore gives a picture of a strange beast which resembles a unicorn. The American author to whom I am indebted for this and the foregoing example, observes, "It is much to be lamented by philosophers, that this miraculous breed of animals, like that of the horned frog, is totally extinct." We may suppose that Crutwell and Guthrie erred without design; but Ogilvie and the Rev. Hans Megopolensis were, to say no worse, addicted to fibbing.—*National Gazette*.

ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

The High Court of Justiciary, and a Gipsy Chief.—It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest efforts of human imagination cannot exceed the romance of real life. The best written tale is not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that which, by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally, according with moral justice;

his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us, that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austerer kind of pleasure, arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears even in man's most erring state, and how much of "goodliness in evil."

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the highlands, soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone-ridge on the border of Lochlomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by

which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water.—"It is there still!" he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship, he gained entrance to his strong hold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts, threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon, "and I leave it for a traitor's." With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar toward his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death.

The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gypsey gang, the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His Keep or Tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory, and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dum-

fermline. The gypsey chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock committed to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre-loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the years 1715 and 1745, many changes occurred in captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond-Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston-Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles among themselves, threatened his own power with a downfall. It was only a few nights after a desperate affray with the Linnithgow gypsies, that the event occurred which begins my narrative. He had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's strong hold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which should satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said, in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron; and climbing up its rough face with the activity acquired by mountain warfare, he hung among the furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather, but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which

he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up, but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the Keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light, and striving to raise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected sound would have startled an adventurer less daring, but Gordon had prepared his stratagem, and had seen, through the loop-hole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell, he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand toward a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips to the crevice, repeated, "Father!" in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when Gordon added, "Father! father! save me!"—he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son, and Gordon well knew how many rumours had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment necessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice, the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure, of Gordon, resembled his son—all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept

like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events which had befallen him during his long banishment since 1715, and was spared the toil of inventing many, by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, "Allan, my boy! we must trust Annet—she's too near kin to betray ye; and ye were to have been her spouse." Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the secret of the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but without it, would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern-passage while his nominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest, and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret, were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the

feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her.

Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure, but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another peril to encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any cares would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney-arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes when the

laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the curch or hood that covered her ears. "Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?"* said Annet, and the Laird led his supposed son toward the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her idiot laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden-pannelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half-living skeleton, who never left her corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor couched himself on his mattras, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron, and the hand of that drowned father uplifted in vain for help, was always present to his imagination.

* Nurse or foster-mother.

Once during this night, he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece as a hostage for his own safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled; and this self hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper brooch which fastened her plaid saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, "a Gordon—a Gordon!" till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and run to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the Lord Provost in quest of the Gypsy Chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the

length, and the publicity of the Gypsy Chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eye brows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience amongst them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his gray hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival; but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity; and finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon gypsies; but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved, that the animal never showed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fire side as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The Lord High Commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared, that a majority almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the

name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the Session's Court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high treason, as an adherent to the Pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries, which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the Chief Lords of Session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech, as it appears in the language of the record.

"The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judge, I take leave to think, would pity me, if they saw an old man and a tender woman pleading again for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judges' pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on "soul and conscience," you cannot try me again; and since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip** of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but since

you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon."

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaking judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron or a Gordon except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second case; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a sea-port, his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years, as the most formidable of the gypsey tribe.

ORIGIN OF WRITING.

Art of Writing, Hieroglyphical and Astrological.—Count Volney has lately started an hypothesis on the origin of alphabetical writing, which comes with no unsuitable grace from a man who has heretofore found out what no mortal beside himself was ever able to find, in the regions of the heavens. He supposes that the Phœnician is the primary alphabet, and that it could not be invented earlier than about the *fortieth* or the *forty-fifth* century, before the Christian era. He thinks that it was very slow in the progress of its reception at first, and that it originated when the *Bull* was the equinoxial sign of the spring season: he thinks that language might be improved and perfected among a people of the same family, settled in the same fertile country, and in habits of daily intercourse and *contact* with each other. He thinks *hieroglyphics* may have taken rise among such a people, when they were desirous of recording events, and of transmitting to posterity the memory of persons and of things; but he thinks *alphabe-*

* The grasp of a drowning man.

tical writing most likely to have been invented by travelling merchants and traders, who, visiting divers countries, would need such a medium of instruction, of recollection, and of communication of ideas to each other. The Phœnicians were that people, constantly engaged in commerce, travelling in caravans by land, in ships by sea, from time immemorial. He then asks whether the ingenious inventor of this new science would not take for his principle, that each letter should receive its appellation from the first sound in the word that served to spell it—as *Alef* for *A*, *Beit* for *B*, *Daleth* for *D*, *Mim* for *M*, *Ras* for *R*, &c. He then argues that if *Alef* signifies a *bull*, *Beit* a *house or tent*, *Gimel* a *camel*, &c. might not, in reality, the primitive figure of each letter be the outline or sketch of the object intended? In support of this notion, he further observes, that other letters retain somewhat of the form of what they denote, as round *O*, *Oiu*, represents and denotes an *eye*, the form of which is the circular opening. So *Alef* seems to be not the entire figure of a *bull*, but the *head* of the animal; the *Daleth* is the triangular opening of a *tent*, not the whole tent; the *Mim* depicts the undulation of the waves of *water*; whence he infers, that the other letters bore originally the same resemblances to objects, though now those resemblances are not traceable. Each consonant represented a syllable, and carried its proper vowel with it, nevertheless the consonants remaining fixed, the dialectical variations among different people were produced by their peculiar manner of enunciating the vowels. “When we see the letter and vowel *A* placed, without any apparent motive, at the head of the series of letters, and when the name of this vowel, *Alef*, signifies *bull*, if its figure is, or has been the sketch of a *bull’s head*, of the same nature as those other sketches which delineate the astronomical signs, is it not open to suspicion that at the epoch

when the twenty-two letters of the alphabet were arranged, the *bull* was at the head of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and that an astrological motive, so general (and so powerful) among the ancients, entered more or less into the placing of this leading letter?” Consequently, will not the fixing of the alphabet in its order indicate the epoch when the *bull* was the sign of the spring season, about the 40th or 45th century before our era?

It must be confessed that this hypothesis contains truths: certainly the originals of the Chinese characters were delineations of existing objects; the character for a *man* is a *straddling* draught of his legs and body; that for a *woman* is an awkward representation of a *tent* or dwelling, the residence of the *sex*; that for *water* indicates *waves*, and so of others. If, then, both systems derive their origin from delineation, and if the system of hieroglyphics may be said still to retain it, then it will follow, that however diverse they may now appear, the whole might have one common origin. It will also follow, that this useful art was perfected at various succeeding periods, and it was reduced to principles of greater simplicity, or it was refined to principles of greater application, by the repeated meditations and improvements of men of exalted talents and capacious minds—the Newtons of past ages. Whether they acted wholly from themselves, or whether some most beneficent and superior influence actuated them, is a question not to be resolved in the compass of an article so concise as the present.

Whatever may be thought of the system of Count Volney, it is but just that we should here report a theory, which, if it be not so recondite, is at least more *humane*. M. L. J. Bruguer, professor at the academy of Nancy, and at the institution for education at Yuerdun, founded by the

celebrated Pestalozzi, has this year given at Geneva and at Lauzanne, public lectures on the science of *protophography* (primitive writing.) The inventor of this science flatters himself that he has hit on the method of printing with a single stroke every sound formed by the voice, or every movement produced by any one of the organs of speech. What specially distinguishes this method from all which have been suggested to this day is, that the author has taken as his fundamental principle for the conformation of his characters, the form of each organ of the human voice, and the character so derived is employed to delineate the sound uttered. This *datum* is certainly new and ingenious; it brings the principles and rudiments to a fixed point, and sets aside all references to arbitrary suppositions, which is one of the principal obstacles to the establishment of new methods, which rarely can be extensively confined by the influence or authority of any individual over others; and it further has the advantage of recalling the mind of the reader to a form of parts, and to an action of those parts already well known to him, and to prompt him instantly to the emission of the sound represented by this new character, calling, as it does almost mechanically, the imagination into activity, and the will into exercise, to produce the relative effect on the organ that is required to be put into movement.

We have not seen this work, but if it approaches any thing near to this character given of it by a continental pen, it cannot but be equally curious and instructive. The subject is certainly one that interests the inquisitive and the learned; and a hint well founded may open the way to extensive consequences.

The preceding subject is acknowledged by all to be little other than a tissue of difficulties; the same has always been thought of Egyptian

learning in its various branches, but—*nil desperandum*—when a beginning is once made, further progress may be hoped for. Lately has been published at Paris, by M. Champollion-Figeac, an *Explication of the Egyptian date annexed to a Greek inscription traced on the colossal statue of Memnon at Thebes, in Egypt*. The author of this dissertation has been long employed in laborious researches on the calendars of the ancients; on the modifications they have undergone at different periods; and on their coincidences and concords successively variable, which, it is affirmed, is an infallible means of rendering intelligible the numerous dates extant on the most ancient historical monuments. He adopts a manner never before practised, of explaining the Egyptian dates on the Greek inscriptions which relate to the German empire. As the same principles are applicable to many other monuments, this memoir, in which the learned author explains them, acquires additional interest, and cannot but contribute to fix with greater certainty the precise dates of other facts equally important to history and chronology. It is more than possible, also, that further discoveries may follow in this abstruse science, till at length, the learning of Egypt, whether interesting to modern times or not, be sufficiently understood to justify what has been said of it by those who, in ancient days, were best acquainted with it.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE DRAMA.

New-York Theatre.—Yusef Camamalli, or the siege of Tripoli, by M. M. Noah, was performed at the New-York theatre on Monday evening, May 15th, for the benefit of Miss Johnson, to a very respectable house. It was received with greater applause than any original

piece we have ever before witnessed on our boards. The following is copied from the New-York Evening Post :

“ A dramatic production may have much intrinsic merit, and please in the closet, which yet, when it is put to the test of representation, will be found very deficient ; and so *vice versa*. The great art consists in blending the two species of excellence : this the author's observation and experience have enabled him to do in the present case, in a far superior degree to what he was able to accomplish in his first production, *The Battle of Chippewa*. He is very happy in the local allusions with which the piece abounds, and which were enjoyed with a keen relish by the audience. But principally we esteem this performance as being well calculated, by its tone and sentiments, to awaken the national spirit ; that elevated pride of character, which is essential to a high-minded people, and is always the attendant of that patriotism, which disdains equally to receive or to brook an insult, whatever quarter it may come from.”

In our next number we shall take particular notice of this piece. We are constrained to remark, however, that some of the performers, from their palpable misconception of, we may add, from their total inability to perform their parts, did great injustice to the author. We hope, when it is again performed, (which we understand will be shortly, for the benefit of the author) if the characters are cast the same as before, that at least each will have conned over his part again. We except Miss Johnson from the censure here bestowed : she never appeared better.

If talent and industry deserve reward, no one can doubt that Mr. Noah has a fair claim on a New-York audience :—may he not be disappointed.

Drury Lane Theatre.—The romance of Ivanhoe has been made the ground-work of a play at this and at several other theatres. We do not think that, with all its merits, it is very rich in dramatic materials. The events do not sufficiently arise out of each other, are not connected by ties sufficiently palpable, and do not form a whole sufficiently striking and harmonious, to produce that broad and single effect which an acting piece should convey to the hearts of the spectators. The perils of Rebecca at Templestowe, after the destruction of Torquilstone, are like a fragment of another story, as we feel that the capture of the fortress is the point to which our hopes have been directed, and that the deliverance of all the prisoners by that event ought to be the catastrophe of the tale. But if the popularity of the novel required its production on the stage, Mr. Soane was one of the last persons to whom its adaptation should have been committed. He is a man of genius, and, therefore, not qualified to compile ; and his genius is of a cast as opposite as possible to that of the great novelist, whose work he has been chosen to torture. The author of Ivanhoe has as free and healthful a spirit as ever breathed in man ; his characters are not shadowy abstractions, but made of flesh and blood ; his scenes are, for the most part, “ in the sun ;” the tone of all his creations is most hearty and cheerful. Mr. Soane's taste inclines to the metaphysical in thought, to the violent in expression, to the development of the darkest imaginings of the soul, rather than to the clear and vivid depicting of the aspects of man and nature “ in this bright and breathing world.” As might have been expected, his ambition as a man of real talent, did not suffer him merely to select and arrange the materials before him, and his peculiar taste prevented any thing like congruity between his own work and that of his author. He has ta-

ken his chief incidents from the romance, and preserved the names of the characters, but he has taken care to spoil the latter of every characteristic trait, and to make them the mere organs for speeches in his own poetical style. Isaac in his hands is not the Jew of York—nor any Jew at all—but a passionate and metaphysical old man in a strange gaberdine. There is none of the abjectness of spirit which makes his courage when inspired by parental love so sublime—little of the inimitable struggle between his fondness for his gold and for his daughter—and few of those admirable Hebraisms which in the novel carry back the mind to the old glories of the race of Judah. He dreams not of Sinai, or Jacob's ladder, but of lightnings flashing on dead corpses, of the quivering of blue lips, of a man changing to a serpent and darting a fiery tongue into his eyes like a burning arrow. He curses, not like a zealot of an austere faith, but like a madman, wishing that "the horse-leech sorrow" may fix on the heart of his foe, "and gripe it till 'tis bloodless," or praying that the Templars, like wolves, may feed upon each other,

"The brother on the brother, till from lack
Of living food, they burst their fathers' tombs,
And prey upon the bodies that begot them."

He has his visions; not such as Hebrew prophets might inspire, but of "the bald sexton Death" digging up a grave and shaking his glass, where the sands "run like mill-streams," from whom he calls on earth to open and save him! Rebecca, that sweet damsel, whose rich thoughts dwell, in the romance, on the sanctities of her ancestry, whose oriental charms are set off by so meek a spirit, whose heroism appears so gentle, yet so sublime—she that, to our imaginations, glitters in the midst of her rude and persecuted and degraded race, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear"—is nothing in Mr. Soane's play but a young lady with

sensibility to love, and courage to escape from insult to the grave. Ivanhoe, too, is here represented as avowedly devoted to this daughter of a race whom to converse with was almost regarded as pollution! There is a great deal of power in the writing of the piece, though not of the pleasantest kind; but we should deprecate the attempt to disturb the associations connected with the characters of the romance, whatever new feelings the author could excite in their room. Mr. Soane is altogether above the work of compilation; and if he will only cultivate genial feelings, and strive to relieve his works by bright and fair imagery, instead of deepening the horrible, and adding new shades of atrocity to crime, he may become one of the first dramatists of his age.

Mr. Soane's deviations from the original were unfortunate, not only for the interest of the piece as a composition, but for the acting. The Jew of Walter Scott would have been rich, indeed, in the hands of the performer whose Shylock, and whose Jew of Malta, prove how finely he can depict the peculiarities of the race of Abraham. As the part was set down for him, he could give no image of an individual character, because there was none to embody. He delivered many lines with great beauty, and relieved the declamatory violence of the part with many deep touches of pathos, but the general effect was feeble.

Covent Garden Theatre.—The romance of Ivanhoe, as produced at this theatre, deserves more success than that brought forward at Drury-Lane, but less criticism. It is the tolerable work of a compiler, not the failure of a man of genius. It preserves in a great measure the characters and the language of the romance, except that it unites in one person the characters of Sir Reginald and the Templar; but makes marvellous transposition of its incidents. It in-

roduces the trial of Rebecca, for sorcery, before the destruction of Torquilstone, lays the scene of the trial at the castle, represents Sir Reginald, the Knight Templar, as retaking Rebecca after her acquittal, and concludes with his death and the demolition of his fortress. All this is somewhat inartificial; but there is abundant reason why the piece should have a temporary success. There is, in its performance, a succession of scenery, to gaze on which is almost pleasure enough.

The piece, on the whole, has attractions sufficient to render it popular for a time; but it can never hold its station like *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*, which, without exhibiting any high merit in their compilers, are among the most delicious of acting dramas.

Surrey Theatre.—The drama taken from *Ivanhoe*, and produced at this house, is constructed with far more taste and skill than the pieces, on the same ground-work, at either of the larger theatres. It follows the course of the romance with great closeness, and includes all its interesting scenes, and all its important characters. We sometimes, indeed, during its representation, felt inclined to blame the elaborate art with which every movement is accounted for, and every event connected; until we remembered that some of the most hearty and joyous part of the audience are not of the "reading public," and may not be familiar with the Scotch novels, a supposition quite impossible at Drury-Lane or Covent Garden Theatre. The scene in the antichamber of Rowena, that in Isaac's house at York, and the whole of the tournament, which here are prominent attractions, have no place in either of the other pieces. The chief deviations from the novel are in the deaths of Sir Reginald and of the Templar, the former of whom leaps from a battlement instead of perishing in the flames, and the latter is

fairly killed by *Ivanhoe* in combat, instead of dying by the contest of his own passions. Both these changes are, we think, for the better. The suffocation of a fellow-creature is too dreadful for the imagination, and much more so for the senses. We do not think death by sudden remorse within the compass of nature, especially where the guilty has long stifled the sense of crime, and grown brave in his towering vices.

Covent Garden Theatre.—*The Antiquary* is not likely to prove so successful as some of its predecessors, drawn by the same hand, from the same source, have been. Some of the points that read very well in the novel, have little or no effect on the stage. A sameness is complained of by the admirers of *Guy Mannering*, and the whole was found rather deficient in interest, and not sufficiently lively in the dialogue. Some of the songs were much applauded, and the new scenery, machinery, and music, afforded general satisfaction. But these attractions, though not to be despised, are not sufficient in themselves to lift this drama to the rank enjoyed by *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*.

In a preface to the play, which is published, we are told by Mr. Terry, that *The Antiquary* was prepared for the stage by Mr. Pocock: but the attention of that gentleman being withdrawn from the stage, his drama was put into the hands of Mr. Terry, who found it necessary, in order to introduce certain scenes which he thought it of importance should be comprehended in the play, to compile it anew. Perhaps in doing this, though he found himself obliged to take great liberties with Mr. Pocock's *Antiquary*, he retained some portion of it, out of respect for his friend, which did not harmonize well with his own selections; and in this way we account for his success being less complete than on other occasions. We are, however, bound to add, that though it is

not on this performance that his strongest claim to dramatic skill can rest, he is still entitled to praise, and the piece is not unworthy of the applause which it has received.

Mr. Terry, in his preface, speaks with becoming modesty of his own share in *The Antiquary*; and he pronounces a very laboured panegyric on the powerful and "mysterious" pen which has produced the novels that he has made it his business to dramatize. We quarrel not with the panegyric, but we suspect that there is a little juggling where he speaks of the "mysterious" author. It has been repeatedly stated in the most positive terms, that Mr. Walter Scott is the writer. This has never been formally denied. Perhaps much is not to be inferred from this last fact, as when that which had been written by Mr. Mudford was published under the name of the supposed author of "Waverley," that person suffered the whole of the work, of which he had furnished but a part, to be wrongfully attributed to him, till Mr. Mudford felt obliged to claim his own. Now, we are very much inclined to say, that the novels contain sufficient internal evidence of their being from the pen of Mr. Scott, to leave no doubt on the subject. We have heard that if one still existed, it would be removed by a close inspection of Mr. Terry's *gold headed cane!* We suppose that Mr. Scott, knowing how fond the lovers of romance are of mystery, considers that this sort of delusion increases his importance, and therefore desires his friends to keep the wonder alive. Our minds have long since been made up on the subject. Since the novels began to come out, no poem of any importance has been given to the world by Mr. Walter Scott. After the success that attended the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," that he should not continue to write is incredible. That no poem has been

published by him for some years is enough to prove that a man of his active habits must have hit on some other still more profitable way of employing his talents, and this we suppose him to have found (we would almost venture to say it could be no where else) in writing those novels which have become so truly celebrated. Taking this view of the subject, it seems to us something of the latest to talk of the *mysterious* pen.

The Monastery has already furnished a piece arranged by M. T. Hooke, for Covent Garden Theatre.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

Qu. 1. *By a Member of the Club*—Given, the three distances from a point in an equilateral triangle, to the three angles of the triangle, to find its area.

Qu. 2. *By Mr. J. Campbell, New-York*—A frustum of a square pyramid, the side of the base of which is 6 feet, and side at the top 4 feet, being placed on an inclined plane, which makes an angle of 60° with the horizon, the diagonal of the base of the frustum coinciding with the plane's length; in this situation, the frustum will just stand: find its solid content.

Qu. 3. *By W. Marrat, Teacher, New-York*—Find the fluxion, or differential of the following expressions:

$$u = \frac{1}{\sqrt{-1}} l \left\{ x \sqrt{-1} + \sqrt{(1-x^2)} \right\}$$

$$\text{and } u = l \left\{ \frac{\sqrt{(1+x^2)} + x}{\sqrt{(1+x^2)} - x} \right\}^{\frac{1}{2}}$$

The New-York Theatre, the largest and most convenient in the United States, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 25th inst. It is not known how the fire originated, but supposed to have been accidental. The building, we learn, was not insured, and very little of the manager's property. The performers have lost all their wardrobes.—The loss of the acting-manager, Mr. Simpson, is estimated at 10,000 dollars.

VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.*

Lycæum of Natural History. This very respectable body has lately received from one of its foreign associates, Mr. S. N. Castrom, Knight of the Polar Star, &c. in Sweden, a superb and authentic engraving of the illustrious Linnæ. It is satisfactory to know, that a legitimate representation of the father of botany is thus put into the possession of our literati. The same society, since the injudicious abolition of zoological and mineralogical instruction in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, have determined to gratify the numerous friends of Natural History in our metropolis, by a course of lectures on all its different branches, to be delivered at their apartments. It would be a reflection on this populous and enterprising city, if the writers on this subject which at present exists, should not be filled up. The lectures will be few in number, and will comprise no more than a general outline, interspersed with a few pointed illustrations. They commence in October, and the following gentlemen have been appointed to perform the duty :

Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Doctors J. E. DEKAY and P. S. TOWNSEND.

General and Medical Botany, Wm. W. COOPER, Esq. and Dr. J. DYCKMAN.

Mineralogy, Geology, Chemistry, Doctors J. TORREY and J. B. BECK.

Messrs. Goodrich & Co. have nearly completed a large and beautiful Map of the Hudson River, extending from its outlet in the Atlantic Ocean, northward to Glen's Falls, which is projected on a scale of two miles to the inch. The survey was made by E. W. Bridges, one of the New-York City Surveyors. Its correctness has been tested by persons of practical knowledge. Travellers in the Steam Boats, who are solicitous of acquiring correct information, will find this Map a valuable acquisition. The post road on the east side of the river is also laid down, for the convenience of persons travelling by

* It is our intention to give a full and complete account of Domestic Literary and Scientific Intelligence. Our present Number, we are aware, is deficient; but we hope our readers will attribute it to the proper cause—the difficulties incident to the commencement of a periodical work. In order to fulfil the promise we here make, we invite all scientific gentlemen, and all publishers of new works, in the United States, to furnish us, as early as possible, with any information they wish to communicate to the public, and it will be promptly noticed.

land. It will contain all geographical and historical allusions of importance; the sites of conspicuous country seats, with the names of the owners; the names of remarkable bluffs and highlands, with the height of each, as ascertained by the latest calculations. The form of the Map will be varied to suit purchasers, either in seven separate sheets, or in a rolling form, nine inches wide and ninety-eight inches in length, with a tin or morocco case, portable for the pocket; or it may be furnished in a folded form of the size of a duodecimo volume, bound, interleaved with writing or drawing paper, to use as a journal or for sketching views, &c.

Silliman's Journal of Science.—This valuable work has been recommenced, after a short suspension, for want of adequate support. The first number of the second volume has lately been published by the editor. We hope he will meet with sufficient encouragement to enable him to prosecute a work so honourable to the United States, and so creditable to himself.

Churchman's Repository.—A periodical work, under this title, is to be commenced at Newburyport, (Mass.) on the 1st of July.

Mr. Lewis, late editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, has issued proposals for publishing a "Missionary Register," monthly.

S. Huestis, of New-York, has just published, American Popular Lessons, chiefly selected from the writings of Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, and other approved authors, designed particularly for the younger classes of children in school.—"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child." This declaration of St. Paul, is the motto in the title page of this work, and seems to have directed the author of Popular Lessons in her little compilation. It consists of such objects as employ the first inquiries of human reason, and treats them as they must be treated, in conformity to the limited range of infant intellect—it describes characters and events as they appear to children, and proposes to them the cultivation of their own faculties as a duty and a pleasure. It is hoped, that the Popular Lessons will form a useful auxiliary to early studies; and the pleasure which children under our own observation have enjoyed in the perusal of it, is a proof that it furnishes to them innocent amusement, as well as useful instruction. On this account, it is cordially recommended to parents and teachers.

G. L. Birch & Co. have in press, and will publish in a few days, in a neat pocket va-

lume, *Essays on Domestic Economy*, by Howard. These essays originally appeared in the *New-York National Advocate*. They have been republished in several of our newspapers, with the most flattering commendations. A writer in a southern paper observes, "In all the writings of Howard we see the scholar and the gentleman—an unusual acquaintance with the feelings of the human heart, and an intimate knowledge of the things which lead it out of the ways of virtue.—Nothing crusty—nothing mean debases his pen: he is as much superior to the grovelling of avarice, as he is opposed to a silly prodigality; and he leads to good habits in such an agreeable manner, that no one, even if not disposed to follow his advice, can object to the way in which it is offered, or refuse assent to the justice of his remarks." Several of these pieces have been republished in Irish and English newspapers, without giving credit to the source whence they were derived, and, of course, were intended to be claimed as original. The same trick was played off in London with the *Sketch Book* when that first appeared. The *Wife*, an article in the first number of that work, was given in *La Belle Assemblée*, under the signature of Edwin. These are unintentional compliments to American genius, which *Geoffrey Crayon* and *Howard* will no doubt prize more highly than they possibly could (particularly from that source) the *puff direct*.

A Statistical View of the Monied Institutions of New-York. By Thomas H. Goddard, Accountant.—This is a useful sheet it shows, in a very comprehensive manner, the number of Shares of Stock, the amount of each share, and the product of each institution, from the first of January, 1819, to the first of January, 1820. Mr. G. we understand, intends to follow up his plan, and give a sheet at the end of each year. If it is correctly done, he cannot fail of encouragement. We give the following extract from his recapitulation.

There are now in the city of New-York ten banks, (including the branch of the present United States' Bank,) beside the Bank of Savings. Their capitals amount in the aggregate to \$15,900,000.

During the present year, two of them have declared but one semi-annual dividend, and two of them, owing to anterior losses, have declared none. The dividends actually declared amount, in the aggregate, to \$782,500.

Making an interest, taken collectively, of 4 3-10 cents on the dollar for the present year.

If, however, we take the eight Banks which have declared a dividend, exclusive of the two which have not, whose capitals amount in the whole to \$12,500,000 and the dividends to \$782,500, it will make the in-

terest for the year amount to 6 cents 2 6-10 mills on the dollar.

The contingent expenses of the above Banks are rated upon an average, each, at \$18,000.

To the dividend declared by the eight Banks, \$782,500, there is added their expenses upon the estimate above, \$144,000. It will make the whole interest \$926,500.

Proportion for one week, \$17,817 30 2-3. As the notes discounted in the different banks are generally sixty-day notes, and six per cent. discount per annum deducted, there must have been discounted in one week, to make the above interest in the 8 banks, paper to the amount of \$1,781,730 66.

In four weeks, \$71,266,222 64. And in 62 weeks, \$92,649,994 32.

If to this be added the two banks which have not declared a dividend this year, whose capitals amount to \$3,400,000, and have apparently done a proportionable business with the others, it will make the amount of paper discounted in the city of New-York by the banks, during the year, the sum of \$119,851,995 12.

New-York Shipping and Commercial List, published by C. Turner & Co. This work is exclusively devoted to the interests of merchants, and has a respectable and increasing patronage in this city. We are informed it has considerable reputation abroad, and the demand for it is increasing. It is issued twice a week, at five dollars per annum.

The New-York Public Sale Report and General Price Current, published weekly by J. Wood. This is a work of considerable ability, and will be found beneficial to all connected with mercantile business.

History of the Church in the State of South Carolina, by the Rev. Dr. Dalcho, will be published in June next.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Almanac for the year 1820. Philadelphia, Abraham Small.

Mr. H. S. Tanner proposes to publish, by subscription, **A New and Elegant American Atlas**, embracing all the improvements and changes up to the present time, constructed from the most original and authentic sources.

Hilliard & Metcalf, Cambridge, have in press the following works, viz: **Elements on Chemistry**, vol. II. By John Gorham, M. D. **Conversations on Natural History**, for Children and Youth. **Wakefield's Translation of the New Testament.** Friend of Peace, No. XX.

Letters on National Subjects, auxiliary to Universal Education, and Scientific Knowledge; addressed to Burwell Bassett, late a member of the House of Representatives; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Re-

representatives, and James Monroe, President of the United States of America. By Joseph Lancaster, Founder of the Lancasterian System of Education, has just been published in the city of Washington.

The Poetical Works of John Trumbull, LL.D. consisting of *M'Fingal*, *The Progress of Dullness*, revised and corrected, and several pieces before published; also, many pieces never before published, and an original Memoir of the Author. Embellished with Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. 8vo.

The New Olive Branch; or an Attempt to establish an Identity of Interest between Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce; and to prove, that a large portion of the Manufacturing Industry of this nation has been sacrificed to Commerce; and that Commerce has suffered by this policy nearly as much as Manufactures. By M. Carey. 8vo. p. 248. M. Carey & Son, Philadelphia.

Memoir of the late John Murray, jun. read before the Governor of the New-York Hospital, 9th month, 14, 1819. By Thomas Eddy. 8vo. New-York.

Biography of Hon. Caleb Strong. By Alden Bradford. 8vo. Boston.

A Discourse on the Religion of the Indian Tribes of North America, delivered before the New-York Historical Society, December 20th, 1819. By Samuel Farmer Jarvis, D.D. A. A. S. 8vo. pp. 111. C. Wiley & Co. New-York.

An Anniversary Discourse, delivered before the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York, the 28th of February, 1820. By Peter-Townsend, M. D. 8vo. pp. 42. C. Wiley & Co.

Letters to Unitarians, occasioned by the Sermon of the Rev Wm. Channing, at the ordination of the Rev J. Sparks. By Leonard Woods, D.D. Abbot Professor of Christian Theology, in the Theological Seminary, Andover.

Two Letters to the Rev. Alexander McLeod, D.D. Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, containing Remarks upon the Texts from which he preached on the Evenings of April 30 and May 7. By Henry Ware, Minister of a Church in Boston. 8vo. pp. 24.

Giovanni Shogarro, a Venetian Tale. 12mo. 2 vols. \$2. New-York.

The Microscope. Edited by a Fraternity of Gentlemen. New-Haven.

The Club Room, No. III. Wells & Lilly, Boston.

Lord Byron's works have been translated into French.

Rhymes on the Road, by a member of the Peco-curante Society, extracted from his

Journal, by Thomas Brown, the Younger, author of the "Fudge Family," "Twopenny Post Bag," &c. is to make its appearance before the Fudge Family in Italy, which was previously announced.

Iron Boat.—A passage boat, (says the London Literary Gazette,) of unalloyed iron, now plies on the Forth and Clyde canal. It is called the *Vulcan*, and succeeds to admiration. The length is 63 feet; beam, 13 feet; depth, 5 feet; draught of water when launched, 22 inches abaft, and 19 inches forward; when fitted with cabins, &c. 37 and 25 inches; when laden with 200 passengers, and their baggage, under 48 inches on an even keel. The weight of iron employed is 12 tons 11 3-4 cwt. which is less than a wooden vessel of the same dimensions. The iron is of the kind called *scrap*.

Wrought Iron Bridges.—An interesting memorial has been presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, by M. Poyett, member of the Institute, and Architect to the minister of the Interior.—He proposes to substitute wrought Iron Bridges in place of those built of stone, which can be erected at one-fifth of the expense, as strong as stone bridges, being capable of bearing the weight of 984 tons, 7 cwt. without the necessity of constructing abutments for the last arch. As an additional advantage, the piers of wrought iron bridges may be raised at the distance of 98 to 130 feet apart, by which the navigation of rivers will be preserved.

Walter Scott has been created a Baronet. He was presented to George the Fourth on receiving his title.

Glass made from Straw.—Wheat straw may be melted into a colourless glass with a blow pipe, without any addition. Barley straw melts into a glass of a topaz yellow colour.

Cadmium.—It appears that this metal, which was originally discovered by Professor Stromeyer, in foreign ores of zinc, has been also found by Professor E. D. Clarke, in the Derbyshire calamine. Dr. Thomson, regius professor of Chemistry at Glasgow, has examined the cadmium obtained by Professor Clarke from our English ores, and has confirmed his observations.

Imitation of Cameos, Agates, &c.—There is something very curious in the conception, and very fortunate in the success, if it be at all equal to what is reported, of an attempt to imitate cameos of different colours as they appear in certain antique gems. It has occupied the attention of M. Dumerman of Paris, and his endeavours have succeeded. This amateur has long been conversant with divers branches of antiquities; particularly with medals and engraved stones. After having taken impressions by means of moulds, from the original cameos, he gives them the various colours of agates and car-

donyxes by a faithful imitation of the *layers* of colouring matter interposed, or even *superposed*, with their clouds and other accidents. Under a glass these copies represent the originals so perfectly as to deceive the eye; and connoisseurs may now indulge themselves, not as before, with simple impressions, but with *fac similes* of these antiquities. The inventor has formed an extensive collection; and sells selections, more or less numerous, at the pleasure of the purchaser.

Conversion of Wood, &c. into Sugar.—Dr. Vogel, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, has submitted to a careful examination in the laboratory of the Academy of Munich, the surprising discovery of Mr. Braconnot, of Nancy, of the effects of concentrated sulphuric acid on wood and linen. He has not only fully confirmed this discovery, so as to lay before the Academy an essay on the subject, and show the products resulting from the original experiments, but also extended his own experiments, with equal success, to other similar vegetable substances, such as old paper, both printed and written upon, and cut straw. By diluting the sulphuric acid with a due addition of water, saw-dust, cut linen, paper, &c. were converted into gum and saccharine matter. It must excite great interest in all reflecting minds, to see an indissoluble, tasteless substance, like the filaments of wood, converted, by chemical re-action, into two new bodies, and chemistry thus exercise a power, which but lately appeared to belong to nature alone, and in particular to vegetation. For this artificial formation of sugar and gum, now discovered, must not be confounded with the extraction of these two substances from bodies in which they already existed, a process which has been known from time immemorial. What has now been discovered is a *transformation, a metamorphosis*, of which the most ingenious chemist had previously no idea; and it affords a new proof of the boundless extent of the domain of practical chemistry. A paper upon Dr. Vogel's repetition and investigation of Mr. Braconnot's experiments, and those added by himself, is promised in one of the next numbers of the Journal of Arts and Manufactures, published by the Bavarian Polytechnic Society.

Mean Temperature of the Earth.—According to Laplace, any actual diminution of the mean temperature of the earth, would be detected by a diminution of the length of the day. It appears by computation, that one degree of Fahrenheit's Thermometer would make an alteration of nearly one second in the length of a day, and four or five minutes in that of a year.

Comparative strength of Europeans and Savages.—M. Peron, the naturalist, has had occasion to observe, that men in a savage state

are inferior in strength to men civilized; and he has demonstrated, in a very evident manner, that the improvement of social order does not, as some have pretended, destroy our physical powers. The following is the result of experiments which he has made on this subject with the Dynamometer of M. Regnier:

Comparative Experiments on the Strength of Europeans and Savages.

| | | Force | |
|-----------|--------------------|------------|-------------|
| | | With Hands | With Traces |
| Savages | Of Diemand's Land. | 50.8 | 0.0 |
| | New Holland..... | 51.8 | 14.8 |
| | Timor..... | 58.7 | 16.2 |
| Europeans | French..... | 69.2 | 22.1 |
| | English..... | 71.4 | 29.3 |

There are printed in London *sixty-three* different newspapers, *one hundred and twenty* in the several counties of England and Wales, exclusive of Middlesex; and *twenty-eight* in Scotland; making together a total of *two hundred and eleven* public journals published in England. In Ireland they have about one third of the above number.

By an order of the Emperor of Austria, of the 7th Oct. Lithographic Presses, either for printing or engraving, are prohibited, unless issued by the special authority of Government. The punishment for contravening this order to be the same as for having clandestine printing presses!!!

Philology.—A prospectus has been issued at Paris of an entirely new Philological periodical publication, entitled, "Hermes Classique." Its purposes are to define Greek, Latin and French words; and to discuss doubtful phrases, and interpret difficult passages in ancient authors. Some curious and interesting specimens of the projected work are added; and the first number, consisting of five sheets, was to appear in October.

Economical Mode of rectifying Spirits of Wine.—If alcohol of 30° be put into a bladder until it is half full, the orifice closed, and the bladder then exposed to the sun, the air, or the heat of a stone, after a short time, the alcohol will be found rectified to 40°, and thus may all the water be evaporated without losing any of the spirit. If water be added to make up the diminished weight, the alcohol will return to 30°; and this may be accomplished by hanging the bladder in a humid place for a few days. By the application of this principle to domestic purposes, wine or spirituous liquors may readily be evaporated to any required strength, while their reduction in bulk will serve as a criterion of their previous strength.

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

SUNDAY MORNING.

It had rained in the night—but the morn-
ing's birth

Was as calm and as still as even ;
The heralds of day were awake in their
mirth,

For the sun in his glory was coming to earth,
And the mists had gone to heaven.

The winds were asleep—soft was the wea-
ther,

Since the tempest had lost its might.
Not a spirit of morning had lifted a feather,
Or whisper'd a word for hours together,
But one gentle farewell to night.

The fields were green,
And the sky serene,
The young smoke curl'd in air ;
The clear-toned bell
Did merrily tell
The students' hour of prayer.

The elm's yellow leaf that the frost had dyed
Caught the yellower ray as it came in pride
Down the church's spire ; at the chapel's side
One stopp'd, while the rest assembled.

For the diamond relics of the mist hung
there—

All meltingly hung on the stiff straight hair
Of the shrubby larch ; the sun's gush came,
And kindled the bush to a rich chaste flame.

Nor Horeb's bush to Moses' eye
Was fuller of the Deity.

The worshipper gaz'd—'t'was an holy sight !
As the pageant blaz'd in its silvery light,
He was bowing his head adoringly.

From the bush that in silence and piety
burn'd

With unwithering flame, his eye was turn'd,
And lifted to Heaven imploringly.

Harvard College, 1819.

D.

ON A RAINBOW.

See'st thou yon arch, adorned with every hue,
How gay the colours, yet how soon they fly,
'Tis like the scenes that syren Hope once
drew,

And held them glowing to my eager eye.

With rapture I survey'd those scenes so gay,
Which in such glowing colours were dis-
play'd,

Nor thought the fairy tints could fade away,
That were by Hope's delusive hand por-
tray'd.

But now they're gone—not one remains be-
hind,
To sooth the heart they once had power to
cheat ;

In vain I search, but not one trace can find
Of those loved scenes—so fading, yet so
sweet.

The Rainbow's hues, though fled, may glow
once more,

But Hope's bright influence in my heart is
o'er.

H.

SIR,

I enclose you a little song. I have often
held that what we have once truly loved, we
can never hate. It was written to exempli-
fy that position, and is, " with all its imper-
fections on its head," at your service.

Yours sincerely,

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

A SONG.

Ah! thou wilt reprove me,
With harsh and cold reply,
And say thou can'st not love me ;
And scornful turn thine eye ;
Yet, leaning on thy bosom,
Nor care nor pain I know,
Thus, thus the drooping blossom
Seeks life and warmth in snow !

Though thou *another* givest
The smile oft pledged to me.
Nor heed'st the heart thou leavest
On life's unshelter'd lea.
Yet will it never hate thee,
E'en on thy bridal day ;
Yet will it never rate thee,
When reason's flown away !

Thou dear one ! art thou weeping ?
Come, come to this fond breast,
Perchance thou'lt dream, when sleeping,
Thou still should'st love me best !
I'll sing of hours departed,
When thou wert only mine !
And oh ! if still hard-hearted,
The sigh shall still be thine !

The following little effusion is copied from the "Weekly Visitor and Ladies' Museum," of September 16th, 1818, unaccompanied by any signature. As the author has since acquired distinguished celebrity, and now ranks as one of the first poets of our country, I have thought it not unadvisable to have it republished in your work. It possesses a touching and exquisite pathos, and a smoothness and beauty of versification which ought to have preserved it fresh in our remembrance. But like those meteor flashes which stream unknown and unseen across some lonely forest, this brilliant exhalation poured out its light, and was lost and forgotten with the barren pages which it had illumined. S.

A GRANDMOTHER'S LAMENT.

(To the Air of "Pegga na Levin.")

O go to sleep my baby dear,
And I will hold thee on my knee,
Thy mother's in her winding sheet,
And thou art all that's left to me.
My hairs are white with grief and age,
I've borne the weight of every ill,
And I would lay me with my child,
But thou art left to love me still.

Could thy false father see thy face,
The tear would fill his cruel e'e;
But he has scorn'd thy mother's woes,
And he shall never look on thee:
For I will rear thee up alone,
And with me thou shalt aye remain,
For thou wilt have thy mother's smile,
And I shall see my child again.

SELECTED.

CUPID'S SOLILOQUY.

Cupid sat in the shade,
With a lap full of flowers;
While the summer sun play'd
On his balm-breathing bowers.

And he threw in the fountain
That gush'd by his side,
While his frolicks recounting,
The bunches he tied.

How blithely he laugh'd
As he carelessly work'd,
When he thought on the draught
Where his potency lurk'd,

Where the goblet was bright,
'Mid the wild sons of whim,
Who guessed not their light
Was half borrow'd from him.

"Where the bright bowl o'erflows
To the health of the fair,
Where the ruby glass glows,"
He exclaim'd—"I'll be there.

"And they'll never divine,
That the arch rosy boy,
Who pours out their wine,
Can their quiet destroy.

"Oh! how I shall level
My well-pointed dart,
And wing the sweet evil
Deep, deep to the heart.

"Breathe a spell o'er the bowl,
That its draught may increase,
That wound of the soul,
And that wreck of their peace."

His wicked laugh rung
Through the rose-litter'd bowers,
As exulting he swung
O'er his head the bright flowers.

And look'd like a young sprite
Of mischief and mirth,
As wild and as bright
As e'er visited earth.

"And think not," he cried,
That creation's proud lord,
Alone shall a pride
To my pastime afford.

"The queens of the hive,
Whatever they be,
Shall feel I'm alive,
And do homage to me.

"There is'nt a work-basket,
Harp, or a plant,
A glove, or gem-casket,
I will not enchant.

"I will go to the play,
To the garden and walk,
Where the beauties display,
And the wily ones talk.

"Set some by the heart,
And some by the ears;
Bid the sunny smile start,
And provoke the warm tears.

"Make confusion more true
With my simple tactics,
Than e'en lawyers could do
In a hundred years' practice."
La Belle Assemblée.

* * * Unavoidable circumstances
have delayed the publication of this
number—In future, the work shall
appear on the 15th of each month.

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 2.]

NEW-YORK, JUNE 15, 1820.

[VOL. III.]

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Transactions of the Medical Society of the State of New-York, for the year 1820; together with the Annual Address, by John Stearns, M. D. President of the Society. Albany. 1820. pp. 29. 8vo.

THE "Transactions," or more properly the proceedings, of the Medical Society of the State of New-York, present several important and interesting topics. It is the duty of this society, and its auxiliaries, to superintend and regulate the concerns of the profession, and to enforce the salutary laws which the wisdom of the legislature has enacted for the regulation of the practice of medicine and surgery. Heretofore, a very culpable indifference toward this department of their province has been exhibited by the medical societies throughout the state. But the bold and important resolutions contained in this statement afford a favourable omen, and evince that the shameful apathy which had deadened the energies of the state society, is in some degree removed. The society, with great wisdom, have resolved to request the regents of the university to revise the statutes of the college of physicians and surgeons, and to reorganize it in such way as may exclude the professors from the board of trustees. The propriety of such a change is obvious. The history of every medical institution, organized as this is, will testify to the fact, that a board of trustees, in which the professors are included, is not only harrassed and disturbed by continual jealousies and contentions, but must invariably

prove an obstacle to the prosperity of the institution. Instead of pursuing a liberal and enlightened policy, calculated to advance the respectability and usefulness of the college, all their measures will be dictated or influenced by that mean and contemptible spirit of parsimony, which would render the institution wholly subservient to their pecuniary interests. In order to increase the number of students, the lowest possible requisitions will be held forth; and unqualified candidates will be admitted to the highest privileges and honours of the profession, for the sordid purpose of increasing the emoluments of the professors. Hence it is that the profession is overrun with the refuse of every other occupation, and the Doctorate is degraded to a mere burlesque upon titles. But when the board of trustees is composed entirely of men who have no pecuniary interest in the success of the college, its respectability will not be sacrificed for money, and a diploma will cease to be the mere certificate of attendance upon lectures. We cannot but congratulate the medical public upon this attempt to reform the error which has been the parent of so many and great abuses; or forbear to express a hope that the suggestion of the society may be adopted by the Honourable the Regents of the University.*

* We are happy to learn that, since writing the above, the Honourable the Regents have introduced a very salutary regulation, which in a great measure corrects the existing abuse. They have resolved that no future professor shall hold a seat in the board of trustees; and that at the future meetings of that board, the professors shall

Another important point is embraced in the resolutions of the society. It is a notorious fact that, notwithstanding an express statute which prescribes the term of study for medical students, great laxity has prevailed on this subject; and young men have been admitted to the practice of physic, without any testimonials, or any inquiries respecting their compliance with the requisitions of the law; and, in many instances, when it was a matter of notoriety that they had not studied the required time. If the respectability of the profession is to be maintained, the term of study must be protracted. It is impossible that young men in general can be rendered competent to undertake the practice of physic in the short period at present required. For the most part, the first two years are but little improved; and during that time the most intelligent and industrious are only qualified to understand and profit by what they may read and see in the last. The science of medicine may be compared to a splendid edifice reared upon the columns of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry. For laying the foundation in these important branches, two years certainly cannot be too long a term; and an additional two should be employed in rearing the superstructure. It is now only that practice, surgery, materia medica, and obstetrics, can be studied to advantage. After such a course of study, students in general would be of an age sufficiently advanced to qualify them for the discharge of a dignified and important calling. There was a time when to commence life at the age of *thirty* was thought rather premature: perhaps we would not be far from the truth in laying down twenty-five as a proper age.

never constitute a majority of the members present. This is a virtual acknowledgment of the impropriety of vesting them with the powers of trusteeship.

At any rate, it must be obvious that at twenty-one it is sufficiently early to commence the study of any profession. If a young man receives the preliminary education necessary for one who is intended for study, so much of his life must be occupied in acquiring the mere preparatory knowledge.

It is to be hoped that the regents will take this subject into consideration, and devise some effectual measure to prevent the admission of young men to the privileges of the profession, who have not studied medicine at least *four* years.

Another important subject was submitted to the consideration of the society, and disposed of in a way which we cannot but approve. The interest of the state society had been sought in behalf of the college of physicians and surgeons, on the subject of petitioning the legislature to purchase a cabinet of minerals for their use. The society, however, declined interfering, upon the ground of the *inexpediency* of the measure at this time of extreme embarrassment. Of the propriety or inexpediency of this purchase, the legislature are the most competent judges. We regret, therefore, that this is the sole reason which prompted the non-compliance of the society; for should the legislature, upon the application of the college, think proper to dispose of any funds for the purposes of science, this cabinet may yet be purchased. But had the society expressed its decided *disapprobation* of the measure, it is probable that the petition would not be granted. We say, its decided disapprobation; for where is the propriety of depositing a cabinet of minerals in the college of physicians? Mineralogy certainly cannot be considered necessary to a course of medical instruction. Indeed, its relation to medicine is so remote, that it should be excluded, as a distinct branch, from among those which are taught in a medical college. It is

very proper and very necessary that it should be taught in illustration of geology, and in subservience to chemistry. To this we have no objection; but we cannot but consider a distinct professorship of mineralogy as not merely a superfluity, but a grievous incumbrance to a school of medicine. Let us not be accused of restricting the studies of a physician to that kind of knowledge, which qualifies him to exercise his profession only as an art. Medicine, we know, is a learned profession; and we should be sorry that it should ever lose this exalted character. But the branches of medicine are so numerous and extensive, that much time cannot be devoted to the collateral sciences; and it is sufficient that the physician should possess that general acquaintance with them, which will enable him to understand the language of the learned in those departments, and to maintain the scientific character of his profession. While we would desire that the studies and acquirements of the physician should be extensive and general, an undue attention to collateral sciences we believe to be one of the most powerful hindrances to the improvement and perfection of medicine. The observation of every one will recognize the truth of the remark, that physicians who manifest a remarkable partiality for any of the departments of natural history, or who pursue any collateral branch of knowledge with ardour, have never possessed any very exalted views of their profession, or been distinguished for the profoundness of their science, or the nicety of their practical skill.

It is to be hoped that the legislature will not assist in the support of a professorship, which only serves to increase the expenses of the medical student, without affording him increased advantages; and that if they intend appropriating any funds to the promotion of learning, they will not squander the enormous sum required

in the purchase of gewgaws, but employ it in a manner more advantageous to the college, and more conducive to the interests of science.

We observe that a report upon the subject of medical education, which had been transmitted by the medical society of the county of New-York, was ordered to be deposited among the valuable documents of the state society. We regret that this important subject was dismissed without consideration, and especially as we are informed that many judicious and salutary hints relative to medical education were conveyed in this report. Of all the causes that have impeded the improvement of medical science, there is perhaps none so extensive in its prevalence, or so powerful and pernicious in its operation, as the ignorance of physicians. By this deficiency investigation is necessarily limited, and the mind deprived of that power which is derived from learning. When we observe what great light the sciences reflect upon each other, it is evident that every acquisition in other pursuits will furnish us with useful assistance for the more successful prosecution of our own. Accordingly, it is a remark as just as it is universal, that "a man of science is rarely to be met, who has confined his studies wholly to one branch of knowledge."*

To all the evils which result from the ignorance of physicians, the only efficient remedy will be a thorough change in the present system of medical education. It needs but a glance to perceive its gross imperfections, and to be convinced that it is radically erroneous. The neglect of preliminary education in our medical colleges has almost become proverbial, and has exposed us to the contempt of the other learned professions. The slender requisitions for licensure and graduation are notari-

* Dugald Stewart.

ous : the short time required for study ; the early age at which candidates are admitted ; the little knowledge of medicine that is required ; and the facility with which the privileges and honours of the profession are obtained, are scandalous abuses, that require a speedy and effectual reform.

The profession can never be rescued from its present degradation, but by the establishment of an entirely new system. It will be impossible to restore its character as a learned profession, until graduation in a college of arts, or at least a respectable classical education, is made an indispensable requisite. It has been said, with great point, if not with the strictest truth, that " a man who is well versed in classical learning, possesses all knowledge." How much is it to be regretted, then, that so many engage in the study of medicine without this great advantage.

Nor should a slender knowledge of the branches of medicine be deemed sufficient. No man can be entitled to the honours of the profession, who is not qualified to perform its duties : and it is impossible that a general and slight knowledge of the different branches can enable a man to prescribe with advantage and success for the sick committed to his charge.

As a further improvement in the system of education, some regular and determinate course of study should be prescribed. It is vain to object to this plan, that the qualifications of a candidate are all that should be regarded. It is upon this ground that all our medical institutions profess to proceed ; and yet it is evident that they do not always present to the public, persons that are properly prepared to discharge the duties of physicians. In the professions of divinity and law, the student is required to pursue an established course of study, and even to be acquainted with certain books in their

respective departments. By this means, the student is forced to apply himself to reading, and must necessarily become familiar with the best authors. Until this course is adopted in our system of education, it will be impossible to secure a succession of well-instructed physicians, or to suppress that degrading system of favouritism and influence, by which lenity is extended to the ignorant and the idle. Beside these obvious advantages, there are others equally important, though not so apparent. It will avail the student but little to be diligent, unless his industry be properly directed. The books which he is to read should be selected for him : and the order in which they should be read ought to be prescribed. Nor is this sufficient ; the very *manner* in which they should be read ought to be made known to him. " Some books there are," says Lord Bacon, " which it is convenient just to taste only ; others that we ought to swallow down whole ; some, lastly, but those very few, that we should chew and digest. That is, some books are to be looked into only in parts ; others to be read indeed, but not much time to be spent upon them ; and some few to be turned over diligently, and with singular attention." Thus to direct the studies of the student of physic, by properly disposing his time, selecting for him the authors whom he should study, and pointing out the relative value and importance of each, would be a grand improvement in the system of education. And as the capacities and opportunities of students differ, some books, and perhaps some branches, should be left to their own option, or the discretion of their preceptors ; but a knowledge of certain books should upon no account be dispensed with. We cannot but consider this as one of the means best calculated to reform the profession, and to make physicians, as they should be, men of learning.

Beside an acquaintance with the art which he is to practice, it has generally been considered necessary that a candidate should give some public testimonial of his qualifications. For this purpose, a disquisition on some subject connected with medicine is required in all well organised places of instruction. It has been much disputed whether inaugural dissertations in *Latin* should be required. But although it must be conceded that such a requisition would give rise to many impostures, and that many a dunce has obtained, and would still seek the honours of the profession, under the pretence of classical learning, it cannot be denied that it would for the most part deter the illiterate and the indolent, and that it would at least exalt the literary character of the profession. But to accomplish the fulfilment of this condition, the professors themselves must be scholars. It is greatly to be regretted that our universities fix the professional standard at so low a rate. But we can expect nothing better, so long as ignorance and stupidity are no causes of exclusion from the dignities of our schools.

With all nations, medicine has ever been considered as a learned profession; and all practitioners of the healing art have been required to possess such attainments as qualified them for the privileges and exercise of so dignified a calling. Hence, among the ancient nations, the priests were almost the only practitioners of physic, because always the most learned class of men. Thus we find, that the Chaldeans of Babylon, the Hierophantes of Egypt, the Cabiri of Phœnicia, the Curetes and Corybantes of Crete, the Persian Magi, and the Gymnosophists of India, were, in their respective countries, the most distinguished cultivators of medicine. Even in modern days, this association of the medical character with the sacerdotal office has existed. It was not till the middle of the 12th centu-

ry, (the year 1163,) when the Council of Tours pronounced the famous edict, which forbade the clergy the exercise of the healing art, because the Church abhorred the shedding of blood, that the practice of medicine was extended in any great degree among the laity. Among all the semi-barbarous nations of the present day, the priests are still the only physicians.—Even in Persia, the Lamas alone practice medicine. And it was not till the immense increase of population rendered the care of the sick incompatible with the burdensome parochial duties of clerical life, that the clergy of New-England ceased to practice physic.

It is remarkable, that in almost all countries, where learning is not monopolized by one class of men, those who are intended for the profession of medicine are required to possess a degree of knowledge not expected from others. Even among the Hindoos, a young man intended for physic is invariably instructed in the Sungskrilu grammar, and the Vodyu Shastrus, a degree of erudition which is seldom attained by men of any other occupation.* And shall medicine in this enlightened portion of the world lose its character as a learned profession, and degenerate into a mere craft?

To prevent this disgraceful consequence of the present system, some pains should be taken relative to the admission of young men to the study of the profession. Ours seems to be the only one upon which a person may spontaneously enter without being subject to control. Before being admitted as a candidate for holy orders, a young man is required to produce testimonials of character, to give evidence of possessing certain qualifications, without which he cannot commence the study of theology. In all

* See Ward's History, Literature, &c. of the Hindoos.

occupations and trades, certain prerequisites are looked for in the choice of an apprentice. A watch-maker would not undertake to instruct a boy in his trade who had imperfect or deficient sight; nor would a shoemaker receive a lad who had not the use of his arms. But in medicine, we receive the refuse of them all, without applying any test whereby a judgment may be formed as to the capacity, or specific character of the mind of the applicant. The Mexicans, we are told, determine the occupations to which they shall send their children, by observing the selection which they make from the tools of different trades, when the operation of the judgment is suspended by intoxication. When we look around, and see the stupidity and unfitness of many of the profession, who have neither knowledge nor the capacity for acquiring it, we are almost induced to believe that their unfortunate choice must have been made under a similar infatuation. "It is because the propensities of boys are not discovered or attended to in early life," says Dr. Rush, "that we see so many men in situations for which they are not qualified, who would have been respectable or useful in the professions or trades for which they were born. They form the same disease in society, which is known among physicians by the name of *error loci*. They are like red blood in serous vessels, bile in the stomach, and alimient in the windpipe." *Lectures*, p. 358.

Having considered the most important points embraced in the resolutions of the society, we proceed to the examination of the President's address, which is affixed to its proceedings. While we think that this address does the society no honour, we conceive that it should involve it in no disgrace. Any remarks which may be made respecting its merits cannot, therefore, be considered as implicating the character of that respectable body. We will therefore examine the discourse in the manner it deserves,

without exhibiting, we trust, any undue severity.

The President commences by informing us, that any further discoveries in anatomy are precluded by the diligence of those who have preceded us; and that the science of diseases and their remedies has been investigated in a manner equally minute and complete. If this means any thing, it is, that any further discoveries in medicine are impossible, because every thing is known that can be known. The position is contradicted by every day's experience, and is so glaringly absurd, that we shall not attempt to refute it. The author proceeds to show the danger of metaphysics, and how apt we are to perplex and confound a subject when we view it in any other light than that of plain common sense; and discovers a connexion, heretofore unknown, between Locke's theory of ideas, and the denial of the existence of the external world!!

We will not stop to inquire, with the President, whether the towering genius of Newton or Locke has added any thing new or useful to the discoveries of Plato or Aristotle; whether a physician who has not a perfect knowledge of the mind is deprived of the most potent article of the *materia medica*; whether the curse of man's fall and exclusion from paradise did or did not produce its full effects upon his mind and body until after the deluge; or whether the miraculous translation of Enoch and Elijah, or the longevity of their ancestors, affords any evidence of their being "so pre-eminent for virtue," as to be exempt from the bodily evils incident to nature.

The author supposes that a life of virtue perpetuated through a succession of generations, would restore that beauty, moral and physical, which man possessed in Paradise. How is it possible for a believer in Revelation to hold such an idea? The most precious and acceptable expiation

which divine wisdom could devise for the disobedience of man, did not restore the moral or the physical creation to their primeval perfection. And what other remedy shall be found for the intellectual and physical deterioration, that followed the dishonour which was offered to the divine law?

From the Levitical law, which precluded deformed persons from engaging in the rites of the sanctuary, or discharging any of the functions of the priesthood, the author concludes that it is distinctly a maxim of revelation, "that mental depravity induces corporeal deformity." Were it not for the respect which the author testifies for religion in the conclusion of his address, we would be almost induced to believe, that he had referred to the scriptures for the unhallowed purpose of making them the subject of merriment and derision. It is to be regretted that the author, who seems to have read something of holy writ, should be so ignorant of the ground of the restriction imposed upon deformed persons. The priest officiating at the altar of the temple, appeared in a double capacity. He was the servant of the Lord, to receive the oblations of prayer and praise that were offered by the people, to bless the congregation in His name, and to impart to them the spiritual favours of which the ordinances of the sanctuary were the appointed channels. He was, too, the representative and the organ of the people, through whom, by divine appointment, their petitions and thanksgivings were to be offered to the mercy seat. In both these relations he was to appear in a sanctified and perfect character. He was the representative of a God pure and holy, and the organ of a people whom He had been pleased to sanctify. It was for this reason, and that no ludicrous or indevout associations might obtrude upon the devotions of the congregation, that deformed persons were excluded from the sacerdotal office. Had it been other-

wise, the priesthood would not have been an appropriate mediation between God and his people Israel, or an expressive type of the Intercessor of the world. The author would have been more happy in his illustration, had he adduced the Roman law, which declared emasculated persons incompetent witnesses in a court of justice. But even here the prohibition was evidently founded upon a different principle.

The law of the Mosaic code, which forbade the offering of all animals that were deformed or blemished, is far from being to the point for which the author intends it. The sacrifices of the Jews were instituted expressly as types and figures of that great sacrifice, which prophecy had declared should, in the fulness of time, be made for the sins of the world, and which was actually accomplished in the death of Jesus Christ. With this design, the animals that were offered up would have been very unapt representations of the immaculate Lamb of God, had they been blemished or deformed. The law, then, was not made in recognition of the principle, that a deformed body is an evidence of a depraved heart.

How the admiration of beautiful objects, or the love of the Supreme Being, can be *mathematically* demonstrated to have a necessary connexion with our happiness, we are really at a loss to conceive, notwithstanding the author's illustrations. We are equally at a loss to perceive how the "piercing eyes" of the emperor Augustus, the remarkable expression of holy affections which it is said characterised the countenances of Christ and the Virgin Mary, the expulsion of the merchants from the temple by our Saviour, or the prostration of the hostile multitude on the night of his final apprehension, can have any tendency to prove the "concentration of the soul in the eye." The author has perhaps never proposed to himself the query, whether blind persons have

any soul. Nor do we believe with the author, that it is by the expression of the eye that kindred souls are to be united hereafter, and the eternal separation effected between the good and the bad.

The President has manifested rather too much credulity in receiving it as a fact, that fear "has produced small-pox and plague, without any exposure to these diseases." Many more wonderful effects of the passions are detailed.

We will pass the many points which invite our notice, and hasten to the subject which closes the address. The infidelity of the medical profession is a subject of so common remark, as to have given rise to the scandalous proverb, "*Medicus non Christianus.*" It must be confessed that there was a time when there was some truth in this reproachful observation; but we trust that physicians have ceased to be a profession of infidels. Indeed, it is remarkable, that the most eminent of the profession have always been distinguished for the soundness of their religious principles, and the correctness of their life. The names of Haller, Sydenham, Boerhaave, Hoffman, Stahl, Harvey, Willis, Mead, Percival, Freind, Gregory, Heberden, and Rush, must stand, while the world shall last, among the highest ornaments of the christian character. "The weight of their names alone, in favour of revelation, is sufficient to turn the scale against all the infidelity that has ever dishonoured the science of medicine,"* and must rescue the profession from the odious charge. It is indeed to be regretted that physicians are so apt to disregard entirely the spiritual interests of their patients, and to imagine that they discharge their duty faithfully in endeavouring to divert their thoughts from death and eternity. Such conduct is a most criminal neglect of a

solemn duty; and betrays an insensibility, as cruel as it is dangerous, to the best interests of those committed to their care. We cannot but recommend the advice of the author, that physicians should encourage the visits of the clergy to the sick; nor should they consider it sufficient to do this when all hope of recovery is gone: this is not the best chosen period for religious instruction, or the one most favourable to its due effect upon the mind. It is not in the last moments of life, when the body is racked with pain, and the mind agitated and alarmed by the thoughts of soon encountering the terrors of death, when a deadly stupor clouds the faculties, or the imagination flits in wild delirium from object to object, and from thought to thought, that the mind is to be brought to prepare itself for the awful transition which it is to undergo. Sickness is a season of reflection with most men, and naturally induces docility of temper, and a state of mind favourable to the reception of wholesome admonition. It is now that religious instruction and advice are most productive of effect. But if delayed till the last hours of life, they may serve indeed to excite the apprehensions of the sick man, but can seldom benefit his soul.

We are much pleased that the President has dwelt upon this subject in his address; and we think that the feeling manner in which he has expressed himself, evinces great amiableness of disposition, and cannot fail to do credit to the discourse, in the view of every sober and reflecting man.

Silver Ore.—A company has been incorporated, in Zanesville, in the State of Ohio, for the purpose of excavating the earth in the neighbourhood of that place; they progress rapidly, and the stockholders are very sanguine of success. Their capital is \$50,000; the original shares \$500; present price, from \$700 to \$1000. One share, it is stated, was sold for \$1100. Particles of the ore that have been assayed, have been found to produce 85 per cent. pure silver.

* Rush.

An Anniversary Discourse, delivered before the Lyceum of Natural History of New-York, the 28th February, 1820. By Peter S. Townsend, M. D. Corresponding Secretary of the Lyceum of Natural History, Member of the New-York Historical Society, &c. New-York, C. Wiley & Co. 1820.

We think the Lyceum of Natural History is one of the most zealous and meritorious of the learned societies in this city.—It was originally organised in the year 1817, and is composed principally of young men who feel an interest in the progress of natural science. In the short space of time since its formation, beside collecting a respectable cabinet, its members have shown their activity and ability in the publication of a "Catalogue of Plants, growing spontaneously within thirty miles of the city of New-York," and a number of papers on scientific subjects in the journals of the day. For reasons which it is unnecessary to mention, they have refrained hitherto from publishing their transactions. Although we do not doubt, that if they had adopted this course, they might have made useful and important additions to the stock of knowledge; yet, we cannot but think, that they have acted more judiciously in postponing for the present such an undertaking. We are ready to confess, that we would prefer an occasional publication thoroughly digested and elaborated, issuing from under the auspices of a society, to huge volumes of crude and loose productions, under the imposing title of Transactions. We think we see evidences of an independence of spirit about this society, which will not suffer it to be influenced by the evil example of neighbouring associations; and we hail it as the presage of its future usefulness and honour. A few years delay will serve to mature the labours of its members, and they may then expect to operate with efficiency upon the science of their country. In the mean time, we shall be much gratified in seeing such of their performances as they may deem worthy of

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immediate publicity, and accordingly we take pleasure in noticing the anniversary discourse of Dr. Townsend. He has, we think, sustained the character of the society, at the same time that he has added very much to his own reputation.

The principal design of the Discourse is, to give a sketch of the progress of the human mind in the United States, from their first settlement, to the declaration of independence; and to develop the causes which impeded the cultivation of science during that period. Dr. Townsend enlarges particularly upon the latter: the causes assigned by him are the following:

1. The necessity imposed upon the earliest settlers of subduing the soil, to supply the first and most urgent wants of life.

2. The geographical position of the colonists on an extended and navigable sea coast, indented, for the most part, with secure and commodious harbours and bays, offered an early inducement to the inhabitants, to engage in the arts of trade, and was thus a second impediment to the progress of intellectual research.

3. The incessant and destructive Indian wars, which continued with few and short intermissions, almost to the period of the revolution.

4. The subdivisions of the colonies into separate and distinct settlements, independent of each other, and dissimilar in language, laws, and customs. Hence were fostered those discordant opinions on civil, and especially on ecclesiastical subjects, which produced, for a long series of years, so many unhappy distinctions.

5. A fifth cause, which more than any other, impeded the general progress of the mind, grew out of the connection of the colonies with the parent country.

Such are the general causes enumerated by our author as acting upon the colonies generally. Beside these, he notices some causes of a more local and limited influence, which he

thinks operated in checking the advance of intellectual improvement in particular sections of the country, especially in New-England and Virginia.

In speaking of New-England, he says, "the scope and tendency of their religious tenets, which went rather to dissuade the mind from engaging in any other pursuit than the performance of its moral and religious obligations, was a serious interruption to the progress and extension of knowledge." p. 21. This, we think, is going rather too far, and Dr. T. must excuse us for dissenting from him in opinion. So far from this being an obstacle to the progress of the mind, we are inclined to believe just the reverse, and to esteem it as a circumstance which served to counteract, very materially, the influence of those general causes which Dr. Townsend so justly describes as acting upon all the colonies, and which of themselves are sufficient to account for the tardy progress of knowledge. The people of New-England certainly possessed a much larger portion of intelligence than any other of the American colonists, and we are at a loss to conceive how this could be the case, if over and above the causes which operated on the other colonies, there was yet another and a very powerful one too, exerting its depressing agency upon them. If *effects* bear any fixed relation to *causes*, it most assuredly could not be so.

We believe, that among a people situated as the American colonists must necessarily have been for a long time after their original settlement in this country, the great *desideratum* is, to supply them with incitements to exertion. It is a matter of mere indifference what the *nature* of the incitement is, so long as you are able by it to rouse them to the active exercise of their faculties. They may commit a thousand errors, and be guilty of a thousand absurdities, still you keep alive among them the spirit

of investigation, which, whatever be the subject upon which it is exerted, must strengthen their capacity and augment their knowledge. Such a stimulant, we think, the New-Englanders possessed in their religion; and what proves beyond a doubt to our minds that their devotion to their religious tenets was not unfavourable to their increase in knowledge, is the fact that Harvard and Yale College took their rise from this very spirit. It is of no use, to urge that these institutions were established only with the view of rearing up a succession of able and learned ministers. It is immaterial what the motive was for their establishment. We contend for the undeniable *fact*, that two seminaries of learning were erected, which shed light and improvement around them, and that *attachment to religion* was the cause to which their origin is alone to be traced.

With our author's remarks concerning the effects of slavery upon the southern states, we perfectly coincide, and we cannot refrain from giving them to our readers at full length.

In Virginia, the introduction of slavery at an early period of her history, followed soon afterwards by the same practice in the other southern settlements of the United States, has done more to demoralize the heart, and to darken the lights of the understanding in that section of our country, than almost any event which could have happened. Whatever ingenuities sophistry may devise, there is no palliation which can ever wipe away this foul stain upon our escutcheon. We need no longer recur to other causes to know why this portion of our country, the very seat and garden of nature's riches and beauties, has been so inauspicious alone to the culture of the mind. Or why, over this large tract of territory, we discover so few precious depositories and relics of learning, and how, under this gay and brilliant clime we find such cold indifference to intellectual pursuits.

The admission of slavery into the southern states may be attempted to be excused on the plea of necessity. It may be said that this additional power was necessary to overcome the extraordinary physical difficulties which were to be surmounted in the cultivation of the soil. It is true, as is suggested

By Trumbull, that the ignorance of the southern colonists of the productions natural to the country, and most profitable to the planter, must have been a serious obstacle to agricultural improvement. For we must recollect, that the chief body of the emigrants to this part of the United States, came from a different and more northern climate, and had been accustomed to a different class of productions, and to those more refined modes of agriculture which were but little adapted to their new situation. It is probable, also, that the insalubrity of this alluvial region, covered with forests, and rendered still more unhealthy by the operation of long-continued heats upon their newly-cleared lands, must have presented peculiar difficulties to the subjugation of the soil. It may be argued, also, that the enervating effects of this mild climate, not only physically protracted the cultivation of their grounds, but also enfeebled and retarded the advance of their intellectual faculties; and that the employment of negroes for the purpose of agriculture, was thus not only necessarily called for, but naturally pointed out, as this class of our species had been already familiarized to the influence of a powerful sun. We question, however, whether this argument has any great force; for the dissimilitude in temperature between the southern latitudes of the United States, and those countries from whence their early population was drawn, is not considerable enough to have occasioned any very important changes upon the constitution.

In this condition of things, therefore, where the multitude of physical obstacles which they had to oppose called into requisition every energy both of body and mind, the introduction of slavery at this early period must have rather increased than ameliorated their difficulties. In the struggle between the art of man and the ruggedness of nature, the interposition of this mean tended to paralyze exertion. Every enterprise was relinquished to the ill-directed and unskilful labours of the unfortunate blacks. As these continued to multiply in numbers, the ambition of the whites became still more indifferent, until finding themselves entirely exempted from the necessity of corporeal exertion, the tillage of the land, and, finally, all other useful and laborious arts, were abandoned to these miserable instruments. And hence it is, that this cause, by giving occasion to the emigrants for the indulgence of indolent and voluptuous habits, has in fact deteriorated, not only their moral and intellectual energies, but, by the direct and pernicious influence of these habits upon their physical capacities, has in this way, especially, retarded the progression of the arts. The simple culture of their grounds, therefore, having been consigned entirely to the feeble protection of the ignorant blacks, is at this day scarcely less rude than their re-

searches in the higher walks of knowledge. The depraved character of the emigrants who first settled in Virginia conspired to render, afterwards, the pernicious influence of slavery in that colony still more efficient. "Being too indolent to fence their fields," says Trumbull, "they continued to live upon corn, and wheat was not cultivated for the space of a century." They are too lazy, according to Beverly, to manufacture the commonest articles of raiment for domestic use, and even sent to England for their "brooms, cart-wheels, and bowls." And by the testimony of Sir William Berkeley, one of their most popular governors, they were yet groping in deplorable ignorance as late as the year 1671: "I thank God," says he, "there are no free schools, nor printing, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years."

The effects of such a cause as this are too destructive of all the nobler qualities of our nature, to be easily or speedily corrected; and their baneful influence, we think, is still exercising its melancholy triumph over the population of our southern states. A more glorious opportunity of redeeming their character from this foul blot, and of immortalizing themselves in the annals, not merely of their country's honour, but of the world's renown, was never offered to any people, than that which was presented to the southern representatives in Congress during the late discussion of the Missouri question. That golden opportunity they have rudely pushed from them, and the wild joy which they exhibited after their guilty triumph, but too clearly shows how demoralizing the existence of slavery must be, to the fine feelings and generous qualities of a people. Repentance may, and we doubt not, will come one day or other; but that will avail little in averting those horrors which we fear our southern brethren are destined to suffer from the misguided policy of their statesmen.

From our colonial history, Dr. T. descends by a rapid transition to the present period; notices the present excitement in behalf of natural history; and assigns some reasons why it ought to engage the attention of

American philosophers. He then gives a brief survey of its objects and utility, and concludes in the following manner :

In this new and unexplored continent, the physiognomy of nature is delineated in a masterly and graphic style. Her immense possessions afford a much greater proportionate extent of fertilizable soil than those of the old continent; and in some territories the abundance of their products is unexampled in quantity. We are told by the celebrated Humboldt, that in Venezuela, the plants of the parasitical kind cover the trunks and branches of the trees in such extraordinary exuberance, and are spread and intermingled among the foliage in such rich profusion, as to shut out effectually the rays of the sun, and to multiply in a double ratio the dominion of the vegetable world. Our rivers and inland seas are unparalleled in their extent and magnitude. The mountains of South America are of stupendous and matchless altitude, and their pointed summits spouting into the heavens streams of liquid fire, or chilled and whitened with perpetual snows, rear their heads above the farthest clouds. The grand and exhaustless sources of all the most valuable and precious metals which circulate through the world are buried in this continent; not to mention her vast quarries of the more common and useful minerals. Every thing, indeed, is wrought upon the most magnificent scale, and modelled after a *colossal* type. The developing powers of nature seem to have operated with their utmost intensity and vigour. It is, as it were, the masterpiece of her labours, the last and noble touches of her pencil! Nor have the dilapidations of Time, or the transformations of Art, shrouded her image from the contemplations of the naturalist. She retains her native and unsophisticated charms, and towers on high in all the picturesque splendour of beauty, and in all the grandeur of sublimity.

A word or two upon our author's style, and we have done. We think it has some defects, which it is his duty, and it certainly is in his power, to correct. He is too fond of accumulating epithets, and in many instances without adding to the grace or vigour of the style. He is, in fact, too verbose, and this not unfrequently weakens what it was designed to strengthen. Another defect of our author's style is a want of simplicity. If we are not much mistaken, Dr.

Townsend is somewhat addicted to metaphysical speculation; at least his composition bears the marks of that involution and obscurity, which too frequently characterize the productions of those who are of a metaphysical turn of mind; against this Dr. T. should particularly guard himself, as it may become a serious detriment to him as a writer.

We have made the foregoing remarks in perfect good nature and friendship, and we hope they may be received in the spirit with which they are offered.

Having mentioned what appears to us as some of the defects of this production, we conclude by stating, that we think it displays much reading, together with no inconsiderable share of talent, and that Dr. T. has done himself much credit by publishing such a performance, at a period of life when gayety and dissipation too frequently divert the mind from literary and scientific pursuits.

TAYLOR'S ESSAYS.

Character essential to Success in Life; addressed to those who are approaching manhood, by Isaac Taylor, Minister of the Gospel at Ongar. Wells and Lilly. Boston: 1820.

A NEW work under the above title has lately issued from the press of Messrs. Wells and Lilly, Boston. We have perused this volume with no ordinary pleasure. It contains essays on the following highly important subjects, written in a neat and pleasing style.

On the Desire after Distinction, on acting upon Principle, on the Value of Character, on the Growth of Character with those who are careless about it, on the Evil of an Unformed Character, on Habit as the only foundation for Character, on taking our station in Society, and on the influence of Religion upon Character.

These essays are addressed to those who are about entering life ; to them they convey valuable information ; they point out the way, by which youth can become respected and admired ; they lay down rules, which should guide them through life ; rules which, if followed, cannot fail of rendering them happy ; they point out the importance of *character*, and urge upon youth the necessity of obtaining it. This volume, to use the words of the author, " sets before the youthful mind the object at which all these exertions aim, evincing the value of that best of treasures, *character*."

We copy the following extracts as a specimen of the work ; the first from the essay on the Value of Character, and the last from the essay, on the Importance of Religion.

As the value of character is a matter of great importance, and worthy of being deeply impressed upon the youthful mind, it may be proper to exhibit it in several lights ; each varying aspect will display something of its intrinsic beauty.

Whatever may be a youth's actual ability, it will require some degree of personal acquaintance to render it apparent ; but the character of being steady, able, intelligent, may spread widely, far beyond personal contiguity ; and wherever it comes it generates a good opinion, and prepares a favourable reception, should nearer intimacy take place.

A benevolent smile, a ready hand, will be some of the first fruits ; who can predict how great may be the harvest ? Character catches attention, and most powerfully impresses : all can judge of it. All, whether interested or not, will mark it with complacency. The sight is too lovely, perhaps we may say, too rare, to be viewed with indifference. The silent influence it exerts in every one's bosom is not the less powerful ; there the good opinion takes permanent hold. It may lie latent till some occasion call it forth, and seem so far to be useless ; but then its reserved energies rise into action ; and recommendation will heartily be afforded, or acceptance acceded with cordiality, where confidence is already strong.

Character is a ready passport into society. Many a door will open to it, which to fortune or talent, if destitute of character, would be bolted and barred. The worthy have for the worthy a fellow feeling ; magnetic attraction is not more sure, or more

select in its operations. The worthy are well able to judge of such a qualification, and their opinion weighs much with mankind in general. Who is there who will avow contempt for, or carelessness about their approbation ?

Even the unworthy know the worth of character, as all their own pretences to it powerfully evince. They are awed by the presence of a known good man, and refrain from indulgences which, when yielded to, they state as matters beyond control. They often fear to lay snares for such as are in general esteem ; by doing mischief to whom, they could only exasperate common feeling, and bring a reaction of contempt or execration on their own heads. If, at least, there is any feeling left in them ; any latent respect for their own reputation in society, they will leave such unmolested. Frequently, indeed, they bear their testimony to excellence, by seeking out the reputable, the upright, whenever they have themselves occasion to place confidence in others. No one will trust a thief, or employ a knave, if he is aware, unless he thinks he has sufficient hold of him to make him faithfully answer his own ends. And if those ends happen to be good and honest, it is to the honest and good he will by preference commit the conduct of his concerns.

Religion has so completely the good opinion of society, when its reality is apparent, and matter of conscience, that it meets with endurance, and even with veneration, although the shape it takes is sometimes uncouth. Those who will not be imitated, will yet be esteemed exactly in proportion as this vital principle is supposed to abound. As it influences the conduct, it exalts the character. Knavery lowers before it ; vice retires from it ashamed ; obloquy flings her mud with too feeble an arm to reach ; and persecution has sometimes quenched her flaming brand, awed, if not converted, by her mild look, her lovely demeanour.

Important are the moral motives which urge a youth to aim at excellence. But when these motives are purified, strengthened, and pointed at right objects by religion, the work must go on with more spirit, with more propriety, with more success. Then does self-cultivation shine with peculiar lustre, when adorned with heavenly radiance : then does it emblazon character with its most lovely and lasting honours, when the crown of glory above, rather than any reward below, becomes the constraining, stimulating, guiding principle of every thought, and word, and noble deed.

We recommend this work to the careful perusal and attention of those to whom it is addressed. G.

SAMPSON'S REPORT OF GOODWIN'S TRIAL.

Trial of Robert M. Goodwin, on an Indictment of Manslaughter, for killing James Stoughton, Esq. in Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the 21st day of December, 1819. Taken in short hand, by William Sampson, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. 196.

ALTHOUGH this work is not yet in the market; that is, not to be had in the booksellers' shops, yet, from the extensive and respectable list of subscribers which we have seen, we consider it sufficiently before the public to attract attention, and shall therefore notice it. No kind of literary labour appears to us more beneficial than faithful reports of judicial proceedings, when they involve such high considerations as the life or liberty of the citizen, and exhibit practical applications of the law of the land to the transactions of men. It is in the essence of our constitutions that courts of justice should be open, and their proceedings public and intelligible. So, at those periods when civil liberty was best understood and maintained in England, statutes were enacted, providing, that law proceedings should no longer be carried on in a foreign or a dead language, but in the vernacular tongue, that all might comprehend them. If secret inquisitions have been ever odious to Englishmen, they ought surely to be not less so to Americans.

Our excellent laws are not altogether without their inconvenience; as there is nothing good in this world without its evil. They are derived from a foreign source, and from remote, and somewhat barbarous antiquity:—sometimes undergoing alterations for the better—sometimes for the worse; but still gradually, and without violence, bending to the growing and varying exigencies of the times. It is often necessary to trace them to their ancient sources;

and this gives rise to such numerous citations of reports, statutes, treaties, and traditions, as, by constantly adding the new to the old, will in time, if remedy be not applied, impede the march of justice, and bewilder her votaries in the thickets and thorny paths through which only she can be approached.

It is true, that every new determination of an obscure and difficult point of law would appear to settle disputes upon that point forever; but it sometimes seems rather like a new branch shooting out of the old trunk, which, by its ramifications casts still a broader and broader shade, and threatens to overshadow the whole land.

From this it arises, that although every citizen is bound to know the law, and ignorance of it will never be admitted as an excuse for its transgression, yet, the decisions of the tribunals which administer that law will be of no utility for example or instruction, unless they are promulgated fairly, fully, and intelligibly; for, if after an important question is agitated and determined, it is left unexplained, or misrepresented, it will often serve as a rallying point for further contention. And, as the sententious poet says,

Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite resolvit.

We have said that courts of justice should be open, and their proceedings public; and, as the people are supposed ever to be present in these courts of justice, and to know what passes, and, of course, free to relate what their eyes and ears have witnessed, yet it is certain that many will be incompetent, and some will not be disposed, to make a true and faithful representation. Undue love of gain, will induce some to send abroad mutilated and imperfect relations, which, unless they endamage the parties, or intentionally degrade the administration of justice, can hardly be made subjects of atone-

ment or of punishment. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, of which, at most, one in the hundred can speak truth, will be busy in propagating error. And therefore it is, that a lucid and faithful report of important proceedings is deserving of every encouragement; and in this respect the subject of this notice stands pre-eminent.

We cautiously forbear giving any opinion upon the merits of the case, it being as yet *sub judice*. We shall content ourselves with a brief analysis of the nature and contents of the work.

The first question it presents is, whether a court constituted by statute or charter, as the Court of General Sessions of the city of New-York is, has power to bail, where the defendant stands before it indicted for manslaughter, there being at the same time a coroner's inquisition previously taken, and erroneously returned and filed in the same court, for the crime of wilful murder, founded on the same act; and whether the Court of Sessions could notice that proceeding judicially, either by reason of its being on its files, or from the mere representation of the coroner, or public prosecutor, so as to influence its discretionary power of granting or refusing bail. The discussion of these points was ably carried on, and learnedly decided by the court; and the motion to bail was, under the circumstances then before the court, refused. In the course of the discussion, it became necessary to trace the origin of bail in criminal cases, through the early history of the common law, and the ancient English statutes; and that ascertained, it remained to be collated with our own statutes, constitutions, bill of rights, jurisdictions, and practice, and to test the whole by the universal maxims of jurisprudence.

The Report then proceeds to the events of the trial, from the time the prisoner was put to the bar; and every form of proceeding, every occur-

ring event, is related with a simplicity and truth, that not only gives to the narrative a dramatic interest and effect, but renders the work of increased utility, as a manual of practice on all future occasions of a similar nature, such as few lawyers would willingly be without.

Upon the subject of challenging jurors *propter affectum*, or for having made up their minds before hand, it contains most curious and interesting matter; and the use made of the report of Mr. Selfridge's trial at Boston, on a similar charge, shows how necessary to American lawyers are the decisions of American judges upon American law.

Then follows the opening of the case by the public prosecutor, and the evidence in support of the charge, with all the incidental questions, ingeniously and ably argued. Then the opening of the prisoner's case, and the evidence on his behalf. And here we find a strong instance of the uncertainty of the testimony of the senses—above all, that of seeing; since of a great number of persons, all honest, disinterested, and unimpeachable, no two agree in their account of a transaction that passed before their eyes in open day.

After this follows the summing up on behalf of the prisoner, and the replies of the counsel for the prosecution—specimens of forensic debate equal to any that can be found elsewhere.

The jury, after a learned and elaborate charge, retired at a quarter past one o'clock, A. M. being the fifth day of the trial. At six in the afternoon of the same day, they return, and deliver by their foreman a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy; but on being polled, at the request of the prisoner's counsel, they disagree, and remain out reconsidering of their verdict, until sent for by the court half an hour before midnight on Saturday, at which hour it was supposed the session was

to close ; and then, there being, by their own report, no prospect of their being ever able to agree, they were finally discharged, after having been twenty-two hours without refreshment.

As soon as the jury were discharged, a motion was made to bail the prisoner, upon the ground that his present position entitled him to that indulgence, having undergone a trial, and the disagreement of the jury being an argument, at least, that his guilt or innocence stood in equal balance. It was observed, that it was impossible to hear arguments at that hour, and that the same points might be urged before any competent magistrate on a writ of *habeas corpus*. The mayor and one alderman being of this opinion, and two aldermen being of opinion that the prisoner should be bailed, that motion was lost.

On the following Monday he was again brought before the mayor, on a writ allowed by the recorder, marked "by the statute;" and some legal difficulties being suggested by his honour on the law and practice under that writ, the motion was discontinued. The points of the mayor's suggestions are given by the reporter, and open the way to much useful knowledge on the subject of bail, and the nature and properties of this writ, as well at common law as by the statute; and the judicious compiler, to render his work still more useful to his profession, has given an abstract of the statutes of New-York, which confer the power of supreme court judges upon inferior magistrates.

Finally, we learn that the prisoner is brought before his honour Chief Justice Spencer, at his chambers in Broadway, he having come to hold the sittings before May term: and after hearing counsel, and examining the authorities in the English reports upon analogous subjects, cited by the counsel on either side, and particularly noticing them, he cuts

the Gordian knot, by the very just conclusion, that no certain or fixed rule can be derived from them touching bail in cases of felony, each case appearing to depend upon its own peculiar circumstances; and considering it very doubtful, from the facts appearing before him, whether the prisoner was innocent or guilty, he thought it a discreet exercise of the power intrusted to him to admit him to bail, and he was accordingly recognized to appear in the Supreme Court, on the first day of the ensuing term, in the amount of 40,000 dollars, himself in 20,000, and four sureties in 5,000 dollars each; and on that day he appeared, and a further day was appointed for the argument of the great and important question, whether, under all the circumstances, he could be again put upon his trial; and where that trial, if it should be granted, was to take place? This argument is not contained in the Report, but Mr. Sampson has promised his subscribers an account of the result *gratis*. We sincerely hope he may be enabled to give this *in extenso*, for we believe no argument is extant of equal erudition, eloquence, and ingenuity. When this is completed, and the judgment of the Supreme Court superadded, the whole will compose one of the most varied, important, and instructive volumes, in the future catalogues of the lawyer's library.

W.

The missionary family, organized in this city on the 17th of April last, by the Board of the United Foreign Missionary Society, arrived at Pittsburgh, (Penn.) on the 10th May, on their way to the Osage Indians, on the Arkansas river. They were received there with great cordiality. The articles contributed were important to the missionary establishment, and a great proportion of them were furnished by the manufacturers of that city. The amounts collected by different individuals, who took an active part in the mission, were as follows:—By the Rev. Joseph M'Elroy, \$20 50; Rev. Elisha B. Swift, \$320; Rev. Francis Herron, \$848 05; in the first Presbyterian church, \$21 30.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

To the Marquis Chastellux.

New-Windsor, June 13, 1781.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I hear from the purport of the letter you did me the honour to write from Newport on the 9th, that my sentiments respecting the council of war held on board the Duke de Burgogne, (the 31st May,) have been misconceived, and I shall be very unhappy if they receive an interpretation different from the true intent and meaning of them. If this is the case, it can only be attributed to my not understanding the business of the Duke de Lauzun perfectly. I will rely therefore on your goodness and candour to explain and rectify the mistake, if any has happened.

My wishes perfectly coincided with the determination of the board of war, to continue the fleet at Rhode Island, provided it could remain there in safety with the force required, and did not impede the march of the army toward the North river; but when the Duke de Lauzun informed me that my opinion of the propriety and safety of this measure was required by the board, and that he came hither at the particular request of the Counts Rochambeau and de B—— to obtain it, I was reduced to the painful necessity of delivering a sentiment different from that of a most respectable board, or of forfeiting all pretensions to candour, by the concealment of it. Upon this ground it was, I wrote to the Generals to the effect I did, and not because I was dissatisfied at the alteration of the plan agreed to at Weathersfield. My fears for the safety of the fleet, which I am now persuaded were carried too far, were productive of a belief, that the Generals, when separated, might feel uneasy at every mysterious preparation of the enemy, and occasion a

fresh call for militia. This had some weight in my determination to give Boston (where I was sure no danger could be encountered but that of a blockade,) a preference to Newport, where, under some circumstances, though not such as were likely to happen, something might be enterprized.

The fleet being at Rhode Island, is attended certainly with many advantages in the operation proposed, and I entreat that you and the gentlemen who were of opinion that it ought to be risked there for these purposes, will be assured, that I have a high sense of the obligations you meant to confer on America by that resolve, and that your zeal to promote the common cause, and my anxiety for the safety of so valuable a fleet, were the only motives that gave birth to the apparent difference in our opinion.

I set that value upon your friendship and candour, and that implicit belief in your attachment to America, that they are only to be equalled by the sincerity with which, I have the honour to be,

My Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and
Obliged Servant,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ON THE SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE,
By W. Marrat, of New-York.

THE primitive notion which mankind entertained concerning the universe, was, that the earth which we inhabit is the centre of the world, and that all the heavenly bodies move round it, and were created for its use; the sun affords it light and heat, during the day; the moon and stars adorn the evening scene. It was not long, however, before different ideas on this subject were promulgated. Among the ancients, Pythagoras had learned the true system of the world

from the Egyptians, which, in imitation of his teachers, he concealed from the vulgar. The system was more fully explained, and more fully avowed, by his disciple Philalaus. The Pythagoreans taught, that not only planets, but the comets also, move round the sun; these, they said, are not fleeting meteors, formed in the atmosphere, but solid bodies, like the other bodies of the universe. These opinions, so perfectly correct, were afterwards admitted and inculcated by Seneca. "Let us not wonder," said this great and good man, "that we are still ignorant of the law of the motions of comets, the appearance of which is so rare that we can neither tell the beginning nor end of the revolution of these bodies, which descend to us from an immense distance. It is not 1500 years since the stars have been numbered in Greece, and names given to the constellations. The day will come, when, by the continued study of successive ages, things which are now hid, will appear with certainty, and posterity will wonder they have escaped our notice." In the same school, they taught that the planets are inhabited, and that the stars are suns disseminated in space, being themselves centres of planetary systems. These philosophic views would have obtained the suffrages of succeeding ages, but they were mingled with systematic opinions, such as the harmony of the heavenly spheres; they also wanted that proof which has since been obtained, viz. the agreement with observation; it is not, then, very surprising, that their truth, when opposed to the illusions of the senses, should not have been admitted. After this, astronomy slumbered for a great number of ages. The system of Pythagoras was indeed held by Archimedes, in his book, "De Granorum Arena Numero;" after him it was neglected, and even forgotten, for several ages.

This system was afterwards revived

by Copernicus, and is now called the Copernican system. After much profound contemplation, and many careful calculations, he removed the obscurities of the Pythagorean system, and, in fact, much improved it.

His discoveries and improvements he comprised in a book, the publication of which he suppressed, till he had obtained a powerful patron in Pope Paul III. a lover of astronomy, to protect him. The work was printed in 1543, under the title of "Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium," a copy of which the author received only a few hours before his death; which took place on the 24th of May, 1543, in the 70th year of his age. Few works ever destroyed more errors, or established more important truths, than this work of Copernicus. His theory was at first coldly received, or utterly rejected; but truth is powerful—the labours of succeeding astronomers have obtained it a complete triumph. The discoveries of Newton, and the succeeding improvements of Maskelyne, Lagrange, and Laplace, have seated this system on a basis which can never be overturned; the man who would deny the truth of the Copernican system, would, at this time, be regarded as a prodigy of ignorance. The human mind is quick in its endeavours, but slow in its progress; improvement advances by slow degrees; the multitude are averse to thinking; and when some kindred spirit of the skies, descends to illumine the page of nature, ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, combine to extinguish the light; because, perchance, it militates against some favourite dogma, or some long cherished opinion must shrink before it.

Instead of one sun, and one world, as the ignorant in former times believed, the improvements in science have pointed out to us, thousands of suns, and thousands of worlds, inhabited by myriads of beings, progressively advancing toward perfection.

The opinion now generally received is, that every fixed star is a sun; and that these suns are surrounded by planets, in the same manner as our sun is surrounded with the planets belonging to our system. We do not pretend even to guess at the specific laws by which the power of the Deity is directed, except in so far as it has pleased him to declare them to us. We only pursue a safe road in this speculation when we endeavour to discover the laws by which his works are actually conducted. The more we discover of these, the more we find to fill us with wonder and astonishment. After examining this lower world, and observing the nice adjustments of means to their ends, here below, we may extend our observations to the heavens; and there we shall find, so far as our knowledge can conduct us, the same display of wisdom, and the same production of effects, by beautifully contrived means. A planet has lately been discovered, far beyond the bounds which imagination had fixed for the confines of our planetary system; and this shows us, that if there be thousands more, they may be forever hid from our eyes, by their immense distances; yet even there we find the same care taken that their condition shall be permanent. They are influenced by a force directed to the sun, which is inversely as the square of the distance from him, and their orbits are ellipses. Uranus is accompanied by satellites, rendering to the planet, and its inhabitants, services similar to what this earth receives from the moon. This mark of intention, the work of an Almighty hand, carries the mind forward into that unbounded space, in which our solar system occupies such a very small portion; the mind revolts at the thought that the heavens are spangled with stars, for no other purpose than to assist the astronomer in his computations, and to furnish a brilliant spectacle to gay unthinking mortals.

We observe nothing here below, or even in our system, which answers but one solitary purpose; and what reason can be given for limiting the heavenly bodies to so ignoble an office? As no such reason has been given, we may indulge in the pleasing thought, that the stars make a part in the universe, no less useful in purpose, than great in extent. We may suppose then, that those upper systems resemble our own, and that they are kept together by the force of gravity. This leads us to extend the power of gravity beyond any distance we have yet considered, and it leads us at last to believe that gravity is the bond of connexion which unites the most distant bodies; rendering the whole one great machine, worthy of its All-Perfect Creator: hence, gravity is essential to that matter which is to be wrought into a UNIVERSE. For if these were only the mere inert materials of a world, it would be little better than a chaos, though moulded into symmetry and form, unless the spirit of the Author were to animate those dead masses, so as to bring forth order, beauty, and motion. The business of philosophy is to investigate those active powers, by which the course of natural events is perpetually governed. If, then, gravitation be inseparable from matter, it follows, that, if all the bodies in the universe were at rest in absolute space, the power of gravity inherent in every one of them, would no sooner begin to act, than they would begin to move toward each other, and black night, and chaos, would shortly be the inevitable consequence. That order may be preserved, and accommodated to the extended influence of gravity, which is manifestly essential to the several parts of the universe, we must look abroad for an effectual prevention of the disorder which would ensue if there were no counter acting power. This may be effected by the introduction of projectile forces, and progres-

sive motion. By these, properly combined with the force of gravity, the planets are made to revolve round the sun, by which their approach toward that luminary is prevented, and the adjustment is made with such exquisite propriety, that the order of nature is made permanent. Hence it appears, that periodical motion is necessary for the permanency and perfect order of every system of worlds.

A grand idea now suggests itself, respecting the whole universe;—if a periodical motion be necessary in a small assemblage of bodies, and if the whole of the heavenly bodies, as one great assemblage, be affected by gravitation, we must still have recourse to a periodic motion, in order to secure the establishment of this universal system. For, granting, that there are no bounds to the influence of gravitation, granting also that all the stars are so many suns, the immensity of their distance will be no reason that they can long remain in any settled order. Those situated toward the confines of our system, must leave their stations, because there is no counter attraction beyond them, and approach, with an accelerated motion, the general centre of gravitation; and, after a certain time, they must become one mighty wreck. Any planet and its satellites, considered as a system, is an epitome of the universe, and in the same manner as this planet and its satellites move round our sun, we may suppose that the sun with his attendant planets, and an inconceivable number of other like systems, move round and respect the centre of the universe. The grandeur of this universal system only opens upon us by degrees. If it resemble our solar system in construction, what a display of creative power is suggested, when we turn our ideas toward the centre which the motions of so many revolving systems are compelled to respect; here must be a mass of matter, which, individually, exceeds

all the systems in the universe if collected into one mass!! And as our sun is nearly four thousand times greater than all the planets which revolve around him, put together—why may we not suppose the same thing here? The fact is, that either the heavenly bodies must be scattered through space to infinity, or else we must suppose the universe to be composed of an immense number of systems, revolving round some extremely large body, which is near the centre of position (or gravity) of the whole universe. In either case, the power, might, majesty, and dominion, of the Creator, as displayed in the creation, is beyond our feeble intellects to comprehend entirely. Let us, however, be thankful for the glimpse he has given us—the time may come when we may have a more comprehensive view.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S JOURNAL.

[The following journal is continued from the April No. of the Belles-Lettres Repository, and will be completed in our next. Mr. Schoolcraft is now employed by government to accompany one of the scientific expeditions engaged in exploring the western territories. We hope on his return to be favoured with some new and valuable information respecting this expedition, which he is so eminently qualified to give.]

Journal of a Tour into the interior of Missouri and Arkansaw, from Potosi, or Mine à Burton, in Missouri territory, in a southwest direction, toward the Rocky Mountains; performed in the years 1818 and 1819. By Henry R. Schoolcraft.

Tuesday, January 5.—At an early hour, and before the dawn of day, we arose, and began to prepare the last meal we were to partake of on the banks of James River, and to put ourselves in readiness to leave a camp, and a country, which had already become so familiar to us, as to appear, in some measure, a home. After breakfast, the hunters went down

the river about a mile to bring up their horses, who had, on our arrival, been turned to feed in a cane brake at that distance. While they were absent, we arranged our travelling packs both for the horses and ourselves, a service, in which we had, at this time, become adepts; and having leisure, while we awaited their return, which was protracted a considerable time by not finding the horses where expected, we blazed a large tree of the species *quercus tinctoria* that stood near to our camp, and engraved thereon our names, with the date of our visit. Other evidences of our visit to, and occupation of the country, were left in the camp we had erected—the trees we had cut—the furnace put up for smelting ore; and the pits sunk in search of it, &c. At 7 o'clock we were ready to commence our return, and crossing the river, a little above our encampment, pursued a south course for the Hunters' Cabins on White River. There was still snow upon the ground, a part of which had fallen during the preceding night, and its whole depth was from two to three inches, lying pretty compact, and somewhat moist, so that the tracks of deer, and other animals, were plainly imprinted upon it, and if our design had been hunting, these traces would have surely directed us in the pursuit. We were surprised, in fact, by the innumerable tracks of the deer, wolf, elk, bear, and turkey met with, the snow being completely trodden down in many places with them, and affording a perfect map of their movements. In several instances we observed the places where deer had lain down the night of the snow, the shape of the animal in a reclining posture being left upon the dry leaves, while the surrounding country was covered with snow to a depth of two or three inches. It was evident the animal had lain still during the fall of snow, and arose after it had ceased. These places of rest

were located in the open woods, and on the declivities of hills. Though several were passed, I observed none in any other situation, and no protection against the wind or weather was afforded by underbrush, the country being of that open nature which is in a great degree destitute of bushes or shrubbery. It is probable, however, that this animal, in seeking rest at night, chooses that part of a hill which is situated opposite to the point from which the wind; at the time of its lying down, blows, and which is sheltered by the intervening eminence. I am not in possession of a sufficient number of facts to determine this point, which would give to the deer a degree of sagacity that it has not, heretofore, been supposed to possess; but such facts as I do possess go to establish this position. The resting spots, here noticed, were uniformly situated on south west declivities. The snow storm came from the north east.

Frequently we crossed wolf trails in the snow, and in one or two instances, observed spots where they had apparently played, or fought with each other, like a large pack of dogs, the snow being trod down in a circle of great extent. The turkey, so numerous in this region, had also been driven out of the adjoining valleys of James and Findley Rivers, by the recent snow, in search of food, and we passed over tracts where for many acres together, the snow was scratched up by this bird to procure the acorns, and the green leaves, roots, and grass below. Our progress being attended with some noise, the game fled at our approach, and either kept out of our sight, or out of the reach of our guns. The deer, however, which is very abundant, was frequently in view, and we sometimes started droves of twenty or thirty at a time. Being suddenly aroused, no animal surpasses the deer in fleetness, and I have enjoyed a high gratification in surveying a frightened

troop of them in full speed across an extensive prairie, or barren open woods, where they could be observed for a mile, or more. They will bound twenty feet at a leap, on a gentle declivity. This I have afterwards measured.

The deer, however, has a fatal curiosity, which prompts it, after running five or six hundred yards, to turn around and look back upon its pursuer, and it is at this moment that he is killed. For the hunter, on starting a deer, immediately pursues with all his speed after it, without regarding the noise made among the bushes and upon the earth, for a similar disturbance excited by the deer itself, prevents it from distinguishing that of its pursuer, and whenever it stops to turn around, at that instant also the hunter is still, and if within shooting distance, say one hundred yards, he fires, but if not, he endeavours to creep up by skulking behind bushes and trees. If, in this attempt he is discovered, and the deer takes the alarm, he again follows in the pursuit, assured that it will, in running a certain distance, again turn round and stand still to see whether it is pursued. This extraordinary and fatal curiosity is the cause of so many of these animals being killed, for did they rely unhesitatingly upon that strength and activity of limb with which nature has so admirably provided them for running, no foot-hunter, and no dog, would be able to overtake them.

About noon we reached and forded Findley's Fork, a stream we had encamped upon, in our journey west, on the last day of December. Two miles beyond, in ascending a valley, we discovered a bee tree, which Mr. Pettibone and myself chopped down. It was a large white oak (*quercus alba*) two and an half feet across at the butt, and contained in a hollow limb, several gallons of honey. This was the first discovery of wild honey which accident had thrown in our way, and as soon

as the saccharine treasure was laid bare, by cutting open the hollow limb, we began unceremoniously to partake. And although two months residence in the woods had left little in our personal appearance, or mode of living, to denote our acquaintance with polished society, and our appetites, by continual exercise, the want of vegetable food, and sometimes the total want of food of any kind for one, two, and even three days together, had become voracious and gross, to a degree that excited our own astonishment; yet, when we retired a few yards to view the beastly voraciousness, and savage deportment of the two hunters during this *sweet* quarterly repast, we could not resist the most favourable conclusions concerning our own deportment, and physical decorum upon that occasion. It should here be remarked, that the white hunters in this region (and I am informed it is the same with the Indians) are passionately fond of wild honey, and whenever a tree containing it is found, it is the custom to assemble around it, and feast, even to a surfeit. Upon the present occasion, we had no bread, which although it prevented us from partaking so liberally as we otherwise should, did not seem in any degree to operate as a restraint upon them. On the contrary, they ate prodigiously. Each stood with a long comb of honey elevated with both hands in front of the mouth, and at every bite left the semi-circular dented impression of a capacious jaw, while the exterior muscles of the throat and face were swelled by their incessant exertions to force down the un-masticated lumps of honey, which rapidly followed each other into the natural repository, the stomach. When this scene of gluttony was ended, the dog also received his share, as the joint co-partner and sharer of the fatigues, dangers, and enjoyments of the chace, and in no instance have we observed this compact between the dog and the hunter to have

been violated, for it is recorded in a manner less subject to obliteration or distinction, than our fugitive agreements upon paper ;—it is recorded among the powerful habits of uncivilized man, corporeally and mentally imprinted. The honey then left, was tied up in a wet deer skin, which communicates no taint, and appended to the saddle of one of the horses, thus carried along. We now emerged from the valley into a level plain moderately elevated, covered with white and black oak, and some underbrush, with a soil susceptible of cultivation, destitute, however, of streams; and sufficiently open to admit of easy travelling. Toward evening we descried on our right a valley heavily wooded and bending off toward the south, and presuming it to be the valley of Swan Creek, descended into, and pursued it down for two or three miles, and encamped. Distance 20 miles. Killed 1 deer. Weather moderately cold. The sun has not been sufficiently powerful to melt the snow so as to produce water, but has softened the surface of it a little in exposed situations.

Wednesday, January 6.—We were deceived in the valley which we yesterday entered. Instead of Swan, it proved to be *Bull Creek*, also a tributary to White River, but which we should have headed, leaving it wholly on our right, as it is universally known among hunters, and avoided, as a hilly, sterile region, and which from the similarity in the natural physiognomy of the hills, trees, soil and brush, is considered a dangerous place to get lost in, particularly in foggy weather, when the sun cannot be seen. Of the justice of this impression, our journey this day has afforded conclusive proof, being foiled in several successive attempts to cross the adjoining highlands, and returned upon it, at different places, by its lateral valleys. Thus we spent one half of the day in vain and perplexing endeavours, wandering from one high knoll to another,

and at length by a lucky hit, succeeded in reaching one of the tributary streams of Swan Creek, upon which after following it down for several miles, we encamped; distance 10 miles. In passing down Bull Creek, and in some places along the valley in which we are now encamped, the tracks of bear, upon the snow, some of enormous size, have been very plentifully observed, but as hunting is not our object, we have not pursued them to the dens, and to the hollow trees, into which they have, at this season, retired. These traces, made upon the snow, in the most inclement part of a Missouri winter, show conclusively, that although this animal retires, on the approach of snow and cold weather, into crevices, caves, and fissures in the rock, and into large hollow trees, and other places where he can lie secure and warm; and can there subsist a length of time upon the superabundant fat with which nature has provided him for that purpose, and without any other nutriment, yet, he occasionally quits those recesses, and seeks food upon the adjoining plains. It is probable, also, that he frequently changes the place of retirement during the winter season, and only ventures out of his hiding place, in the mildest days, and at noon, when the power of the sun is at its maximum of heat upon the earth. Hunters kill this animal during the winter season by tracking him up to his den, either upon the snow, or by the scent of dogs. If tracked to a large cave, they enter, and often find him in its furthest recess, when he is shot without further difficulty. If a narrow aperture in the rock, dogs are sent in to provoke him to battle, thus he is either brought in sight within the cave, or driven entirely out of it, and while engaged with the dogs, the hunter walks up deliberately to within a few feet, and pierces him through the heart. A shot through the flank, thigh, shoulder, or even the neck, does not kill him, but

provokes him to the utmost rage, and sometimes 4 or 5 shots are necessary to kill him, for as he is constantly in motion, it is very improbable that the first shot, however sure the rifle from which it is driven, will penetrate the heart, and it is not uncommon that one, two, or three of the best dogs are killed in the affray, either by the bear, or a mistaken shot of the huntsman, in which case the bear taken, by no means, compensates for the dogs lost. For a high value is set upon a good dog, and his death is greatly lamented. Neither is such a dog soon forgotten, and his achievements in the chase, his deep-mouthed cry, his agility and fleetness, his daring attack, and desperate gnash, and his dexterity in avoiding the fatal paw of his antagonist, these long continue to be the theme of admiration. When seated around his cabin fire, the old hunter excites the wonder of his credulous children gathered into a groupe to listen to the recital of his youthful deeds, and thus creates in their breasts a desire to follow the same pursuits, and to excel in those hunting exploits, which command the universal applause of their companions, and crown with fancied glory the life of the transalleganian hunter, whether *red* or *white*.

In the course of the last two days we have also passed, upon different streams, the habitations of the beaver, an animal so highly valued for its fur, and which differs from other quadrupeds in having chosen that part of the vegetable creation for its sustenance which is rejected by all others, viz. *the bark of trees*. To procure this, it is provided with two large teeth in the under jaw, set with astonishing firmness, and resembling chisels, by which it is enabled to gnaw or cut down saplings, and even large trees. These, when down, they completely peel, preferring however the bark of the smaller limbs and twigs, which are young, tender, and full of sap. Often they so contrive

it, as to make them fall into the water, where they serve to stop and collect all floating limbs and brush, making a kind of dam, which thus supplies them with food without the labour, (and an immense labour it must be) of gnawing down large trees. There are few descriptions of wood, the bark of which they will not eat. Thus they attack the maple, mulberry, black walnut, and elm; nor does the astringent and bitter properties of the oak prevent them from making it an article of food. They prefer, however, all barks which have an aromatic, or spicy flavour, and from the number of those trees we find peeled, possess a high relish for several kinds of *laurus* which abound in the valleys in this region, particularly spice-wood and sassafras. Being web-footed, their favourite region is the water, and they seldom venture far from the banks of the stream they inhabit, and never travel on to the neighbouring highlands. They burrow in the banks of the stream above the water level, so that they lie dry, but the mouths of their habitations are situated below the water, so that it enters them for a distance, and they cannot get out without diving into the water. By this sagacious contrivance they at once exclude the cold air from their habitations, and prevent their being entered by animals which cannot endure to live under water. It is probable many of their natural enemies are thus debarred of their prey. As all other species of animated nature, which has been endowed with sufficient sagacity and foresight for its own preservation by habits and customs peculiar to itself, is, also, endowed with some peculiar tastes, habits, or propensities, which are prone to work its own destruction; so the beaver, which has wisdom enough to cut down trees and form dams, and elude the vigilance of its enemies, both man and beast, in an hundred ways, yet falls a sacrifice to its pas-

sion for *high sweet scented herbs, and spicy barks*. It is by a skilful preparation of these, that beaver trappers are enabled to take such quantities of them. A natural musky substance taken from the stomach of the beaver serves as the principal article in the composition of the bait which is put into the trap; some sassafras and other barks and fragrant herbs are added; the exact proportions and method of preparation being a secret only known to those who are skilled in trapping, and who are unwilling to communicate the information.

Thursday, January 7.—The atmosphere, on encamping last night, was clouded up for a change of weather, which we were fearful would prove rain, but a little after midnight it commenced snowing, and continued without intermission until day light, and at different periods, until four o'clock in the afternoon. Lying down considerably fatigued, we slept soundly, and did not discover the snow, until it had fallen some depth upon us, and although I could not relish sleep under such circumstances, both my companion and the hunters maintained their positions upon the ground until near day light, when the snow had attained a depth of several inches. We now followed down the valley in which we had encamped about 8 miles, in which distance it opened into the valley of Swan Creek, and we found ourselves about ten miles above its junction with White River, upon the banks of this large and beautiful stream, which is richly entitled to the appellation of a *river*. Some doubt arose here, as to the proper course of travelling, the day being cloudy, and the atmosphere obscured with snow; but in travelling a few miles south we were rejoiced to find ourselves in sight of the *Bald Hill*, a well known land mark to the hunter in this region, and which I have already alluded to in my journey *west*. Toward this we steered undeviatingly, without regard to the steep-

ness of the intervening hills or valleys, or the scraggy brush that opposed our progress, and falling into our old trail at its foot, pursued with an accelerated pace toward the Hunters' Cabins. Snow had, however, so much obliterated the track, that we were unable long to continue in it, and as the thick and clouded state of the atmosphere prevented our guides from judging of our position, we soon became completely lost. In this dilemma, recourse was had to a very novel experiment, and in which I confess I had but little faith. One of the hunters happened to be riding a horse, which he said had, two or three times, on similar occasions, on being left to take his own course, brought him safely either into some well known spot in the woods where he had before encamped, or to his own house. He determined again to make trial of the horse's sagacity, and throwing the reins loose upon its neck, the animal took its own course, sometimes climbing up hills, then descending into valleys, or crossing over streams, and at last, to the infinite satisfaction of all, and to the surprise of myself and co-travellers, led us to the top of a commanding precipice which overlooked the valley of White River, with its heavy wooded forest, the towering bluffs on its south western verge, with the river winding along at their base, and the hunter's cottages, indicated by the curling smoke among the trees, in plain perspective. Joy sparkled in every eye. We stood a moment to contemplate the sublime and beautiful scene before us, which was such an assemblage of rocks and water—of hill and valley—of verdant woods and naked peaks—of native fertility and barren magnificence, as to surpass the boldest conceptions, and most happy executions of the painter's pencil, or the poet's pen. The reins were now resumed, and as we descended the bluff the hunter lavished great encomiums on the sagacity and faithful-

ness of his horse, whose pedigree and biography we were now entertained with. In due course of narration, it was shown where the horse had originated, what masters he had been subject to, how he could live in the woods without feed, how long he had been the fortunate owner of him, what "hair-breadth escapes" he had made upon his back, &c. &c. All this was mixed with abundance of the most tedious, trifling, and fatiguing particulars, communicated in bad grammar, wretchedly pronounced, so that we were heartily glad when he had arrived at the conclusion, that he was an animal of uncommon sagacity, strength, activity, and worth. For, as in most other biographies, all these words had been wasted to prove the existence of wisdom where it never was, and to make us admire worth which nobody had ever discovered. The end of this dissertation, that had only been interrupted by the occasional stumbling of the beast itself, (which was in reality a most sorry jade,) brought us to within half a mile of their cabins, when they both discharged their rifles to advertise their families of our near approach, and in a few moments we were welcomed by dogs, women, and children, all greasy and glad, to the nail-less habitations of our conductors. Distance twenty miles.

Friday, January 8.—Once more arrived at the spot where circumstances had condemned us to perform a kind of quarantine during *sixteen days* on our journey westward, every object appeared familiar to us, and the very stumps and trees around the house, and the lofty spiral rocks which towered in front, seemed objects with which we had enjoyed immemorial familiarity, and contributed in some degree to that buoyancy of spirit which is so natural on the accomplishment of an undertaking, which has been approached with fatigue, and attained with difficulty, for they were regarded as the silent witnesses

of some of the most painful of those difficulties and fatigues, and served to awaken a train of reflections and comparisons which were at once exhilarating and satisfactory. We had already determined on returning to Potosi by a different route from that pursued on our outward journey, as well to diversify the tour, as to avoid the distressing situations to which we were often reduced in passing through the wilderness. It only remained to decide upon the route which promised to afford the most interesting field for observation; and both on that account, as well as uniting greater conveniences in travelling, the descent by White River by water seemed to possess decided advantages. We lost no time, therefore, in preparing for our descent, feeling an anxiety to return, which was much heightened by the reflection that we had already consumed more time than we had allotted ourselves for the performance of the entire journey on quitting Potosi, and that our friends would be ready to conclude we had fallen a sacrifice to the dangers of a tour, which few had approbated as advisable in the outset, and all united in considering as very hazardous.

Saturday, January 9.—Having, in pursuance of this determination, purchased a canoe of the hunters, and made other necessary preparations, we were ready at an early hour in the morning to embark. We now found it necessary again to resume the use of our guns, after having for nearly a month been supplied with provisions by the hunters, and for that purpose had procured a quantity of lead and ball. We also put into our canoe some bear's meat smoked, dried venison, corn-bread, and salt, with a few articles reserved from our former pack, which were either necessary or convenient on encamping. The men, women, and children, followed us down to the shore, and after giving us many directions and

precautions, and repeating their wishes for our success, we bid them adieu, and shoving our canoe into the stream, found ourselves, with a little exertion of paddles, flowing at the rate of from three to four miles per hour down one of the most beautiful and enchanting rivers which discharge their waters into the Mississippi. To a width and a depth which entitles it to be classed as a river of the *third* magnitude in western America, it unites a current which possesses the purity of crystal, with a smooth and gentle flow, and the most imposing, diversified, and delightful scenery. Its shores are composed of smooth spherical and angular pieces of opaque, red, and white gravel, consisting of water-worn fragments of carbonate of lime, hornstone, quartz, and jasper. Every pebble, rock, fish, or floating body, either animate or inanimate, which occupies the bottom of the stream, is seen while passing over it with the most perfect accuracy; and our canoe often seemed as if suspended in air, such is the remarkable transparency of the water. Sometimes the river for many miles washed the base of a wall of calcareous rock rising to an enormous height, and terminating in spiral, broken, and miniform masses, in the fissures of which the oak and the cedar had forced their crooked roots, and hung in a threatening posture above us. Perched upon these, the eagle, hawk, turkey, and heron, surveyed our approach without alarm, secure in eminent distance. Facing such rocks, the corresponding curve of the river invariably presented a level plain of rich alluvial soil, covered with a vigorous growth of forest trees, cane, shrubs, and vines, and affording a most striking contrast to the sterile grandeur on the opposite shore. Here the paths of the deer and buffalo, where they daily came down to drink, were numerous all along the shore, and the former we frequently surprised as he stood in silent security

upon the river's brink. The duck, brant, and goose, continually rose in flocks before us, and alighting in the stream a short distance below, were soon again aroused by our approach, thus we often drove them down the river for many hours together, until our repeated intrusion at last put them to effectual flight. Often a lofty ridge of rocks in perspective seemed to oppose a barrier to the further progress of the river, which suddenly turned away in the most unexpected direction at the moment we had reached the fancied barrier, displaying to our view other groupes of rocks, forests, plains, and shores, arranged in the most singular and fantastic manner, and in the utmost apparent confusion, but which on a nearer inspection developed a beautiful order and corresponding regularity, such as the intelligent mind constantly observes in the physiognomy of nature, and which appears the more surprising, the more minutely it is inspected, analyzed, or compared. Very serpentine in its course, the river carried us toward every point of the compass in the course of the day; sometimes rocks skirted one shore, sometimes the other, never both at the same place, but rock and alluvion generally alternating from one side to the other, the bluffs being much variegated in their exterior form, extent, and relative position, giving perpetual novelty to the scenery, which ever excited fresh interest and renewed gratification, so that we saw the sun sink gradually in the west without being tired of viewing the mingled beauty, grandeur, barrenness, and fertility, as displayed by the earth, rocks, air, water, light, trees, sky, and animated nature; they form the ever winding, diversified, and enchanting banks of White River.

A short distance below the Hunters' Cabins, we passed the mouth of Beaver Creek, a clear stream of 30 yards wide, entering from the left, and remarkable for the number of

beavers formerly caught in it. As night overtook us, we descended on the left bank of the river a hunter's cabin, which we found in the occupation of a person of the name of Yochem, who readily gave us permission to remain for the night, having descended the river thirty miles. Here, among other wild meats, we were invited at supper, as a particular mark of respect, to partake of a *roasted beaver's tail*, one of the greatest dainties known to the Missouri hunter. Having heard much said among hunters concerning the peculiar flavour, and delicious richness of this dish, I was highly gratified in having an opportunity of judging for myself, and accepted with avidity the offer of our host. The tail of this animal, unlike every other part of it, and of every other animal of the numerous tribe of quadrupeds, is covered with a thick scaly skin, resembling in texture certain fish, and in shape analogous to a paper folder, or the bow of a lady's corset, tapering a little toward the end, and pyramidal on the lateral edges. It is cooked by roasting before the fire, when the skin peels off, and it is eaten simply with salt. It has a mellow luscious taste, melting in the mouth somewhat like marrow, and being in taste something intermediate between that, and a boiled perch. To this compound flavour of fish and marrow it has, in the way in which hunters eat it, a slight disagreeable smell of oil. Could this be removed by some culinary process, it would undoubtedly be received on the table of the epicure with great *eclat*.

Sunday, January 10.—Leaving the hunter's cabin at an early hour, we passed, at the distance of two miles below, the mouth of Bear Creek, a long, narrow, crooked stream, coming in on the right. Near its head, the hunters procure flints for their rifles. Toward evening we passed a hunter's cabin on our right, and about two miles below another on our left, where

we concluded to stop for the night, and found it to be the habitation of a Mr. Coker, by whom we were entertained thirty-one days ago on our journey up. He appeared pleased at our return, and our success. Distance twenty-five miles.

Monday, January 11.—It rained hard during the night, but ceased a little before day break, when we embarked in our canoe, and descended the river forty miles. This brought us to M'Gary's, where we first struck White River on crossing the wilderness from Potosi, and where, on the 8th December, we left our horse, and a part of our travelling pack. Sixteen miles below Coker's, alias *Sugar Loaf Prairie*, we passed the mouth of *Big Creek*, a stream of thirty yards wide, entering on the left. Two or three hunters had just located themselves at this place, and were engaged in cutting down trees, and building a house, as we passed. Immediately after passing Big Creek, we met a petty trader coming up stream with a large canoe, in which he had the remains of a barrel of whiskey, and a few other articles intended to be bartered off for skins among the hunters. Of him, anxious to hear how the civilized world was progressing, we inquired the news, but were disappointed to learn that he himself resided at no great distance below, where he had purchased his articles from another trader, and knew nothing of those political occurrences in our own country, about which we felt solicitous to be informed. He evinced, indeed, a perfect indifference to those things, and hardly comprehended the import of such inquiries. He knew, forsooth, that he was living under the United States' government, and had some indefinite ideas about *St. Louis, New-Orleans, and Washington*; but who filled the Presidential chair, what Congress were deliberating upon, whether the people of Missouri had been admitted to form a state consti-

tution and government, and other analogous matters, these were subjects, which, to use his own phraseology, "he had never troubled his head about." Such a total ignorance of the knowledge of his own country, and indifference to passing events, in one who possessed enterprise enough to become a river pedlar, surprised us, even here, in this benighted corner of the union. After a confabulation of fifteen or twenty minutes, we parted, he urging his heavy canoe with labour up stream, and we descending with an easy motion of the paddle in the current, which had now imperceptibly acquired greater velocity, and we found ourselves passing with rapidity over the *Pot Shoals*, a gentle rapid in the river, of which we had been advised, and where, from the descriptions given, we were prepared to encounter difficulties which we did not meet. In passing seven miles below these shoals we came in view of a high wall of rocks on the left shore, which we recognized as being situated immediately opposite M'Gary's, where we arrived as day light threw its last faint corruscations from the west. At the foot of this bluff, and directly in front of M'Gary's, the Little North Fork of White River discharges itself into the main stream, being at the point of junction about 50 yards wide. It is a river estimated to be 100 miles in length, may be ascended a considerable distance with light water craft, and has some rich alluvion near its mouth, but originates in, and runs chiefly through, a barren region. This is the stream upon whose banks we encamped on the 6th of December, while sojourning in the wilderness between the great north and south branches of White River.

Tuesday, January 12th—We were cordially welcomed at M'Gary's, and congratulated on our perseverance in visiting a region where travelling was, in their estimation, attended with so much hazard from Indian hostility,

and our progress to which had been attended with such accumulated difficulties. They had heard of our *two weeks' probation* at Holt & Fisher's cabins, during which we had been employed upon their habitations, and in chopping wood, &c. and considered it as an unmanly advantage taken of our situation. On learning from us that the Osage Indians had broken up their hunting encampments in the region about James River, and retired upon the Grand Osage some weeks previous to our arrival, one of the sons of M'Gary manifested a strong inclination to go out upon a hunting excursion into that quarter, which, on further learning that we had found game abundant, he immediately determined upon, and was ready to set out toward that country at the time we embarked in our canoe this morning. Undoubtedly he will be rewarded with as many skins as he can transport back. In our descent this day we have passed several hunters' cabins on both banks of the river, but met nothing worthy particular note until our arrival at the *Bull Shoals*, situated 20 miles below M'Gary's. Here the river has a fall of 15 or 20 feet in the distance of half a mile, and stands full of rugged calcareous rocks, among which the water foams and rushes with astonishing velocity and incessant noise. There are a hundred channels, and the strange navigator runs an imminent risk of being dashed upon the rocks, or sunk beneath the waves, whose whirling, boiling, and unceasing roar, warns him of his peril long before he reaches the rapids. There is a channel through which canoes and even large boats pass with a good depth of water, but being unacquainted with it, we ran the hazard of being sunk, and found our canoe drawn rapidly into the suction of the falls, apprehensive of the result. In a few moments, notwithstanding every effort to keep our barque headed downwards, the conflicting eddies drove us against a rock,

and we were instantly thrown broad-side upon the rugged peaks which stand thickly in the swiftest part of the first *schute*, or fall. Luckily it did not fill, but the pressure of the current against a canoe 30 feet in length lying across the stream, was more than we could counteract, and we had nearly exhausted our strength in vain endeavours to extricate and aright it. For all this time we were in the water at a depth of two, three and four feet, at a cool January temperature, but at length succeeded in lifting it over a ledge of rocks and again got afloat. We now shot down the current rapidly and undisturbed for 600 yards, which brought us to the verge of the second *schute*, where we *twice* encountered a similar difficulty, but succeeded with analogous efforts, in passing our canoe and effects in safety. This is the most considerable obstruction to the navigation of the river we have yet encountered, but is said to be perfectly safe in high tides, when the rocks are buried by the vernal and autumnal floods. At these shoals lead ore (galena) is found in small lumps adhering to the rocks in the river and on the shores, with some calcareous spar, and the banks are further rendered interesting by some remains of ancient works, which appear to indicate that it has been the seat of metallurgical operations in former ages, and *previous to the deposition of the alluvial soil upon its banks*, for beneath this soil are imbedded the *reliqua* in question. Thus imbedded masses of a metallic alloy, manifestly the production of art, with bits of earthen pots, and arrow heads chipped out of flint, hornstone, and jasper, are found. The metallic alloy appears, from hardness and colour, to be lead united with silver or tin. It is not well refined, although it may be easily cut with a knife. The earthenware appears to have been submitted to the action of fire, and has suffered no decay. Of all these I procured specimens, of which duplicates are to

be seen among the collections of Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, at New-York.

Having spent some time in our passage over the rapids, and got thoroughly wetted, so that we felt chilly and uncomfortable, we determined to stop at the next cabin which presented itself on the banks of the river. This happened to be the house of Augustine Friend, situated 5 miles below the shoals, a man of some intelligence, and who has the honour of giving name to a settlement which is forming around him. By him we were treated with much hospitality, and furnished with several facts relative to the geography and productions of the surrounding country. Being an enterprising hunter, as well as a farmer, he has visited the most remote parts of the White River country, and has traversed the region we have just explored. He represents the existence of rock salt between the head of the south fork of White River and the Arkansas; that the Pawnee and Osage Indians make use of it, and that he has seen, and used it, and says it is clear like alum. He is acquainted with the lead mines on James River, and represents the bodies of ore as very great; and says that the Pawnee mountains, situated south of the Grand Osage River, afford beautiful black and white marble. Mr. Friend has lately been detained a prisoner by the Osages; but although they stole his beaver traps, and some other articles, he was treated humanely in other respects, and suffered, after a confinement of several weeks, to depart. In relating the particulars of his captivity, and in repeating several anecdotes illustrative of savage life and manners, the time passed imperceptibly away, so that although wet and fatigued on our arrival, it was after 10 before we betook ourselves to rest.

Wednesday, January 13th.—Mr. Friend having represented the antiquities in that neighbourhood as worthy of examination, together with the

mineral appearances on the hills situated back from the river, we determined to devote a part of the day to that object. The hills, like every other section of this country noticed, proved stratified masses of secondary limestone, covered by a deposit of elder alluvion, the surface of which afforded radiated quartz, and fragments of hornstone, but no particular indications of a metalliferous character were observed. The antiquities, situated principally on the east banks of the river at the Bull Shoals, have already been mentioned: . Some further appearances of this kind are seen at the distance of half a mile below the dwelling of Mr. Friend, where I procured an excellent kind of flint, and some antique bones and arrow heads from beneath a heavy bed of alluvian covered by trees. Owing to these little excursions, it was late before we left Friend's settlement. Four miles below we stopped at a Mr. Lee's, being the first *Yankee* met with in these regions, and after dinner, went down the river about 6 miles to J. Yochern's, where we passed the night.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BURIAL OF ANNA KATRINA.

Through the thickly studded groupe of Haverstraw mountains, which stretch back for many miles on the western bank of the Hudson, and form the right flank of the renowned Highlands, courses a rapid, and, in many places, precipitous stream, known by the name of the Ramapough. With many of our larger rivers, it has preserved to the present day the name given to it by the rude and ancient, but rightful owners of the soil; perpetuating the remembrance of the savage warrior of the forest, and by the wild euphony of its sound, summoning together at once associa-

tions of reverential sympathy with the unhappy destiny and the many gallant and lofty attributes of that injured race.

In one of the retired dells of the mountains, it breaks down through a narrow excavation between the rocks, which have approached so closely in this part as nearly to shut up its passage. Below this fall stretches a dam of considerable height, which forms an elegant oval pond, and at the foot of the dam stands a large stone forge of massy workmanship. On the right of the pond and of the road, the land swells by a bold ascent into a large, broad, and high hill, more level toward its top, where it loses itself in the summit of the mountain. At some distance below the dam, there is thrown over the stream a high arched unpainted bridge leading by a by-road into an open and rich meadow on the opposite side of the glen. The Pine Mountain overhangs and partly encircles this beautiful expanse. On the farther margin of this lawn, may be descried a small convex hillock, thickly covered with laurel, and setting closely against the base of the mountain, by the trees of which, on its upper side, it is partly obscured. This was the burying ground of the forge-people; and here and there, among the bushes of laurel, its surface at a distance appeared chequered with bare oblong spots, pointing out the solitary and humble mansions of their departed brethren.

It was the latter part of a warm afternoon in the month of August, when the labours of the day being ended, every thing was reposing in that sort* of preparatory quietude which it is customary at these places to indulge in at this season and time of day, and before the more regular and heavy slumbers of the night.

The sun, shut out for hours before from the western side of the glen, was prolonging his beams over the bridge and the rich lawn of the meadow, until his mellow slanting rays struck

against the side of the Pine mountain, and were again reflected back to mingle with the dark shadows of the opposing rampart. The forgerman having blown out the blast of the previous night, had coiled himself up in his scalloped coal-basket, and was sleeping heedlessly on the cold hearth—enjoying that gluttony of slumber so necessary to repair the excessive exhaustion from laborious toil, and the apathic torpor of which, “like guiltless labour when it lies starkly in the traveller’s bones”—might well be called in the language of ancient metaphor, the brother of death.

The hammer had ceased to reverberate its sharp and clattering echoes against the sides of the mountains; and within the forge, instead of the glaring fire, the groaning bellows, and the bustling move of forgermen to and fro, turning briskly the sparkling and incandescent bars, all was now gloomy and desolate. Save the trickling murmur of a few small runs which oozed out from under the dam above, or some jets of water which here and there spouted through the holes in the fooms which ran along under the eaves to the wheels. The wearied horses and oxen which had been employed during the fore part of the day in the long and sooty cold waggons, having finished their task, were now browsing on the sides of the hill and mountain. While others were wading in the pure and cool waters of the creek, or lingering under the refreshing shade of the bridge.

I was meditating over this calm and delicious landscape, comparing the stillness of the hour with the sequestered solitude of the place, and the vicissitudes and alternations of life, when an unusual and mournful sound coming from the foot of the hill and the neighbourhood of the pond, suddenly awakened me from my reverie. It gathered more strength, and I could distinctly recognize in a few moments the plaintive and prolonged notes of sacred melody. On looking down at

the road as the sounds broke more forcibly on the attention, I saw the figure of a man attired in a clean dress, walking in a slow and measured step, and bareheaded, carrying before him a large book with its leaves spread open upon his arms. Several more followed in procession, and then a plain white wooden coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men. After these, a groupe of women in white dresses closed the solemn line. They passed along the road swelling their sad requiem upon the still air, and winding down by the forge, were hid beneath the hill. The sounds became more indistinct for some time, and at length were scarcely perceptible, until the procession again appeared as it rose upon the bridge, when a distant peal floating over the bosom of the glen, and the reflection of the sun’s beams upon the sides of the coffin and the garments of the females, showed the direction of their route. It then slowly wound around the margin of the meadow, and finally reached the burying ground upon the knoll. By this time the rays of the sun had entirely disappeared from every part of the glen, and even the lonely and tall pines scattered on the lofty summit of the mountain which towered above this impressive scene, no longer glowed in the declining tints of day. They cast their bold but obscure outline on the darkened twilight in the east. The chaunt of the mourners could be heard no more, and the sombre mantle of evening had assimilated every object to its shades.

I made inquiries in the course of the evening concerning the name and character of the deceased, whom I had seen borne along to the burial ground in this melancholy and affecting pomp. I understood that her name was Anna Katrina. They told me she was a young married woman about twenty-four years of age, who had emigrated to this place with her husband, and a number of others, from Germany a few years before. She had been re-

marked for her personal beauty and her kind and pensive deportment since her arrival. It was said that her separation from her friends, whom she had left in her native country, and the solitude and wildness of the scenery of her new residence, and the necessity to which she was compelled of seeking her fortune in a strange

land, preyed so much upon her mind, that she pined away with a slow and cankering grief. That her natural sprightliness of disposition had changed into a mild and passive melancholy, which having consumed her by insensible degrees, the taper of life at length sunk calmly into its socket.

Σ.

SELECTIONS.

GIOVANNI SBOGARRO,

A Venitian Tale; taken from the French.
By Percival Gordon. 2 vols. 12mo. pp.
630. London, 1820.

In this well-written tale we have met with more amusement than we generally expect to find in books of its description. Much of its interest is derived from associations combined with the important political events of Europe, at the close of the last century. At the period of our author's story, the revolutionary principles of France were in full career; they had already spread far and wide through the regions bordering on the Adriatic, and the republic of Venice was hastening to its fall.

The hero of the tale is wrought into a character of considerable interest, displaying much force of conception and consistency of delineation.

With the history of Giovanni Sbogarro, is closely interwoven that of the young and beautiful Antonia di Montalto, the younger of two sisters, possessors of an immense inheritance, and the last descendants of an illustrious line. She is just seventeen, the only remaining object of Madame Alberoni, her widowed sister's tender affection and solicitude, when she had the misfortune to find herself the object of the admiration and attachment of the formidable brigand chief, and has reason to apprehend his at-

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tention of bearing her away. This persuasion her sister and sole protector considers as the chimera of a disordered imagination, but it overwhelms the gentle Antonia with terror and distress. These are heightened by a mysterious application of the burden of a blind minstrel's song, apparently addressed to her in the spirit of prophecy, and which her timid mind adopts as ominous of her destiny. A prospect of deliverance, however, from this subject of terror, now opportunely presents itself, in a journey to Venice, where affairs of importance with regard to their inheritance require the presence of Antonia and her sister.

Our limits oblige us to overlook the incidents of the journey, and accompany our fair travellers direct to Venice, where we shortly recognize a former important personage, under a new and imposing character; he is thus introduced:

The common people of every country are fond of the marvellous, and apt to become passionately attached to extraordinary individuals; but Venice surpasses all other places in this faculty of creating idols; the object of a temporary enthusiasm, which often proves fatal, in its recoil, to those in whose favour it has been excited.

Nothing was spoken of at this time in Venice, but a young mysterious stranger, who had conciliated this popular admiration, so brilliant, but so fugitive. His admirable qualities were the subject of every conversation, and his name was in every mouth.

This stranger is represented as a young man of the most fascinating countenance and finest form, who appears at Venice from time to time with the train of a prince, but apparently only with a view of dispensing benefits, and exercising his benevolence: he frequents society but little, and forms familiarity with no associates of either sex, nor is any one sufficiently advanced in his intimacy to know his family name, or the place of his birth; or to form any reasonable conjecture of his rank or occupation; or the source of his immense expenditure. He is gifted with extraordinary powers of body and mind, and possesses every elegant accomplishment—yet he seems to value himself upon none of these, and he allows them to be perceived with reluctance, as if to avoid a celebrity that would tear him from himself, and from that mystery in which he chooses to be enveloped.

The revolutions of states effect no change in his circumstances. In the most turbulent periods he absents himself no more than ordinary, and in times of general distrust, when travellers are subjected to great formalities and precautions, his passports are always sanctioned by the governing authorities under the simple appellation of the Signor Orsonio. The carriage of this singular man is in a degree haughty and severe, yet the marked distinction he places between himself and the world revolts no one; for all feel that nature herself has established this barrier, and such is the universal respect the Signor Orsonio inspires, that the bare mention of his name has made the stiletto drop from the hand of the assassin, the mere sound of his approach has calmed an insurrection, quieted the turbulence of a mob, and restored tranquillity to Venice:—

The reserve of this strange solitary man did not withhold him from those miscellaneous assemblies to which each individual brings the tribute of his talent. He only

avoided familiar meetings and domestic circles, to which the associates are expected to bring their confidence or their affections; and in such he rarely consented to appear; but in all that related to Antonia his established regulations seemed to vanish. He seized with eagerness every opportunity of seeing Madame Alberoni and her sister at their own dwelling, and this peculiarity soon relieved Antonia from many wearisome admirers.

The immense inheritance of Antonia was calculated to excite the cupidity of a crowd of suitors, and several cavaliers of large fortune or distinguished birth had already placed themselves in the ranks of her admirers; but it remained for Orsonio to fix her affections; and so restless was the first glance of this singular man, that it seemed as if from that moment he had taken a controul over her destiny.

Antonia had long felt a tender interest in the happiness of Orsonio, but her affection had early taken alarm at some doubts excited in her mind respecting the tenets of his faith. She had gone one evening to her vesper orisons, at the ducal church of St. Mark, and had been some time engaged in her devotions, when she perceived, on his knees, a few paces before her, a man whose attitude announced a soul earnestly occupied. It was Orsonio. He rose precipitately, and hurried away, and had already reached the portico before Antonia could overtake him. She then addressed him in an accent of upbraiding tenderness:—

Why is this Orsonio? What means this agitation? Do you then blush to manifest yourself a Christian? And do effusions of devotion appear to you unworthy of a manly soul, that you hesitate to avow them to your friends? As to me, I do assure you that the greatest of my afflictions has been a doubt of your faith; and I feel myself relieved from a most deadly anxiety by the conviction that we acknowledge the same God, and expect the same futurity.

Orsonio's reply was such as afforded Antonia but little consolation:

She began to find in the late conversation, a key to the profound sadness of Orsonio. She readily conceived that this unfortunate man, deprived of that most precious favour of Providence, the happiness of knowing God and of loving him, and cast upon the earth like a voyager on the ocean without a port, should feel impatient of this useless career, and gasp after the moment that should finish it forever.

She reflected with particular desolation on that idea of Orsonio, that there are certain beings, rejected of Heaven, predestined to eternal death, who find their punishment during this life, in the conviction that they shall not revive in another !

The reflections of Antonia assumed, presently, a less gloomy character ; for there is an elastic principle in youth that rises buoyant after pressure. On further consideration, she ascribed the gloom that clouded Orsonio's faculties to a morbid state of mind, produced by the same causes that compelled him to a life of mystery ; and she trusted that it would wear gradually away with time, or be dispelled at once by some happy occurrence. 'Then,' thought Antonia,—'then will those great truths, so essential to the happiness of man, dawn brightly on the darkness of his soul.'

Madame Alberoni and Antonia, accompanied by Orsonio, make frequent excursions to view the various curiosities of Venice, visiting many churches and palaces, rich in architecture, statuary, and paintings. Among the numerous visitors frequenting these places of public attraction, one in particular fixed more than ordinary attention. 'His countenance was acute, his tone quick and decided, and there was a keenness in his falcon eyes, that Antonia found it painful to encounter. His air was somewhat military, and a Dalmatian mantle rendered it picturesque.'

He had ever an eye on Orsonio. He seemed much struck by his imposing yet engaging air, and remarked all his movements with curiosity and interest.

From this stranger we derive some particulars of the early life of Giovanni Sbogarro.

We now hasten to the denouement of the story. The executive had received intimation that a conspiracy had for some time existed to overturn the government of Venice—that a religious order of monks were deeply engaged in it as the agents of a foreign power ; and that the Signor Orsonio was considered the very man to execute the enterprise, from his extraordinary talents and courage, and his unbounded popularity, and still more from his enthusiasm and his visionary ideas of promoting the people's happiness. One of the state inquisitors was said to have been for some time in possession of intelligence on this subject, and to have actually seen the Signor Orsonio examining the state of the weapons in the private arsenal of the ducal palace, preparatory to the final execution of the plot. At length an attempt is made to arrest Orsonio on this charge of conspiracy against the state, but he effects his escape, and disappears.

Meanwhile the gentle Antonia's attachment to Orsonio was approaching toward a distressing crisis.

The intimacy of Orsonio was become absolutely essential to Antonia. She had already loved him fervently, before she had yet avowed the sentiment even to herself ; but now, the hope of bringing back his heart to the faith, inflamed her affection with a tender and a holy zeal.

Orsonio's melancholy had augmented daily, and seemed particularly increased by every thing suited to dissipate it. Even the moment the most precious to so true, so tender a lover, the moment when the conviction of Antonia's love first darted upon his mind, was to him a moment of bitter anguish. The proffer of her hand only aggravated his perplexities. He appeared distracted with contending emotions, when sud-

denly a new light seemed to break upon his mind.

His forehead cleared, his eyes sparkled, a rapid thought, that reconciled him with hope, brightened over his countenance. He threw himself on his knees before Antonia, pressing her hands and those of Madam Alberoni with transport, and bathing them with tears. "There is yet one hope."

"It may be realized!" cried Orsonio, like one overwhelmed with an unexpected weight of happiness. "It may be realized! and I may commence with you a new existence; may bear my name and my destiny proudly in the midst of men. I may—but then the hazard! Shall I venture to subject to it those I love?"

Thus wills my fatal star!" said he, after some incoherent sentences. "It is far from hence, far from cities, in a country where the splendour of a noble name and a great fortune will be useless to you; but where I should henceforward consecrate to you my entire existence. Oh, let me repose a moment from the emotions which oppress me."

Orsonio now discloses part of the history of his opening manhood, when, in the indulgence of his morbid sensibilities, he had taken an early disgust at the world. He describes the seat of his seclusion from civilized society, among the mountains of Carniola and Croatia, "an European Oasis, isolated by inaccessible rocks, and by its particular customs," which are represented as uncorrupted by the contact of other nations. There Orsonio experienced the full enjoyment of unrestrained freedom. "Yet, at times," says Orsonio, "I felt tormented by an inconceivable want—a necessity of being loved, and by the desolating persuasion, that never would a female of my choice come into these deserts to associate herself with my fate." Orsonio, however, continued in his retirement until the Clementine mountains were invaded by foreign troops. The chance of battle then delivered him a prisoner to the enemy, in despite of his determination. For he had combated for death, but was wounded, lost all consciousness, and was borne far away by the invaders. To that time an interval of mystery in

his history succeeds. He declares he would often have abandoned every thing to resume possession of his retirement, had not the ascendancy of an all-controlling sentiment restrained him, from the period of his first seeing Antonio di Montalto.

To this seclusion Antonio now resolves, attended by her sister, to accompany him—her devoted heart knowing no sacrifice too great to promote the happiness of Orsonio. But some new calamity intervenes. The interval of a few hours produces the following billet, which closes this part of the history of Antonia's eventful love:

Do not accuse me: forget me, after having wept for me one moment. I renounce every thing;—the only happiness that my miserable heart has ever conceived. I go to seek that death which has spared me too often and too long. O my Antonia! if that world in which thou believest, can one day open to the voice of repentance; if among the sons of men there are not some who are irretrievably disinherited in advance; I may yet see thee again. See thee again? Alas! never, Antonia, never!

Immediately upon the departure of Orsonio—Antonia, with her sister, quits Venice, to return by the Lagoon to Trieste. Under the tranquilizing influence of a calm and beautiful night, soothed into a temporary oblivion of their cares, the sisters had sunk into repose in each others arms, when a musket shot, and the rude alarm of boisterous voices, suddenly roused Antonia to a sense of impending danger. She strove in vain to awaken her sister, but is borne away in a state of insensibility, from which she revives to a feeling of inexpressible dismay, at Castle Duino, the fortress of the brigands. Here she is soon relieved from much terror, by an assurance that her bateau had been attacked through a most fatal mistake—that she was free, and had not ceased to be so—and that she might command as sovereign whatever appertained to the castle, until it should be her pleasure to de-

part. "But my sister," cried Antonia. "Your sister," replied the young man who had been the bearer of the preceding intimation, "cannot be restored to you. That is the only reserve we are obliged to put on our obedience, and even that condition is imposed on us by a power that does not depend upon ourselves." Antonia could obtain no farther information respecting her sister. "I will remain," said she, with a firm voice—"I will not depart without her. Her destiny shall be mine." Subsequently, her attention is by a casualty fixed upon sounds issuing from the vaults of the castle, and the name of her sister arrests her attention. Guided by the sound of voices chaunting the church service, she descends to a subterranean hall, where, in the midst of the brigands, she finds a priest performing the funeral ceremony. On a funeral couch lay extended a female form, the features of whose face were scarcely disfigured by the traces of recent death. "My sister," shrieked Antonia, and fell senseless to the ground. It was, in fact, her sister. The musket-shot fired at the batteau had given her a mortal wound, and the troop of Giovanni Sbogarro were now rendering her the last honours.

The destiny of Antonia was accomplished. There remained no protection to her on earth, but that of the formidable lover who had so mysteriously appeared to her at the Farnedo—that of Giovanni Sbogarro himself.

The love of Giovanni Sbogarro watched over her with a solicitude, and with a purity, that would doubtless have astonished her, if the disturbance of her mind had permitted her to reflect on her situation.

For two months Antonia remained at Duino in a state of disordered reason, during which period she received from the inhabitants of the castle the most refined and devoted attentions. Young females were brought to attend upon her, and eminent physicians to alleviate her disease. An

ecclesiastic administered to her mind in the lucid intervals of her delirium; and even the brigands themselves, moved by her youth and beauty and misfortunes, manifested the most affecting proofs of tender sympathy and respect. Giovanni Sbogarro alone withheld his tribute of personal devotion; he dared not appear before her, even in his veil, or barred visor, excepting when intervals of delirium or repose rendered her unconscious of his presence, lest he should excite in her sensations of apprehension or of horror.

Venice, during the two months of Antonia's residence at Duino, had made rapid strides toward her approaching fall. The revolutionizing principles of France no longer crept obscurely, but ranged triumphantly through the cities, villages, and hamlets of the Venetian provinces. Hatred and suspicion filled the mind of every one, each distrusted his neighbour, and the government doubted of all.

The French troops pressed near to the capital every day. They possessed themselves of the tower of St. Julian at Marghena, and erected parapets on the marshes at Fusina.

A few weeks subsequent to these events, the ancient republic of Venice ceased to exist. It became a province of France, and the tree of liberty was planted in the Piazza di San Marco. During this turbulent and critical period, the secret council of Venice found it necessary to give particular attention to the progress of the brigands under the banner of Giovanni Sbogarro.

The government were sensible that these irregular troops would be formidable auxiliaries to any foreign enemy. There was reason to suspect, also, that their leader had emissaries in the capital, and was preparing an attempt to get possession of Venice by a *coup de main*. It was even whispered that the Sclavonian troops, the main strength of the army, intended to revolt, to declare for Giovanni Sbogarro, and to sack the city.

Under these circumstances, the venerable Doge Luigi Menino held a private council.

The result was the attack on Castle Duino.

The contest was desperate. Most of the brigands perished with arms in their hands ; a few survived, whose wounds had disabled them, or who had precipitated themselves into the sea, and were picked up by the boats Antonia had observed.

It was presumed that Giovanni Sbogarro would be found among these last ; but, as his features were not known to the surviving brigands themselves, nothing could settle the doubts of the conquerors on that point. Hiscar, Conrad, and most of the confidants of the captain, had fallen at his side, before he retreated into the castle. If any of his intimates remained, they were sullen and silent, and would give no information.

In this uncertainty, some one thought at the last moment of the young delirious girl taken with the banditti at Castle Duino ; the only object, according to every testimony, that had ever softened the ferocity of this bandit chief. It was imagined that she would not fail to recognize him, and that her first emotion would as certainly point him out, if he should be among the prisoners.

Antonia was accordingly brought from the asylum of Santa Maria, and stationed in the great court of the prison, at the moment when the condemned criminals were led forth to execution.

As each ruffian passed, Antonia's fearful agony increased. At length she was startled by a frightful illusion, and imagined herself falling back into that delirium from which she had so lately been delivered. It was he—It was himself!

"Orsonio!" she cried in a heart-rending voice, and precipitated herself toward him.

Orsonio turned, and recognized her.

"Orsonio!" she repeated, opening to herself a passage amid swords and bayonets ; for she perceived that they were conducting him to death.

"No, no!" he replied. "I am Giovanni Sbogarro."

"Orsonio! Orsonio!"

"Giovanni Sbogarro," he repeated in a forcible and decided and despairing tone.

"Giovanni Sbogarro!" exclaimed Antonia. "O God, O God!"—and her heart broke.

She lay on the ground without motion. She had ceased to breathe.

One of the Sbirri raised her head with the point of his sabre, thrust through the bandeau of her hair ; and let it strike the pavement in abandoning it to its weight. "This young girl," said he, "is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Orsonio. He bent over her, and his features relaxed into the tenderest expression of unutterable grief.

"Dead!" he sternly repeated ; erecting himself, and folding his mantle round him :—"Lead on."

The interest we have felt in the development of this story, has be-

guiled us into a more extended account of it than our limits in general allow to books of this order. If the incidents are, toward the close, rather overstrained, in order to bring about a highly wrought scenic catastrophe, yet we consider the work, upon the whole, far above mediocrity, and likely to prove an agreeable addition to the amusement of lovers of this kind of reading.—*Lond. Lit. Chronicle*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Some Remarks on the Genius and Writings of Washington Irving, Esq.

It has been a common complaint in every country and every age, that living authors have been neglected—that genius which has successfully challenged the admiration of posterity, has been suffered to languish in obscurity and poverty, by those on whom it relied for protection : and that they who labour for the instruction or amusement of the community in which they live, must be content to look to futurity for their reward.

It is not surprising, that a charge from which no portion of mankind has ever been exempt, should be reiterated against the people of America. It has been asserted, if not with truth, at least with confidence which truth only would justify, that while the works of foreign authors are sought with anxious avidity, read with eager delight, and criticised with partial indulgence, the deserving, but less favoured productions of American intellect, are condemned without being even perused ; that they are consigned, by the unjust decrees of prejudice, to the silent and undisturbed mansions of oblivion ; that they are treated with such contemptuous neglect, as to render it doubtful whether they will ever emerge at a future day, when more discriminating, or less eulogistic readers may be disposed to eulogise the beauties which they have been the first to discover.

To a certain extent this complaint against American justice may be well founded. Exotics are often greater favourites than indigenous plants which excel them in youth and beauty. In our pleasure grounds, the tall and worthless poplar has too frequently supplanted the sturdy native of the forest, which sprung from our soil without culture, and yielded its deep rooted position to this foreign rival, with stubborn reluctance. In our social circles, European impostors have often engrossed the favours for which native merit was an unsuccessful candidate; and perhaps the same vitiated taste may have created an undue partiality for transatlantic literature.

In Europe, literature is followed as a *profession*, frequently as a means of *subsistence*. There an author will spend his whole life in searching among worm-eaten volumes of obscure learning, for ideas which may be moulded into a new form, and phrases which can be altered to a more modern fashion. Books are thus fabricated from materials carefully culled out of the immense libraries, which ecclesiastical or scholastic disputation have created; and writings which have been praised in the highest terms which admiration can suggest, are often little else than transformations of obsolete literature into a more intelligible and pleasing form.

It is sometimes amusing, to follow a poetical idea or a forcible expression from author to author, and trace the different alterations it has undergone, and the various purposes to which it has been applied. Sometimes we find it expanding into luxuriance, or pruned into neatness by a nicely discriminating taste, and sometimes maimed in its strength, or almost lost in obscurity, by the negligence or stupidity of less skilful transcribers. It will often present itself in measured rhymes, destined to be chaunted from the lips of beauty; perhaps, we next encounter it in the wranglings of the bar, or the time-

serving declamation of a political pamphlet. Followed through each transmigration, having served the purposes of superstition and politics—having been the chosen companion of wit and taste, and sparkled amid the gayety of midnight revels, or shone with sober brightness on pages which inculcate moral and religious truths; having in turn aided in the propagation of vice, and strengthened the cause of virtue; we at length pursue it to its last refuge in the ruins of some forgotten monastery, where genius had vainly strove to break the chains which ignorance and bigotry had rivetted too firmly, alas! to be separated even by her potent efforts.

Books may probably be formed from such materials without much merit in the author, unless his industry be a fair subject for praise; yet they may be read with great profit and delight.

To enrich modern literature from those mines of thought, where each valuable gem is set in mighty masses of worthless and tedious disputation, requires both leisure and assiduous application; in both of which, it may be truly asserted, that the American writers are deficient. Engaged in the busy vocations of life, anxiously employed in procuring affluence by unremitting attention to professional duties, or pressing forward in the difficult and often devious paths to which political ambition allures them, the most distinguished men of our country confine their researches to those authors, with whose works their immediate pursuits render it indispensably necessary for them to be acquainted.

If a sportive fancy sometimes tempts them to comment on the follies of the age; or some great political or moral question allures them to the field of controversy, it is but a temporary deviation from the beaten track—a few hours of holiday sport stolen from the drudgery of business. Their productions, though they have the strength and vigour of genius,

have not sufficient union in their parts, nor symmetry in their forms, to render them long lived. Their hasty effusions are published anonymously, thrown upon the world without correction, and disregarded by the writer so soon as the purposes are accomplished for which he penned them.

Such were the circumstances under which Hamilton and Ames published their most admired essays ; the occasions which gave rise to them are now forgotten, and the works themselves will soon cease to be remembered. If then American readers have given the laboured and highly finished compositions of Europe, a preference over our own immatured productions, we probably have as much occasion to applaud their taste as to censure their patriotism.

Mr. Irving, either more fortunate or more deserving than his fellow countrymen who have toiled with him in the rugged ascent which leads to literary distinction, has been exempted from the neglect of which they so bitterly complain. His labours have been sweetened, and his exertions rewarded by the applause of his delighted readers. He has long been our cherished child, and "approving smiles have followed all his steps."—His writings have passed the ordeal of *newspaper* and *tea-table* criticism, and public opinion has now affixed to them the impress of strong unqualified approbation. They fill a conspicuous place in the library of every American who has the least pretension to taste in literature, and are read by all who do read, with prepossessions which effectually preclude *illiberal* criticism, and insure to the author the fair and just tribute of admiration to which their merit entitles him.

Mr. Irving was first known to the public as a satirist, and perhaps he may owe some portion of his early celebrity to the cherished fondness of mankind for this species of writing ; for satire is generally pleasing to the human mind, even in a rough and

homely form. But when wit and good humour have moulded it into a polished, well-tempered weapon for the chastisement of vice and folly, which cuts keenly without penetrating far, and inflicts a smarting but not a rankling wound, the heart which charity has imbued with her deepest tincture, and the mind to which science has given her highest finish, will be found among its admirers.

The subjects on which Mr. Irving chose first to exercise his talents were entirely local : they were customs peculiar to New-York—follies which had grown out of hereditary prejudices, or been created by a weak though perhaps an amiable confidence, in the excellence of human nature. If his allusions were personal, the individuals or the families to which his censures applied, were unknown beyond the precincts of their own city. To the general reader, therefore, his writings lost much of the pungency which rendered them so palatable to those who knew the local usages, and the particular incidents which they were intended to ridicule. Yet his happy genius has invested them with a charm, the influence of which has been felt wherever the English language is spoken.

A habit of observing passing events closely and correctly—an accurate knowledge of the human heart—an original manner of thinking, and expressing his thoughts—wit under the controul of good sense—humour chastened by a delicate, discriminating taste—and a creative, unrestrained fancy, were the qualifications which Mr. Irving appears to have possessed when he wrote *Salmagundi* and *Knickerbocker*. These works are filled with striking and varied delineations of character—just remarks upon human life—sprightly sallies of wit, good humoured irony, and amusing anecdotes. Those early productions, however, were evidently the offspring of an undisciplined mind—creations of a fancy which delighted to range

without any restraint but whim ; without any check but native good taste. They are bold and forcible effusions from a powerful imagination, which had never been subjected to the severe controul of criticism and correction. It would appear at that period, that Mr. Irving had indulged much in general reading, without bending his attention to any particular study. His mind was filled with an ample store of valuable but indigested learning ; he had eagerly devoured the sweets of literature, but in such irregular and heterogeneous masses, that they could not be readily converted into a healthful and nourishing aliment.

Mr. Irving's later writings differ so essentially from his early publications, that we can hardly trace a resemblance ; he appears to have changed his habit both of reading and thinking ; his broad strokes of humour have been softened down into more delicate touches ; his illustrations are better chosen, and his whole style is more highly finished. There are intellects which will not bear restraint ;—genius which is divested of its natural wildness, sometimes loses all its strength. There are authors whose chief excellence consists in the intensity and rapidity of their conceptions, and the glowing fury of their descriptions ; who press forward to their subject with an ardour that defies controul, and pursue their course with an impetuous vigour, by which order and method are overwhelmed. To such writers restraint is death ; if they find bounds to their fancy, they destroy it ; if they trim the splendid forms which have been conjured up by the magic of their genius, into a more regular shape, they are annihilated, like ice beneath the hand which strives to polish it. Happily for Mr. Irving, his was not a mind to lose its tone beneath the castigation of study—nor do his writings lose their spirit when touched by the unsparing hand of criticism ; his de-

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scriptions continue to be vivid, and his thoughts are still original, though reflection and study have taught him to correct them with attention, and polish them with labour. If he has parted with a portion of his playfulness, he has acquired dignity ; if his illustrations are more embellished, they are also more just and natural. If the boldness of his imagery is softened down, it is rendered more distinct in its outline, and more beautiful in its forms.

The Sketch Book is professedly and essentially a work of fancy : made up of materials selected from the promiscuous mass which reading and observation have collected. Such a work more than any other is calculated to exhibit the mind and feelings of the author. Books, either of science or polite literature, however they may illustrate the subject on which they were written, lead to no acquaintance with the writers. But a work like that in which Mr. Irving is now engaged, lays his whole heart before his readers. We see him in his social and domestic relations : we discover the secret and silent workings of his thoughts—we ascertain the peculiarities of his temper—we observe each movement of his soul, in the various situations in which he is placed. His whole system of science, religion, and morals, is laid open to us, and we gain a complete and entire acquaintance with every thing that appertains to the man, except his person. The writer who commences such a work, undertakes a fearful task ; for few will bear so close a scrutiny. This difficulty, however, from which most authors would shrink in dismay, has afforded Mr. Irving an opportunity of giving new charms to his writings ; for excellent as they are in themselves, we sometimes almost forget their beauties in our admiration of the man.

Just remarks, beautiful descriptions, poetic imagery, and original thought, are all common features in

the Sketch Book. But it has a still superior charm, and boasts a higher excellence among its leading characteristics. It is the fine tone of moral feeling which pervades it, and shines forth in every sentiment, pure and unmixed benevolence, warm hearted sympathy, kind and affectionate participation in the happiness, or the grief of his "fellow-men," appear to be prominent traits in the character of our author. Every thing that he sees is examined under the influence of those feelings which wish "the good of all mankind." His mind delights to dwell among scenes of domestic endearment: the attentive son, the doting mother, the affectionate wife, the confiding, disappointed, heart-broken lover, are beings who share his warmest sympathy. With him the poor man's independence, and the rich man's condescension and protection, give to nature's beauties a higher charm than she acquires from the embellishments of extended parks, and ornamented pleasure grounds. He hails with delight every social affection, and every confiding hope that can strew flowers in the path of life; and is at once an accomplished scholar, and universal philanthropist.—*Poulson's Amer. Daily Adv.*

CRITICISMS ON THE MODERN POETS—
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

"Some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

THERE are sometimes persons to be met with in life, whom the whole world seems to have conspired to treat with causeless and capricious indulgence, as if "mistaking the reverse of wrong for right;" they have imagined this would be an atonement for their hourly wrongs of insulted genius and neglected merit. Thus we often see, in an ill-regulated and unhappy family, parents who are dis-

tinguished by their indiscriminate severity to their deserving offspring, fling the whole weight of their fondness into the scale of demerit and ingratitude, and like Titania, become "enamoured of an ass,"—and their folly becomes at once their punishment and their degradation. When the world is thus determined, it is incredible with what punctuality it fulfils the conditions of this compact—how it praises and patronises its adopted favourite—how it exaggerates all its merits, goes bail for all its offences, as if there were no merits but what its praise must sanction, and no offences but what its protection must justify; let a being so favoured and so flattered be guilty of every irregularity—let him have insulted decency, profaned religion, trampled on social order, and traduced constituted authorities, society still hugs him to her bosom, and whispers in a palliating tone, that it is Alcibiades defacing the images of the gods;—doubtless the apology is sufficient—but *not to me*. The "l'Enfant gâté," whether of domestic or literary life, deserves sore and severe chastisement, and he shall have it, "whether he will hear, or whether he will forbear;"—let it be remembered too, that the l'Enfant gâté, whether in the nursery or in life, always betrays the same tendencies, the same petulance, premature restlessness, and disgusting frowardness. He is always the "vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, and falls on t'other side." His too is the "tetchy and wayward infancy," that fights with the breast that feeds him; that "crams and blasphemes the feeder"—or, to drop the language of metaphor, such a being can at once borrow his subsistence from the powers he vilifies—accuse the atmosphere he lives in for the breath it lends him—and insult the laws, for the protection they afford him for abusing them. Yet this shall be a being flattered and caressed, noticed by nobles, and adored by women of rank and

fashion. He shall pass like a meteor from England to Ireland, shedding a brilliant, ominous, and pestilential glare on both countries, and our literary astronomers shall apply their telescopes, and call this newly discovered planet—Moore.

From what the eminence of Moore has risen it would be rather difficult for candid criticism to discover. He is best described by negatives. He is *not* a man of *superlative* poetical powers: Lord Byron is far beyond him in all the true essence of genius, in all the constituent and elementary parts of a genuine poet. He is not a man of profound research and erudition. He is no explorer of the untravelled deserts of the soul; not a man who can drop his line of investigation further than ever "did plummet sound," and bring it up tinged with the proof of his startling and profound discoveries. Wordsworth, and even Wilson, and *the school of lakers*, with all the distortion of their affectation, all their lisping and babyish mawkishness, all the sickening and yet insulting arrogance of their egotism, know more of human concerns and the human heart than Moore does, however they disguise and abuse the knowledge they possess. He is not a man of acute and deep observation in human life; a man skilled in detecting and tracing the changes that the mind undergoes from the modifications of society, the vicissitudes of manners and opinions, and from the topographical influence of local residence and incidental proximity to objects different from what it is usually familiar with. Scott and Hogg, and even Southey, know infinitely more, and have infinitely more the power of painting freshly and vividly the changes of the mind as caused by what may be called the various *dispensations of manners*, often as powerful as the dispensations of religion in producing an exterior revolution in the aspect of society.

There is nothing in the writings—

there is nothing in the mind of Moore, that can furnish the brilliant and chivalric paintings of Scott (for Scott is a painter more than a poet); nothing that can furnish the strong national characterism—the wild, picturesque, and yet vital, delineation of the untamed ferocity of the mountain chiefs, the lifeless austerity, the super-human abstraction, the *αβιωτος βιος*, (mixed with the wildest enthusiasm of military glory, and the implacable obstinacy of Judaical pertinacity, singularly and inharmoniously blended with the language, not the spirit, of the Gospel) in his representation of the covenanters—nothing that can, in fact, give us the wild, and yet awful, picture of a nation in masquerade, *all disguised*, yet *all known*, the fantastic spirit of some presiding demon in the garb of religion, arraying all in their appropriate costume, dictating to all their creed of blasphemy and nonsense, like the devil Milinax, in the Duke of Guise, prompting them with their parts when they fail, and finally, disrobing them of their borrowed vestments at the hour of their departure, and whispering to them the fallacy of their pretensions, and the awful reality of their despair. Such are the powerful pictures that the great writer we allude to has drawn of periods more interesting as they become more obscure from the interruptions of time, the incuriosity of contemporaries, and the infidelities of tradition.

In what, then, is Moore eminent? Not in the naked and gigantic sublimity of absolute genius; not in the piercing and profound anatomy of the human heart; not in the keen, various, and amusive display of the anomalies of human life; not in the strong and thrilling personification of human passion; not in the salutary and heart-touching impression of one mighty moral. He has fluttered "about and about" Parnassus, sending to us occasionally music from the breezes he inhales, and colours from

the flower he visits : but every breeze brings withering on its wings, and every flower in its fragrance reminds one of the blossoms of the Upas tree : it is all infection and death—*death*, not *mortal only*. In adverting to the poetry of Moore, I am forced to undertake a painful task ; it is horrible to excruciate morbid impurity by the touch, that, in order to heal, must first feel, expose, and exasperate the seat where the venom is lodged ; but it is necessary.

Of a poet in *our days* much is demanded, and much must be paid. Thank God, we have done with the times when the first writers in Britain were obliged to saturate a royal mistress with fulsome praise more prostituted (if possible) than her person, and to beg their “leave to toil” of a wretch who sometimes sold it in the wantonness of regal prostitution, sometimes in the venality of regal rapacity, and sometimes in the comparatively innocent intoxication of the vanity of her feelings or her profession. The prefaces and the prologues of Dryden, and Lee, and Otway, bear melancholy attestations to this truth ; they were forced to flatter for bread ; they “crouched like hounds beneath the lash”—and a bitter lash it was : but *they* had at least the excuse of the impostor’s wife in Henry the Sixth—

Alack, sir,
We did it all for pure need.

Dependent as they were on the smiles of a courtesan, (and through her on the favour of a witty, but voluptuous monarch, alternately the degraded pensioner of Louis XIV. and the slave of the wretched French prostitutes, purchased and sent over for the empoisonment of his political principles, the degradation of his character, and the abject enthrallment of all his energies, intellectual and moral) they may perhaps be forgiven. Prostituted genius was their crime ; but want was their apology.

Has Moore such an apology ? No : he had no need to bow the head before voluptuousness, or flatter royal mistresses. His errors are of his own seeking. His vice is his own choice. He is criminal, not from the necessity, but the love of crime. What shall we say of the man who, without any claims from personal necessity, (such as it must be feared far more distinguished minds, and far better hearts, have proved and suffered,) turns *volunteer in the cause of impurity*, who blasphemes decency without the pretext of a bribe from necessity, and, reversing the accusation of Satan, “*serves the Devil for nought*.” Such has been Moore from his youth : his earliest efforts resembled a kind of premature dance round a Priapus. The loathsome obscenity and wild contortions of his motions were forgiven or overlooked. We all fondly hoped that a phoenix would arise from the impure and fetid ashes of Tom Little ;—that, to borrow the language of Buchanan,* the child who had “*perfected the praise* of the infamous phallic idol in the procession of Jaggernaut,” might yet become a convert to Christianity, and renounce the vile and impure idolatries of his infancy.

Has this been the case ?—I must with revolting hand and pen track him through his course of unrepudiated indecency—unqualified jacobinism ; and, I dread to add, unrepented infidelity. Of the two former, the most ample proofs are to be found in his writings ; the last must be referred to his conscience ; and, first of the first, I hesitate not to say, that Moore is a writer whose impurity is the most wilful, deliberate, and persevering, that ever insulted heaven, and contaminated society.

The maxim of the ancient orator, that action—action—action, was the soul of oratory, appears to have been

* Vide the worship of Jaggernaut, as described by Buchanan himself.

translated by Moore, construing the essence of poetry into lust—lust—lust. I can find nothing else in his writings. I have read them all. How much he owes me for reading them ; how much more may he owe me for distinguishing him as he deserves—as the high priest, not even of the *Venus semireducta*, but of the “dark veiled” Cotytto—of the Venus γιμνυλλας. If want of decency is want of sense, what shall we think of the man who insults both by going out of his way in the restless search after obscenity, who can publish such lines as these :

Thus in our looks *some propagation* lies,
For we *make babies* in each other's eyes.

Who can insult the Deity in his wrath,
and his creatures amid the terrors
that the visible display of that wrath
excites, even amid the *brute* creation,
and deify lust in the lines that follow :

Loud howled the wind in the ruins above,
And murmured the warnings of time o'er
our *head,
While *fearless* we offered devotions to love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our
bed.
* * * * *

I shudder to trace the rest—

Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it showed me my *Julia* in languid delight.

Of the Julia (whoever she was) and her lover, we have only to regret that the lightning spared two such monsters to insult the atmosphere they breathed and polluted with their protracted existence.

Take another specimen. Moore is not satisfied with the copious resources of his own imagination—fertile in inexhaustible impurity—he flies to the “*integros fontes*,” to the French writers. He “pumps for life the putrid well of death.” He disdains not to

translate into English the vilest sillinesses of French epigrams ; for example :

Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's something not correct between us,
And you're as much in fault as I ;
Now, on my soul, my little Venus,
It would not be correct between us,
To let your mother tell a lie.

The poetry of this morceau is as contemptible as its sentiment is disgusting ; one might exclaim with Hector M'Intyre, in the *Antiquary*, “I vow I have not heard a worse halfpenny ballad ;” yet thus low can Moore descend to the worship of obscenity ; others kneel, but he submits to grovel. Endowed at least with a rich and brilliant imagination, with a power of painting all that is bright and beautiful in *physical* creation, all that is splendid and voluptuous in mortal existence, with a felicitous fluency of versification—“unimitated and unimitable”—with a power of deluging the ear and soul with an inebriating torrent of melody ; with all this, Moore, if I may dare to borrow the application, is willing to “count all things lost” if he “may win” the demon of impurity, “and be found in him ;” as he doubtless will one day, however he may deride the creed that whispers the prediction. I am weary of this vile research ; it is like the loathsome labour of Celia's lover in Swift. I have only to add, that neither time or conscience have arrested the hand, or smitten the heart of Moore. He sings on his song of voluptuousness without any “mitigation or remorse of voice. The “floating brothel,” as Voltaire called the Island of Love in the *Lusiad* of Camoens, is a nunnery, a temple of vestals, contrasted with the seraglio scenes so vividly painted in the “*Veiled Prophet* ;” it is a fountain of the nymphs, compared with the loose, luxurious, and triumphant tide of debauchery that overwhelms every page of the description of the “*Feast of Roses*.”

* Bad grammar is not seldom combined with the outrages of blasphemy.—Vide *Paine, passim*.

I pass on to the next charge—that of jacobinism. I hate the cant of politics. I neither understand or speak it. By jacobinism I mean in general a wanton and wilful defiance of constituted authority on earth, combined (as it always is) with a defiance of that power from which all mortal power is derived; an insulting disregard of “the powers that be;” BECAUSE “those powers are ordained of God,” a refusal alike to render unto Cæsar those things that are Cæsar’s, or to God the things that are God’s: if I were required to find in the writings of Moore the proofs of this spirit, I must answer in the words of the old Calvinistic Scotch woman, who, when asked by an Arminian divine, where she found her favourite doctrine of predestination in the bible, answered “*in every page of it.*” When jacobinical rancour is combined with Popish virulence, the union produces the most deadly compound of human malignity. Power, however constituted, or however existing, becomes the objects of its unmitigated and unmitigable hostility.

The rulers of the people must be slandered and vilified, not because they are vicious or weak, despotic or lax, but because they are our rulers. Moore can descend to the rapid vulgarities of the “*Twopenny Post-bag,*” and the “*Fudge Family,*” sooner than not “*speaking evil of dignities.*” He abuses the Regent of England for neglecting his wife—he abuses the King of Prussia for being too fond of his wife:—all incongruities must embrace, all contradictions must agree, provided he can abuse a sovereign; that is the grand point, and to that, consistency, principle, feeling, truth, every thing, must be sacrificed; and the true jacobin says, like Lord Richly, in Fielding’s old play, “let them go egad.”

Persons in power must be abused, that is the first article of the jacobinical creed; they are the lofliest flowers of the garden, they must be cropped first.

Mr. Moore, who assumes to be a classical scholar, (as a translator of Anacreon,) must understand the allusion. Johnson laughed at Waller’s hope of establishing his claim to immortality on “verses addressed to a lady who could sleep when she pleased:” and “verses addressed to a lady who could do any thing but sleep when she pleased:” but Waller was a rhyming trifler, without intellectual eminence, or any pretension to poetical distinction, except what might be derived from the evanescent glories of his tributes to a Sacharissa and an Amoret. But what shall we say of the man who, possessed of powers that might in their legitimate use encounter half the writers of the day, and deem their defeat but a “puny battle,” rests his claim to immortality on a satire against *stays, wigs, and whiskers*; and imagines that fame may be obtained by a disgusting expatiation on trifles that would disgrace the tattle of a provoked chambermaid, the malice of a discarded governante, or the ribaldry of a disgraced porter.

This man has risen by satire; but what is his satire? That which the object may be proud of. He grasps at the straws on the surface; he spurns the pearls he has not the courage to dive for. I have but two pictures more of Moore to present, and then I have done with him. I have seen him (any one may see him) seated at the piano, surrounded by simpering matrons, some unconscious, some but too conscious, of the meaning of his warblings; rank after rank of beautiful unmarried females trembling on the verge of impurity, as they crowded and blushed around their favourite minstrel. I have seen him at his state dinner in Ireland, surrounded by the shouting O’Donnells and O’Connells, and all the endless O’s of Irish genealogy, pledging his soul to them in rosy libations of wine for his patriotism, and proving it by his determined irrevocable absenteeism; blessed pledge, such as the Irish, when flattered into

popularity by English readers and English booksellers, never fail to give their country. He expends not during his stay in that country, to which he professes his utter devotion, half the money his intoxicated countrymen lavish on him in one absurdly magnificent feast; half did I say, the Mendicity Society in Dublin would be rejoiced to receive the money one *individual briefless barrister* mortgages the *profits of a whole term* for, to purchase the honour of dining with Moore, whose only proof of patriotism is robbing the country he has deserted. I have done with him. What can contempt heap further on a man than to call him *what he is*:—a jacobin in politics, an *absentee patriot*, a reckless sensualist in poetry, a practical infidel in religion.—“Such be thy Gods, oh Israel!”—wo, wo to those who bow before them.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

TRADE TO INDIA BY THE WAY OF COLUMBIA AND MISSOURI RIVERS.

[Perhaps the most important events which could now be effected by the American government, would be to change its East India trade into the channel of the Columbia and Missouri rivers. That trade has never changed its route without effecting the destiny of nations. From the time of Tyre, “Queen of Cities,” to the time of the present English, the history of its changes has been a history of the rise and downfall of kingdoms, states, and empires. Another change must yet take place; the position of America demands it; her government can easily effect it. It has only to plant a colony upon upon the banks of the Columbia; to open a port at the mouth of that river; to establish a fur company with leave to form a line of forts and stations from the upper waters of the Missouri to the navigable points of the Columbia; and in three years the commerce of India will be seen descending the Missouri river, spreading through the valley of the Mississippi, and entering the Atlantic states by the channel of the Ohio. Such was the evident design of the illustrious Jefferson in sending an expedition to search for practicable communications with the Pacific Ocean; and shall his policy sleep, when his patronage has laid open these

communications, because he himself is no longer at the head of national affairs?—*St. Louis Enquirer.*]

The object of your mission is to explore the Missouri river, and such principal streams of it, as by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific Ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any other river, may offer the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent, for the purpose of commerce. (*Jefferson's Instructions to Lewis and Clarke, Vol. I. page 14, of the Journal of their Expedition.*)

The interesting points of the *portage* between the heads of the Missouri and the water offering the best communication with the Pacific Ocean, should also be fixed by observation; and the course of that water to the ocean, in the same manner as that of the Missouri. (*Same page.*)

Should you reach the Pacific Ocean, inform yourselves of the circumstances which may decide whether the furs of those parts may not be collected as advantageously at the head of the Missouri, convenient as is supposed to the waters of the Colorado, Oregon, or Columbia, as at Nootka Sound; or any point of that coast; and that trade be consequently conducted through the Missouri and United States more beneficially than by the circumnavigation now practised. (*Same, page 18.*)

Our camp is in full view of the ocean, on the bay laid down by Vancouver, which we distinguished by the name of Haley's bay, from a trader who visits the Indians here, and is a great favourite among them. Latitude of the camp, 16 degrees, 19 minutes. The wind was strong from the S. W. and the waves very high, yet the Indians were passing up and down the bay in their canoes. (*Lewis and Clark's Journal, Vol. II. p. 77.*)

The falls of the Columbia is the

place to which the neighbouring natives resort to trade. In the months of April and October many ships also arrive. They described to us particularly the following:—Mr. Haley, in a vessel with three masts; Youens, do.; Tallamon, do.; Callalmet, do.; Swipton, do.; Moore, in a vessel with four masts; Mackey, in a vessel with three masts; Washington, do.; Mesship, do.; Davidson, do.; Jackson, do.; Balch, do.; Skelly, do. They anchor on the north side of the bay above mentioned. (*Same*, Vol. II. p. 142, 3, 4.)

We had now travelled the whole distance from Travellers' Rest Creek, (a branch of Clark's River, where it is 150 yards wide) to the head of Jefferson's River, which seems to form the best and shortest route over the mountains; the distance 164 miles. It is, in fact, a very excellent road, and by cutting a few trees, might be rendered a good route for waggons, with the exception of about four miles over one of the mountains, which would require levelling. (*Lewis and Clark's Journal*, Vol. II. p. 172.)

The abundance and cheapness of horses will be extremely advantageous to those who may hereafter attempt the fur trade to the East Indies by the way of Columbia and Missouri rivers and the Pacific Ocean. An elegant horse may be purchased for a few beads. They appear to be of an excellent race, lofty, elegantly formed, active, and durable. Many of them appear like fine English coursers; some are pied, others resemble in colour, fleetness, and bottom, the best blooded horses of Virginia. (*Same*, Vol. II. p. 164, 5.)

The route taken by Lewis and Clark across the mountains was, perhaps, the worst that could have been selected. Mr. Henry, a member of the Missouri Fur Company, and his hunters, have since discovered several passes not only very practicable,

but in their present state less difficult than those of the Allegany mountains. These are considerably south of the source of Jefferson's river. It is the opinion of the gentleman last mentioned, that loaded horses, or even waggons, might, *in its present state*, go in the space of six or eight days from a navigable point on the Columbia, to one on the waters of the Missouri; thus rendering an intercourse with settlements which may be formed on the Columbia more easy than between those on the heads of the Ohio and Atlantic states. Mr. Henry wintered in a delightful country on a beautiful navigable stream. (*Breckenridge*, p. 96.)

Whatever may be the course taken from the Atlantic, the Columbia is the line of communication from the Pacific Ocean pointed out by nature, as it is the only navigable river in the whole extent of Vancouver's minute survey of that coast, and is the most northern situation fit for colonization, and the residence of a civilized people. By opening this intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and forming regular establishments through the interior, and at both extremes, the entire command of the fur trade might be obtained from latitude 48 degrees north to the pole, except that portion of it which the Russians have in the Pacific. To this may be added the fishing in both seas, and the markets of the four quarters of the globe. Such would be the field for commercial enterprise, and incalculable would be the produce when supported by the operation of that credit and capital which Great Britain so pre-eminently possesses. (*Sir Alexander M'Kensie's History of the Fur Trade*, Vol. II. p. 390.)

When the western part of North America is sufficiently inhabited, there can be no doubt but an extensive traffick will be carried on with the greatest facility between that country and the shores of Asia and

the numerous islands in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Hence the Missouri and Columbia rivers will be the channels through which the wealth and merchandise of India will be conveyed to supply the whole country lying between the Allegany and Rocky Mountains. (*Notes to Mr. Mead's Poem*, p. 69.)

A military expedition, sent by the American government, is at this time ascending the Missouri. By making a turnpike road a few leagues across the Rocky Mountains, a route is opened to the river Columbia. At the mouth of this river the United States have a settlement, which in a very few years will become the great emporium of commerce for all California and the north-west coast of America, and the depot of the fur trade. [*This settlement was broken up by the British during the late war.*] A new communication with Asia will thus be established, and in less than ten years from this date, [Aug. 20, 1819,] we shall see the productions of China and the eastern world brought to the mouth of the Columbia river, carried up that river in the steamboats, taken over the Rocky Mountains to the river Missouri, and by the latter distributed over the western territories. (*London paper*, Aug. 1819.)

That the line of the Columbia, Missouri, and Ohio, will eventually become the channel of American commerce with India, must be obvious to all who observe the progress of human events, the march of the American people to the west, and the facility of communicating with Asia by the north Pacific Ocean. (*St. Louis Enquirer*.)

Suppose the United States had been peopled from China instead of Europe, and the settlements had begun at the mouth of the Columbia instead of the Potomac; in that case a communication with China by the mouth of the Columbia would be as familiar to us, at this day, as a communication with Europe by an Atlantic port. (*Same*.)

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The Columbia has thirteen feet water at its mouth; the tide rises 15 feet once in 24 hours, and flows up it 183 miles. At 140 miles from the sea it receives the Multnomah, up which the tide flows fifty or sixty miles above their junction. Merchant ships of the largest size may ascend each to the head of tide water. (*Lewis and Clark's Journal*, Vol. II. p. 219.) Ice does not form upon the Columbia river in north latitude 46 deg. (*Same*, Vol. II.)

The Columbia is a short river compared to the Missouri. The mountains from which each flow are much nearer to the Mississippi. East India goods will come up the Columbia and go down the Missouri. The river which is to be ascended is short; that which is to be descended is long; and these favourable qualities in the two rivers will greatly facilitate the introduction of the India trade. (*St. Louis Enquirer*.)

NORTH-WEST COAST OF AMERICA.

The Russian settlements extend from Kamschatka to the north-west coast of America, where the Russians possess, in Norfolk Sound, a fortress with 100 pieces of heavy artillery. Since 1813 they extended 500 miles beyond the river Columbia along the coast, and settled in Bodega, in 38° 20' north latitude, and distant only 30 miles from the furthest Spanish settlement in California. Bodega has a good soil, and all the advantages desirable for trade. This encroachment on the American continent is the effect of Russia's gigantic power. Peter the Great began this plan, Catharine pursued it, and the present emperor executes it with great ardour. During these three reigns, the Russian empire has extended itself from the north of Asia, has passed Behring's Straits, and obtained firm footing in North America. A good road has been made from St. Petersburg to Kamschatka; vessels, loaded with

furs, sail annually from the north-west coast of America, round the Cape of Good Hope, and unload their rich cargoes in the Gulf of Finland ; and while the United States of America in vain exert themselves to gain an insecure settlement in the Mediterranean, Alexander employs himself on the more certain plan, of making himself master of the peninsula of California, by virtue of the cession made to him by Spain of its claims on the north-west coast of America. According to the North American Review, the Russian settlement in Norfolk Sound was founded in the 57° of northern latitude, after a long and desperate resistance made by the natives in the year 1792, by a merchant of the name of Baranoff.

The natives had entrenched themselves in a fort, which was built in the form of a half moon, and well fortified with abattis, so that the Russians cannonaded it in vain, while the savages, who knew very well how to use their fire arms, took aim at them through openings dexterously made in the fortress. The place was at last taken by storm, and Baranoff is at present governor of the settlement, consisting of about 600 colonists. The gradual arrival of more Russians was succeeded by the total subjection of the natives. The Russians in all their settlements which they make on American ground, are commanded by very skillful military and civil officers. All is on a great scale, and is liberally supported.

Here are several young sea officers of the first families, who have received a splendid and in these parts, rare education. In the English and North American settlements, on the contrary, commercial speculation is the only motive ; they have only the advantages of the moment before their eyes, and people there are only soldiers out of necessity. With the Russians all bears the stamp of superior education ; great and penetrating views seem to direct their plans, and promote their

success. Already now, the Russian American fur company, over which Mr. Baranoff presides with great wisdom, gives the share holders a dividend of fifteen per cent. ; and what an increase is there annually in all the Russian ports in those countries, in the magazines of goods, ship-building, and all means of security and luxury. Mr. Baranoff employs the Russians settled in Norfolk Sound, and the natives, in the chase of sea otters and sturgeons. Sometimes he sends these articles directly to the Chinese market, and at other times exchanges them with American ships for necessary things for the colonists. These, as well as his troops of the line, consist of Russians and natives, who are taught to bear arms after the Russian fashion. All the women of the colony are natives of Kodiack ; there are no Russian women, and but a very few copper coloured European American Mestizes.

The governor does not make use of his own ships to trade with China, but freights European or American vessels for that purpose.

To form an idea of the value of the cargoes, it is sufficient to say, that he has already paid 20,000 dollars for the transport of a single one of these cargoes. Another advantage which he derives from the Kodiack islanders, is, that he lets out boats on hire to American captains, which are rowed by these people, and commanded by Russians, and sent out to the coast of California to catch sea otters. A ship of 250 tons burthen must have fifty such boats, which are narrow and long, made of skins and hoops of casks, and can contain three men.

All these undertakings are done in the night : every thing remains on board the American ship, till they have arrived at the place for catching the sea otters. If the air is calm, the boats are let into the sea to surprise the sea otters, which sleep with their heads above water. They are attacked with advantage in the moment

when they collect in crowds, as they are accustomed to pursue their food. These chases they make in the greatest order. Besides the implements for the hunting, the Indians carry two knives. Numerous as they are, they never commit the least disorder, or ever attempt to make themselves masters of the vessel. The captain chiefly owes this security to the custom of taking a female Indian of rank on board, whose presence keeps them all in awe, and whose commands they obey with the most unlimited respect.

As besides this the Indians do not understand any of the manœuvres, they would, even if they had made themselves masters of the ship, not know where to steer to. While they are on board they are fed with train oil and a kind of berries, which are taken in casks from Norfolk Sound. When the chase is about to begin, the Indians divide themselves into three divisions: each consisting of fifteen boats, is accompanied by a sixteenth, which carries two Indians and a Russian officer. This last keeps within the half circle. Every Indian carries with him his bow, quiver, and lance. As soon as they have approached the otters near enough, every one discharges his arrow, but each has a particular mark that it may be known again. It is taken for granted that the arrow which is nearest the animal's organs of hearing has killed it. The officer counts the sea otters killed by each hunter. After their return, the governor tries to animate them by praises to still greater efforts: every one receives implements for hunting, tobacco, rum, coarse woollen cloths, and other things for use and ornament, according as they have shown their skill and zeal. The produce of the chase is divided in the same manner, half of which falls to the governor for lending the boats.

The most important settlement of the United States is ten degrees more southward, on the banks of the Columbia. Two captains from Boston ac-

quired of the natives, some years ago, a long extent of coast, by virtue of a contract, which is still in the hands of several merchants in Boston. Soon after this, several agents to the American North West Company went from New-York to settle there, under the direction of the president, Mr Astor, and soon after began a very good trade with the English North West Company in Canada, which had for a long time carried on a trade in furs.

About this time the Americans destroyed the British fleet in the Pacific Ocean, which was employed in the whale fishery. But Captain Porter, who had proposed this undertaking, was made prisoner on board the Essex, by the English. Not satisfied with this, they sent several small vessels to destroy all the American trading magazines on the Sandwich islands, and at the mouth of the Columbia. But the Americans on the Columbia, informed of these intentions, by their friends the Canadians, who had already several settlements on that river, quickly sold their establishments to them, and all the magazines which were there; so that the English ships, on their arrival, found that there was nothing to plunder, as every thing had become the property of English subjects. The natives, however, were not pleased with this convention: they affirmed that it was necessary for them to have as many ships as possible in the Columbia, as the value of their fur goods in the Chinese trade was thus increased. Since this time the United States have tried to form new settlements in these parts, and the English look with a jealous eye on their commercial activity, as well as that of the Russians. In reality, the Russian settlements increase wonderfully in the east of Asia as well as in the west of America. They have followed more liberal principles than they did in Kamschatka and the adjacent islands. It is certainly their intention to make themselves masters, as much as possible, of the trade of

the north-west of America, and to draw over to their side the fishermen and hunters of these parts, to be at last enabled to supply the Chinese market exclusively with furs. Without doubt, the Russians already injure the Americans; and as the goods in the Chinese ports become more rare and more in demand, quarrels between the merchants of these two nations seem unavoidable; and it will probably be decided without the knowledge and consent of their governments, who shall yield to the other in this contest.

The Russians have made a regular communication over Asia between America and Europe. From Edgecombe in the Norfolk Sound, ships sail to Ochotsk, from thence the road goes to Jakutsk, up the Lena to Kiransk, or Katschinsk, and then over land from Irkutsk, Tomsk, Tobolsk, Tjumen, Casan, Moscow, to St. Petersburg, which is a distance of about 6,520 English miles.

If we may give credit to the *New-York Spectator* of the 26th of February, Russia has resigned to the United States all its claims to the countries on the coast of the north-west of America which lie to the south of 56° of northern latitude, and England had signed this treaty for the time, when the ten years fixed in the last convention on this country shall be expired; so that the United States of America will possess in future an extent of 15° of latitude upon the ocean.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

LETTER FROM THE HAGUE.

Extract of a letter to a gentleman in Boston, dated Hague, Feb. 25, 1820.

THIS part of the globe is the scene of alarm and agitation. No sooner is the spirit of uneasiness and discontent among the people suppressed in one quarter, than it breaks out in another. The restrictive measures adopted in Germany and Great Britain have had, for the moment, the

effect of silencing the popular clamour in these countries; but no sooner is some degree of quiet restored, than the same disease breaks out with redoubled fury in Spain and France. I need not tell you, who have so long and so accurately observed the situation of Europe, that the independence of the several states that compose it, is merely nominal—that they form one political system as much as if they were ostensibly erected into a European confederation. The only difference is, that in its present state, Europe is a vast chaos, where the government is an established anarchy, and where force is not the last, but only law. This vast body without a head is now attacked by an internal plague that rages in its vitals, and from time to time exhibits itself in morbid eruptions on the surface. When these appear, the political physicians treat them with violent topical applications: the skin becomes smooth again, and they consider the patient cured. Presently the eruption shows itself in another part of the body, and is again driven in by the same process. In this way the disease grows more and more inveterate, and must finally come to a crisis, that may end perhaps in a complete dissolution. A better method would be to examine the symptoms carefully, to find out the origin and cause of the disorder, and to administer such remedies, and adopt such a regimen, as would meet it in its principle. But this process unfortunately has been signalized by the ugly name of “radical reform,” and is of course inadmissible. The affairs of France are tending rapidly to a crisis. A new change in the ministry is just announced; the third since I arrived in Europe; a period of about 15 months. This perpetual fluctuation is itself demonstrative proof that the government is in a false position. Every body admits it, and the only difficulty is to imagine a remedy. The aristocratic party de-

mand loudly that the reins of government should be put into their hands as the only possible resource. The democratic party advance their claims with equal violence ; and the character of the house of deputies, which grows more and more democratic at every new election, seems to show that the latter are backed by the body of the nation. The king, however, is afraid to trust the government with them, because, though they call themselves constitutional royalists, and profess much veneration for the charter, he knows that they are, and must be, republicans at heart ; and yet he is afraid to exasperate them by employing their professed enemies, and adopting a decidedly aristocratic system. In this difficult situation he has hitherto acted upon what a New Hampshire judge called the middle extreme, and attempted to steer a course between the two sides. This system, which is always bad in theory, is here completely untenable in practice. The men of high character cannot be employed, because they are all attached from principle to one or the other party. Of those that will serve for the mere name of holding an office, one poor creature after another mounts the breach—is pelted for a few months by both parties, and then retires in disgust, to make way for another. Such has been the state of things ever since the king's return, till within two or three weeks since : the assassination of the Duke of Berri has produced a sort of crisis. This appears to have been the act of an isolated journeyman saddler, without accomplices ; but it has completely unsettled and revolutionized the political situation of France. A government must be feebly constituted where such an agent can produce such effects. The ultras attribute the act to the free discussion of politics by their opponents, and the blame of this they lay upon the ministry who permitted it. The ministry, fright-

ened out of their senses at this unforeseen consequence of that system, make haste to propose a suspension of the liberty of the press and of the person, and thus confirm, themselves, the assertions of the ultras. But unsupported as they are by any opinion whatever, they have found it impossible to hold their ground ; and after staggering for three or four days, have finally fallen. The duke de Richelieu is to be at the head of the new ministry. The composition of it is not yet known, but it will probably be completely aristocratic. In this case, the two parties will be fairly engaged for the first time since the restoration ; and will hardly be decided without some serious consequences for France and Europe.

It is a great misfortune for a country when the institutions are not in perfect harmony with the state of society, and the situation of the inhabitants—when the power belongs in substance to one class of people, and in form to another. This appears to me to be the case in France. The great mass of the property is in the hands of the friends of the revolution ; they form the great mass of the population. Now, it is impossible that for any length of time they can endure to be excluded from the government of the country, and to see it exercised by a caste, feeble in numbers and property, odious by its opinions, and without any claim but the unnatural one of hereditary privilege ! There is a certain degree of plausibility in the idea that the government should be committed in a greater or less proportion to the great proprietors ; and where, as in England, the aristocracy have the basis upon which to found their pretensions, their authority is comparatively well established. The strongest form of government is, however, that in which, as with us, the power is given in form and in substance to the same hands, and where there is no privileged class to erect an artificial op-

position of interests, and convert society into a meeting of two hostile armies, instead of a friendly union of fellow men and fellow citizens. The composition of the new French ministry is, as I have observed, still doubtful, and it is possible that it may be intended to continue the temporising system. The duke de Richelieu is not a man of great character, and is far from being like his uncle the famous Cardinal. He enjoys at present the confidence of the ultras; and this makes it probable that the ministry will be of the complexion I have mentioned. In the other case, the decisive battle of the two adverse factions will be delayed some time longer.

The comparative stability of the French and English systems is curiously exemplified at the present moment. The death of the king of England makes no alteration whatever in the politics of the country; the loss of the duke of Berri, the fourth from the throne, bids fair to change the political system completely. The king's death at the present moment would almost certainly produce a new revolution. Notwithstanding this, the present state of England is, as you know, far from being radically sound. What then must be the rottenness of France, or rather of the French throne?

Bos. Daily Adv.

DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Under this head we intend regularly to give all the information we can obtain on the subject. Original communications by practical men are most earnestly solicited. If want of leisure prevent them from sending their remarks arranged methodically, mere facts, or deductions from them, as they occur, will be acceptable. This subject is of such vital importance to this nation, that we should consider ourselves wanting in patriotism not to devote to it a portion of our magazine. We unhesitatingly declare ourselves in favour of farther encouragement to domestic manufactures; but from this is not to be understood that we intend to exclude every thing opposed to it: on the contrary, we invite those persons who are of opinion that enough has already been done for manufacturers to favour us with their communications. From a candid discussion only of great national topics can we expect to discover the true interest of the country. Men are too apt to take

counsel of their prejudices, rather than their reason and judgment—to pronounce an opinion, before they have given themselves the trouble of thinking on a subject; and on no occasion is this more frequently the case than on subjects of deep interest to a whole community. There is no doubt that some manufacturers expect too much; more than government can bestow without manifest injustice to others: that, however, is no reason why nothing should be done. A comparatively trifling addition to the tariff would promote the interests of manufacturers, inasmuch as it would evince, on the part of government, a disposition to protect them, and serve to give permanency to their establishments, by inducing solid capitalists to embark in them; and thus would be created that competition which the opponents of domestic manufactures fear will be lost when there are no longer foreign competitors.

SIR,

By giving the following hasty remarks an insertion in the Literary Journal, you will oblige your's,
M.

The campaign against domestic manufactures has, I perceive, been opened by the merchants of the East. The toasts drank at a dinner given to Mr. Silsbee in honour of his patriotic exertions in Congress, seem to have been the tocsin; for immediately after we see an importer of Boston, under the signature of "A Mechanic," in the Boston Daily Advertiser, telling his brethren, that "unless they exert themselves to prevent the measures in contemplation by the manufacturing interests, they must all turn spinners and weavers;" and calls upon them to "unite, one and all, heart and hand, in their remonstrances, against the ruin which threatens to overwhelm them; to invite the co-operation of their brethren in other commercial towns; and above all, in cases where new elections are to be made, that they will bestow their suffrages on those only who are the friends of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Mechanic Arts." It is clearly to be seen, that an identity of interest is attempted to be established between the importers, southern planters, and even foreign manufacturers. It behooves those who are in favour of encouraging domestic industry, to be on the alert: in a coalition of the southern planters and eastern merchants, they behold a formidable opponent. Let them proceed with firmness and deliberation, and their object will be attained. The farmer, who tills his own ground by the sweat of his brow, is with them—for he already sees that farmers near manufacturing establishments thrive best; the real cotton grower, soon will be—for it is his interest, which events will demonstrate to him; the retail merchant is indifferent on the subject—for it is of no consequence to him whether he sells

domestic or foreign articles, provided he makes a living profit. It is then only the owners of ships and growers of tobacco, assisted by foreign agents, who will make all the noise, the bustle, and the pitiful lament about "prostrating the two great sources of national wealth, to foster a subordinate one."

Paterson, June 10th, 1820.

DECLARATION OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF INDUSTRY, CONVENED AT THE CITY HOTEL, THE 7TH OF JUNE, 1820.

That the term Industry, as used by the Institution, may not be misunderstood, we declare the meaning to be, the production from the earth of the materials requisite for the consumption and support of the country; the conversion of those materials into fabrics and articles for use; the distribution of them through the nation; and the exportation to other countries of the surplus. It is therefore our object, by the employment of native materials, labour, machinery, and shipping, to endeavour to secure within ourselves, production, fabrication, and distribution, the three great objects of all industry. We declare that our attention is extended to all these several objects; that we hold them to be equally entitled to regard; and that there is between them an intimate and necessary connexion and dependence.

Agriculture, the basis of national industry, ought not to depend for its prosperity upon the fluctuations of external demand, rising and falling with the varying necessities and policy of foreign nations, which avail themselves of our productions only from regard to their own convenience. It should rest upon a permanent domestic policy, to be changed only when required by a change in our wants and relations. This great branch of national industry ought to be cherished as the source, the pa-

rent of *Manufactures*, which will thus become its protection and support, and afford it a certain and profitable market, exchanging raiment for food; fabrics for materials; the means, for the products, of cultivation; thus supplying mutual wants, and supporting mutual interests; and, by creating a valuable surplus beyond local consumption, affording to *Commerce*, the materials for distribution throughout the empire, and for exportation to foreign markets.

Thus viewing the three cardinal interests of the country, as the *source*, the *means*, and the *end* of national industry, we feel ourselves under a strong public obligation to encourage and labour for the protection of all, but especially for that which constitutes the connecting tie, the common bond which unites them; affording a market to agriculture and materials for commerce, and depending on the productions of the one, and the distributions of the other.

In the avowal of this common object, we ask of individuals, and associations connected with either or all of these interests, a co-operation in what we are anxious should be considered a common cause—the cause of the country; offering on our part a pledge, to ask no benefit for that interest which we may be considered more particularly to represent, that shall be injurious to the others, or inconsistent with them; and, requiring nothing more from those who may associate with us, we will use our best endeavours to effect such, and only such measures, as may be for the common good—measures not of a local, sectional, or partial character, but *national*, broad as the country, embracing all its industry.

Though convened from different states, we have met by no settled or uniform rule of representation, nor do we think it needful to suggest one to agricultural and commercial associations; being desirous only of their co-operation, the mode is left entirely

to their discretion. By union we feel a perfect confidence that every interest will be promoted. Secured alike from foreign competition, the domestic market will afford employment to all. We shall deeply lament, should there be a want of common action—of mutual endeavours; shall deprecate, and struggle against, any injury to one interest for the real or imagined benefit of another; and, if our endeavours at union are unavailing; if those citizens immediately connected with agriculture shall be led to cherish the opinion that a precarious foreign, is preferable to a certain and permanent domestic, market, and shall refuse their aid toward effecting a change;—if those concerned in commerce shall countenance and uphold doctrines inconsistent with the policy which we deem indispensable to the welfare of the country—doctrines which go to sacrifice an immense internal, to a very limited foreign commerce—which make *carrying* and *transportation* more important than *production* and *composition*; it is our purpose, with firmness, moderation, and impartiality, to pursue the object we have announced—the promotion of American industry, unaffected by causeless alarms, by opposition, and by indifference. If unaided, or opposed by those interests whose concurrence we invite, neither our views nor our dispositions will permit hostility to them on our part. If, acting without the lights and advice of their friends, we should be thought to lean more strongly than we ought to do, to the other great interests of the country, the censure must rest with those who refuse to co-operate, who withhold their counsels, and who disapprove our exertions. It has unfortunately been assumed, that there is an opposition, and even a hostility, between the leading interests of the nation. This is a great and radical error: and before it is conceded, a general and cordial attempt at union should be made, in the contemplation

of a common object, and on the ground of mutual benefits.

With these views and purposes, we adopt the following rules for the government of the institution :

I. It shall be styled the NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR THE PROMOTION OF INDUSTRY.

II. Its objects shall be to call the public attention to the subject of National Industry ; to diffuse information in reference to the policy of protecting those branches of it which may be injured by foreign competition ; of securing the rich and permanent advantages of a home market for all the products of labour and enterprise ; of promoting a more general division of labour, a more extensive and useful commerce between the different sections of the Atlantic states, and between them and the Interior states, as well as a greater reciprocity of benefits between the Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial interests, and of developing and improving the resources of the country ; to encourage the circulation of Books and Papers which treat upon those subjects ; to promote the formation of Associations in all parts of the country, for the encouragement of industry, and to correspond with them ; and to obtain statistical statements relative to every branch of employment, to the various products of labour, and the internal and external trade of the nation.

III. The Officers of the Institution shall consist of a President, two Vice Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and Assistant Secretary. These Officers, and the remaining members of the Board of Managers, provided for in the fourth article, shall be chosen at an annual Meeting, to be held on the first Wednesday in June, in the city of New-York, or at such other place as the Board of Managers may direct.

IV. There shall be a Board of Managers, which shall consist of twenty-five members, including the Offi-

cers, of whom seven shall be a quorum, who shall hold their offices till others are appointed. They shall call special meetings of the institution whenever they shall deem them necessary ; make By-Laws ; and report their proceedings to the institution at its anniversary meeting. They shall choose out of their Members a Committee of Correspondence and a Committee of Publication, each consisting of five Members.

V. It shall be the duty of the Committee of Correspondence to communicate with such Societies throughout the Union as have objects congenial with those of this Institution, and use their best endeavours to effect the establishment of such Societies.

VI. The Committee of Publication shall determine what Books and Pamphlets it may be proper for the Institution to publish, and adopt suitable measures to ensure their circulation.

VII. Every Subscriber paying Five Dollars annually in advance to the Treasurer, shall be a member of this institution, and shall be entitled to a copy of the Reports, and other publications of the institution.

VIII. Societies in all parts of the country, whether Agricultural, Manufacturing, or Commercial, which cooperate and correspond with this institution, and contribute to its funds, shall receive its publications ; their Presidents shall be considered Members.

Officers and Managers of the Institution.

President—Wm. Few, New-York.

Vice Presidents—Matthew Carey, Pennsylvania, James Rhodes, Rhode-Island.

Treasurer—P. H. Schenck, New-York.

Secretaries—J. T. Walden, E. Lord, New-York.

Board of Managers—Isaac Pierson, J. E. Hyde, T. B. Wakeman, Charles G. Haines, H. E. Haight, Wm. Wat-

kinson, New-York City; Stephen Van Rensselaer, Albany, T. R. Gold, Oneida County, State of New-York; Caleb Stark, New-Hampshire; Wm. Tileston, James Shepherd, Massachusetts; H. P. Franklin, Rhode Island; Ward Woodbridge, J. R. Watkinson, Connecticut; Peter Colt, James Crommelin, New-Jersey; William Young, Pennsylvania; E. I. Dupont, Delaware; John Hillen, Maryland.

NEW-YORK COUNTY SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF AGRICULTURE AND DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

At the annual meeting of the Society, held at the Mayor's Office, City Hall, June 6, 1820, for the election of officers, the following persons were elected for the ensuing year:

John B. Coles, President,
Isaac Chauncey, 1st Vice Pres'dt.
Henry Astor, 2d Vice President,
Richard N. Harrison, Rec. Sec'ry.
Isaac M. Ely, Cor. Secretary,
Silvanus Miller, Treasurer.

Managers.—Cadwallader D. Colden, Wm. Edgar, jun. Peter Lorillard, John Swartwout, Benjamin Butler, John Earl, jun. George Brinckerhoff, John Slidell, David Hosack, John P. Groshon, Thomas Gibbons, Charles G. Haines, Matthew L. Davis, Alexander Fink, Cornelius Schuyler, Benjamin U. Coles, David Wagstaff, John T. Champlin, Thomas R. Smith, Samuel L. Mitchell, Ezra Weeks, Michael Floy, John W. Wyman, Josiah Dean, Najah Taylor.

The President elect being absent, the chair was taken by Com. Chauncey, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted, (General North having declined a re-election.)

Resolved, That the thanks of this society be presented to General William North, our late President, for his efficient services in organizing this Society; and for the zeal, patriotism, and intelligence, which have distinguished his conduct, in the discharge

of his official duties; and, that a committee be appointed to communicate to him this resolution.

Upon the report of the last year's committee on the subject of Domestic Manufactures, it was also resolved, that a committee be appointed for the purpose of reporting to the society, through the board of managers, the state and condition of domestic manufactures in the city and county of New-York; and that the committee be authorized to employ some person or persons, at the expense of the Society, to collect the necessary details for such report; and, also, that the committee prepare a suitable memorial to Congress, for the promotion of domestic manufactures, and present the same, with the above-mentioned report, to the board.

A respectable meeting of the citizens of New Jersey friendly to the encouragement of national industry, was held in the city of New Brunswick, at the house of Joseph Runyon, on Monday the 5th of June, 1820. Andrew Howell, Esq. of Somerset, was called to the chair, and D. Fitz Randolph, appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was to associate for the purposes recommended in the Circular of the National Institution for promoting industry in the United States, and to appoint delegates to attend the Convention of said Institution in New-York.

Jackson & Baggot, No. 196 Broadway, have established a manufactory for cutting glass. They exhibit a variety of specimens, which have been pronounced by judges equal to any imported. A bowl cut by them, after the manner of the celebrated Bristol bowl, but exceeding that considerably in size and weight, may be seen at their store. They invite their friends and the public to call and inspect it.

One gallon of water-melon juice will, by boiling, afford a pint of pure syrup, preferable to honey or molasses for domestic or medicinal purposes.

THE DRAMA.

PERCY'S MASQUE.

[The following letter from the venerable Author of *M'Fingal*, relates to a new Dramatic Work which we have now in the press, with alterations from the English edition.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I am pleased to find that you have consented to the republication of *Percy's Masque*, as the acknowledged production of an American writer. I am of opinion that you have little reason to doubt its success, either from the neglect of the public, or the severity of criticism, foreign or domestic. The people of this country have so often been represented by the British, as wholly destitute of literature and talents, that their attention is considerably awakened on the subject, and they are disposed to give every encouragement to the promotion of science, and the efforts of native genius.

Few attempts in the serious Drama have been as yet made in this country; but we may with truth assert that in Great Britain almost as few, during the last half century, have deserved any high degree of public applause. False taste, erroneous criticism, and mistaken ideas of the nature of dramatic poetry, have almost ruined the spirit of the English stage. Its declension is owned and lamented by their most judicious and distinguished critics. Pompous declamation, and laboured descriptions, more in the epic than tragic style, have been too often substituted for the language of nature and the passions. From the æra of Shakspeare to the suppression of plays in the time of Cromwell, the British theatre, amidst all its imperfections, maintained its own natural and original character.

But on its revival in the reign of Charles II. the serious Drama was degraded by a servile imitation of the laboured pomp of the French rhyming tragedy; and its vigour cramped by submission to the arbitrary rules of the modern school of criticism. The ease and graceful simplicity of the dialogue were exchanged for bombastic language, and artificial sentiment. The actors were introduced to declaim at each other in set heroic speeches, and the writers of plays ceased to be natural, by striving to become poetical.

Percy's Masque is composed in a style and manner far more resembling the early British theatre than the modern. The choice of the subject is fortunate. The celebrated names of Percy, Douglas, and Henry the Fifth, are dear to the British nation, and familiar in America to all the admirers of Shakspeare. They transport us back to the times of chivalry; and prepare us for the exhibition of heroic adventures and romantic gallantry.

The plot, though almost wholly the work of invention, is not inconsistent with history, and perfectly corresponds with the manners of that turbulent and warlike age. The dialogue is generally well conducted; the versification easy, animated, and elegant. The diction is well adapted to the stage. It has enough of the relish of antiquity to suit the period in which the scene is laid, without descending to vulgarity, or swelling into pedantry, affectation, and bombast. To "bustle in heroics" is as contrary to theatrical dignity, as to creep in prosaic numbers, or offend the ear by, what Johnson calls, colloquial barbarisms.

The characters are in general well

sustained, and sufficiently discriminated. It was a difficult task to represent the ardent passion of the heroine for an unknown wanderer, who appeared greatly her inferior in rank, without offending female delicacy; and perhaps a still more arduous one, to support the dignity of king Henry, in the scene in which he is placed completely in the power of Percy and his followers. In both instances the author appears to have succeeded as fully as the plan of the fable would admit.

The gradual discovery of Percy to his friends and associates; and, in the last scene, to the king and his attendants, where he assumes his native dignity, and surprises them by declaring himself the son of Hotspur, is carried on with great art and propriety. His character is interesting, and well drawn; displaying fortitude, tenderness, and the ardour of romantic heroism.

I do not hesitate to give my opinion, that the play furnishes an interesting dramatic entertainment, and does honour to American genius. If judged by the strictest rules of criticism, the unity of the action is perfect, and the unities of time and place less infringed than in almost any modern production. It affords many examples of sublime and pathetic sentiments and descriptions, and displays more knowledge of human nature and the passions than could have been expected from a first attempt at dramatic composition.

If you think my opinion may be of service, you are welcome to make such use of this letter, or any part of it, as you may judge proper.

With much esteem, yours, &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

Hartford, June, 1820.

YUSEF CARAMALLI.

[We promised in our last number to take further notice of the late Dramatic Spectacle of *Yusef Caramalli, or the Siege of Tripoli*.

It, performed originally for the Benefit of Miss Johnson, and subsequently for the author, being the last play performed at the Park Theatre, as that spacious and elegant building was in flames in less than an hour after the audience had taken their departure.]

TRIPOLI never fails to revive recollections dear to every American. It was in a war with that regency, or more properly speaking, *Pachalick*, that our navy acquired a renown which time matured and perfected, and which has since led to great, and, we hope, durable results. As early as 1801, Yusef Caramalli, then and at present, Pacha of Tripoli, calculating upon a profitable tributary peace, dismissed the American Consul, cut down his flag staff, and declared war in due form. A squadron was sent against that place, and the loss of the Philadelphia frigate, and captivity of Commodore Bainbridge and crew, are events well known and remembered. The subsequent attack upon, and the burning of that frigate, by the gallant Decatur—the various bombardments of the town—the blowing up of the fire ship, with Somers, Wadsworth, and Israel—the attack of Eaton on Derne, and the continuance and termination of the war in 1806, all constitute brilliant epochs in American history. And from the distance of the place—the contrast of habits, manners, religion, and costume, it may be easily imagined that the events of that war would form an interesting subject for an American drama. It is, however, difficult to write a drama on national events alone—hence the necessity of forming a distinct plot, and weaving in the events of the war as auxiliary to the piece. The outlines of the present drama are as follows:—Yusef, Pacha of Tripoli, (Mr. Maywood,) being at war with Spain as well as the United States, captures a Spanish vessel, on board of which is Rosabel, (Miss Johnson,) and Gonzales, her affianced

husband, (Mr. Woodhull.) The beauty and accomplishments of Rosabel, make a forcible impression on the heart of the Pacha, who is represented as mild and virtuous—Rosabel, touched with his kindness, but fearing his power, conceals from him her engagements to Gonzales, who becomes tortured with jealousy at the attentions paid to her by the Pacha, and engages in a plot to seize a vessel and make his escape with her. And in order to ascertain whether she has any attachment to Yusef, proposes to her to assassinate him, from which she revolts with horror—maddened by jealousy, he attempts to kill himself, but his uplifted arm is arrested by the Pacha, and the secret of his engagement with Rosabel is divulged in extenuation. The Pacha, shocked at the intelligence, yet disdaining to have recourse to his power, dismisses Gonzales with a secret determination to set them both at liberty.

Harry Mountfort (Mr. Simpson,) an American lieutenant in the navy, is one of the captives of the Philadelphia frigate, and has formed a secret attachment to Rosabel.—He is not confined, and uses his liberty in watching her motions, together with the conduct of the old Ben Museff, (Mr. Barnes,) who is Guardian Basha to the American slaves, and with whom a long scene and dialogue is had. The second scene of the second act is the harbour of Tripoli, with the Philadelphia frigate—janizaries on guard. A small xebeque is seen rowing toward the frigate, which is soon on fire, and blows up with a terrible explosion. The city is alarmed, and the batteries manned for an attack. The third scene is a garden with a high wall, from which Pedrigo, valet to Gonzales, (Mr. Spiller) descends, having been to visit Inis, (Miss Brundage) maid to Rosabel : he is met by Vasco, (Mr. Bancker) to whom he recounts his life and adventures. Gonzales and his companions assemble

on the beach by order of the Pacha, who in a previous interview with Rosabel, informs her of the discovery of her secret, and his determination to act nobly, by restoring her to her lover. Gonzales, still jealous of the Pacha, determines on a rash act of vengeance, should he restore Rosabel to him, which in his opinion would be a proof of her infidelity. The Pacha arrives with Rosabel and attendants, from whom he takes an affectionate leave ; they ascend the vessel, when Gonzales, upbraiding the Pacha with his perfidy, clasps Rosabel in his arms, and throws her into the sea. The ship sails, and the curtain falls, which ends the second act.

The second scene, in the third act, exhibits Rosabel, who has been saved by Harry Mountfort. In despair at the departure of her lover, whose arrival at her native land without her would create the most unfavourable opinions of her fame, she is inconsolable. The Pacha, harrassed by repeated attacks from the American squadron, determines on giving them peace, and a flag of truce is introduced from the Desert, giving an animated account of the attack and capture of Derne, which fixes the determination of the Pacha to make peace. Signals are made—the American squadron enter the Bay—the commodore, marines, and seamen, land, and the treaty is signed. After these ceremonies have been performed, the commodore informs the Pacha, that passing a neighbouring island, he had discovered a vessel stranded, and had taken the crew from the wreck and brought them to Tripoli. The Pacha discovers that it is Gonzales who has been rescued, and he is ordered on shore with his comrades. The Pacha upbraids him with his perfidious cruelty, and orders him to a dungeon : as he is led out, he encounters Rosabel, whom he imagines is dead ; their mutual surprise is great, and

the rage of Gonzales at his disappointment renders him frantic. Rosabel solicits his pardon, but is denied, and after much entreaty, she obtains permission to visit him in prison. She finds Gonzales still strongly prejudiced against her, and glorying in his attack upon her life, and lamenting at its failure. After in vain attempting to allay this fury, she asks to be released from her vows; which request he instantly complies with. Rosabel entreats permission of the Pacha to pass sentence upon Gonzales, which is granted; and, in the presence of the whole court, she orders him to be transported, unhurt, to the nearest island, and gives her hand to Mountfort. The Pacha approves her choice, and the piece ends with a grand ballet, &c.

Such are the outlines of the piece, which unquestionably possesses interest, and is so blended with historical events, that the recollection of the brilliant exploits of our navy, are revived with all the colouring which fancy and patriotism can give. The first night of a new play resembles more a rehearsal than a performance: and such were the difficulties in managing the scenery, the crowd of marines, sailors and supernumeraries; such the labour of study incidental to the drudgery of performing every night, that the players were excusable for the visible defects in their acting; still, the piece was received in the most flattering, and, in some respects, enthusiastic manner. The call for the author on all sides—the handsome compliment of the ladies and gentlemen rising in the boxes and pit to receive him, and even the delighted little children joining in the general call, however agreeable it may have been to his feelings, could not have been complied with without a departure from every correct rule of deportment. Suppose Mr. Noah had, in obedience to this flattering call, made his appearance on the

stage, what could he have said? His situation would have been very unpleasant; and a particular evil which is to be apprehended from this course, is that of preventing others from attempting to write a drama, and for obvious reasons: If every author who writes a successful play is compelled to exhibit himself on the stage, where is the man of talent who would consent to enter the lists. On the second night, however, such was the renewed clamour for the Author, that a serious disturbance was anticipated; to prevent which, he appeared in the side boxes, and after shouts and applauses, order was restored.

Notwithstanding that the *Siege of Tripoli* and the *Battle of Chippewa* have been well received, there is throughout both plays a carelessness which seems to run through all Mr. Noah's writings, political, religious, dramatic, and miscellaneous. His ideas flow so rapidly that he has them under no controul; he writes so much, and on so many subjects—he passes from one to another with so much rapidity of thought and fertility of invention, that he breaks down every rule of composition, every possible order, and seems to think that there is more nature, point, and softness, in a hurried, slovenly genius, than in stiff and measured sentences. If he would devote three months' time to write, to polish, and improve a play, instead of ten days, he could produce something calculated to give stability and character to American literature.

Before we conclude our remarks on the subject, we cannot forbear noticing the finale to this piece.

In Europe it is customary for an author to have the proceeds of every third night, and the managers of our theatre, with a desire to reward merit, and induce others to write, determined that the author should have a benefit, which he accordingly had; and was complimented with a crowded

house. The destruction of the Theatre, and the great loss sustained by the performers, determined Mr. Noah not to receive the proceeds himself, but to cause them to be distributed among the sufferers; and the following correspondence has occurred on the subject, which exhibits a spirit of liberality that carries with it its own reward.

M. M. Noah, Esq.

DEAR SIR—Inclosed you have \$405 72, being your portion of the cash receipts to the play of last evening. The motives which induced you to bring forward those two pieces entitle you to the thanks of every well wisher of the drama. I beg leave now to offer you mine. In great haste, yours sincerely, S. PRICE.

DEAR SIR—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your note of yesterday, inclosing the sum of \$405 72, being my portion of the cash receipts to the play of Wednesday evening. The destruction of the Theatre by fire at any period, could not fail to produce sincere regret, but it is extremely painful to me that this calamity should have occurred on a night, when so many friends honoured my dramatic trifles with their presence; the consequences resulting from this accident, in depriving a number of persons of their little property and resources, and who are wholly dependent on the Theatre, are truly distressing; I pray you, therefore, to take back this sum, and distribute it among them, corresponding with their losses and wants. In taking this step, I persuade myself that it will afford you as much pleasure in administering to those necessities, as it does me in affording the means.

For your just appreciation of my motives, in writing those pieces, my best acknowledgments are due. I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

M. M. NOAH.

S. Price, Esq.

New-York, Friday morning, May 26.

MARIE STUART.

The new Tragedy at the Theatre François.

The first question asked you in every society is, 'Have you seen Marie Stuart?' If you are obliged to answer in the negative, they turn from you with a kind of disdainful pity; but if you can give an affirmative to the question, you are called upon to resuscitate all your sorrows. The Tragedy being too much praised, it certainly causes some disappointment in the representation. It presents the character of Mary in a different point of view from that in which we have been accustomed to contemplate her. Mademoiselle Duchesnois being, to use the least ungentle expression the occasion will permit, not the handsomest woman, of course, much of the illusion necessary to the scene is lost, when she is the representative of the Queen of Scots, who never appears to our imagination but adorned with all the grace and beauty peculiar to her sex; besides, they have made her character too passionate and violent. Through the four first acts she seldom appears but in a storm of passion, and which, in the interview with Elizabeth, in the park of Fotheringay Castle, rises into an absolute paroxysm of fury, in which she flings about and stamps upon the stage, as if she would tear up the very boards; the stern-hearted arbitrary Elizabeth is a very lamb to her. This is neither historically nor poetically true; nor do we recognise, until the parting scene in the fifth act, the tender, unfortunate, and resigned Queen of Scots, whose hopes have been blasted, and spirit subdued, by a nineteen years' captivity—who pardons her jealous and unrelenting rival, and seems gladly to embrace death as a refuge from the cruel world which had abandoned her. This farewell scene, in which she takes leave of her women and servants, and distributes her jewels amongst them, is profoundly affecting,

and draws forth an abundant tribute of tears and pocket handkerchiefs. The women weep and sob like children, and the men's eyes run like fountains—thus tender-hearted are the Parisians. The closing scene is also excellent, and extremely well managed. Mary is led out to the scaffold, and Leicester remains alone upon the stage ; he listens at a window to the sounds which proceed from a chamber underneath, in which the execution takes place ; he hears some one praying ; he catches the sound of his own name, as if the victim was praying for him in her last agony—a breathless and portentous silence ensues, which is at last broken by the descent of the axe ; he utters a soul harrowing scream, to which every nerve in the house vibrates, and falls senseless on the floor. The curtain drops. The effect of this last scene is terrible—is electric. It is in such a moment that Talma shows himself the greatest of actors—his deep-murmuring voice exerts a tremendous and almost supernatural power. Its bursting out is like a volcanic explosion of mingled passions—pity, love, self-hatred, remorse, horror and despair, are all sent forth in one wild expression of voice, and countenance, and attitude. The character of Leicester (as they pronounce it) is detestable throughout the piece—not possessing a single redeeming trait ; he is a cold, calculating, compromising courtier, and a mean, pusillanimous, and treacherous lover.—*Paris paper.*

We copy the following article from a late Belfast paper.

The novelty of a *debut* in the character of Richard III. by Zerah Colburn, the American youth, who some years ago excited much surprise in this town by his extraordinary calculations, attracted rather a larger audience than usual at this season. He seems to be about 13 or 14 years of age, and from such a period of life

much could not be expected in so arduous a character. Having, probably, seen some eminent actor perform, with a strong memory, and good imitative powers, he bustled through the scene with much facility. Where active passion was to be depicted, he evinced a considerable degree of spirit ; but the genius which gives effect by a single glance, the intonation of a sentence, or the emphasis of a word, was altogether wanting. Nor could it be expected in such a youth : his voice, his figure, his understanding, are necessarily as yet unformed, and every one knows that it requires all the moral and physical powers in their full maturity, with unquestionable genius, to represent such a character in perfection. Other parts of the drama are, however, better suited to his years ; and if he has put his mind to the stage, we would not discourage him from the pursuit, but recommend him, or those who judge for him, to be extremely cautious in the choice of his characters.

Parisian Theatricals ; new pieces.—The number of new pieces of various descriptions which have appeared at the different theatres of Paris, in the course of last year, amounts to *one hundred and fourteen*. They have been furnished in the following proportions : the Royal Academy of Music, (*ci-devant*, the *Opera*.) two new operas, and three ballets ; the Comedie Française, seven comedies ; the Theatre Feydeau, eleven comic operas ; the Theatre Favart, twenty-two comedies ; the Vaudeville, twenty-two comedies, historic facts, vaudevilles, anecdotes, dramatic episodes, parodies, &c. ; the Varieties, twenty-five pieces of different descriptions ; the theatre of Porte St. Martin, thirteen melo-dramas, comedies, or vaudevilles ; the Gaité, fourteen ; the Ambigu, ten ; the Olympic Circus, (though closed during a considerable portion of the year,) five pantomimes.

VARIETIES.

Correcting Compass.—Captain Williams, of the packet ship *Albion*, has adopted Mr. Bywater's new plan of a correcting compass: it will be seen by the following letter, that it has completely answered the purposed end, and is likely to be of considerable importance to all large ships, having iron knees, &c. &c. on board. To enable our readers to form some idea of the principle on which this compass acts, we have to state that it has been ascertained, by the most respectable nautical authority, that in large ships having much iron on board, there is generally in high latitudes about 10 degrees of difference in the bearing of the compass in the binnacle when the ship's head is turned from the east to west, though there is little or no difference from the true bearing when the head is north to south. This incorrectness of the ship's compass when her head is east and west, was discovered some time since by Captain Flinders, and is now called the deviation of the compass; to ascertain the exact degree of which, the correcting compass is examined once at least in every two hours, and from the result of such examination the ship's course is taken.

The experience of Captain Williams is also important in another point of view, beside that of establishing the correctness of Mr. B's plan, for it shows how readily it may be adopted by large ships where it may be wanted, for Mr. B. first supposed it would require an elevation of 20 feet to remove the compass beyond the influence of the iron on board, and half way up the mizzenmast was thought a good position; but the experience of Capt. W. has proved that a less elevation will answer the purpose equally well, which renders the plan much more easy of adoption.—*English Paper.*

Liverpool, (Ship Albion) April 4.

"Sir—I adopted your plan of the correcting compass on my last voyage to New-York and back to this port, and found by placing it about 9 feet abaft the binnacle and 6 feet above the deck, that it was uninfluenced by the iron knees &c. on board. Sometimes, according to the course steering, it differed from the binnacle full one point, whilst at other times they agreed; and I run by it for

the Saltees this time in thick weather, without having made the land, and made them very exact, though it differed from the binnacle full three quarters of a point; and I am happy to say, that it has been of great service to me, as I could never depend on my compass before.—I am, sir, your humble servant,

"JOHN WILLIAMS."

"To Mr. John Bywater, Navigation-shop, Pool-lane."

Western Canal.—A proposition was before the senate of the U. States at the last accounts, for the appointment of commissioners to examine the country between the Sandusky and Miami bays of Lake Erie, and the navigable waters of the Sciota, and great Miami rivers of the Ohio, to ascertain whether, and by what route, a canal can be laid out to connect those waters; and if practicable, to determine and lay out such canal, &c. This bill was before the senate on the 9th inst. and, after various attempts to destroy it, by the eastern and southern gentlemen, was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time, ayes 20, nays 13. Although this vote has a propitious appearance, for the accomplishment of this great national work, of so much importance to the western country, yet we had so much experience of late of the uncertainty of legislation, with regard to similar objects, that we have scarcely an idea that it will finally pass. "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall never be disappointed." The practicability of such a canal has long been asserted by some of the most intelligent men of Ohio, with whom we have conversed—and from such observations as we have of ourselves been able to make, we incline to the opinion. Should it be accomplished, it will have such a mighty effect upon the trade of the whole western country, that it is impossible to calculate the consequences.

To vine Dressers.—A potatoe, placed upon the ends of such vines as have been cut, will effectually check their bleeding. This is known by successful experiment, and communicated for the benefit of others.

A French paper states that count

manzou, of Russia, is fitting out, at his own expense, two expeditions of discovery. The route of one is from Asia to America, upon the Ice; the other is directed to ascend one of the rivers which have their entrance on the North West Coast, or Russian America, and to penetrate by the unknown region which lies between the Frozen Cape and the river Mackenzie.

Encouragement of Sciences and the Arts.—Congress, at its last session, appropriated for the use of the Columbian Institute, five acres of the public ground in the City of Washington: and it is understood that the President has allowed for this purpose the east end of the Mall; being that part of the public ground lying at the foot of the Capitol Hall.

South American Police.—Abstract of an Edict, dated Buenos Ayres, March 14, 1820, of Don Manuel Sarratea, Governor of that Province.

1. As some disorderly men of the number of those who were seduced by the factionists of the administration which has just been deposed, on account of excesses committed against the persons and property of the citizens, persist in acts that keep the city in agitation, it has been this day decreed, that each of the principal city-officers shall patrol in his ward with seven, eight, or more armed inhabitants, day and night, for the space of eight days; and during the night, for as long a time as the government may think proper. All the inhabitants, whether foreigners or casual, must take part in this service.

2. Two shots fired in quick succession from the dwelling of the officer of the ward, will serve as a signal, at which all the men of the ward shall assemble there with arms and ammunition. Whoever fails in obeying the above regulations, shall be subject to a fine proportioned to his means.

3. Every person caught in the act of robbing, or with stolen goods of whatever value, shall be instantly shot or hung up.

4. Every one who shall wound or kill another deliberately, or through inebriety, shall be shot within an hour, and gibbeted.

5. The soldier who shall be found roving from his quarters without a pass, shall be condemned to labour in chains at the public works for one year.

6. The shops shall be shut at the

sound of the evening bell for prayers, under penalty of a fine of two hundred dollars; and the patrols shall not allow any two men to remain together in the public houses and shops longer than the exact time necessary for the purpose of what they want. Those who disobey the order to retire, shall be punished with a hundred stripes, and a month's confinement in irons.

7. Whoever being without function or office, shall be met with a gun, sabre, or other arms forbidden by law, shall be sent to the public works, for two years, to labour in chains.

8. Soldiers who shall be absent from their quarters unlawfully, for twelve hours, shall be subject to the last mentioned punishment for four years, &c. &c.

The number of Theological schools in the empire of Russia is fifty-eight, consisting of four academies, thirty-six seminaries, and eighteen primary schools, in which the Russian language, arithmetic, and the Christian religion, are taught. These fifty-eight establishments contain at present twenty-six thousand youths, most of whom are educated at the expense of the government.

It is said that, during the last eight years, not a single individual has been attacked by the small pox in the state of Denmark, all the inhabitants having been vaccinated by order of the king. From this fact, it is evident that the small pox, which has committed greater havoc than plagues and wars, might be banished from the face of the earth. Vaccination itself would then become useless.

The new system of education, (the Lancasterian) is making great progress in Russia. A great number of schools on this plan have been established for the children of the society. Even in Siberia, there is an establishment of the kind for the training of teachers, who are sent thence into different parts of the empire. In the neighbourhood of Odessa, in the South of Russia, there are schools for more than ten thousand troops. The Cossacs particularly are said to make extraordinary progress in reading and writing.

The following article, which gives some idea of Chinese superstition, is taken from a Pekin Gazette:

"The 1st of May, 1819, there arose suddenly, at Pekin, a tempest, that ob-

scured the heavens, and filled the air with sand and dust. The emperor, thinking it was a judgment from heaven, was very much alarmed, and very anxious to know what it meant. He assembled his ministers of state, and commanded them to endeavour to discover the cause of it; he then reprimanded his astronomers for not having foretold it to him. 'You announced to me,' said he to them, 'three days ago, the happy influence the stars had over me, foretelling a long and prosperous life; this was mere flattery, while you either would not, or could not tell me of this impending misfortune.' Three of these *sages* gave their opinion, that the cause of this tempest was the dismissal of the late chief minister *Sung Tajian*, and advised him to recal him; but his majesty, far from approving their proposal, reprimanded them for having the presumption to meddle with the royal prerogative. The body of mathematicians gave in their opinion, assuring him that if this whirlwind, accompanied with dust, continued during the whole day, it indicated a perverse conduct and variance of opinion between the sovereign and his ministers, as well as a great drought and famine; if the wind disturbed the sand, moved the stones, and made much noise, inundations were to be expected, and if the dust continued to fall one hour more, the plague would rage in the southern regions, and half the inhabitants to the south east would be sick."

Indian Mission.—For the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the various Indian tribes within the limits of the United States, we understand, that the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, has commenced, under the authority of the national administration, a journey through the western parts of the State of New-York, visiting the remnants of tribes in his way, and will pass up the Lakes to Detroit, and Makinaw, to Lake Superior; from thence returning, will cross Michigan to Green Bay, and over to the Mississippi, and across that River into the state of Missouri—and return by the way of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, to New-York.

In October he will commence a second journey, east of the Alleghany, to Georgia, and into Florida—then through Alabama and the Creek nation, to the states of Mississippi and Louisiana, to

Natchitoches, and Arkansaw Territory, and return by the way of Natchez, through Tennessee and Kentucky, to New-York.

His instructions from the government require of him to direct his attention, among other things, to the actual condition of the Indian tribes that he shall visit, as it respects their moral, religious and political character—to ascertain their numbers—the extent and description of country which they severally occupy—their modes of life, customs, laws, and political institutions—the character and dispositions of their most influential men—the number, situation and character of their schools and teachers, their plans of instruction and education, and the success that has attended the attempts already made to educate their youth—the feelings of their chiefs with regard to the introduction of education and civilization among their people—the state of trade with them, &c.

Fine Arts.—A letter received in town, from our minister at St. James, mentions the return of Sir Thomas Lawrence to London. He assures the writer that the death of Mr. West would not rob the picture (*painting for the New-York Academy*) of any advantage, the likeness having been complete before that lamentable event took place. He also remarks, that the last injunction he received from Mr. West, before setting out on his tour to the continent, was, not to touch the head again, as he considered it already perfect; and the writer, who has seen the portrait, concurs in opinion.

This picture will rank high among the most finished paintings of the celebrated artist, and its arrival is looked for with much impatience.

Our countrymen in England, Leslie and Newton, are painting with much success, and Messrs. Perkins and Fairman, in their line of profession, (engraving,) are busily and profitably employed. At home, although the pressure of the times is severely felt, the Fine Arts are progressing, and a spirit of taste, and a love for encouragement of genius, is daily developing. Col. Trumbull has nearly finished the *Siege of York Town*, (painted by order of Congress) and which not only adds fresh laurels to the fame of the distinguished artist, but is a proud monument of the progress of our countrymen and the munificence of the Republic. Ingham, a young artist of great

merit, is engaged in painting a full length portrait of Mrs. Bartley; the head is finished, and is not only a perfect likeness, but most happy in attitude and colouring. Jarvis is at the south, painting portraits. Waldo, Jewett, and Dunlap, are rapidly improving in their profession. In engraving, Maverick and Durand have already displayed much talent. The latter artist is at present employed in engraving a likeness of Governor Wolcott, from a portrait painted by Sully.—*American*.

Intelligence from Russia.—Moscow, lately visited by our Minister, Mr. Campbell, still continues to be the natural metropolis of that mighty empire.—Though consigned to the flames in 1812, as is said there by the orders of its own government, when visited by Bonaparte, it is now, by the extraordinary efforts of the Emperor, aided by the inhabitants, nearly rebuilt, and has resumed, in a great degree, its former splendour and magnificent appearance. The churches estimated at nearly two thousand, with their lofty spires glittering in the horizon—that of the Kremlin rising majestically above the rest, most powerfully arrest and astonish the beholder. Among the public institutions, the *Cæsarian Society of Inquiries into Nature*, is highly distinguished. Its principal director is the eminent Gottkff Fischer, a gentleman of the first character for his attainments both in literature and science. His excellency the Minister, and our fellow citizen, Dr. Mitchell, were elected members at the same sitting. The Emperor Alexander manifests, on all occasions, the friendly sentiments he entertains toward the United States. He is, in a great degree, his own foreign minister, and, by his industry and system, transacts a world of business himself.—*Nat. Intel.*

The Methodist general conference, held in Baltimore, elected on the 12th inst. the Rev. Joshua Soule, of New-York, a Bishop of that church.

The Act of Congress designates the following ports into which only, foreign armed vessels shall be permitted to enter after the first day of July next, viz:—*Portland, Boston, New-London, New-York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Smithville, (N. C.) Charleston, and Mobile*; “unless when such vessels shall be forced in by distress, by the dangers of the sea, or being pursued by an enemy.”

Missouri.—It appears that, at the late election of persons to compose the Convention in Missouri territory, for the purpose of forming a constitution and state government, there has not been a single person elected who declared himself in favour of the exclusion of slavery from that territory. In the most populous district, that of St. Louis, the highest number of votes received by any person on the ticket which succeeded, (David Barton,) was 892 votes; the highest vote on the opposition ticket, (for John B. C. Lucas,) was 400.

It appears from a late report of the New-York Sunday School Union Society, that there are upwards of nine thousand children of both sexes, who receive regular instructions at the several Sunday schools.

The astronomers of England are quite busy in calculating the eclipse of the sun, which will take place on the 7th of September next. The eclipse will be visible over an extent of more than 4,600,000 square leagues, a surface nearly equal to a sixth part of the earth, and resembling a kind of oval about 7,500 leagues in circumference; comprising all Europe, the western part of Asia, all Africa as far as Monopoto, and a part of North America. The eclipse will last three hours.

The canal of Raminich, from Cairo to Alexandria in Egypt, was finished in January last. Mohamed Ali Pasha was the first to sail along it to ascertain its situation. The merchants were to give a grand fete to the Pasha, as a mark of their gratitude.

On the utility of bodily exercise as a preservative of health, a writer in a London periodical journal, which was published in the year 1790, lays it down as a position, that walking is the most perfect exercise for the human body; every artery, from the heart to the extremities, propels the blood quicker and more equally in walking, than in any other exercise. The blood is drawn from the head and upper parts, where it is most slow and languid, and is circulated with rapidity to every part.”

In the *Kaskaskia Gazette*, published in the State of Illinois, is a letter from a Mr. Blakeman, addressed to Henry S. Dodge, Esq. Secretary of the Agricultural Society. Mr. Blakeman states, that he has raised from about ten acres

of land the prodigious quantity of 1350 bushels of shelled corn, averaging 135 bushels per acre; the field was newly turned up prairie; the seed was brought from Kentucky; it was planted in May, in hills about four feet apart, and was three times ploughed.

At Constantinople, on the 18th February, a fire broke out, which destroyed between 2 and 300 houses. The loss is estimated at eight or ten millions.

Episcopal Theological Seminary.—At the late general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, holden in the city of Philadelphia, it was determined to transfer the *Theological Seminary*, instituted by the convention of 1817, from the city of New-York, to New-Haven in the state of Connecticut.

It is stated in a Montreal paper, on the authority of letters from England, that it is in contemplation to impose so high a duty, in Great Britain, on American cotton and rice, as to be tantamount to a prohibition—with a view of encouraging the importation of these articles from the British possessions in India. Should this be the case, it is hoped we shall retaliate, by imposing a like duty upon British cotton fabrics.

The board of public works, of the state of South Carolina, with the concurrence of the Governor, have issued proposals to have engraved the Maps of the several districts of that State, which have been made under the authority of the Legislature, from actual surveys. The scale of these maps will be two miles to the inch, which is the original projection, as directed by the act of the Legislature.

Launch.—At 15 minutes past 11 o'clock, on the 30th of May, the beautiful line of battle ship OHIO, built under the superintendance of Mr. Eckford, at the navy-yard, Brooklyn, left her cradle, and gently and majestically glided into her destined element, amidst the firing of cannon, and the acclamations of thousands of spectators, who crowded the surrounding hills and house-tops in the neighbourhood.

Texas.—A passenger arrived at Norfolk from New-Orleans, reports, that General Long had re-organized the expedition against the Texas, including in his views the whole of New Mexico.

The Hessian Fly is said to have made

its appearance in several parts of Maryland, and already to have done great injury to the wheat crops.

Several letters have been received in this city, from the agents of the government, dated after the arrival of the colony of blacks at Sherbro, on the western coast of Africa, all of which are encouraging. It appears that the most friendly reception was given them by the natives, and although the precise place for a permanent settlement was not determined on when the Elizabeth sailed, there was no apprehension of any difficulty on that score. Very soon after landing, Religious Societies were commenced, at which the natives attend with apparent solemnity and devotion. A Sunday School was immediately opened, embracing the children of the colonists, and more than forty of the native children, under the care of proper officers, and of 12 coloured teachers.

It is to be hoped, that while the arts of civilized life are introduced, a gracious Providence will bless and prosper this infant society, and that these devoted christians will be honoured as the instruments of planting the christian vine, which being watered by the dews of heavenly grace, will grow and expand, until Africa cast away her idols, and bow at the feet of Immanuel.—*Poulson's Am. Daily Advertiser.*

Butter is an article much used in the United States; to preserve it from rancidity when put down for keeping or transportation, is an object of importance. The following is taken from the Portsmouth Oracle, and may deserve the attention of our farmers:

There are a few who put up their butter handsomely; and they see their account in it. Should they find it necessary to hold it on hand any considerable time, or to ship it, they would find it much for their interest to be still more particular with it. During the last season, most articles of American as well as foreign productions have been low and dull; but for first sort butter, inspected, there has been a very fair demand at 15 and 16 cents; while rancid third sort, could hardly be forced off at 8 cents, and in many instances 6 or 7 cents was all that could be obtained. Therefore, to prevent loss, the following simple remedy is offered. Churn the milk or cream while it is sweet; work out all the butter-

milk; use salt that is *clean* and *fine*; put in *no more* than if it was for your own immediate use. Should it now be sent away to sell, let it be done in the cool of the morning, that it may not be *heated*. Those who receive it, may put it into a *strong* pickle for one or two days. The *kegs*, into which it is to be pickled, must be *flagged*, and *water-tight*, to contain 20 to 25 pounds of butter. Soak them thoroughly in strong pickle 24 hours, then *tare* them, strew a little fine salt on the inside, carefully pack each colour and quality of butter by itself. Fill the *keg* within one inch of the top; take a *thin slice* and separate the wood from the butter around the inside of the keg, head it, make a small hole in the top, and fill it solid with pickle, in which is a little salt petre dissolved. In this way, if the kegs are tight and well made, of thick staves, so as not to strain through, the butter will keep sweet for years, and every keg would inspect *first sort*; for a hot climate it would command an *extra price*, and be superior to that put up in any other common way. The pickle used to put butter into where it is first taken in, should be boiled once in two months, and it will become clear; the older the better.

In a Brussels paper of April 10th, is the following notice of a book, entitled, 'A History of the English Parliament from its origin in the year 1234, to the 7th year of the French Republic. By Louis Buonaparte, with the original notes by Buonaparte. 1 vol.—Price 6 francs.'

"To justify the imposing names placed at the head of this volume, the editor has subjoined the following preface, which we transcribe entire. 'The original manuscript of this work, entitled *The impartial History of the British Parliament*, is in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan. The editor had access to it during the sale of books belonging to the Bishop of Verceil, almoner of the *éi-dévant* king of Holland. He then took the copy which is now given to the public. The plan of the work was traced by Louis Buonaparte; the principal part of the chapters are written by him. The notes are from the hand of Napoleon Buonaparte himself. Barrire has filled up, *by order*, some gaps; he has even added several chapters. The editor has found himself obliged to soften the style of these last, lest the asperity

of the republican style might make certain truths appear too strong for some readers.'

"We shall not think to discuss the authenticity of the assertions contained in this preface. If they are false, they are brought forward with sufficient art to make them seem probable; if they are true, time will not fail to confirm them. The Ambrosian Library is a deposit in which the confirmation of their authenticity may be easily found. If the notes are really from the hand of Napoleon, it will be easy to prove it to a certainty; if M. Barrire is no stranger to the work, his declarations may remove all doubts. In the mean time, we suspend our opinion upon the genuineness of the work, and confine ourselves to the examination of it. The part attributed to Louis Buonaparte is the most considerable. That ascribed to M. Barrire, after that of the ex-king, is the most extensive. The notes, which are said to be by Napoleon, are scattered here and there, a very small number. There are besides, many notes from different authors, among which we think we recognize M. de Fontanes, and several indications seem to announce that this noble poet, who is known to have been frequently employed by Napoleon, was not a stranger to the corrections which have been made in the labour of M. Barrire. A singular collection results from this fanciful arrangement, the disparities of which, however, may serve to support what the editor has advanced."

Method of detecting the adulteration of Olive Oil.—The new process for this purpose is founded on the property which the solution of acid per-nitrate of mercury possesses, of congealing and solidifying, in a few hours' time, pure olive oil shaken with it; whilst it hardly alters the liquidity of the seed-oils, but gives them an orange hue, and causes them to deposit a quantity of precipitate, which never acquires the hardness of the coagulum produced with the olive oil. The per nitrate of mercury employed in this process, is prepared by dissolving without heat, six parts by weight of mercury in seven parts and a half of nitric acid, at about 38° of Reaumur's acrometer, during the action of which the saline solution remains fluid, the excess of acid preventing its crystallization.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MINA'S EXPEDITION.

This book, says the editor of a Philadelphia paper, is just about going to press, and will with all convenient speed be given to the public. We have had the gratification to read a portion of the manuscript, and we have no hesitancy in saying, it contains much new and curious matter. The biographical sketch of Gen. Mina is interesting, and the reflections upon opening a communication between the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, will command attention. We have been permitted to make, for publication, the following extract, touching the superstition of Mexico.

"During the religious processions which take place in the Mexican empire almost every day, for the purpose of celebrating some rites of the Church, or to offer homage to some of the Tutelar Saints, there is a solemnity and magnificence displayed, admirably calculated to captivate the vulgar, and to gratify the vanity and impose on the credulity of all classes of the community. The simplicity and purity of the Christian religion is lost in these pompous and mystical exhibitions. The poor converted Indian (as he is called) knows nought about the Catholic religion beyond its ceremonies. To the images of Saints and other external symbols he offers his daily homage, but he is as utterly uninformed on the merits and precepts of the Christian doctrine as any of the Pagans of former ages.

"The writer was present in a village during a procession when the images of the Virgin and some Saints were taken from their respective churches into the square before the principal one, and where, according to an annual custom, they were to meet and exchange salutations. These Images were, by the aid of internal machinery, made to stretch out their arms, to nod their heads, to embrace each other, and to give other evidences of their being alive—and the multitude were in reality taught to consider this ceremony as a miracle wrought by the intervention of the priests. It is, however, an important fact, that during the last eight years, a wonderful change has taken place among the Creole population, and, indeed, from what we have recently observed in many parts of Mexico, we think there is more danger of the Mexicans running into irreligious excesses, than of their continuing much longer under the influence of superstition."

We had not supposed that any portion of the christian world, at this day, exhibited

such scenes as those which Mr. Robinson declares fell under his own immediate observation.

Vienna can boast at present of 250 living authors. It contains 50 libraries; 27 presses for books; for the arts, music and maps, 18 presses; a court and state press, and 10 lithographical establishments.

The kingdom of Hungary, with the provinces belonging to it, contains at present, 7,600,000 inhabitants, of which 5,715,000 are Catholic, 8018 Greeks, 1,150,000 Protestants, and 135,000 Jews.

Center College of Kentucky.—The funds now belonging to this institution consist of \$5,692, being the amount of sales of public ground in Danville.

Individual donations, as now known, \$13,031; making an aggregate amount of \$18,723, to which add interest due upon notes, amounting say to about \$250. It is thought that the sum of \$19,000 would not be much variant of funds possessed by the College. The trustees have appropriated a part of their funds on the purchase of a suitable site, and have erected thereon a college edifice of brick, two stories high, 64 by 44 feet in the clear, which will shortly be finished, and will contain a chapel, a variety of rooms for lectures, philosophical apartments, library, &c. It is contemplated to erect dormitories in the college, formed separate and distinct from the principal building.

At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, a professorship of mathematics was established, with a salary of \$1200. The professor who will fill the mathematical chair will also be the President pro tem. It is the wish and intention of the Trustees, that the College shall be in operation during the ensuing summer.

A new German work has the following formidable title, which must excite no little curiosity to learn the deep mysteries which it promises to reveal:

"Women, how they were, how they are, and how they will be; or a complete catalogue of all the propensities, habits, weaknesses, manners, passions and maxims of the female sex, such as they manifest here and in all other places."

The Rev. Mr. Everett, Elliot Professor of Greek Literature, has delivered his introductory lecture in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge. The lecture was devoted to the consideration of the different sources in antiquity, from which our modern improvements, arts, and institutions are derived—to

an account of the controversy on the respective merits of the ancients and moderns, as agitated in Italy, France, and England—and to the purposes and views of the late Samuel Elliot, Esquire, in his munificent donation for the establishment of this Professorship. The following subjects were mentioned by Professor E. as those which are to be treated in the course of his lectures. Reserving, for a course of private instruction, every thing relating to the grammatical structure, to Metre, to Interpretation and to the Language, as distinct from the Literature, Professor E. stated, that in his public lectures, to be delivered to the Senior Class in the University, he should treat: 1st. the Literary History of the Greeks, from the earliest to the latest authors; 2d. The Greek Literature, critically considered in its various parts, such as Poetry, History, Oratory, &c. 3d. Separate portions, which may deserve more thorough investigation, such as the Grecian Philosophy; 4th. The civil history of the Grecian nation; 5th. The Grecian Antiquities, in the common sense of the term, viz. their institutions and manners, in regard to domestic and foreign, private and public, civil and religious concerns; 6th. The Archæology of the Greeks, which treats of the fine arts among them, and of the monuments and relics of the works of Grecian art, which have descended to us. These subjects are each to be discussed in a course of lectures, longer or shorter, as the nature of the subjects require. In addition to them, Professor E. stated, that he should deliver a course of lectures on the Greek Versions of the Old Testament—the Greek writers of the Jewish nation, such as Philo and Josephus, and the Greek ecclesiastical fathers. This last course, we understand, will be delivered before the students of the Theological School of the University.

William Ogden Niles, son of the editor of the Weekly Register, at Baltimore, proposes to publish a weekly sheet, called "The Domestic Economist, to be devoted exclusively to Manufacturing Industry and Political Economy, with statistical facts and remarks." He is counselled and assisted by his father, whose valuable labours as editor of the Register are generally known.

S. Potter & Co. of Philadelphia, have just published a Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church, from the Bishop of the same, assembled in Convention in the city of Philadelphia, this 24th day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty.

Proposals have been issued for publishing a semi-weekly paper in the city of New-York, under the protection of the National Institution for the promotion of Industry, to be entitled "The Patron of Industry—Agriculture, Manufacturing, Commercial. It

will be published, and delivered to subscribers, at five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Proposals have been issued, for publishing A Complete Treatise on Artillery, by Henry Lallemand, General of Artillery of the Imperial Guard of France—This Treatise contains not only every thing relating to the particular duties and service of the Artillery, but much information which is useful to all military men. The War Department have, after a careful examination, approved of it, and ordered three hundred copies for the use of the army of the United States. This work will be comprised in four volumes 8vo. of at least three hundred pages, each of which will contain a number of plates. The price of the whole, to subscribers, will be ten dollars—two dollars and a half payable on the delivery of each volume. The third volume, translated by James Renwick, is now ready for press, and will be first delivered.

Travels in North America, by Whitman Mead, A. M. Part 1. is in the press, and will shortly be published.

The Pacha of Egypt has caused to be purchased for him, at Paris, about 6,000 volumes, consisting of works on politics, on the history of Egypt, on the campaigns of Bonaparte, and on the new system of education, (Lancasterian,) which he intends to introduce into Egypt.

Medical Repository.—The 20th volume of this work has just been completed; and we are sorry to state, that, after so much persevering exertion on the part of the Editors, they have been compelled, from want of patronage, to discontinue the publication.

Baron Lescallier, who resided some time ago at New-York, as French Consul General, has issued proposals in Paris, to publish by subscription five volumes of his Travels, one of which is allotted to the United States, and is to treat of all our concerns.

*. To advance the cause of literature in this country, it is necessary that a knowledge of all publications which issue from the press should be diffused as generally as possible. For this purpose, we invite all booksellers, and other publishers, to forward to us an account of all new American works, recently published, or those republished relating to America, as well as all works preparing for press. Such communications will receive due attention: we require only the postage to be paid, where any accrues.

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

To the Editor of the New-York Literary Journal.

SIR,

In the year 1802, a small volume of Poems was published in this city by the Messrs. Swords, containing picturesque views of the State of New-York, by John D. McKinnon; namely—*Description of the Hudson River—Description of the Mohawk River—Description of the Scenery in the vicinity of New-York in the month of October—and a Description of the City and its Amusements in the winter.*

At the time this volume made its appearance, the genius of Fulton had not yet launched upon the proud bosom of the Hudson his lordly steam boats, which have since displayed the grand and beautiful scenery of this majestic stream to the eyes of thousands who, without this mode of conveyance, would never have enjoyed the delightful excursions that are now rendered so easy and frequent. This circumstance, perhaps, will in some measure account for the undeserved neglect and forgetfulness which Mr. McKinnon's muse experienced not long after his first appearance as a poet; and I have often wondered and regretted, that no friend of his in this country had attempted a revival of this interesting little work. He is now residing in England, which I understand is his native country; and a correspondent of his a few days ago, put into my hands a letter from him, enclosing the following lines, which I find, upon examination, to be a specimen of a revision of the first part of his printed poem, entitled *Description of the Hudson River*. They breathe the spirit of poetry, and if you will favour them with an insertion in the New-York Literary Journal, I have no doubt they will prove acceptable to the public, and will induce the friends of genius and the lovers of chaste and serious verse, to recall from oblivion this little pro-

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duction, and to make it an accompaniment of their passage along the magnificent and romantic shores where our noble Hudson "pours the volume of his stately waters."

Mute are thy Doric swains—thy Tempe,
muse,
Enslav'd and overgrown with weeds: Come,
scent

The wild perfume of transatlantic pines,
The lilies of the misty Mohawk's vales,
And trace the Hudson's quarried course thro'
woods

And shelving steeps romantic, where he
pours

The volume of his stately waters.—

Clothed with unsullied azure, as the morn
Brings from the radiant south th' accustom'd
breeze

With all its craft the Hudson's shore at once
Grows animated; and the loaded sloops
Which near their docks awaited its approach,
Now turn their painted prows; successively
Their mainsails rise, and thro' the spacious
stream

In slow procession whiten to the north.

Borne from the city's atmosphere impure,
Strong scented wharfs and ever-toiling
crowds

Commercial, murm'ring on their sultry sides,
How ev'ry sense rejoices in the change!
What bright ethereal gladness sparkles round
The fluctuating bows! How taste the lungs
The chaste, elastic rural air, wafting
Their odours from the fields on either shore.

Inspired at such a moment by the smiles
Of beauty, taste and feeling by my side
In loveliest combination, let me trace
The Hudson's quarried course thro' hills
And shelving steeps romantic. On its shores
Where less adorn'd the landscape boasts not
yet

(As in maternal Albion's verdant isle)
Successive spots selected by the eye
Of taste with obelisks or temples graced,
Abodes of ease, midst various growth of
wood

And interjacent pasture, or domains
By structures grey ennobled and sustained
Thro' length of years by the superfluous care
Of dignified abundance; yet, the charm
Of genuine nature will inspire the song
With all her finely-varied elements
Of hills and woods and intermingled rocks.

Where first we coast the shore, its rural scenes
 Successively attract our eyes ; the green
 Sugarlan pastures, margins fring'd with
 sedge,
 And sloping hills half cultivated, seats
 Emerging from the woods upon the heights,
 And russet meadows irrigated oit
 By rancid brine Due northward we glide on
 Beside the changeful scene, intent, as much
 As pleasing converse may admit, on all
 Its pictures passing in review. To groves
 And meads a bolder scenery succeeds :
 Upon the right, Fort Washington, to fame
 Historic consecrated, overlooks
 The sylvan heights of Haerlem ; on our left
 Grey towering strata of embattled rocks
 O'er wooded steeps in precipices hang
 As if some shock of elemental war
 Had rent their indurated mass of stone
 To give the Hudson passage ; and afar,
 High-sterior to the Tappan coast, extends
 The line of hoary cliffs impending o'er
 The sails diminutive that silent pass
 Beneath their shadowy grandeur. The fervour
 Of the dazzling vault at noontide now
 Compels us, tho' reluctant, to descend
 And vent within the cooler sphere below
 Our admiration of these works, but more
 Of their exalted Author—who in all
 The wonderful and intricate design
 Of his contrivance for our humble use
 Has blended so much grace, and to a waste
 Of matter, void of use, imparted forms
 Which animate its mass, and in the soul
 Awaken lofty thoughts. In harmony
 Of sentiment and conversation grave—
 But sometimes gay—thus pass the balcyon
 hours.
 Alas ! how fleeting, and in all this long
 And dreary pilgrimage, how rarely known !
 A livelier breeze now rippling at the stern
 Of our reclining mansion, gently moves
 Its pendent curtains. The refreshing air,
 From much discourse on books and friends
 just left,
 Or shortly to be seen, invites our steps
 To view between the limpid elements
 The distant scenes and coast, diminished,
 where
 An inland ocean* first expands, and capes
 Hesperian jutting on the azure deep,
 Confront a length of slope with cultur'd
 fields
 And orchards far extending on the east.
 Now whitening o'er the misty bay, the
 south
 Auspicious freshens till the bright-orb'd sun
 A milder majesty assumes, and sheds
 Its waning lustre on the passing waves.
 Impatient rancy wings us on our course ;
 (For howsoever blest the present hope,
 Frail reckoner, the coming hour arrays

* The Tappan Sea.

In tempting hues and whispers bliss un-
 known :)
 From right to left our swollen topsail reels
 Above the roaring surge. By Croton's stream
 And promontory's sylvan length we pass,
 Tracing a line of foam along the coast,
 Till, in our front the growing Highlands rise
 In grand perspective, filling up the bay,
 Tho' hazy yet in distance, northward still
 As toward their desert base we move, the
 gulf,
 Receding eastward, indicates our course
 Amidst such lofty mountains as frown o'er
 Old Cambria's northern shore, or seaward
 where
 The venerable Caledonia's Alpine bounds
 Yield to the passage of the beauteous Clyde.
 But whilst on the majestic mountains fixed
 With admiration dwells our view, the sun
 Upon their summits sinks his fulgid orb
 Immers'd within a crimson mist. The breeze,
 That like the radiant morning of this life
 So fairly promised, whispering hails, then sleeps
 Upon the tide—and soon it is become
 One mirror's face, where the vermilion sky
 Shows all its new-born twinkling stars, and
 round
 The peaceful shores the solemn wastes and
 trees
 Inverted on the margin's edge. Beyond
 The mount of *Stoney-Point*, with summit
 scarr'd
 By deep entrenchments, which commemo-
 rate
 The rage of war, our anchor'd vessel rests
 With mainsail drooping on her deck ; and
 now
 The moon unveil'd behind the dewy shades
 Of night, a morn rekindles o'er the woods
 And silver-crested capes—upon the scene
 And all the changes of this passing world.
 How pleasing then to meditate and trace
 The wonders of futurity ! The eyes
 But lately closed of him who ranging first
 This region's wild, to the majestic stream
 Imparted his adventurous name, and borne
 Within its soaring mountains saw one still
 And solemn desert in primeval garb
 Hang round his lonely bark. Upon the
 shores
 What necromantic change has culture
 wrought !
 Six cycle suns in revolution since
 Have scarcely smiled upon the virgin glebe,
 Ere plenty, sprung from European strength
 And tured industry, adorns the waste.
 The vales are furrowed, population climbs
 The mountain's rugged sides. The frequent
 church
 Or court-house rises on the hill whose base
 With busy docks is lengthen'd. Fancy still
 Anticipating time, his future works
 Delights to paint, where distant years shall
 see
 The smoky marts of Hudson's opulence
 And navied wharfs. Unsculptur'd rocks
 which there

May line with colonades of lucid quartz
And feldspar's polish'd tints, the peopled
streets

Of cities yet unborn, or raise the spire,
Or swell the sacred temple's dome rotund.
Nor these illusive phantasies, or vain
Poetic dreams—achieved the proudest
work :

Maternal freedom warms the genial soil,
And nerves the arm of labour, pure, benign,
Invigorating as th' autumnal west,
When his cerulean breath from Hudson's
woods

Their yellow foliage scatters o'er his stream.

But let Columbia with exalted views
For her succeeding millions greatly plan
Foundations of prosperity more pure
Than antiquated policy would prompt.
Thro' Europe's many-peopled proud domain
The drill of whisker'd musqueteers and trump
Of murd'rous war at length have ceased.

The storm

Deforming long her states* has purified
Their moral atmosphere, instilling thoughts
Of government more just than lust of wealth
Or arts or transient glory could devise.
Upraised to noblest schemes of love and
peace

Drawn from the fountains of eternal truth,
Her monarchs by a holy league cement
Their hopes illustriously conceived ; at
length,

As rousing from a long lethargic sleep,
Our sorrowing nature recognizes well,
With acclamations full and strong,
The voice of her Creator. Pervading too
This favour'd land with hallowed influence
Thro' vales, o'er hills half shorn of native
wood,

And farms with fences yet unfinished, far
From the Atlantic to the west-rn wild
In rich abundance widely has been strewn
The seed of everlasting life. May time
In the succeeding harvest crown a morn
Of so much promise—may the virgin soil,
Luxuriant in her richest depths, preserve,
Mature, concoct, and into lasting day
Bring forth a teeming crop of righteousness.†

* *Δια φερερον ε ελευθρον*, as is said by a heathen philosopher.

† Though a recent British traveller has *sarcastically* alluded to the patronage which Bible Societies have received in the State of New-York, it is hardly necessary to point out how repugnant such a sentiment must be to the most respectable part of the writer's own nation. All candid friends, of the United States in Great Britain cannot, indeed, but regret that so much consequence should be attached to the individual views and representations of late travellers with respect to a country so well known and so interesting to the philosopher and the philanthropist as America. But after the able vindication of Walsh, and the ungracious boastings of a work of so high a stamp as the *Edinburgh Review*, (March, 1820,) they cannot fail to appreciate justly the authority of the ephemeral productions of the press.

Ere yet the sun has purified the hills
From nightly vapours, we proceed once
more,

With unfurl'd mainsail, as the tide invites,
And glancing round the promontory's edge,
Amidst the ringlets of its eddying course,
Behold the prospect of an Alpine scene,
Magnificently wild, and still more grand
At each succeeding change. Gigantic, vast,
O'ershadowing mountains soar, invested
thick

Their rocky waists, and to their summits far
A wilderness unbounded to the eye,
Profuse and pathless, unessay'd by toil.
Diminutive beneath, the Hudson, deep
Coerc'd by rocks, and silent, penetrates,
The solitudinous and woodland scene,
His linear course disorder'd, winding thro',
Uncertain struggling for a passage. Far
Within the lofty desert we descry
The fortress of *West Point*, where travellers
long

On Arnold's fate descant. Its roofless wall,
With width embattled, harmonizes well
Amidst the sumptuous forest scene, with
traits

Of menacing and shatter'd rocks ; but tho'
By rule and shapely art proportion'd all
Man's fabrics, how minute beside the vast
And awful exhibitions of that Power
He long has set at nought, tho' feeling now
Its high predominance as paramount
In moral strength as physical. All day,
With gentle western air, between new scenes
Of such surpassing grandeur we glide on ;
As a relief from too impressive sights,
At times perusing that illustrious bard,
Whose song with frequent elevation raised
By rural nature charms, whilst Albion's
scenes

And seasons mild, yet sometimes wet or wan,
His ardent muse depicts, and adorns
The theme with moral sentiment refined.

But oft we pause to notice as we pass
The scenes contrasted on each shore—here
steep

In cliffs and perpendicular it hangs,
Sublime, abrupt, defaced with massive crags
That blacken o'er the tide—there, low at first,
And rising from the naked granite banks,
A sunny length of wood outstretch'd from
hill

To hill far undulating thro' the yoke
Of distant mountains, o'er their summits
spreads.

With slow transition, by degrees we gain
A livelier horizon in the north,
And, tow'rd the open plains emerging, thro'
The Highlands' Streights, approach *New
Windsor's* docks,
And *Newburgh* thriving near the shadowy
scene

Of mountains. On the strand the vessels pile,
And timber-texture echoes to the stroke
Of plying toil. The animated scenes
Of man's industrious labours and pursuits
Recall us from our reveries and dreams

Of contemplation raised by nature's grand
 Imposing structures to habitual thoughts
 On life's vocation. Now the sober eve,
 Succeeding a bright day, invites us where
 The shore embayed recedes toward the
 east,

Again to drop our anchor for the still
 Impending night. At once our floating stage
 Is stationary; and its creaking spars
 And cordage till the dawn arrang'd, our crew,
 Descending to their pitchy cell, prepare
 For early rest. Whilst o'er the yellow fields
 (Whence the bland fragrance we inhale afar)
 The soaring night-hawk's glance and vespers
 shrill

From throats innum'rous rise, the' glimmer-
 ing west

Reflected from the tranquil stream displays
 Its graceful tapestry like the pure abode
 Of happy spirits from the union freed.
 Of this entralling flesh, in love and mild
 Ethereal harmony at rest. One scene
 Less bright precedes another, and at length
 The fair illusion, like th' extinguish'd spark
 Of life, is superseded by the reign
 Of awful darkness, till th' Omniscient Mind,
 That all this fair creation from the womb
 Of night and chaos ushered first to light,
 Restores it to our waking senses, pure
 And breathing incense. As the day now
 dawns,

Our way resuming with the silent lapse
 Of the ascending tide, we float still north
 Toward a rising coast of menacing
 And fractur'd cliffs, which far denote the line
 Of the expanded Hudson's course. Ere yet
 Those eyes are open'd whose inspiring gaze
 Give double force to the magnificence
 Of Nature's charms, displaying in themselves
 Creative Pow'r unrival'd, while the tide
 Arrests our progress, with an earlier friend
 I seek the shore at hand; and where he lies
 His line amongst the tenants of the deep,
 With barb tenacious o'er the glit'ring sands,
 In dreams of pleasing meditation lost,
 I wander; while profoundly o'er our heads
 The breeze yet slumbers in the azure vault.

Beneath these skies, with feelings such as
 life's

Pure morn' inspired, how often have I mused,
 O venerable Hudson, on thy shore!
 Absorb'd in the pursuit as greatest good
 Of moral wealth or intellectual,
 With frail possessions of the world of sense
 For this untenable house of clay.
 Tho' with the Saviour's love imprest, yet less
 Intent upon that light which teaches first
 To mourn in fallen man his worldly bent
 And heart of stone, till kindled in his breast
 The spark of life eternal at the lamp
 Of Faith, his soul regenerated seeks
 Beyond the shipwreck'd hopes and cares of
 life

The region pure of universal peace,
 Where pride, ambition, avarice, deceit,
 Injustice, cannot enter; for the love
 Of all enthroned will quench the love of self

And lay its rabid passions at our feet.

At length tow'rd the splendid south o'er
 half

The surface of the seeming lake the breeze
 Is seen; and soon we move between the
 rocks

On either shore, and steeps profusely clothed
 With wood impending o'er the stream, and
 soon

An elevated city on our right
 Tow'rs o'er the Hudson's high romantic
 bounds,

While by its landings in our linear course
 We stretch still northward. Here the naked
 shore

Exhibiting its tiers of fractured rocks
 And hoary ruins; there in covert dense
 Of various underwood concealed or graced
 With foliage, shadowing the water's edge.

Thus Rhinebeck midst a sylvan scene we
 pass,

And glancing thro' its sedge, behold a range
 Of insulated mountains in the west
 High tow'ring o'er Cætopus' cultur'd plain.
 Ere long in front of this majestic screen
 Upon our right we view the mansion fair
 That welcomes our approach, and quitting
 now

The breezy channel, range beneath the shade
 Of Clermont's graceful woods and shrubbe-
 ries,

Sweet with exotic fragrance, till releas'd
 From our unsteady vehicle, we tread
 The hospitable threshold of our friends,
 Recalling here the many pleasing hours
 Serenely past within a cheerful sphere
 Of frank and liberal hospitality.

The grateful muse invokes the happy time
 When mutual ties of sanction, more rever'd
 Than federative compact, shall unite
 Once more Columbia with her parent isle.
 Communicating in our kindred tongue
 The joyful tidings of eternal peace,
 Tho' either hemisphere already, far
 And wide, the angelic Bearer of the Word
 Has wing'd his course. O! hailing as we do
 (Where its regenerating light is felt)
 This happy dawn of the long promis'd day
 Of our Redemption, may we like brethren
 now

Evince by charity and mutual love,
 That our professions are not empty words;
 And tho' divided in our temporal
 And worldly state, that we're united still
 Beneath a King whose reign shall have no
 end.

TO THE SNOW DROP.

LITTLE flower that loves to bloom
 'Mid the Winter's rugged gloom;
 In thy robe of spotless white,
 Purity and grace unite;
 And the nipping frosts are shed,
 Round thy peevish, drooping head;
 Yet thou bloom'st, sweet little flower,
 To cheer us in the wintry hour:

For the Literary Journal,

A MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Dedicated, with every feeling of gratitude
and respect, to John T. Irving, Esq. of
New-York.

How lovely dawns Hope's earliest smile
On childhood's fair, untutor'd cheek !
While all within is calm, and while
Thro' lucid veins the heart can speak !
Thus morn, o'er some embosom'd lake,
Reflective plays thy op'ning glow ;
And shows, while splendours upward break,
A heaven of peace and light below !

And thus, from Hudson's eastern hills,
Thou look'st on Jersey's happy land,
Where, rippling, wind her thousand rills,
And all her chequer'd fields expand !
Yes ! kindling, flashing, blazing, bright,
What meteors gild the streaming air,
Around yon mountain's topmost height ?—
Oh ! Morn, thou com'st in glory there !

Now fading—flushing—wayward, wild,
Down steep, and slope, and glen, and
glade,
(And none may tell where last thou smil'd,)
All sparkling—fierce thy lights invade
The dark'ning mist ;—it rolls afar—
Now faint, thro' dazzling vistas, beams
Unclouded Heaven's last, ling'ring star :—
Hail ! wide as space, thy splendour gleams !

All ; all awhile is still—the roar
Of dashing waters, far and low,
Dies gently on the ridgy shore,
Beneath some promontory's brow !
Then hark ! from brake, and bush, and tree,
The thrush, the dove, the sparrow join :
Their songs, as nature's breathings free,
Soft, harsh, or sweetly shrill combine !

From laurel'd ranges fragrance flows,
And life, and beauty, breathe around ;
The mill its wreathes of vapour throws,—
The torrent roars—the glens resound !
The pencilling sun transparent streaks
The dripping leaves of nameless flowers ;
While hum-birds ply their little beaks
Among those nature-woven bowers !

From nodding cedar—free, unwon,
His luring call the robin tries,
When hark—the sportsman's idle gun !
He stops—falls—trembles—flutters, dies !
Thou, wretch ! ne'er felt the *living fire*—
On thee is lost the *tender art*.
Oh ! righteous Heaven ! didst thou inspire
For deed like this the human heart ?

Dear land of mountain, fall and bower,
Thus bloom thy vales, thy waters roll,
While, from magnolia's emblem flower,
Wild murr'ring bees inspire the soul.

Now, gem'd with buds, forth from thy groves,
To bathe in morning's genial rays,
Joy, peace, or blushing pleasure roves,
Gay dancing to the milk-maid's lays.

Rich spread thy fields, thy rivers clear,
While, dew-drops glitt'ring from his wings,
To chaunt in many a startling ear,
Aloft the soaring blackbird springs !
His strains awake, from peaceful sleep,
Light hearts that never knew a pain—
But such as prompt to smile and weep—
To smile and rest, and smile again !

Thou Lord of ocean, sky and land !
Who hurl'st the mountain on the plain ;
Father ! without whose guardian hand,
Ne'er boundless wav'd the rustling grain !
These fields thy kindly bounty dress'd,
For thee those grateful bosoms beat.
When "harvest home" brings mirth and rest,
Thy name shall close each fond repeat !

Still span thy pure, redeeming bow,
Decree to these no mournful tear ;
Still hold the cheerful, heart-felt glow
Of gratitude and pleasure dear :
These freemen—these in Jersey's vales,
Whose hopes have never known to stray
From native flowers, and native gales—
Oh ! guide them thro' life's weary day !

Thou, thou who rul'st the storm sublime,
Who point'st the lightnings of the sky ;
Whose whirlwinds sweep from clime to
clime,
Who speak'st and worlds in ruin lie !
Oh ! spare the farmer's guiltless head,
And bless his ancient, honour'd care ;
With plenty's fruits his board bespread,
And his full heart shall breathe in prayer.

Lo ! now he seeks his pleasant toil ;
He guides the sacred plough along,
Or sows the broken, mellow'd soil,
And pours some legendary song !
Enviably man ! supremely blest !
In fair Columbia's lordless land.
His power in every scene confess'd,
No tithe defrauds his hardy hand !

'Neath yonder elms his homestead stands,
Where fadeless boxwood amply grows ;
And winding clear, some stream expands,
And sweet, a bord'ring garden blows !
Within content, and jocund glee,
Their several joys and duties share ;
The grandsire rocks upon his knee
The babe whose fingers twine his hair !

The mother looks with raptur'd mind,
By Nature's tender whisperings taught ;
And drinks the matchless bliss refin'd
Of fond, anticipated thought,
While bending o'er her laughing boy,
To print a mother's holiest kiss.

Oh! owns poor life one scene of joy?
Mid rural calm—'tis this—'tis this!

Oh! wedded Love! thou angel form,
So kindly left on earth awhile,
To cheer the glooms of ev'ry storm,
And light the sole enduring smile!
Thy sweetest thrill—thy fairest home,
In such a guiltless realm is found;
Where all thy kindred spirits roam,
And sip from brooks and flowers around!

And here chaste virtue's handmaid! here
The loveliest scenes they may explore,
And aye some mossy grot endear,
While Hope, still pointing, trips before!
May braid their glossy hair with flowers
Where wreaths of dew-drops tremble yet;
While, on their blushes radiance pours
From morn's o'erstudded coronet!

And still, from covert dimly seen,
Shall come the songs of parting spring;
While, forming on their hallow'd green,
Thus children join in cordial ring!
And feel they ought of sorrow? no!
The world hath never darken'd here;
As waves in sunbeams loit'ring slow,
A smile illumines each passing tear!

Play on bless'd babes! whate'er endears
This scene—these flowers may tintless
lie;

Play on bless'd babes! a few short years,
And like those flowers your joys shall die!
Go! seek yon riv'lets fragrant side,
On wild-vines swing, and breathe the song
And laugh, while in its sunny tide,
Your healthful features sport along!

Bless! bless this early hour of day!
Beside this woodland fountain laid,
How sweet to list the distant lay
Of nature's guileless cottage maid!
How sweet, to mark with filling eye,
The curling smoke of valley lone,
And wish some dear, dear friend were nigh,
To make the rapture half his own!

The chosen friend of flected hours,
On whose true breast 'twas bliss to lean,
And give the world no other flowers
Than such as grac'd the present scene.
Oh! Morn! when far that dear one dwells,
To landscapes, where thy glories burn,
While ev'ry path his presence tells,
How Mem'ry prompts the fond return!

Here, 'mid thy landscape best array'd;
Flash on my soul thy purest flame;
Inspire its truth for him who made
Lifesweet, and smooth'd the path of fame!
Irving! thou worthiest, kindest, best,
While virtue, genius, honour blend!
Thy name shall fire the minstrel's breast,
Instructor, father, guardian, friend!

JAMES B. SHEYS.

June 1, 1820.

[The following verses will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers, who cannot be ignorant of the merit of the author. We were favoured with a copy by a lady, who received them from a friend to whom they were presented by Mrs. Barbauld. We believe they have not yet appeared in print.]

A THOUGHT ON DEATH,

By Mrs. Barbauld, written lately, at the age of ninety-five.

When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend, is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then—how easy 'tis to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And vision'd glories half appear,
'Tis joy!—'tis triumph then to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films slow-gathering dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

SIR,

The following little piece was written by a young lady living on the banks of the Hudson. If you should think it worthy a place in your Repository, I may perhaps trouble you with some more by the same authoress. Your's, P.

THE PRAYER.

O, give me a dear little cot,
On the margin of Hudson's blue wave!
I will smile then content with my lot,
And unmurmuring descend to the grave!

Give me two or three friends to enjoy
With me the delightful retreat;
Fate may frown, but it cannot destroy
The enjoyment of pleasures so sweet.

I never yet sigh'd for the toys,
The glittering allurements of wealth;
I only have courted the joys
Of Innocence, Virtue and Health!

The pleasures of Friendship I've sought,
And ever have bow'd at her shrine;
I have loved the refinement of thought,
And bleas'd all its rays as divine.

Then give me those blessings I crave,
Kind Heaven—I ask for no more !
Till the willow shall weep o'er my grave,
And the troubles of life are all o'er.

SELECTED.

SYMPATHY'S TEAR.

Tho' the tears that I shed for the days that
have flown,
Will not call back a moment gone by ;
And tho' some sunny moments will rise to
atone

For the bliss that has left me to sigh ;
'Though I feel like a current that flows but to
ebb,
And should brighten the tide as it runs,
Yet fate has entangled my heart in its web,
And the day-beam of pleasure it sbuns.

The present a dark and impervious cloud,
But veils ev'ry ray from my view ;
And awakens those pangs which suppress'd
in the crowd,

Are confest in their anguish to you ;
And the past from the contrast is only most
bright,

More dear to the heart it once bless'd ;
It forms in my soul a soft rainbow of light,
And brings something like joy to my
breast.

Then prove not my tears, for in sweetness
they fall,

Like dew on the flowers of night ;
Refreshing the heart that can only recall
In memory a moment of light.

Nor seek thus to shake the cold fetters of
grief,

They sound but more harsh on my ear ;
Thy smile never brings me so sweet a relief
As when beaming thro' sympathy's tear.

[*La Belle Assemblée.*]

THE CALM OF THE WORLD.

An awful calm pervades the world—
Prophetic—fearful—dread ;
And tho' war's banner still is furled,
Vice rears her snaky head.

I've marked the waves all hushed to rest—
Calm as the sleep of death ;
Smooth as a mirror ocean's breast,
Unruffled by a breath.

Think ye to me this scene was dear—
That then my heart was glad ?
Alas ! I'd thou most cause to fear—
Most cause I'd to be sad.

For then I ken'd a small blue speck
Upon the veil of heaven :
That cloud presaged our vessel's wreck,
And wreck'd was she ere even.

I've marked the stillness in the air,
That tells the earthquake nigh ;
It came :—I saw the city fair,
In shapeless ruin lie.

I am no seer—I cannot say
What will or will not be ;
But ere shall pass a year away,
The world *some change must see !*
Boston Bard.

SORROW'S EXPOSTULATION.

Sure the heart may be sad, when the world's
bitter pow'r
Has robb'd it of all that could sooth it to
peace ;

Sure affliction may then claim the sorrow-
fraught hour,
'Till her heart-rending pangs, 'till her mi-
series cease !

Then reproach me not, give not my soul to
despair,
By laughing at anguish you never have
felt ;

And believe, though I sigh, yet my Heaven-
sent pray'r
Breathes no murmur—for Heaven these
sorrows has dealt.

Friends lost—love neglected—health wast-
ing away—

Want, aided by misery, claiming my all ;
Are these to be borne, and the heart still be
gay ? [fall ?
Are these to be felt, and the spirits not

Vain, vain is the stoical system you boast :
Thy heart never felt, as did mine, these
sad woes ;

Or believe me, your smiles would have fled
from their host, [froze.
And despair's icy tear ev'ry joy must have
Ackermann's Repository.

THE SILKWORM.

The Silkworm's fate is in my eyes,
That which o'er others we should prize.
Industry does his youth engage,
Mature he sleeps secure from harms,
And having gained a peaceful age,
He meets his death in pleasure's arms.

A life how different is ours !
Each day with darker prospects lowers.
Youth's roses wither in their bloom,
Care haunts us in our riper years,
In anguish then we seek the tomb,
Oppressed with superstitious fears.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

Of the Weather in New-York, for the Month of May, 1820.

| | THERMOMETER. | | | WINDS. | | | WEATHER. | | | REMARKS. |
|----|--------------|------|------|--------|------|------|----------|--------|--------|---|
| | 7 AM | 2 PM | 9 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 9 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 9 PM | |
| 1 | 55 | 71 | 60 | s w | s | s | clear | clear | clear | This month, though on the whole rather cool, has, owing to the great quantity of moisture, been very favourable to vegetation. Grass and winter grains look remarkably fine; and the country, in general, presents the cheering prospect of a fruitful and abundant year. |
| 2 | 53 | 59 | 46 | e | n e | e | cloudy | do | do | |
| 3 | 48 | 69 | 49 | s | s e | s e | clear | do | cloudy | |
| 4 | 50 | 63 | 50 | s | s | s | do | do | clear | |
| 5 | 50 | 54 | 50 | s | s | s e | do | do | cloudy | |
| 6 | 50 | 56 | 49 | e | n e | n e | rainy | cloudy | do | |
| 7 | 49 | 66 | 56 | n e | s e | s | do | do | do | |
| 8 | 54 | 62 | 53 | n e | s e | s e | do | clear | do | |
| 9 | 49 | 64 | 55 | w | s | s | clear | do | clear | |
| 10 | 51 | 70 | 60 | n | s | s | do | do | cloudy | |
| 11 | 50 | 64 | 57 | s e | e | e | cloudy | rain | rain | |
| 12 | 58 | 72 | 59 | w | s w | s w | clear | clear | clear | |
| 13 | 57 | 66 | 57 | w | s | w | do | shower | do | |
| 14 | 56 | 67 | 55 | w | s w | s w | do | clear | do | |
| 15 | 55 | 68 | 58 | s w | s | n | do | do | cloudy | |
| 16 | 48 | 49 | 46 | n | n | n w | rain | rain | rain | |
| 17 | 47 | 53 | 49 | n | n e | e | do | do | cloudy | |
| 18 | 47 | 61 | 50 | n | s e | s e | cloudy | cloudy | rain | |
| 19 | 50 | 52 | 50 | n e | n e | n e | rain | rain | do | |
| 20 | 52 | 60 | 55 | n e | s | s e | do | cloudy | do | |
| 21 | 52 | 63 | 53 | s | e | n e | do | do | do | |
| 22 | 54 | 68 | 56 | n | s | s | do | do | clear | |
| 23 | 58 | 76 | 66 | w | s | s | clear | clear | do | |
| 24 | 65 | 77 | 66 | s w | n | n | do | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 25 | 64 | 76 | 58 | n | s | s | cloudy | clear | do | |
| 26 | 51 | 51 | 45 | n e | n e | n e | rain | rain | rain | |
| 27 | 46 | 60 | 50 | n | n w | n w | clear | clear | clear | |
| 28 | 50 | 62 | 51 | e | s e | s | do | do | cloudy | |
| 29 | 53 | 67 | 58 | s | s | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 30 | 57 | 73 | 63 | s | s | s e | clear | do | shower | |
| 31 | 59 | 60 | 55 | n e | n e | n | rain | rain | clear | |

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

Qu. 4. *By Mr. Forest.*—Tell the perpendicular, drawn from the intersection of things, stretched mutually from the roots to the summits of two bamboos fifteen and ten cubits high, standing upon ground of unknown extent.

This question is taken from the Algebra of the Hindus, translated by H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. published in London, 1817.

Qu. 5. *By Mr. D. Embury.*—To determine the length and position of the shortest fence that will cut a gi-

ven area from a given triangular field.

Qu. 6. *By Mr. W. Murrat.*—A head of water can be constantly kept at the altitude of 3 feet, in which there is a rectangular sluice gate, reaching from the surface of the water to the depth of 3 feet; if this sluice gate be raised just one foot, the water striking the paddles of a mill wheel, will just put the machine in motion; how high must it be raised to produce the greatest possible effect, excluding friction?

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 3.]

NEW-YORK, JULY 15, 1820.

[VOL. III.

VERPLANCK'S ANNIVERSARY DISCOURSE.

An Anniversary Discourse, delivered before the New-York Historical Society, December 7, 1818, by Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq. New-York: James Eastburn & Co. Literary Rooms, 1818.

THIS Discourse is rather characterized by beauties of style and language, than by vigorous and comprehensive original thinking. It displays an honourable proficiency in the art of composition. It has met with a flattering reception. The subject of it was calculated to arouse the better feelings of our nature. The anecdote with which biography generally abounds, and with which the narrative in this Discourse is replete, never fails to excite lively interest. These merits fully justified the approbation which was bestowed upon it by a numerous and intelligent auditory. Americans ever listen with delight to the story of their nation's liberties, and with animated sincerity to "the eulogies of those excellent men who have most largely contributed to raise or to support our national institutions, and to form or to elevate our national character."

After a few general appropriate introductory remarks, the author announces the theme of his Discourse to be, "the commemoration of some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who, long ago looking with a prophetic eye toward the destinies of this new world, and regarding it as the chosen refuge of freedom and truth, were moved by a holy ambition to become the ministers of the Most High, in bestowing upon it the blessings of religion, morals, letters, and

liberty." It is plain, that our author does not, in this production, consider liberty as the endowment of heaven, but as the rich fruit of the labours of "the illustrious dead." With this high claim to the regard of Americans, he introduces the names of Las Casas, directing his efforts to the amelioration of the condition of the native South Americans, and of Roger Williams, Lord Baltimore, Penn, Locke, Oglethorpe, Berkeley and Hollis, the field of whose labours was our own native land. These are, indeed, prominent names in the "short and simple" annals of American liberty. But "events, and not men," originated and gave character to our republican government and institutions. He who refers the establishment of religion, morals, letters, and liberty, with us, to the exertions of any individuals, however exalted, and however efficient in their labours, has a most incorrect notion of the foundations of the religious and civil institutions of our country, and a feeble conception and unsteady anticipation of the future destinies of the American republic. All history demonstrates, that no individuals, however exalted for their learning and virtue, and however distinguished for their active and successful exertions in the glorious cause of freedom, ever have bestowed upon any nation the blessings of permanent liberty; for liberty is not a subject of gift—it is a matter of reclamation by the great body of the people from the all-grasping and selfish rulers, whom accident, or necessity, or usurpation, or fraud, have placed over them.

The subject of American liberty is highly interesting to us, and to all

mankind. And it is essential to a due appreciation of its value, and a just idea of its nature and qualities, that the true causes which have led to "a system of self-government, uniting personal liberty, freedom of opinion, and equality of rights, with national power and dignity, such as had before existed only in the Utopian dreams of philosophers;" and to "numerous plans of reform in civil and criminal jurisprudence, which are but now suggested as plausible theories by the politicians and economists of Europe."

Our author has ascribed the high fortunes of the American people to causes altogether inadequate. He has not distinguished between the *agent* and the *impelling power*.

In the progression of time, the human mind, acquiring intelligence, and by the acquisition of intelligence gathering power, began to rise into its true dignity, from which it had been debased by the baneful operation of forms and systems of government which bound the bodies and the minds of men in the most loathsome servitude. From the exertion and consequent development of mind, which began at the time of the Reformation, a great and important era is dated—an era in which the men of Europe, or, at least, a great portion of the literary and thinking part of them, no longer satisfied themselves with inquiries into *fact*, but began to employ themselves in investigations into *right*.* The age of principle arrived. The corruptions of the Church of Rome, and the despotism of governments, aroused the slumbering energies of the human mind. Fraud and deception, and prostration of right in both, soon were exhibited to view by the bold and vigorous scrutiny then instituted. Luther and Calvin, and their cotemporaries, mount-

ing to the origin of religion, and pursuing their investigations downward, in the spirit and simplicity of philosophical inquiry, were among the first to teach mankind their rights and their duties. It was a hard and difficult task to gain access to the human mind, enveloped as it was in the darkness and gloom of ignorance and superstition. Still more hard, and more difficult, was it to teach mankind their political rights, and to arm them with the might of intelligence to defend them. The spiritual and temporal authorities (faithful allies) mutually supported each other.

The spirit and habit of inquiry which arose at the time of the great Reformation in religion, has continued ever since; and although we are astonished at the slowness of its progress for a time, and the comparative insignificance of its early achievements in Europe, yet all must be struck with the magnificence and splendour of its ultimate results. To these original asserters of the rights of mankind, eulogy is due; and their praises ever since have been, and will continue to be, on the lips of the great and good of every age, and of every nation.

The important and interesting scenes of human life unfold themselves but slowly. In the progress of this development of which we have spoken, public and private considerations led to an important change in the ecclesiastical polity of England. The king, in the spirit of the times, asserted his independency of the great head of the church. But those who, in their contemplations of the advancement of society, expect that moral causes which act here, will be followed by as direct and visible consequences, and in as unbroken sequence as physical causes are in the operations of nature, will be extremely disappointed. One great public national result is produced by an infinitude of impulses, which act, for a moment only, in the same direction.

* Vide Du Prad's Congress of Vienna, p. 17.

Though, therefore, there be laws of action in the operation of moral, as in the operation of physical causes, yet sufficient allowance is seldom made for that departure from the line of direction which is occasioned by the nature of the agents. Too much, therefore, should never be anticipated from particular schemes or plans. There was sufficient individual sagacity to discover the great and leading improvements required in the English polity, yet the nation did not, nor could it, adopt them. The regal and aristocratical interests preponderated. Only a division of power took place. The king became the head of the church in *his* kingdom. Perhaps liberty, after all, is produced only by a division of power among many; and despotism is a concentration of all authority in one man, or in one body of men. The connection of church and state continued; a severance of which would still further, on the principle of division of power, have enlarged the boundaries of freedom. But from the slow and irregular action of the causes which operate changes in the social affairs of mankind, it will be long, if ever, before England will recognise the disunion of the ecclesiastical and temporal powers.

From the collision which at this time shook the realm, an important body of men arose, constituting a leading and powerful interest. Allegiance to the church, as considered and established in England, was thrown off by a considerable proportion of men, who, though disagreeing among themselves as to doctrine and church government, agreed in their dissent to the establishment, thence called Dissenters. From the diversity of opinion that prevailed among them, the idea of toleration sprung. The impracticability of union, and the near equality of numbers, could well issue in nothing else. This great dissentient interest, too feeble to effect an immediate and important change in England, has nevertheless

ever since continued in a steady and vigorous oppugnation to the established order of things there. Many, too impatient of their restraint, emigrated to this country, the unconscious and involuntary agents in rearing a government resting upon the powerful support of public opinion alone, without the assistance of religion, except in the heads and the hearts of the citizens. A concurrence of opinion among the conflicting sections of the colonists led to that toleration in religion which soon was established, but not till a violent effort to connect religion with government was made, in apparent inconsistency with their avowed sentiments, but in exact conformity to the general laws of human conduct.

But we will proceed to the examination of the matter and the style of the Discourse. The first name introduced to our notice is that of Las Casas, the intrepid asserter of the rights and liberties of the South Americans; against the rapacious cruelty and ambition of his countrymen. He laboured long and much in an amiable and praiseworthy contest with his countrymen, to induce them to observe the laws of nature and religion in their policy and proceedings against the inhabitants of South America. But our author observes, that it is "but too well known, that these glorious labours in the service of freedom and humanity were in vain." He, however, ascribes to them "some few results contributing to relieve the sufferings of the enslaved natives." "He enjoyed, moreover," says he, "the cheering recollection of having called forth the testimony of the better spirits of his own nation against intolerance and persecution, and of having kindled among them an enlightened zeal for the best interests of mankind; a sacred flame long cherished as a light shining in a dark place, but now at last daily kindling into brighter and broader radiance, and doubtless destined to guide for many an age, the great and free nations of Spanish America to

public virtue and true glory." Now, we think that this is ascribing to Las Casas an importance which he does not merit. Spanish American emancipation never can be ascribed, in the most distant degree, to his vain efforts in a fruitless controversy. The utmost exertions of his philanthropy could not materially affect the opinions of his cotemporaries. And this was necessary for the accomplishment of so great an object as even the preparation of the way to the introduction of institutions conferring civil and political and religious liberty on South America. It therefore requires more credulity than most persons possess, to believe that the illumination which is irradiating the path of South Americans to the high destinies which await them, proceeds from the flame which was originally lighted by Las Casas.

It is not thought necessary to enter into the examination of the *vexata questio* whether Las Casas was the first to introduce negro slavery in South America, which in the Discourse and the Appendix is discussed at large.

From the consideration of this controversy, Mr. Verplanck proceeds to the evident object of his Discourse, the origin of the free institutions of our country. And here it may be proper to remark, that the colonists, though they gathered around the banners of distinguished leaders, never can be esteemed their followers in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The Fathers of American liberty were a body of men who, our author says, "for the liberty of faith alone resolutely and deliberately exchanged the delights of home and the comforts of civilized life for toil and danger—for an ungenial climate and rugged soil." They partook very little of the adventurous character which it is necessary to ascribe to them if we would refer the origin of American liberty to individual agency. That the distin-

guished persons whose characters have been drawn with such generous and grateful feeling, influenced the direction of the irrepressible determination for self government which the colonists entertained, and which they transferred with themselves to our shores, will not be denied. For this praise is due, and has never been withheld. For being the first legislator to recognize the rights of conscience, and for being the guardian and father of his settlement for forty-eight years—employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies—affording relief to the distressed—offering an asylum to the persecuted, and forming and administering the government on the principle, "that in matters of faith and worship every citizen should walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate," pre-eminent regard is due to Roger Williams.* If, as Cotton Mather quaintly admits, Roger Williams had "*the root of the matter in him*," we think the same must be admitted of all the first colonists, and their descendants, in a different sense. They had also the root of the matter in them. A belief in this has induced the view we have taken of the Discourse in the preceding remarks, and renders unnecessary a minute examination of the opinions and characters and incidents in the lives of Lord Baltimore, Penn, and Oglethorpe; still less of Locke, Berkeley, and Hollis.

We believe that few will place the claims of Locke to celebrity on the draft of the constitution of the Carolinas. It was his name that conferred celebrity on the constitution. But for his immortal work on the human understanding, our author would never have introduced his name with the names even of Berkeley and Hollis.

The character and labours of Berkeley and Hollis are drawn and illustrated by our author with a felici-

* Vide Discourse.

city of expression, and with a justness of view, which cannot fail of exciting admiration and gratitude in our contemplation of the munificence of these early benefactors to the infant cause of letters in this western world, and of establishing the happy talent which Mr. Verplanck possesses in the biographical department.

The lives and administration of Penn, of Lord Baltimore, and of Oglethorpe, are displayed in the pages of this discourse in a manner worthy these distinguished persons. Allowance will be made for the exuberance of feeling which the contemplation of their character has excited in our author. This is natural, and perhaps harmless—perhaps beneficial. In the language of the Discourse, “in paying the tribute of admiration to genius, and of gratitude to virtue, we ourselves become wiser and better. Instead of leaving our love of country to rest upon the cold preference of reason, the slowest and most feeble of all motives of action, we thus call up the patriotism of the heart in aid to that of the head. Our love of country is exalted and purified by being mingled with the feelings of gratitude and of reverence for virtue; and our reverence for virtue is warmed and animated, and brought home to our hearts, by its union with the pride and the love of our country.”

It was perhaps due to the occasion of the discourse, (the Festival of St. Nicholas,) and the city of New-York lately boasting of the name of New Amsterdam, that the author should indulge in the good feeling toward our Dutch ancestry, which appears in the production under consideration. We perhaps possess too much of Dutch phlegm to feel as we ought to feel on this subject. We hope Mr. Verplanck succeeded in exciting respect and admiration for the Dutch. And if he did, perhaps no better proof will be necessary to establish his success as a writer.

The discourse closes with an im-

passioned eulogy on Louis XVI. of France, for the assistance which he rendered our country in the arduous, but gloriously successful struggle for independence. The view which Mr. Verplanck takes of this act of the French government is incorrect, and the arguments and papers made use of to establish his opinion inconclusive. We will not attempt to controvert the extent and utility of the aid afforded us by France; but the best informed do not refer this interposition of the court of Versailles to love for this country. And it is difficult to ascribe any cause for such love on the part of France. What sympathy could there be between a republic and a monarchy?—Not surely the sympathy arising out of similarity of fortune or distinction—of similarity of view in internal government or external policy. Equally efficacious indeed was the assistance as if granted by the spontaneous emotions of philanthropy—perhaps more so, as more caution and circumspection were observed than otherwise would have been practised; yet gratitude is excited only by a generous *motive*. Mr. Verplanck's reference to the language of the old congress, and the address “penned by Dickenson, and signed by Jay,” is far from satisfying the scepticism of those who consider the interposition of Louis XVI. as a cold calculating act of state policy, in which the interests of France alone were consulted, and intended to be aided. Whoever reads the history of those times, and especially the reflections of Monsieur Turgot on the celebrated Memorial of the Count de Vergennes, presented in 1774 to Louis XVI. will be convinced of this.

The revolt of the colonies was an incident calculated to weaken the power of Britain. And every one knows that very little cordiality then subsisted between France and Britain.

The termination of the late war, so ingloriously for the former, by the loss of the Canadas, kept alive a spirit of

revenge, which ultimately broke out when the affairs of the revolted colonies, by their success, especially by the capture of Burgoyne, induced our ally to recognize our independence, with a view of commencing hostilities against Britain. But we consider it a waste of time to attempt to prove this assistance of France a mere matter of policy, on the part of the cabinet, to effect their own views. The policy which was conceived by the ministers of France, in relation to the revolted colonies, was to afford them secretly every assistance required by them; but openly, to maintain neutrality, with a view of avoiding, on the one hand, hostility with Britain, and on the other, an arrangement of the difficulties between her and her colonies.*

“A reconciliation, above all, and a speedy reconciliation between England and America, appears to me,” says Monsicur Turgot, “to be the only state of things in which the two crowns (of France and Spain) can have to apprehend immediate danger.”

A reconciliation would have consolidated and strengthened the empire of Britain, to the imminent peril of France and Spain. When a crisis arrived in which France could not avoid a war,* or when she was prepared for, and it entered into her policy to declare war against England, and not before, did she openly recognize our independence. This crisis, or this policy, was the result of the efforts of the Queen's party, of which Marshall, in his life of Washington, says: “Its avowed object was to seize the present moment to revenge past injuries, humble the haughty rival of France, and dismember the empire of Britain.”

In this case, as in the administration of all monarchical governments, the arbiter of events was the interest of a monarch or his minister, or of some person who controls both. In this respect there is a radical distinction between monarchical and republi-

can governments. In the latter, all authority residing in the collective body of the people, there are “certain principles,” and some public interests, attended to in every important act of administration. This attribute of republican government accounts for the general, uniform, and stubborn principle that exists and perpetuates itself in the nation, compelling administration of government to accommodate itself to the public *interests* as contradistinguished from the interests of an *individual*, or of a party. It is true, these may occasionally succeed and lead the nation astray; but the aberration will only be temporary, and will never affect the essence of republican government.

This position, applied to the history of our country, affords an intelligible and correct rationale of our liberty, and enables us to discover a first principle to which reference may be made to discover the nature and the laws of the republican form of government.

From the first settlement of the colonies under the various forms of government which obtained—the charter—the royal and the proprietary—the *people* governed. The colonists came to these shores in pursuit of their own interest; and on their first landing, or soon after, assumed the right of self government; and they never ceased to contend against every attempt on the part of the mother country to *wrest* it from them, or to *share* it with them. Different events and differing views led to the establishment of the various provinces into which this country was divided; and diversity of opinion in politics and religion obtained in the colonies. The south adhered to the interest of Charles, and declared for him, and the east inclined to the parliament; yet both were equally united against the claims of the mother country. This union was distinctly established in the war of the revolution: a contest of principle, and not an opposition to actual oppression. Hence the

* Vide Marshall's Washington.

simplicity and the consequent success of the American Revolution, which established the ascendancy of public over any other interest. The necessity of conformity to this great public interest precluded the possibility of any compromise—a necessity for, and adoption of which, would have destroyed in government its homogeneity and its strength. In such case, the fabric of government would have been marked by deformity and weakness. Ours is a solid and glorious empire. Those who found their notions of its stability on the form which has been given to it by the instrument of the national compact, and see no source of vitality except the paper constitution of our country, must have mistaken notions of the future grandeur of the great American Republic.

JAMES' TRAVELS.

Sketches of Travels in Sicily, Italy and France, in a series of letters, addressed to a friend in the United States, by John James, M. D. Albany: Packard & Van Benthsen. 12mo. pp. 275.

Such is the jealousy that prevails with nations, respecting their literary acquirements, that it is with great reluctance they are willing to allow merit for equal acquisitions in others. So true is this, that scarcely a production issues from our press, that is not immediately ridiculed and abused by European Critics. But in spite of all their prejudice and illiberality, genius must always shine conspicuous; talent cannot long lay hidden: it soon bursts forth, takes an aspiring flight—originating things at which the world must gaze with wonder, and posterity record with veneration and delight. Such are the pleasing anticipations we feel while observing the rapid progress of literature in our own country. The period will arrive, and we trust at no great distance, when American genius will be uni-

versally acknowledged and admired. The volume before us is a *native production*, and as such claims our attention. It contains sketches of travels in Sicily, Italy and France, in a series of Letters, addressed to a friend in the United States, performed in the years 1816 and 1817. The different places which the author visited, are well described.—Their numerous curiosities are neatly and accurately explained. Mount Etna, its volcanoes, and the scenery along the coast of Sicily, are depicted with a masterly hand, as well as the manners and customs of the Sicilians. We should have much pleasure in giving numerous extracts from this work; but as our limits will not permit us, we must confine ourselves to the most striking. The two following, we think, afford a fair specimen of the author's style and talents. The first giving an account of the village of Portici, and the last a visit to Mount Vesuvius.

The village of Portici is built upon the field of lava which covers ancient Herculaneum. This city was destroyed by the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius in the time of Vespasian, and the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era. It is well known that the situation of this city was forgotten and lost, for more than fifteen hundred years, and was accidentally discovered in making a perforation through the superincumbent lava, for the purpose of finding water. The village of Portici was built before this discovery; it is now a populous and beautiful city. Its distance from Naples is about six miles, from the top of Vesuvius three miles, and from the bay of Naples three miles. The view of Naples, Pausilypo, and the bay, are indescribably fine from every part of Portici, and a more delightful place of residence, in every respect, cannot be imagined. The people do not even feel the least degree of apprehension in consequence of their near vicinity to Vesuvius, but consider it only as a grand and sublime object, which adds beauty and interest to their scenery. The ordinary eruptions of this mountain, do not endanger the inhabitants of the villages and cities around its base, though the lava in 1810 flowed down to Torre del Greco, more distant from the crater, and a few miles south of Portici. Its progress was so slow that the people had ample time to escape. The king's palace at Portici was erected before the discovery of Herculaneum.

neum; in magnificence and extent it is not exceeded by any edifice at Naples. It consists of four wings, enclosing a spacious square or court, through which the road passes to Pompeii. The two arched gates are ornamented with columns and sculpture, and form the principal decorations of two fronts of the palace. Arranged in a suit of apartments in this princely edifice, we saw a collection of statues, manuscripts, paintings, and other antiquities of Herculaneum.

The weather being very fine, we started for Portici at six o'clock, for the purpose of ascending Vesuvius. Twenty or thirty men crowded around us as soon as we dismissed our cabriolet, offering horses, donkeys, and guides, for the mountain. As no one had arrived before us, we were able to make a good selection of horses, and immediately commenced the ascent. From Portici to the foot of the steep cone of Vesuvius, where we left our horses, is about three miles. The road is neither steep nor difficult, but winds through a volcanic tract, which in many places is susceptible of high cultivation.—Where the fields of lava are of recent date, they are uniformly barren. We left our horses at a hermitage, and commenced the ascent of the mountain, to the summit of which is just a mile. This we found tedious and difficult, but were every moment compensated for our toil, by the consciousness of approaching nearer and nearer to the great object of our curiosity, and by the extensive views of the surrounding country, expanding and varying with our ascent. For forty or fifty rods, our feet sank deep into the loose cinders, which rendered our progress extremely slow and laborious. We then got upon a ridge of solid lava, continuing in a direct line to the summit; upon this we climbed quite to the top, and rested on the side of the large crater which forms the summit of the mountain. In its ordinary state there is a small cone rising in the centre of the large crater, but at present two, which are constantly throwing up smoke and lava. The large crater includes an area of five or six acres. The basis of the two small cones are in contact. They are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, and five hundred in circumference.

From one, a thick smoke constantly ascends, but increases at intervals with an explosion like a discharge of cannon, accompanied by an emission of smoke and lava. In the other crater there is less smoke, but a louder explosion and a greater quantity of fused matter thrown up at every eruption. At the base of this cone is a fissure from which lava is constantly flowing, but it creeps along so slowly, that we could but just discover its motion. The surface of this mass is so nearly cooled that we could stand upon it in safety. We ascended to the brink of the other crater, and looked for a moment

into the horrible abyss; but could remain only a moment, as it was necessary to reach the bottom of the cone before the next explosion. When this had passed, and the lava projected into the air had fallen like a shower around us, all was again quiet.—“Should we ascend a second time to the appalling brink?” After some hesitation, Admiral Ferrier declined, and our guide, willing to avoid the toil of running up the steep ascent, and retreating so hastily over the loose scoria, pretended that the attempt was hazardous.

The explosions take place at intervals of about five minutes. After assuring myself that they were nearly regular as to time, I was satisfied there was no danger, and went again and again to the brink of the crater. If I reached this spot soon after an explosion, the dense smoke which fills the cavern was so agitated and broken, that I could see the boiling lake of fire two or three hundred feet below me, extending in all directions.

The inside of the crater is shaped like an hollow cone, and grows wider as it descends. Though the circumference of its mouth is not more than two hundred feet, the surface of the red hot lava below is three or four times as large, and extended under the spot where I stood. There is a kind of shelf formed by the lava on the inside of the mouth of the crater, which I perceived would afford an excellent view, if it were strong enough to bear my weight. To ascertain whether it was safe to stand upon it, I descended to the bottom of the cone and took a large block of lava, and after the next explosion, hastened up, and threw it with considerable force upon the shelf before mentioned. It proved quite firm, and I directly trusted myself upon it, within a few inches of the crater: I held with one hand by a crag of lava, and could stoop over, so as to look down upon the wonders and horrors of this dreadful abyss. As the smoke was occasionally moved by the gasses ascending from the cavern, the lava became visible. Sometimes I could see only a small part shining with a dark lurid flame, half obscured by the vapour; again I had a momentary view of a vast uneven surface, which seemed in some places perfectly fused, and in others covered with black scoria, which only allowed a glimmer of light to pass through it. I could stand here a minute and an half, possibly two minutes, when the noise of the crater would increase with a loud hissing, like that produced by steam escaping through the valves of an engine, warning me that an explosion was about to take place. Each explosion was attended with a deafening sound, though unlike a report of cannon, musquetry, or any thing else I ever heard; and threw into the air an immense quantity of lava, which fell back into the cavern, and around its mouth. Being projected many hundred feet into the air in a state of fusion, the lava is divided

into innumerable fragments, and usually falls to the ground in small pieces, so much cooled as to be black. Some fragments, however, are very large, and so hot as to spread over the scoria upon which it falls. I presume some of the largest masses of this kind which fell near the mouth of the crater, would weigh two or three tons. When standing near the base of the cone, this lava frequently fell near us, so much fused, that we could indent it with our sticks. In the deep fissures under our feet, we could see the red hot lava, and a stick might be thrust down, in many places where it was entirely safe to walk, which when withdrawn would be found smoking, or burned to a coal.—The same phenomena were repeated after every explosion, but a great quantity of smoke or steam was constantly escaping with the most appalling and unnatural sound—unnatural, because unlike the roar of winds and waters, or any other sounds, which, from our being accustomed to them, have lost their terrors. The explosions are constantly varying in force, in duration, and in the quantity of matter which they project from the crater. The explosions are doubtless caused by the bursting of the half congealed surface of the lava. Perhaps the lava has an action in itself depending upon its heat, like melted metal in a crucible; or that in consequence of its approach to the surface, and the consequent diminution of pressure, gasses become extricated, which cause a boiling motion, and break through its hardened surface.

The difference of sound, as well as the quantity of matter ejected, may be explained by supposing the congealed surface to burst in different places. Sometimes nearly the whole force of the explosion is expended upon the sides of the cavern, and no lava is thrown out; when, again, the eruption is perpendicular to the opening, the lava is thrown to an immense height, and the sound of course differs from the last. This succession of reports or explosions has been noticed in all volcanos, but I have never seen it satisfactorily explained; our repeated observation of the varieties of sound, as well as all the appearances of the cavern, convince us that it must depend upon the above causes.

The light emitted by the lava is of the same dark, red, and intense appearance, as was observed at Strombolo, and is the effect of heat alone, not of destructive combustion. The aspect of every thing around the crater; the black and barren waste filled only with volcanic productions, and obscured with clouds of sulphureous smoke; and the constant unearthly sound of the volcano, reminded us of Milton's description of chaos—

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

We cannot close our remarks, without expressing the pleasure we have

received from the perusal of this volume. Works of this nature are always interesting and instructive: they make us acquainted with those who are far distant; they open to our view the manners and customs of different nations—their progress in the arts and sciences—the state of their commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, and cannot fail of affording instruction to the reader, and reputation to the writer. Should this work meet with sufficient encouragement, it is the intention of the author to publish another volume, embracing a few observations on Paris, and giving an account of a year's residence in England and Scotland. For its success he has our best wishes. G.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S JOURNAL.

Journal of a Tour into the interior of Missouri and Arkansas, from Potosi, or Mine à Burton, in Missouri territory, in a south-west direction, toward the Rocky Mountains; performed in the years 1818 and 1819. By Henry R. Schoolcraft.

(Concluded from p. 111.)

Thursday, January 14.—Here we concluded to lend our canoe to Mr. Yochem, who, in addition to his own, stood in need of it, to carry down bears' bacon and pork, to a trader lying at the mouth of the Great North Fork, of whom he had made some purchases. The distance was computed at 35 miles by water, and included some of the most difficult navigation in the river, while by land it was only 15. Leaving our baggage therefore to be brought down in the canoe, we took a foot or horse path, leading across the country, and arrived a little before night on the banks of the river, opposite Matney's, at the mouth of the Great North Fork. But we were separated from his house by the river, which was wide and deep, and having no canoe to cross, there seemed no hesitation between lying in the woods, and wading through the

river, which we found about four feet deep in the shallowest place, and reached Matney's just at dusk, wet and chilly. Our canoe did not arrive that night. This we attributed to the difficulty in passing two formidable shoals above. The first is situated fifteen miles below J. Yochem's, and is called the *Crooked Creek Shoals*, being immediately at the mouth of *Crooked Creek*, a long and devious stream, coming in on the right or south side of the river. The second shoal is five miles lower, and is called the *Buffalo shoals*, being situated at the mouth of the *Buffalo Fork of White River*. This is a large stream, also entering on the south side of the river. It originates near the north banks of the Arkansas, and is about 180 miles in length. Its banks afford some rich alluvion, and it is a region much resorted to by hunters on account of the abundance of game it affords. The shoals at its mouth are considered the most formidable obstacle to the navigation of White River, and although boats pass and repass at certain stages of water, it may be reckoned an effectual interruption to navigation for all boats over 8 tons. From the foot of these shoals, however, to its junction with the Mississippi, the navigation of White River is unobstructed, and the largest keel boats, barges, and even steam boats, may in safety ascend, particularly up to the Great North Fork which enters on the north, about half a mile below the spot where we now tarry. There is now a keel boat lying here, which ascended a few weeks ago on a trading voyage among the hunters and farmers. It is a boat of 30 tons burthen, built at Pittsburgh, and decked and painted off in the neat and convenient style of the generality of Ohio and Mississippi boats of her class, but is prevented from going higher by the *Buffalo Shoals*. The articles brought up in it for the purposes of exchange, were chiefly flour, salt, and whiskey, with some coffee,

calico, and a few smaller articles. In return, beaver, deer, otter, bear, and raccoon skins, bears' bacon, fresh pork, and beef, in the gross, venison, bees' wax, honey, and buffalo beef, are taken. From the rates of exchange noticed, I concluded a trading voyage on this stream is attended with immense profit,

Friday, January 15.—Compelled, by the non-arrival of our canoe, to spend the day at this spot, I determined to improve the time by a ramble through the adjacent country, and to seek that amusement in the examination of rocks, and trees, and mountain scenery, which was neither to be found in conversation with the inmates of the house, nor in any other way. The natural appearances of surrounding objects wore an interesting character, and though detained here by accident, a diligent search of the whole river could not, in all probability, have afforded a point, uniting, in the circle of a few miles, so many objects calculated to please the eye or to instruct the understanding. To a geographical situation, the most important in the whole course of the river, it united scenery the most bold and enchanting, and embracing so many objects calculated to awaken and invite attention, that the inquiring traveller could scarcely be disappointed, be his studies or pursuits what they might. Here were beautiful views for the landscape painter, rocks for the geologist, minerals and fossils for the mineralogist, trees and plants for the botanist, soil for the agriculturalist, an advantageous situation for the man of business, and a gratifying view for the patriot, who contemplates with pleasure the increasing settlement, and prospective improvements of our country. Here, the innumerable streams which originate in a district of country four hundred miles long, by two hundred in breadth, collected into two large and beautiful rivers, unite, and from this point forth to the

Mississippi, form a river navigable at all seasons for boats of the largest burden. From the north, from the south, and from the west of this tract—from the most noted, and from its most unfrequented corners, we here behold the assembled tributaries, flowing in a smooth, broad, deep, and majestic current, between banks of the richest alluvion, covered with the most vigorous growth of vegetable life, and skirted at a short distance by mountains of the most imposing grandeur. But although composed of streams which originate in sections of country differing widely in point of fertility, and other natural properties, yet there is a remarkable agreement in that character most obvious to the sight, its extreme limpidity and want of colour, and which was early seized upon by the French traders on first visiting this stream, in calling it *Le Riviere Blanc* (White River) in allusion to the purity of its water.

With such an assemblage of interesting objects around me, I sauntered out to take a nearer view of the face of nature, and spent the day along the shores of the river, in the contiguous forest, or on the naked peaks of the neighbouring hills. The water of the river, at this season of the year, has retired below its banks to its lowest mark, which is about 15 feet below its flood height, and exposes a high alluvial shore, and a wide gravelly beach on both sides. Here a margin of clean gravel, washed by the water into fanciful piles, and of every shape and colour, affords a delightful and uninterrupted walk for many miles, and by its ever winding course, and diversified scenery, keeps the eye in continual expectation of something new or interesting, and lightens the fatigue experienced at every step by sinking shoe-deep into the gravel. I amused myself by considering this a collection of mineralogical and geological specimens, brought together from different sections of country by the waters,

and deposited here, to illustrate the physical constitution and character of the country. This idea had no sooner occurred, than I began selecting individual pieces of it for examination, and soon had arranged on the shore a cabinet of river pebbles, which it may be curious and amusing to describe.

No. 1, was a spheroidal pebble of common quartz; colour, *grayish white, semi-transparent, and hydrogeneous*

No. 2, a rounded mass of carbonate of lime; (*compact secondary limestone*;) colour, *smoke gray*; fracture, *fine earthy*.

No. 3, a similar water-worn mass, with a vein of *calcareous spar*.

No. 4. A pear-shaped pebble of common jasper; colour, a uniform *chestnut brown*; fracture, *conchoidal*; hardness, *a little inferior to quartz*.

No. 5. Granular quartz, rounded by attrition; colour, *grayish white*; easily crushed between two stones, and falling into *fine semi-transparent* grains.

No. 6. Hexagonal prism of rock crystal, the angles nearly obliterated by attrition.

No. 7. Rounded fragment of sandstone; colour, *yellowish and reddish white*; probably referable to the *secondary* class of rocks.

No. 8. Argillaceous pebble; colour, *brownish red*; easily scratched with a knife.

No. 9. Smooth arguled fragment of *red granite*.

No. 10. Shiver of horn-stone; colour, *bluish gray, translucent*, and giving fire with steel.

No. 11. Egg-shaped nodule of flint enveloped by a hard white silico-calcareous matter; colour, *yellowish gray, cloudy, semi-transparent, and readily giving sparks with steel*.

No. 12. Common jasper; colour, *yellowish brown, veined with yellowish white, and harder than quartz*.

No. 13. Tabular fragment of com-

compact limestone, with an impression of the *Turbinites*.

Of these the rock crystal was merely accidental, the calcareous spar and flint very rare, the quartz, sandstone, and granite, less rare, and the jasper and limestone very abundant. Other substances probably exist, and I noticed several species of stone, either calcareous or flinty, so disguised with ferruginous colouring, and other matter, that they were not referable *by the eye* to any particular species, but may be considered rather as ill-characterized varieties of both these rocks. No indurated clay, or puddingstone, so common to other western streams; slate, particles of mica, or petrified wood, were noticed, from which it may naturally be concluded that clay beds are not common on the river; that it yields neither mica or slate, and that the waters are not endued with the properties necessary to petrification. The absence also of greenstone, mica-slate, sienite, gneiss, &c. in the country in which the river originates, may hence be inferred; and, in fine, from the collection above described, one would be apt to imagine, without knowing that it actually is so, that the river is made up of streams which traverse, for the most part, a rocky region. This is actually the fact; for although there are very rich bodies of alluvial lands along the immediate margin of White River, and some of its tributaries, yet they are not very extensive, and the country is, generally speaking, a *stony region*. Here, then, mineralogical science presents a new standard by which the character and fertility of an unexplored country may be with *general accuracy* determined, *by the examination of the stony products brought down by its rivers*. At least, some very useful hints may thus be gathered, and there appears no good reason why a reliance should not be placed upon information thus obtained. It is only judging of a country by sam-

ples of its earths and stones brought together by the spontaneous operations of water instead of the hands of man; and in this light, the banks of a river, near its mouth, may be considered an abstract of the mineral physiognomy of the land in which it originates.

Having descended along the shore of the river a considerable distance, I now determined to return through the forest, and along the mountain bluffs which bound the valley at the distance of half a mile, and descending them toward the east, join my companion at the mouth of the North Fork before dark. One of the most conspicuous objects among the trees and vegetables which skirt the banks of the river, is the sycamore, (*platanus occidentalis*), rearing its lofty branches into the air, and distinguished from other forest trees by its white bark, and enormous size. This tree delights to grow on the immediate margin of the river, and overhangs the water's edge on both sides, but is never found to grow in the back part of the forest toward the bluffs, unless there happens to be a pond of water or a small lake there, in which case it is seen skirting its margin all around. So remarkable a fact cannot escape a person of the least observation who descends this river, or indeed any other river in the western states, whose banks are noted for rich alluvial soil, as the Ohio, the Mississippi, Illinois, Wabash, &c. It is never seen on a sterile, or a dry soil; on the contrary, it may be considered as the *margin tree* of the most recent, moist, black, river alluvion; and the appearance of the one is always a sure indication of the other. Very often it is hollow. This is the same tree called buttonwood on the other side of the mountains, (the Alleghenies.) Another vegetable, scarcely less conspicuous, and occupying a similar soil and situation, in the latitude in which it grows, is the reed, called *cane* in this region, and which

I take to be the *cinna arundinacea* of botanists. This plant is common to all the streams of the valley of the Mississippi below the 38° of north latitude, and is first noticed on descending the Ohio, about the falls. These two species skirt the banks of this river from its largest and most remote northern tributary, as high as we have been on James river thus far, and probably continue to the Mississippi. The other forest trees and plants noticed at this place, and which may be set down as composing the forests of White River generally, are the following :

Cotton wood, (*populus angulata*;) white elm, (*ulmus Americana*;) red elm, (*ulmus fulva*;) buckeye, (*asculus hippocastanum*;) black walnut, (*juglans nigra*;) white walnut, (*juglans tomentosa*;) white ash, (*fraxinus acuminata*;) swamp ash, (*fraxinus juglandifolia*;) white oak, (*quercus alba*;) red oak, (*quercus rubra*;) sugar maple, (*acer saccharinum*;) mulberry, (*callicarpa Americana*;) dogwood, (*cornus florida*;) sassafras, (*laurus sassafras*;) persimmon, (*diospyros virginiana*.)

To these the valleys will add spice-wood, papaw, wild cherry, hemlock, several species of grapes, the wild pea, &c.; and the bluffs and highlands, white and yellow pine, mountain ash, post oak, and cedar. The wild hop is also indigenous to the river alluvion, and the crab apple, red plumb, and black haw, upon the plains. Many others might be added, but these are the most conspicuous on passing through a White river forest, and such as would readily attract the eye. As I approached the foot of the bluffs, vegetation became more scanty; in my ascent, at the height of one hundred feet above the forest level, the rocks were entirely naked, presenting an almost perpendicular wall to the river, but the summit was covered by yellow pine and cedar, sustained by a deposit of oceanic alluvion. The height of this

bluff may be estimated at three hundred feet above the water. It runs parallel with the river, at the distance of from a quarter to half a mile, and is much broken and interrupted by lateral valleys and streams. It is uniformly, so far as could be examined without the labour of digging and clearing away the rubbish at its base, a mass of *stratified secondary limestone*, with impressions of *univalve shells* near its summit. On my descent I was surprised to observe, about half way down, very large angular masses of common white quartz, resting upon tabular rocks of carbonate of lime, and manifestly out of place. Being discoloured externally by the weather, and by atmospheric dust, and moss, I at first mistook these rocks for limestone; but on hammering off several corners, perceived them to be quartz. This set me looking sharply around to discover some primitive strata from which they might have been detached, but I was unable to detect any, and I must leave the phenomenon unexplained. That small pieces of quartz rock should have been detached from primitive strata in distant parts of the country, and deposited upon secondary limestone with other alluvial matter by water, excites no surprise, even if the masses weigh a ton, or more; but to see masses of the size of a common house, presenting angles of 14 to 20 feet, and probably weighing an hundred tons a piece, is certainly extraordinary, and does not admit of a ready explanation upon any principle of alluvial deposits now taught. They could not have fallen from the mountainous heights above, for those heights are composed of *shell limestone*. Have these masses of quartz been ejected by volcanic fire, or is it possible that any power of water could have upborne them to the elevated heights they now occupy?

Saturday, January 16.—On returning from the woods yesterday, the

hunters had not yet arrived with our canoe, but made their appearance at dusk, accompanied by several neighbours and friends in their canoes, who also came down to trade, making a party of twelve or fourteen in all. Whisky soon began to circulate freely, and by the time they had unloaded their canoes, we began plainly to discover that a scene of riot and drinking was to follow. Of all this, we were destined to be unwilling witnesses; for as there was but one house, and that a very small one, necessity compelled us to pass the night together; but sleep was not to be obtained. Every mouth, hand, and foot, were in motion. Some drank, some sang, some danced, a considerable proportion attempted all three together, and a scene of undistinguishable bawling and riot ensued. An occasional quarrel gave variety to the scene, and now and then, one, drunker than the rest, fell sprawling upon the floor, and for a while remained quiet. We alone remained listeners to this grand exhibition of human noises, beastly intoxication, and mental and physical nastiness. We did not lie down to sleep, for that was dangerous. Thus the night rolled heavily on, and as soon as light could be discerned in the morning we joyfully embarked in our canoe, happy in having escaped bodily disfiguration, and leaving such as could yet stand, vociferating with all their might like some delirious man upon his dying bed, who makes one desperate effort to arise, and then falls back in death.

Half a mile below Matney's, we passed the mouth of the Great North Fork, a stream which we had followed down to within 10 miles of its mouth, as detailed in the former part of this journal. Six miles below, we passed a swift run of water in the river called the *Crooked Rapids*. They are no wise dangerous or difficult to be passed.

Ten miles lower brought us in sight of the *Calico Rock*, a noted bluff in a

sudden bend of the river. It is one of those rare and fanciful works of nature which are seldom met with, and is approached under circumstances well calculated to heighten the effect of a scene in itself very striking and picturesque. On turning a bend in the river, suddenly the Rock appears before you at the distance of 600 yards, and seems, as you glide toward it, to present a barrier to the progress of the river. It is a lofty smooth wall of stratified limestone rock, presenting a diversity of colour in squares, stripes, spots, or angles, all confusedly mixed and arranged according to the inimitable pencil of nature, and hence its name. People tell you that all kinds of rocks are here to be found, and an opinion is prevalent that metallic substances of great value exist in these rocks. The deception is naturally created and readily believed in by those who only look upon the surface of things; but a little examination shows the fallacy of appearances. Instead of being composed of many rocks differing in their component parts, it is one rock of the same substance, and internally of the same colour and texture, namely, *Hoetz limestone*. This is overlaid by a stratum of ochery clay, and red and greenish coloured earths, full of ferruginous particles, which have been washed by rains into the crevices of the horizontal strata of stone, and thence oozing down the surface, have communicated to it different colours. These have been in some degree altered, variegated, or set by the acids and juices of oak and other leaves; also extracted by rains, giving to the surface of the rock a singular appearance, of what the German mineralogists, with peculiar significance, term *angelaufenen farben*, (tarnished colours.) Fourteen miles below the *Calico Rock*, we stopped for the night on the left bank of the river, at Jeffery's, having canoed 30 miles.

Sunday, January 17th.—On de-

scending 5 miles, we stopped at a Mr. Williams' to prepare breakfast. Here some hunters were gathering to hear an itinerant preacher. Thirty miles below we stopped for the night at widow Lafferty's, on the right bank of the river. Some excitement prevails among the people occupying the right bank of White river, on account of the recent treaty concluded with the Cherokee Indians. By it those Indians relinquish certain tracts of land in the state of Tennessee, but are to receive in exchange the lands lying between the north bank of the Arkansaw, and the south bank of White River. Those people, therefore, who have located themselves upon the right bank of the river, and improved farms, are now necessitated to relinquish them, which is considered a piece of injustice.

Monday, January 18th.—Much had been said along the river respecting a tin mine reported to exist on the north bank of the river in this vicinity, and although not prepared to find this metal among secondary rocks, I had determined to make it a point of particular inquiry, and after descending the river five miles this morning, stopped about the hour of breakfast, at the house of the person (Mr. Jones) on whose lands the discovery was reported to have been made. He confirmed all we had heard on the subject; said that a very large body of singular ore, supposed to be tin, had been found some 8 or 10 miles north of his house, on the high lands; that it lay in a valley upon the surface of the earth, upon a kind of rotten limestone rock, with a small stream running by, &c. He now produced some lumps of the ore. It was a species of the mountain iron ore (*iron glance*) of a bluish gray colour, great weight, and possessed considerable metallic lustre; destitute, however, of those tarnished colours which serve to beautify the surface of certain varieties of specular iron glance. This incident seems to show how readily per-

sons who have devoted little attention to the subject, are deceived in the appearances of a mineral, and how prone they are to ascribe to it a value which it does not possess.

At the distance of 15 miles below Jones,' we passed Hardin's Ferry; dwelling house on the south bank.—Here the main road from Missouri to Arkansaw crosses the river, and a mail is carried from St. Louis to the post of Arkansaw (now the seat of Territorial Government, March, 1820) once a month. Two miles below is Morrison's Ferry, a branch of the same road crossing there, and 8 miles farther Poke Bayou, a village of a dozen houses, situated on the north bank of the river, where we arrived at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and were entertained with hospitality by Mr. Robert Bean, merchant, of that place.

A gradual change in the face of the country for the last 30 miles, before reaching this spot, is observable. The bottom lands, as you descend, increase in width; the bluffs become more remote, and decrease in height, and finally disappear a few miles above Hardin's ferry, where that extensive alluvial formation, which reaches to the banks of the Mississippi, commences. From this fork, the scenery is unvaried. A rich level plain, covered with heavy forest trees and cane brake, extends as far as the eye can reach, on both banks of the river, gradually depressed toward the Mississippi, where it is subject to semi-annual inundation. At this place the banks are elevated 30 feet above the present level of the water, and are subject to *falling in* during the high spring and autumnal floods. In other respects, the situation of Poke Bayou is pleasant, and advantageous as a commercial and agricultural depot. Here we concluded to quit the river, and pursue the Arkansaw road, on foot, through Lawrence, Cape Girardeau, Wayne, and Madison counties, toward Potosi. As a preparato-

ry step, we have disposed of our canoe, skins, &c. and provided ourselves with travelling knapsacks.

Tuesday, January 19.—Before leaving the banks of White River, it is due to the hardy, frank, and independent hunters through whose territories we have travelled, and with whom we have from time to time sojourned, to say, that we have been uniformly received at their cabins with a blunt welcome, and experienced the most hospitable and generous treatment. This conduct, which we were not prepared to expect, is the more remarkable, in being wholly disinterested, for no remuneration in money for such entertainment (with a very few exceptions) was ever demanded; but when presented uniformly refused, on the principle of its not being customary to accept pay of the traveller for any thing necessary to his sustenance. Nor can we quit the house at which we have here been made to feel our return to the land of civilization, after an absence of several months, without a grateful expression of our sense of the kind civilities and generous attention with which we have been treated. There is but one thing I have to regret on my departure from Poke Bayou; it is my inability to carry along my entire collections in natural history, too bulky and too heavy to be conveyed in a shoulder pack, the only mode of transportation at our command. Selecting, however, such as were most rare or interesting, either from locality, or physical constitution, I filled my pack to a point which, superadded to the weight of a gun, rifle, pouch, port-folio, &c. I judged myself capable of carrying; and we left Poke Bayou at 10 o'clock, taking the high road toward the north west. For the first five miles we passed across the alluvial tract extending northwardly to the river, on which several farms and plantations are located, and the country wears a look of agricultural industry

and increasing population. The farms, the improvements upon them, and the road we travelled, all appeared new. The houses were constructed of logs, and the lands fenced with rails laid in the zig-zag manner practised in western Virginia and Kentucky. We now entered on the secondary limestone formation which bounds the Mississippi alluvion on the west, a tract of country gently elevated, covered with a flinty soil, and scanty vegetation, and indented by innumerable little valleys, which give it a rough and barren aspect. On this are found no settlements in the distance of thirteen miles, during the last mile of which I had wrenched my ankle in such a way as to render it extremely painful in walking, and we stopped early in the afternoon at a small plantation fortuitously at hand.

Wednesday, January 20.—An application of dissolved muriate of soda and flannels surcharged with microcosmic salts in natural solution, did little to mitigate the swelling of my foot, and after a night passed in sleepless anxiety, I arose without feeling any sensible diminution of pain, and without the ability to continue the journey on foot. This accident could not have happened at a spot where medical aid, or the conveniency of transportation, was in all probability more completely out of reach, and one of the most unpleasant delays threatened to ensue. Here chance supplied, as it frequently happens, what could not have been procured in any other way. A traveller passing on horseback, agreed, for a trifling compensation, to let me ride his horse to the banks of the south fork of Strawberry river, while he himself performed the journey on foot. This helped me twelve miles, and we arrived about noon. The road lay across an uninhabited tract, much cut up by little valleys, worn out of shelly limestone, and covered with a stratum of gravelly clay, bearing post

oaks and black oaks. A mile before reaching the river, we entered upon an alluvial plain which continued to the village seated upon its margin. Here were fifteen buildings scattered along the banks of the stream, including a small grist mill turned by water, a whisky distillery, a blacksmith's shop, and a tavern. Feeling somewhat relieved, I concluded to hobble on four miles farther to the main stream of the river, where we arrived before night, and stopped at a farmer's house, my foot having in the mean while become exceedingly painful.

Thursday, January 21.—It was in vain to attempt travelling under such circumstances. I determined to halt, and await the recovery of my foot, while Mr. Pettibone, anxious to terminate a journey which had already been protracted to an unexpected length, concluded to proceed alone toward St. Louis, and we parted at 9 o'clock, after having mutually shared the inconveniences of a pedestrian journey through the woods for seventy-five days.

Friday, January 22.—Left alone, my impatience of delay increased, and I lost the benefit of no application which circumstances, diligence, or the united skill of my hostess and myself, could supply. Forty-one hours thus devoted, superadded to the advantages of rest, abated the swelling of my ankle, and enabled me without great inconvenience to walk. I determined, therefore, to proceed by easy stages for several days, until it became sufficiently invigorated to permit a bolder step, and crossed the Strawberry river this morning at nine. Proceeding with an easy pace, and by frequent resting, I gained ten miles by night, and stopped at the Dogwood Spring, a noted resting place on the dividing ridge between Strawberry and Spring Rivers, named in allusion to the *cornus florida*, abundant there. The alluvial soil continued two miles be-

yond the banks of Strawberry, and for that distance improved farms and dwellings skirted the road; then commenced a calcareous ridge, undulated by valleys running parallel to the general course of the rivers, sterile in appearance, and wholly without improvements. On every declivity the strata of secondary rock were exposed to view. Within five miles of the Dogwood Spring, I passed a large body of vitreous iron ore, (the *brown hematite* of mineralogists,) on descending a hill on the right side of the road. It lies scattered over the surface of the earth for many acres.

Saturday, January 23.—Ten miles beyond this brought me to the banks of Spring River, a large and beautiful stream, which originates in one large spring forty miles above, and after receiving the river Elevenpoints, unites with Black River ten miles below. It is a clear stream, and affords considerable bodies of choice intervale. A mile before reaching it the alluvial soil commences. Here Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, cotton, and tobacco, all flourish in the same field.

Sunday, January 24th.—I was carried across the river in a canoe. A mile beyond, the river bottom terminates, and I ascended the calcareous ridge of secondary rock which separate its waters from those of Elevenpoints. Neither the soil, the vegetation, or geological character of the country, present any variations entitled to notice. At 12 o'clock I reached the banks of Elevenpoints, and was ferried over in a canoe.—This stream is nearly as large as Spring river, with which it unites three miles above its junction with Big Black river. Its waters are beautifully clear, and it affords a strip of alluvion a mile across from hill to hill.

Davidsonville, the seat of justice of Lawrence county, is situated seven miles eastwardly, on the point of land formed by the junction of Spring with Black River. It unites the advanta-

ges of an uninterrupted water communication through White River with the Mississippi, and through that with the ocean, but is a place of little note or importance at present. Half a mile beyond the north bank of the Elevenpoints, the ridge of secondary calcareous rock, separating its valley from that of Fourche à Thomas, is struck, and the road winds along through a sterile and uninhabited country for nine miles. On one of the highest elevations of this intervening ridge, and equi-distant from both streams, I passed a bed of black oxide of manganese. It possesses little weight, is earthy, and soils the finger like soot. Some red oxide is in combination. The quantity is immense. As day light withdrew, I entered the valley of Fourche à Thomas, having travelled nineteen miles.

Monday, January 25th.—Fourche à Thomas is a stream of lesser size than either Strawberry or Elevenpoints; it affords, however, some excellent lands, and the alluvial formation, though not extensive, is very rich, and several large and well improved farms decorate its valley. It originates in highlands forty miles west, and unites with Black River, after winding a course of fifty miles. Settlements continue to the north of this stream six miles, and the ridge of highlands by which it is divided from the Currents River, is less elevated, less rocky, better wooded, and better calculated for agriculture, than those already mentioned. The distance, therefore, between these two streams, which is sixteen miles, appears less to the foot traveller on that account, as there is more to occupy the eye, and less to weary the feet; for while we are viewing plantations and the habitations of man occasionally interspersed among the woods, the time and the distance pass imperceptibly away, but the unvaried barrenness of the wilderness is tiresome. The eye seizes with avidity any new object which promises variety, and this va-

riety is ever more pleasing when associated with the idea of being useful, and capable in some way of promoting the happiness, or subserving the economy of human life. The rock strata, where apparent, are calcareous, and secondary. The *quercus tinctoria* is the most common tree. Two miles before reaching the Currents, the river alluvion commences. Its fructiferous qualities are at once recognised by the unusual size of the trees, cane, and shrubbery, by which it is covered. At three o'clock I reached the banks of the river at Hicks' Ferry, and was conveyed over in a ferry-flat, or scow. This is the fifth river I have passed since leaving Poke Bayou, in the short distance of ninety miles, all running parallel with each other from west to east, separated by similar ridges of calcareous rock, having analogous alluvions on their banks, and all discharging their waters into Black River, which, like an artificial drain, runs nearly from north to south, and catching their waters, conveys them through White River into the Mississippi.—That singular stream, which itself preserves an exact parallelism with the Mississippi during its whole course, is not less remarkable for the number of streams it receives from the west, than for receiving no tributary of any magnitude in its whole course from the east. This is owing to a singular configuration of the country, the examination of which would, perhaps, prove very interesting to the geologist as well as the geographer, and possibly throw some new light on the subject of alluvial deposits, the circumstances under which they have been formed, *their relative ages*, and other contemporaneous matters, which have not received a proper degree of consideration. The lack of tributaries from the *east* bank of Black River, results from the alluvial tract extending from its eastern bank to the western bank of the Mississippi, and which has a gradual de-

scent from the former to the latter, draining off the waters even from within 100 yards of its banks. On the west, it is successively swelled, as you traverse the country from White River northward, by Strawberry, Spring River, Elevenpoints, Fourche à Thomas, and the Currents, all streams of considerable magnitude, and entitled to the particular notice of the future geographers of Missouri and Arkansas. Of these, the Fourche à Thomas is the smallest, and the Currents by far the largest. The latter is, indeed, a noble stream. It is a thousand feet wide at the Ferry, and has an average depth of eight feet. It originates in springs in the Missouri barrens, two hundred and fifty miles west, and affords in its whole length, bodies of alluvial lands well worthy the attention of the planter and speculator. Its sources are amidst bluffs of secondary limestone, which are extremely cavernous, and afford saltpetre. Our residence for several days in one of these caves, while passing through these regions in the month of November of the last year, has already been detailed in a former part of this journal. At Hicks's Ferry, a town is in contemplation. The scite is dry, airy, and eligible, and will command many advantages for mercantile purposes. A mile and a half north, the alluvial tract is succeeded by secondary limestone rising in elevated ridges, which serve to separate the valley of Currents from that of Little Black River. Here night approached, and I stopped six miles north of the Currents, at a farmer's house that happened contiguous, having performed a journey of twenty-three miles.

Tuesday, January 26.—Thirteen miles beyond this, I entered the valley of Little Black River, a stream of clear water, ninety feet wide, with a swift current. This is the principal south branch of Black River, and joins the main stream seven miles below. The alluvion on its banks is

not extensive. Some improvements are, however, made, and the newness of the buildings, fences, and clearings, indicate here, as at every other inhabited part of the road for the last hundred miles, a recent and augmenting population. This is chiefly composed of emigrants from Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Two miles north of Little Black River, I halted for the night at an early hour, my foot giving symptoms of returning lameness. Distance 15 miles.

Wednesday, Jan. 27.—The ensuing sixteen miles brought me to the banks of Big Black River, a large and rapid stream, being the seventh river crossed in a distance of one hundred and thirty miles; and all of which are ultimately united in this. I was ferried over in a canoe, and lodged a mile beyond at a house seated at the intermediate points where the river alluvion is terminated by calcareous rock. I here found myself in *Wayne* county, according to a late division of *Lawrence*, by the territorial legislature of Missouri. Agriculture forms the principal employment of the inhabitants along this stream and its tributaries. A small proportion are mechanics, less merchants, and very few professional men. The soil and climate are considered favourable for the different species of our domesticated graminea. Wheat and corn are the surest, and most advantageous crops. Rye, oats, flax, and tobacco, are also cultivated, the latter partially; and cotton is also grown, but not as a market crop, merely for family convenience, and domestic consumption. The raising of cattle has also engrossed considerable attention in this section of country, and graziers have been well remunerated. St. Louis, St. Genevieve, Kaskaskia, and other distant markets, have drawn a part of their supplies from this quarter. This business, which was very inviting at first, having been carried to excess, has produced a natural re-

action, and it is not now considered an object to drive their stock to remote markets.

Thursday, January 28.—The road from Black River to the River St. Francis, a distance of seventeen miles, lies for the first eight miles across an elevated ridge of secondary limestone rock, intersected by deep valleys, running in all directions, which give it somewhat the appearance of a plain full of high conical hills. These are covered with a stony soil that sustains a growth of yellow pine. The remainder of the road is carried along a gravelly, dry valley, that winds among similar bluffs to the river, and there terminates in the alluvial formation of the St. Francis. Here is a village of ten or fifteen houses, including a grist mill; and a public ferry is kept by Dr. Bettis. The St. Francis is a large stream, and waters a great extent of country. Its length is stated at five hundred miles; near its head are situated the valuable lead mines of La Motte, and the Iron mountain of Bellevieu is situated on its principal south-western branch. Toward its junction with the Mississippi, the lands are low and overflowed. The greater part of the fine rich alluvial margin of this stream is, however, susceptible of successful cultivation, and it is already the seat of one of the most rich and populous agricultural settlements in the territory. I crossed the ferry at Battis' at three o'clock, and lodged six miles beyond, on the road to St. Michael's, having travelled twenty-three miles. I have this day observed the *hamamelis virginica* in blossom.

Friday, January 29.—I was on the road toward St. Michael this morning before day light. After travelling a mile it commenced raining, and poured down incessantly until I reached the next house, being seven miles. There, as the rain continued, I remained until the next day.

Saturday, January 30.—The rain

continued with extraordinary violence during the greater part of the night. The morning was cloudy and unsettled. I proceeded twenty miles, and lodged near the banks of the St. Francis, on the road toward Bellevieu. A vast quantity of water had fallen upon the earth, and the streams were swollen to an unusual height. Every small brook was increased to a torrent, and channels dry at ordinary seasons were now filled with water. The earth, also, was completely surcharged, and wherever it consisted of alluvion, deep mud was the consequence. This rendered travelling very fatiguing. On proceeding five miles along the main road, the country became very rough and barren, and here blocks of granite were found reposing promiscuously upon secondary limestone. These fragments of primitive rock, at first scattering, soon became abundant, and in the course of the succeeding mile I found myself in a region of granite. Here the country bore a very rugged aspect, and the road wound about among piles and hills of granite rock, in which no stratification, and no order of arrangement, could be observed. This is the older red granite of geologists, consisting chiefly of flesh coloured feldspar mixed with quartz, and a very little mica, the former ingredient, however, predominating. It extends about twenty miles north-westwardly, and has a breadth of about six or eight, being surrounded on all sides by secondary rocks, and is at once the most singular and interesting object in the geological character of the whole valley of the Mississippi, so far as yet discovered. So considerable a body of primitive rock, in the midst of so unparalleled an extent of secondary strata, furnishes an interesting subject of inquiry, and its occurrence is certainly without a parallel in the scientific annals of our country. Its geognostic situation is, however, readily explained by either of the theories

at present taught ; but whether this mass of granite is the peak of a pre-existing mountain, around which the calcareous rock has subsequently been deposited, or whether since upheaved by volcanic fire, will admit of some doubt. The existence of blocks of granite, reposing upon calcareous rock a mile distant from the main body, and where nothing short of a volcanic power appears capable of having thrown, or conveyed them, seems to favour the latter hypothesis.

Sunday, January 31.—The weather continued cloudy and unsettled. On reaching the ford of the St. Francis, I found the river so flooded by the late rains, that it was impossible to cross without a canoe, and this was wanting. Thus defeated in my intention of visiting the Iron mountain, and the granite ridges of Bellvieu, I pursued up the banks of the north-eastern branch of the river, through a populous settlement for a distance of ten miles, and passed the night at a planter's, four miles below St. Michael. The granitic rock has been constantly in view.

Monday, February 1.—I advanced but three miles this day. During the morning it rained, and continued, with occasional cessations, until night. Much had been told me of the natural appearances at the *Narrows*, where the river is compressed between lofty hills of granite, and of the shaking of the earth, sometimes experienced there. It is seldom that these relations of the country people are entitled to any credit, and my own experience abundantly satisfies me, that the traveller who turns out of his way to see surprising things, on no better authority, is often sent on a fool's errand. I was disappointed, therefore, to find the Narrows of St. Francis well worthy of a visit. Here the river, narrowed to half its width, forces itself between two elevated ridges of red granite, and brawling over its rugged bed, pitches, at successive leaps, twenty or thirty feet

in the distance of half a mile. These rise to a height of six or seven hundred feet, and are capped with oak trees, except on the sides facing the river, where the rock, during the lapse of ages, fallen off, and the fragments rolling downwards, so accumulated as to give the ridges the appearance of two mighty and confused piles of granitic stones. No signs of vegetable life are found upon them. At the water's edge, there is a vein of micaceous iron ore, which is considered silver by the neighbouring people. Some blocks of greenstone porphyry are also seen among these interesting mineral ruins. Radiated quartz, iron pyrites, and a species of massive mountain iron ore, are also the production of this region. The contiguous calcareous strata on the east, afford galena and blende. During that remarkable series of Earthquakes which this country, in common with all the valley of the Mississippi, experienced in December, 1811, and which continued with intermissions until 1813, large masses of granite rock were shook from these heights, and precipitated into the valley of the St. Francis. The effects of these dreadful earthquakes are still visible in many parts of Missouri and Arkansas, but the most striking alterations were made in the alluvial district of New-Madrid County, the capital of which was, in part, precipitated into the Mississippi, and the natural physiognomy of that country is much disfigured by eruptions and by lakes. It is even added, that a tremulous motion of the earth is still sometimes observable in that section of country. The most interesting, and, indeed, the only condensed body of facts, relative to these earthquakes, which is to be found among the literary papers of the United States, were collected and published by Dr. Saml. L. Mitchell, in the *first volume of the Transactions of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York.*

Tuesday, February 2.—I deter-

mined to make another attempt to cross into Bellevieu by the upper ford of the St. Francis ; but here also I found the water too deep, and was compelled to pursue the more circuitous route through St. Genevieve county. A mile's travelling brought me into St. Michael, a village of sixty houses, and the county seat of Madison, according to a recent act of the legislature. It has three stores and a post office. This village was originally settled by the French, and has for many years been in a state of decline ; but since its selection as the seat of justice for the new county, has received what is called *a start*, that is, has rapidly improved in appearance. Here a road diverges to St. Genevieve, which is situated thirty miles east on the banks of the Mississippi. Two miles beyond St. Michael, on the road toward St. Louis, we pass the lead mines of La Motte. The road runs among the excavations, which are very numerous, and cover a great extent of country. The ore worked is a sulphuret ; it is found reposing in beds in alluvial soil, without any matrix. The rock strata here are calcareous : two miles south west commences the tract of insular granite. These mines have been worked with little interruption for a century, and are not yet exhausted ; but, on the contrary, yield as much metal as formerly. Large piles of the ore, crystallized in shining facets, were lying near the road as I passed, and a number of workmen engaged either in the excavations, or smelting. Nine miles beyond the mines, the traveller enters Cook's settlement, a fine district of land in the interior of St. Genevieve county, with a rapidly increasing population. Here I reposed for the night.

Wednesday, February 3.—A tract of oceanic alluvion extends from this to the banks of Big River, a distance of twenty miles, in the course of which a number of plantations are

passed, but the country is susceptible of more extensive improvements, and will, no doubt, in a short time, attract a portion of that emigration which is now flowing into all parts of the valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Murphy's settlement at the distance of eight miles beyond Cook's, is already a large and flourishing neighbourhood of industrious farmers, and presents many well-cultivated fields, fenced in a neat and substantial manner, with young apple and peach orchards, and framed dwelling houses, clap-boarded in the eastern style. There is also a post office in this settlement, where a mail is received once a week, a school-house, and a physician resident. All these things indicate the wealth, the industry, and intelligence of the inhabitants. Between Murphy's settlement and Big River, there are no settlements. As you approach the banks of the latter, the lands gradually descend, and terminate in a very rich river alluvion. Its width is nearly a mile from hill to hill, and it is the seat of numerous plantations, and well-cultivated farms, where large quantities of wheat and corn are raised. A great proportion of the former is floured for exportation, and of the latter, distilled for the same purpose. This river describes in its course the form of a horse shoe around the extensive lead mines of Washington county, in the centre of which stands its capital, Potosi, and affords some facilities to the transportation of goods. It originates on table lands, which separate its waters from those of the St. Francis, and forms a junction with the Merrimack thirty miles above the confluence of that river with the Mississippi. Near the head of Big River are situated some of the most extensive and valuable iron mines, though not worked, in America, and the calcareous rocks bordering its banks are decidedly the most metalliferous strata, in ores of lead, which the United States, or any mi-

ning district of Europe, or America, affords.*

Thursday, February 4.—From this spot, (Hale's on Big River,) the roads diverge eastwardly to St. Genevieve, northwardly to Herculaneum and St. Louis, and westwardly to Potosi, which is situated at a distance of fifteen miles. Toward this I hastened with a buoyancy of spirit consequent upon the reflection that the termination of my journey was at hand. After crossing the ford, and the alluvial bottoms extending westwardly from the river, the road winds up a succession of elevated hills for the distance of three or four miles. Here commences a sterile plain, indented with gentle valleys, watered by innumerable rivulets, and covered with a very uniform growth of black oaks and post oaks, and in the summer season by a vigorous undergrowth of wild grass, flowers, and vines. The soil is a deep stratum of red marly clay, interspersed with shivers of hornstone and jasper, radiated quartz, and heavy spar. These evidences of the existence of lead ore in the earth, denoted my approach to Potosi, where I arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, after an absence of ninety days, and having travelled more than nine hundred miles.

* To those who feel an interest in the geological character and mineral productions of Missouri and Arkansas, in their geographical features, and present and perspective advantages, their towns, streams, soil, climate, agriculture, antiquities, curiosities, population, and particularly *their mines*, I take the liberty to suggest a reference to my *View of the Lead Mines of Missouri*, printed at New-York, 1819. 1 vol. 8vo. with plates. C. Wiley & Co. publishers.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

MR. VAN WINKLE,

Understanding that the Commissioners appointed by government to fix upon a suitable scite for a Navy Yard, have reported in favour of Charlestown, in Boston har-

bour, I enclose a letter from General Washington to Benjamin Stoddart, Esq. formerly Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of a proper scite for a Navy Yard; which location not agreeing with the opinions of the then Secretary of the Treasury, the present Governor of Connecticut, the plan of General Washington was not carried into execution—Mr. Wolcott having decided upon the purchase of the present Navy Yard in New-York harbour, as presenting superior advantages to those embraced by any situation in the Potomac.

As a document emanating from the pen of the Father of his country, it will be found highly interesting. Yours, W.

Mount Vernon, September 26, 1793.

SIR,

It will afford me pleasure to give you any information in my power, and any opinion, so far as I am able to form one, on the subject of your letter of the 16th inst. which did not come to hand till the 24th. I cannot entertain a doubt but that it will be the policy of this country to create such a navy as will protect our commerce from the insults and depredations to which it has been subjected of late, and to make it duly respected. To effect this, there must be, as you observe, at least one navy yard established for building ships. That this should be under the eye of the government, and as near the centre of the United States as can be fixed with equal advantage to the whole of the community, I think no one will deny. Whether or not the states to the northward of the Potomac are able to supply timber for ship building, in such quantities, of such qualities, and upon such terms as may be desirable, is more than I can tell. But I will venture to say, that no place either north or south of this can be more effectually secured against the attacks of an enemy, and that the banks and vicinity of this river, both above and below tide water, are well known. Whenever the navigation above tide water is completed, (which

I trust will be at no distant period,) there will be opened not only an inexhaustible store of timber for building, but an abundant supply of the largest and best white pine trees, for *masts* of any dimensions, as they have extensive forests of *them* about the head of the Potomac; besides which, no parts of the United States afford better cedar and locust than the lands about the river. You know that iron of the best quality can be furnished from the works on the river, and as cheap as from any part of the United States; and the establishment of a public foundry and armory at the junction of the Potomac to Shannandoah will afford no small advantage in arming the ships. The articles of tar, pitch, live oak, can be brought here at least upon as good terms as to any place north of this; and if hemp, cordage, &c. are to be imported, they can certainly come here as readily as to any other part of the United States. But should hemp be furnished from our lands, (which is very desirable,) this river is the market to which it would be most likely to be brought in the greatest abundance. For to say nothing of the rich bottoms on this river and its branches, which are exceedingly well calculated for raising hemp, it is so valuable an article that it will bear transportation across the Allegany from the rich lands of the Ohio, where it can, and undoubtedly, will be, produced in large quantities. With respect to security against the attacks of an enemy, no place can have advantages superior to the Federal City and Alexandria. Should proper works be erected on Diggs's Point at the junction of the Potomac and Piscataqua Creek, it would not be in the power of all the navies in Europe to pass that place, and afterwards be in a situation to do mischief above; for every vessel in passing up the river must, from the course of the channel, (and the channel is so narrow as to admit but of one vessel going abreast) present her

bows to that point long before she comes within gun-shot of it, and continue in that direction until she comes immediately under the point, from whence shot may be thrown upon her deck almost in a perpendicular direction. Should she be so fortunate as to pass the works, she must expose her stern to the fire from them as far as shot can reach. Thus exposed to be raked fore and aft from such a distance, without once being able to bring her broadside to bear upon the fort, we can readily see how almost impossible it will be for a vessel to pass this place, provided it be properly fortified and well supplied. And what makes it the more important is, that it cannot be attacked by land with any prospect of success, for it has the river on one side, Piscataqua Creek on another side, (each nearly a mile wide,) and the opposite banks very low; a very deep ravine (level with the creek) on the third side, from whence the height is almost, if not altogether inaccessible, and a very narrow approach on the south side. In a word, the works might be insulated, and one range of batteries over another constructed, sufficient for a hundred or more pieces of cannon. Another advantage which this river affords is, that although the distance in the course of the river, from its mouth to the Federal City, is between 150 to 200 miles, yet, from the heights about Cedar Point, (say Laidler's Ferry,) no vessel can enter the river undiscovered, and by means of signals established on the prominent eminences between that place and the scite just mentioned and the Federal City, notice thereof, and of the number and description of the vessels, may be conveyed to these places in a few minutes. Besides, there are not many winds I believe that will serve vessels the whole distance. How far the place marked out in the plan of the Federal City for a marine hospital, may be eligible for a navy yard, either from situation or extent, I am un-

able to say. From your knowledge and information on this subject, you are better able to judge than I am. But that docks, or dry docks, for building and repairing ships, are essential to a navy yard, is certain; and there is no doubt but abundance of water to supply that, may be had from the streams you mention. And I think it is by no means chimerical to say, that the water of the Potomac may and will be brought from above the great falls into the federal city, which would in future afford an ample supply for this object. But after enumerating all the superior advantages which this river affords for the establishment of a navy yard, every thing will depend upon the depth of water; and this is so important a point, that an accurate examination of it should be made, and no reliance placed upon vague information.

Should it not be found sufficient for ships of the line fully armed and provisioned, might not some measures be taken to deepen the channel over the bar at Maryland Point, the only place that requires it; or, might not a naval arsenal or a depot for provisions be established with security below the shallow part of the river, where ships might arm and take in their provisions.

These, however, are mere suggestions, which may or may not be worth attending to. Your's,

G. WASHINGTON.

For the Literary Journal.

A group of friends were enjoying themselves on the banks of the river Passaic. They had flown from the dangers of an infected city to the calm valley of Belleville. The first week passed pleasantly away in sailing, riding and other amusements. The next week was employed not quite so pleasantly in repeating the

same sports; but the third set in with a cold heavy rain, and threw us upon our own resources. As we were lingering round the dinner table, gloomily listening to the pattering of the rain against the windows, one of the party interrupted the silence, by proposing that we should amuse each other by relating stories. "Canterbury tales, for instance," said one; or the "Arabian Nights," rejoined another. "Nonsense," retorted the first speaker, "we need not travel into fairy land, or recite long romances that never happened; let us tell the truth; it would be strange if none of us had ever met with an adventure worth relating." We cheerfully agreed to the proposition, if our friend would begin. "With all my heart," he answered; "I need not tell you that I love to talk—so here begins my story." We arranged ourselves in listening attitudes, replenished our glasses, and our friend, after premising that the following incident occurred under his own observation, thus began:

THE TOLL-GATHERER'S DAUGHTER.

Foaming through the chasms of immense rocks that seem to have been riven asunder by some giant stroke, the Hudson forms the cataract well known as Glen's Falls, and makes its way over and through the rocks, with a force which shakes the slender bridge that is thrown across the stream below. At the extremity of this bridge stands, or rather did stand twenty years since, the humble residence of the toll-gatherer. The neatness of the house gave a charm to its lowliness; it was built on a rock, and half hid by a cluster of weeping willows that grew around it; and the traveller, nearly stunned by the noise of the struggling waters that dazzled his sight as they foamed and sparkled in the sun, turned with pleasure to contemplate this simple quiet scene, which seemed the cho-

sen abode of peace and innocence. Butler (the name of its owner) had seen better days : he had begun life with bright prospects ; but the loss of a leg, and many a wo beside, had brought him, in the decline of life, to the lowly occupation of a toll-gatherer. Yet, his lot was not without alleviations : these were a cheerful affectionate wife, a lovely and idolized daughter, and a sincere friend and excellent adviser in the Dominie, as the minister of the parish was familiarly termed.

The Dominie was exactly suited to his situation ; his talents were not of the first order, nor was his knowledge extensive ; but he possessed plain good sense, sound judgment, and that kindness of disposition which " loves all, and is in turn beloved by all." His piety was simple, but very fervent ; perhaps it was this sincerity that rendered his sermons impressive, for he certainly was not eloquent : His language was not choice, nor his style regular ; yet have men's hearts melted and trembled before him. He had never married ; indeed, his slender salary, although increased by teaching a school, would not allow him the comforts of a home. He therefore resided alternately with the different members of his congregation ; and the house was thought blessed while it contained the Pastor. Thus he became intimately acquainted with every one of his small flock. He joined with cheerfulness in all their moral sports, and shared their sufferings with the same sincerity. Butler was distinguished by the minister's particular favour, and his daughter looked up to the Dominie as to a second father.

The good man had bestowed upon his favourite all his sum of learning. She was now sixteen ; and being pronounced as wise as her instructor, she had quitted school to aid her mother in her domestic duties. As the father was now infirm, and the dame a busy housewife, the task of

collecting the toll frequently devolved upon Letty, for that was her unsentimental name. There was another reason that rendered her appropriate for this duty : In addition to reading and writing, she had acquired considerable knowledge of arithmetic, which enabled her to be tolerably expert in changing dollars to shillings. A knowledge of the Bible, the Child's Instructor, and History of England, comprehended all Letty's literary attainments ; but they were sufficient to engraft on her heart a grateful and fervent love of God, a strong sense of virtue, and, by bounding her hopes and wishes to the narrow scene her lot seemed cast in, to give her cheerfulness and contentment.

It was a sultry summer evening. Letty had carried her spinning wheel to the side of the house, where, seated under a large tree, she busily spun, while she listened to the deep roaring of the fall as its light spray fell around her. She was roused from her employment by the sound of wheels, and, looking up, beheld a Gig dashing violently down the steep hill that led to the bridge, and, in spite of the prohibition, passed over the entrance ; they came full speed over the trembling boards. She perceived that the driver had lost all command over his horse, who, frightened by the noise of the falling waters, with nostrils extended, seemed to spurn controul, and, drawing himself up, prepared to jump from the bridge, when Letty, running forward, opened the gate. The furious animal rushed through, and before she could retreat, a violent blow from the wheel felled her to the ground. A stranger passing stopped the horse, while the gentleman whose life Letty had preserved, jumped from the gig, and carried her to the house. She had received a severe blow on the temple, and the effusion of blood was with difficulty stanch'd. The stranger waited till she recovered, then leav-

ing a well-filled purse on the table, he bade them adieu.

A week had elapsed since this accident, when the stranger returned. Letty was sitting up, supported by pillows; illness shed over her countenance a languor which, though it took from its bloom, gave it an air of refinement, and added to its interest. Even the black kerchief that bound her wounded brow set off the snowy clearness of her complexion, while the drooping eyelid displayed its long dark lashes, that gave a rich expression to a pair of eyes of heaven's own blue. Letty thanked the gentleman in her soft tones and artless language for the attention he had shown her, and expressed her regret at occasioning so much trouble, in such a simple, yet graceful manner, as astonished her visitor.

Mr. Thornley, as he announced himself, became a frequent guest at the cottage, and often condescended to share their humble repast. Indeed, he seemed to forget in listening to the conversation of an untaught girl, that he had mixed with the learned, the witty, and the fashionable. He brought her books, and while he instructed her mind he won her affection. At length he returned to his party at Lake George; although unconscious of the motive, in every excursion his steps were directed to Glen cottage, and his spoils, game, fish, or even a wreath of wild flowers, were used as a pretext for the visit. But much as he revered the old man, and admired his daughter, Mr. Thornley never mentioned their names to his gay companions, or led them near the retreat of Butler, who delighted to talk of him to his friend the Dominie; the old man, who, as I hinted before, did not possess much worldly wisdom, expressed his impatience to see their new friend, nor did he read in Letty's downcast eye and burning cheek the secret of her bosom.

Meantime, some business which called Thornley home, and detained

him for some weeks, convinced him how dear the simple rustic had become to him. He sighed, and wished she was well born—how gladly would he marry her; and his heart swelled with rapture at the idea of passing his life with her; but, it chilled to think she was a toll-gatherer's daughter. He determined to forget her; but the next moment he thought of her, so lovely and gentle, and set off for Glen's Falls. His heart beat when he marked the flash of joy that lit up Letty's beautiful eyes when she saw him.

Thornley talked of love: although Letty was silent, her blushes plainly told what her lips dared not to utter. One day, as they were strolling through the woods that lined the banks of the stream, Letty interrupted her lover in the midst of an ardent declaration, by looking up with a blushing cheek as she innocently said, "but I am too young to marry." "Marry," said Thornley, with the air of a man just awakened from a dream—"oh! we will not think of that, dear Letty;" and, throwing his arms around her, continued, "we can love without marriage." Letty withdrew from his embrace, and said in an earnest tone, "then, although you love me dearer than life, you do not think of marriage?"

Thornley was rather disconcerted, but replied, "my family, dearest girl, is rich and honourable, and—" "and I am the daughter of a beggar," said Letty. "I see it all, vain weak girl that I was; but you, sir, though a great and a rich man, should have been a merciful one. Better," said the poor girl, unable to repress her tears, "better have left me to die in the road, than to break my heart." As, half choaked with sobs, she uttered these words, she hastened from her astonished lover. He followed her, imploring her pardon. Letty stopped, and with an effort that sent the blood to her heart, bade him depart forever, and not

forget that her father, though old and infirm, could protect his child from insult.

There is a dignity in virtue that even in the simple words of Letty awed her dissolute admirer. A woman of polished education might have expressed her sentiments in finer and more touching language, but she could not have shown greater firmness and dignity of mind than did the humble rustic.

Letty walked or rather ran home, and throwing herself on her bed, she literally "lifted up her voice, and wept bitterly." Violent agitation working on a mind unused to great emotion, produced a fever, which jeopardized her life for some days. Her parents and her friend the minister watched by her bedside in sorrow. Her life was granted to their tender prayers. Letty recovered, but she was no longer the cheerful being who had gladdened the hearts of her friends. The minister related her history to a lady in the neighbourhood, who, interested by his story, sent frequently for Letty, and becoming attached to her, prevailed upon her parents to consent to her residing with her entirely, while she bestowed upon the old man a comfortable house, and a small but well-stocked farm. Mrs. W. had retired from a world she had seen too much of, and knew too well to love. But she had brought to her retirement a mind well cultivated, and a fund of useful knowledge. She took delight in opening to her protégée these copious stores; and while she imparted substantial knowledge, she also gave her a refinement of taste and manner, of which, from her education, she was necessarily destitute. Two years glided on; but in the midst of her benevolent plans Mrs. W. died, and Letty returned to her parents—wiser, but not happier. She had gained refinement and cultivation, but she had not that willingness to be happy, if I may

so express it, that marked her earlier days. The simple pleasures that once would have caused her heart to beat with rapture, were now dull and vapid; and she was shocked to perceive, that the recollection of the luxuries she enjoyed in Mrs. W.'s mansion rendered her at first discontented with the humble habits of her father's cottage. At this period, a neighbouring farmer, young and wealthy, offered his hand to Letty. Her parents urged her to accept him, and at length, wearied by their importunities, she consented to give her hand, but protested that she could not bestow her heart. A week before the intended marriage was to take place, as one evening the family were enjoying at the porch of the house the cool breezes of twilight, an exclamation of alarm from Letty, caused her father to look up from his Bible, when he recognized the features of Thornley. "Come not here, young man," said the indignant father; "depart while you may do so in peace." "One word," said Thornley; and passing the old man, he threw himself at Letty's feet, and implored her forgiveness. "I have been a wretched wanderer," he said; "but with Letty's pardon, and your's, sir," turning to Butler, "I shall find happiness and rest." It is not necessary to state, that the long-loved Thornley did not plead in vain. The farmer was dismissed, and in a week the lovers were united by the venerable Pastor. Though moving in polished circles and fashionable society, Thornley never had cause to blush for the Toll-gatherer's Daughter. C.

Indian Population.—It appears, from a statement in the Cincinnati Gazette, that the Indian tribes inhabiting the province of Texas amount to about 25,000 souls, and that they can bring into the field near 5,000 warriors.

COMMON COUNCIL RECORDS.

To the Editor of the New-York Literary Journal.

It is an old proverb, that "there is nothing new under the sun." There are no doubt exceptions to this sweeping apophthegm. Nevertheless, we well know that vast quantities of the floating knowledge of the day, and which passes off for newly discovered coin, has, in truth, been stolen from the hidden treasures of antiquity. It is thus, too, that ambition, which prompts us forward to strike out new paths, is often foiled, and that our powers are dissipated upon some topic which had already been exhausted by our predecessors.

More real service would probably accrue to science, if less time was employed in the production of original compositions, and more pains taken to devert those truths which have already been discovered of the rubbish in which they are buried. The neglected cloisters of ancient learning ought to be faithfully searched, and the genius of our ancestors freed of the cobwebs and rust with which time has enshrouded it. Many a borrowed plume would thus be restored to its rightful owner, and many a precious model brought to light for the study and improvement of posterity. The accumulations of past experience form a world of itself. And it is an affectation of solicitude to pine at the mutilated pages of a Livy, a Demosthenes, or a Terence, when so disproportionate a part of this wide field of inquiry is yet unexplored. It is not for the want of means that we do not undertake this task; for we even pass by the memorials of those who have gone immediately before us. It will be necessary in the end that our creative faculties should become dormant for a while, in order that the memory may clothe itself with the rich spoils of other days. Other-

wise, the perfectability of the human species will be seriously impaired.

I was led to these reflections on visiting, a few days since, the archives of our city records. After the many histories which have been written of the United States, I need not tell you I felt a degree of chagrin and surprise to know that the valuable documents of the proceedings of the Common Council of this city, so accessible to every one, and preserved with so much laudable care, and whose antiquity goes down to the remote period of 1675, have never once been appealed to in print. My pride suggested to me that I, at least, would not be culpable in concealing these relics. I have therefore resolved to examine their pages, and as often as I hit upon any thing interesting to the historical reader, to avail myself of the privilege of communicating it to the public through your excellent magazine.

The records, or minutes, of the Common Council down to the present day are all contained in thick folio manuscript volumes of the size of common ledgers, and are bound in calf. The first volume extends from the 17th of October, 1675, to the 14th of October, 1691. As it is the most ancient, it requires more particular notice. It is written in different hands, which arises probably from there having been a succession of secretaries or clerks during this period. The writing was, no doubt, performed by the clerks themselves, at the time, as is customary now, and not by an under clerk, from the originals. It is, in several places, quite antiquated in its penmanship, there being a great number of flourishes, and many singular deviations from the present modes in use in the formation of the letters. The phraseology is also in several places somewhat obsolete. The whole, however, is in a fair large hand, and very legible.

This volume, and those which

succeed it, up to the revolutionary war, have been lately indexed in so minute a manner, and so much in detail, that we are enabled to come at a very correct knowledge of their contents, without the least labour or time.

I shall give you for the present number the following extracts from the "Orders made at the General Court of Assizes in New-Yorke, beginning on the 6th, and ending on the 13th of October, in the 27th yeare of his Majestie's reigne, Anno Domini 1675."

"Upon a proposall whether it will not bee convenient at this juncture of tyme, of the Indyans disturbance to the eastward, to bring all canoes on the north side of Long Island to this place, or to have them all destroyed to prevent any intercourse with the Indyans on the Maine and our Indyans, or that those canoes bee brought to the next townes and secured by the officers. It's resolved that all canoes whatsoever, belonging to Christians or Indyans on the north side of Long Island to the east of Hell-gate shall within three dayes after the publicacon hereof bee brought to the next townes and delivered into the constables custody to bee laid up and secured by them neare their block-houses: and that whatsoever canoe shall bee found upon the sound after that tyme bee destroyed.

"That the Indyans at Mr. Pells on Anne Hook's neck, bee ordered to remove within a fortnight to their usuall winter quarters within Hell-gate upon this island, &c."

In the above extracts, you will see that the celebrated passage on the East River, commonly called Hell-gate, has preserved its genuine and original orthography. Notwithstanding that, some modern and very delicate innovators in philology have endeavoured to substitute the term *hurl*, or *whirl*, in the room of Hell-

gate, a much more forcible, and certainly not an objectionable term.

Another part of the ordinance relates to the taxing and marking of horses.

"The payment in the rates for horses and horsekind being recommended from the towne of Southampton, and other townes at the east end of Long Island to bee considered of whether not so high, it being too much above the present value. Ordered; That the rates doe continue as they now are; and that all persons who have horses upon Long Island, doe within the space of six months, prove their horses before the constable and overseers, or chiefe officers of the respective townes to which they doe belong: and such as shall bee found unmarkt (according to law,) shall bee forfeited, the one halfe to his Royall Highnesse, the other halfe, to the towne to which they shall bee brought: and that noe person presume to marke any horse or colt, but before the constable and overseers, or chiefe officer of the place.

"That all persons upon Long Island who have estates from the value of twenty pounds to one hundred pounds may keepe one breeding mare and noe more; and soe proportionably for every hundred pounds, one; but may have as many working geldings or horses of size, according to law, as hee shall have occasion of, and double the number in the woods.

"That every single person though but of twenty pounds estate may keepe one gelding, or horse at home, and in the woods proportionably."

The following part of the ordinance shows that the practice of whaling on the eastern part of Long Island had begun at that early day.

"Upon complaint of the great abuse at the east end of Long Island in their oyle caske; It is ordered that there bee a sworne gager and tapper of oyle in the respective

townes where the whaling designe is followed," &c.

It was the custom to maintain a public priesthood by taxes, as is still the practice in despotisms.

"The church affaires being taken into consideracon, and particularly the affaires of the ministry as to their maintenance ; It is ordered, that towards the maintenance of the ministry, besides the usuall country rate, there shall bee a double rate leyed upon all those townes that have not already a sufficient maintenance for a minister."

A fair was established at Brooklyn.

"Upon proposall of having a ffayre or markett in or near this city : It is ordered, that after this season there shall yearly bee kept a ffayre and markett at Breucklyn neare the fferry for all graine, cattle, or other produce of the country ; to bee held the first Munday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in November, and in the city of New-Yorke the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday following."

Staten Island had a separate jurisdiction.

"That by reason of the seperacon by water, Staten Island shall have jurisdiction of it selfe, and to have noe further dependance on the courts of Long Island, nor on their militia."

NEO-EBORACENSIS.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

[Some of the following Essays, which will appear in this and the subsequent numbers of our Journal, were originally published in the Commercial Advertiser of this city about two years since. As they relate to a subject of permanent interest to this country, we have thought that a republication of them might not be unacceptable to our readers ; especially as we have obtained a promise from the writer that they shall be made preliminary to a more par-

ticular account of the condition of learning in the State of New-York.—*Editor.*]

The importance of a profound acquaintance with the classical authors of antiquity has been practically admitted, by the most enlightened nations in the world. Accordingly, it has always been a cherished object in their systems of Education, to bring the minds of their youth in contact with those master spirits of Greece and Rome, who by their genius, wisdom, eloquence and wit, have astonished, delighted, and instructed succeeding ages. In this country, unfortunately, the same importance appears never to have been attached to classical learning. Although taught in most of our colleges, yet in many it is performed in so superficial and defective a manner, as eventually rather to frustrate than to promote its cultivation. There is one college, indeed, from which the study of languages is wholly excluded—I refer to WILLIAM AND MARY'S, in Virginia. Under the original charter, granted by William and Mary, this institution had a Professorship of Greek and Latin connected with it. After the American revolution, the college was organized on a new plan, and among other changes that were made, this professorship was abolished. The reason assigned by Mr. Jefferson for this singular measure is, that "the admission of learners of Latin and Greek filled the college with children ;" (Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, p. 250 ;) a reason which, instead of being any justification whatever, for the sacrifice of one of the highest essentials of scholarship, only serves to expose the wretched policy by which that seminary is governed.

In another of our Colleges, it is understood, that a knowledge of the French language is admitted as an equivalent for that of the Greek. With these exceptions, the study of the dead languages is enforced; I believe, throughout all our literary in-

stitutions ; and it is generally considered as a necessary ingredient in completing the education of our youth. Notwithstanding all this, however, it is a lamentable fact, that to become deeply and extensively versed in classic lore is esteemed unnecessary, if not useless ; and accordingly the whole current of authority, as well as popular prejudice, is directly hostile to the devotion of any thing like the time which is necessary for this purpose. The contracted nature of the course of classical studies, in most of our colleges, is a sufficient evidence of this fact, if other testimony were wanting.

It may not be uninteresting to concisely state some of the causes which have operated in influencing the public judgment on this subject. The most efficient cause, and the one to which most of the others may be referred, is this, that from the peculiar situation of this country, knowledge, in common with every thing else, is made subservient to the practical purposes of active life, and particularly to the acquisition of wealth. This is the object for which all our energies and enterprise are directed. The description which Horace gives of the avidity of the Romans, in the pursuit of wealth, is not less characteristic of ourselves—

O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est.

Hence it is that knowledge is only valued in proportion as it supplies the means of accumulating property ; and, accordingly, classical learning—which, from the intellectual refinement it inspires, is calculated to give its possessor a distaste for commercial speculations, and, perhaps, to disqualify him, in a great degree, from engaging in them at all—is so little regarded. Our merchants, although great numbers of them have enjoyed the benefits of a liberal education, seldom open an author of antiquity after they have received their diplomas ; and our professional gentlemen, almost the only men of learning we

have in the country, are so assiduously occupied in their various callings, that they have but little time to devote to other pursuits. The consequence is, as might be expected, that we can boast of but few *profound* classical scholars, and none but they are qualified to judge of the real value of classical literature. I do not wish to be understood as condemning altogether this enthusiasm in the struggle for wealth, which has just been noticed as characterizing our citizens : It rises necessarily out of the state of society in this country ; nor can it be denied that it even has been productive of much good. Its impulse has unquestionably imparted energy to our national character—it has diffused throughout the country an air of activity and a spirit of enterprize, the practical results of which are to be seen in the wide extension of our commerce—in the ingenuity of our population, and the intrepidity of our warriors. But whatever other benefits it may have produced, its effect upon our literature has been extremely deleterious.

Another cause, auxiliary to the one just noticed, may be found in the manner in which the languages are taught. The student has scarcely passed through the drudgery of acquiring the rudest elements of those languages, before he is arrested in his career, and hurried away to some other branch of instruction. He is, therefore, at once cut off from the pure pleasures arising from the contemplation of the ancient models of literary excellence. It is natural, that what is attended with so much toil and pain in the attainment, and unrewarded by any proportionate pleasure, should be thought scarcely deserving any attention. It is just this feeling which undoubtedly has a most powerful influence in lowering the estimation in which classical learning should be held.

The study of languages is, of necessity, at first a laborious process,

and it requires no inconsiderable perseverance to accomplish it: If properly prosecuted, however, it will more than repay all the labour that may have been bestowed upon it. A mind familiarized with the spirit of classic enthusiasm, will find itself susceptible of the noblest impulses. And while it explores those mines of intellectual wealth which have supplied the world with "bright images and illustrious thoughts," will feel itself borne along and animated by an influence as uncontrollable as it is elevating.

No. II.

In my last I stated the indifference to Classical Literature which existed in this country, and at the same time endeavoured to expose some of the causes to which it might be referred.—The present shall be devoted to a few general observations on the advantages to be derived from the study of the Greek and Roman writers.

It must appear rather a singular fact to those who discredit the value of this species of knowledge, that the study of ancient Literature, commenced by Petrarch, and prosecuted by his successors, was the principal agent in bringing about the restoration of learning in modern times. Amid the mysticism of the philosophy which governed Europe during the dark ages, the glory of ancient learning was extinguished. In the fifteenth century a new era in letters commenced, which was principally characterized by the enthusiasm with which the classic authors of antiquity were sought after and studied. Ever since that period, this branch of knowledge has maintained an equally elevated station; it has been cultivated with unceasing ardour in every enlightened nation, and has formed the basis of instruction in all those universities which have sent forth the greatest men. Beside this, if we

consult the history of some of the most distinguished individuals the world has ever seen, we shall find them uniformly setting a high value upon their skill in classical learning, and referring much of their excellence to that very source. These are facts which cannot be denied, and the conclusions to be drawn from them are obvious. Either that the most refined nations, as well as individuals, have been labouring under a singular delusion, and are still suffering under it, or there must be some intrinsic excellence in classic erudition, which has thus called forth the approbation and applause of mankind. In the mind of any person not wholly ignorant on this subject, no hesitation can exist.

If the object of education be to teach us rather *how* to think, than *what* to think, as undoubtedly it ought to be, then the study of language is better calculated to fulfil this object, than instruction in any other kind of knowledge; for it at once affords the best possible exercise for every faculty of the mind. Not merely the memory, but the imagination, the judgment, and the reasoning powers, are all called into action, by the selection, combination, and arrangement of the different elements, which enter into the structure of a language. Besides, it is impossible to study the language of a people without becoming acquainted with their history, manners, customs and philosophy; and thus, in perusing the classic authors, the mind becomes familiarized with the genius, eloquence, and exploits, of those renowned states of ancient days, whose fame shall be borne on the wing of time, down to the remotest generations. Nor is this all: The writings of the ancients abound with the most accurate and sublime views of human nature, viewed either as modified by government, science, and religion, or as unaffected by any of these causes, and descriptive of the species, in

every age and country, and under every variety of circumstance and situation. The man who grasps all this, cannot but find his power of attention strengthened—his fancy illumined—and all his mental powers enlarged.

The influence of the abstract sciences in evolving the intellect, is partial and trivial, when compared to this. They bend down the mind to the acquisition of undoubted truths, but leave nothing for ingenuity or fancy to exercise their powers upon. After a proposition is demonstrated, the point which was aimed at is reached, and all exertion then ceases. But this negative disadvantage attending mathematical pursuits, is not all that may be alleged against them. In most persons they have a direct tendency to weaken the force of moral evidence on the mind, at the same time that they destroy, in a great measure, the taste for elegant literature. Almost every one has met with instances of the former, in persons who deny the truth of a moral proposition, because it is not supported by mathematical evidence. As illustrative of the latter, is the anecdote of a profound mathematician who sagely declared, he could see no beauty in the works of Shakspeare, because "they did not *prove* any thing." These remarks are not penned with a view of degrading this science; it is assuredly useful and necessary to complete a perfect system of education; but when compared with classical learning, it must ever be esteemed only of *secondary* importance.

But the classics are not merely valuable as affording the best exercise to the mind during their acquisition: A knowledge of them is essential to the formation of purity of style and chastity of taste; and it may be asserted that elegant literature never flourished in a nation where the ancient classics were not familiarly known. Italian literature

saw her brightest days after her Petrarch and Boccaccio had roused the attention of their countrymen to the value of ancient learning. The purest models of English literature have also been formed from the same source. Addison is perhaps the most perfect illustration that could be adduced. He devoted his early years to the constant study of the Greek and Roman writers, and from them caught that genuineness of taste and correctness of style, which have thrown such a charm around his productions, and have constituted him "one of the best authors since the Augustan age." The United States unfortunately afford a negative argument in favour of the position just laid down. It is a fact, which it were idle to attempt to deny, that many of our best writers, although abounding in forcible and original thoughts, in flashes of vigorous fancy, and in energetic arguments, are yet lamentably defective in that purity of diction, that grace and elegance of style and expression, which characterize the finest efforts of English literature. A stronger proof of corruption of taste, and the vitiation of language which prevails, cannot be demanded, than may be obtained by a reference to the Baccalaureate Addresses delivered by a President of one of our Colleges, who, from his commanding situation, one would suppose ought to be looked up to as a model of pure taste, and correct composition.

It is unnecessary to spend much time in pointing out the advantages of classical learning to professional gentlemen. To the divine, every one will admit that it is absolutely indispensable. And what lawyer will be found hardy enough to assert, that his eloquence may not be chastened and elevated, by contemplating the energy and vehemence of Demosthenes, and the majesty and luxuriance of Cicero? And what physician, who has ever soared above the mere quackery of his profession,

will not acknowledge, that he considers his knowledge of the languages as one of his most valuable possessions ?

Let it not be objected that an adequate knowledge of the contents of ancient authors, may be obtained from translations, and therefore that it is a superfluous expense of time and labour to study the originals. As a refutation of the fact, alleged in this objection, I might safely appeal to the experience of every scholar; indeed, any person who has taken the trouble of examining the translations of the classics, must confess, that the very best of them give but an imperfect conception of an author; while the majority are burlesques upon scholarship and good sense. But, admitting that the *ideas* of an author may be conveyed with sufficient precision into another language, still it is impossible to transfuse into it any correct conception of his *style* and *diction*, which so materially stamp the character of a writer. Volney justly remarks, that "without possessing the language, it is impossible to appreciate either the genius or character of a nation. Interpreters can never supply the defect of a direct communication." (Travels in Syria & Egypt.) It is impossible to catch the spirit of an author, without knowing the language in which his writings are actually embodied. Who would believe that the sublimity of Milton, or the beauties of Shakspeare, could ever be represented in a Dutch or Russian version? The truth is, the language of

every nation is peculiar, possessing numberless terms and phrases which cannot be rendered into another language without losing all their force and spirit; and hence translations must necessarily always be defective, if not erroneous, representations of the originals.

Nor let it be objected, that the study of classical learning is unfavourable to virtue. For my own part, I believe its effect to be directly the reverse. What writers abound more than the ancients, in exhortations to the culture of all the moral and social virtues? Where are to be found more powerful incentives to the love of country, filial piety, the practice of temperance, disinterested friendship, than in the writings of Epictetus, Plutarch, Seneca, and Cicero? I believe no man ever rose from the perusal of them, with one virtuous principle corrupted, or one generous propensity unstrengthened. Besides, the contemplative spirit which classical study in a peculiar manner engenders, and the trains of reflections to which it gives rise, are eminently propitious to the improvement of all the sensibilities and moral tendencies of our nature. But if classical literature be unfavourable to virtue, how comes it to pass that in every country, the men most distinguished for their piety, I mean the clergy, have uniformly patronized it; and the most celebrated of them have been those who drank the deepest at the fountains of ancient learning.

SELECTIONS.

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS.—“ THE
AUTHOR OF WAVERLY.”

Here are we in a bright and breathing world.
Wordsworth.

WE esteem the noble productions which the great novelist of Scotland has poured forth with startling speed from his rich treasury, not only as multiplying the sources of delight to thousands, but as shedding the most genial influences on the taste and feeling of the people. These, with their fresh spirit of health, have counteracted the workings of that blasting spell by which the genius of Lord Byron once threatened strangely to fascinate and debase the vast multitude of English readers. Men, seduced by their noble poet, had begun to pay homage to mere energy, to regard virtue as low and mean compared with lofty crime, and to think that high passion carried in itself a justification for its most fearful excesses. He inspired them with a feeling of diseased curiosity to know the secrets of dark bosoms, while he opened his own perturbed spirit to their gaze. His works, and those imported from Germany, tended to give to our imagination an introspective cast, to perplex it with metaphysical subtleties, and to render our poetry “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.” The genius of our country was thus in danger of being perverted from its purest uses, to become the minister of vain philosophy, and the anatomist of polluted natures.

“The author of Waverly” (as he delights to be stiled) has gently weaned it from its idols, and restored to it its warm youthful blood and human affections. Nothing can be more opposed to the gloom, the inward revolvings, and morbid speculations, which the world once seemed

inclined to esteem as the sole prerogatives of the bard, than his exquisite creations. His persons are no shadowy abstractions—no personifications of a dogma—no portraits of the author varied in costume, but similar in features. With all their rich varieties of character, whether their heroic spirit touches on the godlike, or their wild eccentricities border on the farcical, they are men fashioned of human earth, and warm with human sympathies. He does not seek for the sublime in the mere intensity of burning passion, or for sources of enjoyment in those feverish gratifications which some would teach us to believe the only felicities worthy of high and impassioned souls. He writes everywhere with a keen and healthful relish for all the good things of life—constantly refreshes us where we least expected it, with a sense of that pleasure which is spread through the earth “to be caught in stray gifts by whoever will find,” and brightens all things with the spirit of gladness. There is little of a meditative or retrospective cast in his works. Whatever age he chooses for his story lives before us; we become contemporaries of all his persons, and sharers in all their fortunes. Of all men who have ever written, excepting Shakspeare, he has perhaps the least of exclusiveness, the least of those feelings which keep men apart from their kind. He has his own predilections—and we love him the better for them even when they are not ours—but they never prevent him from grasping with cordial spirit all that is human. His tolerance is the most complete, for it extends to adverse bigotries; his love of enjoyment does not exclude the ascetic from his respect, nor does his fondness for hereditary

rights and time-honoured institutions prevent his admiration of the fiery zeal of a sectary. His genius shines with an equal light on all—illuminating the vast hills of purple heath, the calm breast of the quiet water, and the rich masses of the grove—now gleaming with a sacred light on the distant towers of some old monastery, now softening the green-wood shade, now piercing the gloom of the rude cave where the old covenanter lies—free, and universal, and bounteous, as the sun—and pouring its radiance with a like impartiality “upon a living and rejoicing world.”

We shall not attempt, in this slight sketch, to follow our author regularly through all his rich and varied creations; but shall rather consider his powers in general of natural description—of skill in the delineation of character—and of exciting high and poetical interest, by the gleams of his fancy, the tragic elevation of his scenes, and the fearful touches which he delights to borrow from the world of spirits.

In the vivid description of natural scenery our author is wholly without a rival, unless Sir Walter Scott will dispute the pre-eminence with him; and, even then, we think the novelist would be found to surpass the bard. The free grace of nature has, of late, contributed little to the charm of our highest poetry. Lord Byron has always, in his reference to the majestic scenery of the universe, dealt rather in grand generalities than minute pictures—has used the turbulence of the elements as symbols of inward tempests, and sought the vast solitudes and deep tranquillity of nature, but to assuage the fevers of the soul. Wordsworth—who, amidst the contempt of the ignorant and of the worldly wise, has been gradually and silently moulding all the leading spirits of the age—has sought communion with nature, for other purposes than to describe her external forms. He has shed on all creation

a sweet and consecrating radiance, far other than “the light of common day.” In his poetry the hills and streams appear, not as they are seen by vulgar eyes, but as the poet himself, in the holiness of his imagination, has arrayed them. They are peopled not with the shapes of old superstition, but with the rich shadows of the poet’s thought, the dreams of a glory that shall be. They are resonant—not with the voice of birds, or the soft whisperings of the breeze, but with the echoes from beyond the tomb. Their lowliest objects—a dwarf bush, an old stone, a daisy, or a small celandine—affect us with thoughts as deep, and inspire meditations as profound, as the loveliest scene of reposing beauty, or the wildest region of the mountains—because the heart of the poet is all in all—and the visible objects of his love are not dear to us for their own colours or forms, but for the sentiment which he has tenderly linked to them, and which they bring back upon our souls. We would not have this otherwise for all the romances in the world. But it gladdens us to see the intrinsic claims of nature on our hearts asserted, and to feel that she is, for her own sake, worthy of deep love. It is not as the richest index of divine philosophy alone that she has a right to our affections; and, therefore, we rejoice that in our author she has found a votary to whom her works are in themselves “an appetite, a feeling, and a love,” and who finds, in their contemplation, “no need of a remoter charm, by thought supplied, or any interest un-borrowed from the eye.” Every gentle swelling of the ground—every gleam of the water—every curve and rock of the shore—all varieties of the earth, from the vastest crag to the soft grass of the woodland walk, and all changes of the heaven from “morn to noon, from noon to latest eve,”—are placed before us in his works with a distinctness beyond that which

the painter's art can attain, while we seem to breathe the mountain air, or drink in the freshness of the valleys. We perceive the change in the landscape at every step of the delightful journey through which he guides us. Our recollection never confounds any one scene with another, although so many are laid in the same region, and are alike in general character. The soft lake among the hills, on which the cave of Donald Bean bordered—that near which the clan of the M'Gregors combated, and which closed in blue calmness over the body of Maurice—and that which encircled the castle of Julian Avenel—are distinct from each other in the imagination, as the loveliest scenes which we have corporally visited. What in softest beauty can exceed the description of the ruins of St. Ruth; in the lovely romantic the approach to the pass of Aberfoil; in varied lustre the winding shores of Ellangowan bay; in rude and dreary majesty the Highland scenes, where Ronald of the Mist lay hidden; and in terrific sublimity the rising of the sea on Fairport Sands, and the perils of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter? Our author's scenes of comparative barrenness are enchanting by the vividness of his details, and the fond delight with which he dwells on their redeeming features. We seem to know every little plot of green, every thicket of copse-wood, and every turn and cascade of the stream in the vale of Glendearg, and to remember each low bush in the barren scene of the skirmish between the Covenanters and Claverhouse, as though we had been familiar with it in childhood. The descriptions of this author are manifestly rendered more vivid by the intense love which he bears to his country—not only to her luxuriant and sublime scenery, but “her bare earth, and mountains bare, and grass in the green field.” He will scarcely leave a brook, a mountain ash, or a lichen

on the rocks of her shore, without due honour. He may fitly be regarded as the genius of Scotland, who has given her a poetical interest, a vast place in the imagination, which may almost compensate for the loss of that political independence, the last struggling love for which he so nobly celebrates.

“The Author of Waverly” is, however, chiefly distinguished by the number, the spirit, and the individuality of his characters. We know not, indeed, where to begin or to end with the vast crowd of their genial and noble shapes which come thronging on our memory. His ludicrous characters are dear to us, because they are seldom merely quaint or strange, the dry oddities of fancy, but have as genuine a kindred with humanity as the most gifted and enthusiastic of their fellows. The laughter which they excite is full of social sympathy, and we love them and our nature the better while we indulge it. Whose heart does not claim kindred with Baillie Nichol Jarvie, while the Glasgow weaver, without losing one of his nice peculiarities, kindles into honest warmth with his ledger in hand, and, in spite of broadcloth, grows almost romantic? In whom does a perception of the ludicrous for a moment injure the veneration which the brave, stout-hearted, and chivalrous Baron of Bradwardine inspires? Who shares not in the fond enthusiasm of Oldbuck for black letter, in his eager and tremulous joy at grasping rare books at low prices, and in his discoveries of Roman camps and monuments, which we can hardly forgive Edie Ochiltree for disproving? Compared with these genial persons, the portraits of mere singularity—however inimitably finished—are harsh and cold; of these, indeed, the works of our author afford scarcely more than one signal example—Capt. Dalgetty—who is a mere piece of ingenious mechanism, like an auto-

maton chess player, and with all his cleverness gives us little pleasure, for he excites as little sympathy: Almost all the persons of these novels, diversified as they are, are really endowed with some deep and elevating enthusiasm, which, whether breaking through eccentricities of manner, perverted by error, or mingled with crime, ever asserts the majesty of our nature, its deep affections, and undying powers. This is true not only of the divine enthusiasm of Flora Mac Ivor—of the sweet heroism of Jeanie Deans—of the angelic tenderness and fortitude of Rebecca, but of the puritanic severities and awful zeal of Balfour of Burley, and the yet more frightful energy of Macbriar, equally ready to sacrifice a blameless youth, and to bear without shrinking the keenest of mortal agonies. In the fierce and hunted child of the mist—in the daring and reckless libertine Staunton—in the fearful Elspeth—in the vengeful wife of M'Gregor—are traits of wild and irregular greatness, fragments of might and grandeur, which show how noble and sacred a thing the heart of man is, in spite of its strangest debasements and perversions. How does the inimitable portrait of Claverhouse at first excite our hatred for that carelessness of human misery, that contempt for the life of his fellows, that cold hauteur and finished indifference which are so vividly depicted; and yet how does his mere soldierly enthusiasm redeem him at last, and almost persuade us that the honour and fame of such a man were cheaply purchased by a thousand lives! We can scarcely class Rob Roy among these mingled characters. He has nothing but the name and the fortune of an outlaw and a robber. He is, in truth, one of the noblest of heroes—a Prince of the heather and the rock—whose very thirst for vengeance is tempered and harmonized by his fondness for the wild and lovely scenes of his home,

Indeed, the influences of Majestic scenery are to be perceived tinging the rudest minds which the author has made to expatiate amidst its solitudes. The passions even of Burley and of Macbriar, borrow a grace from the steep crags, the deep masses of shade, and the silent caves, among which they were nurtured, as the most rapid and perturbed stream which rushes through a wild and romantic region bears some reflection of noble imagery on its impetuous surface. To some of his less stern but unlettered personages, nature seems to have been a kindly instructor, nurturing high thoughts within them, and well supplying to them all the lack of written wisdom. The wild sublimity of Meg Merrilies is derived from her long converse with the glories of creation; the floating clouds have lent to her something of their grace; she has contemplated the rocks till her soul is firm as they, and gazed intently on the face of nature, until she has become half acquainted with its mysteries. The old king's beadsman has not journeyed for years in vain among the hills and woods; their beauty has sunk into his soul; and his days seem bound each to each by "natural piety" which he has learned among them.

That we think there is much of true poetical genius—much of that which softens, refines, and elevates humanity in the works of this author—may be inferred from our remarks on his power of embodying human character. The gleams of a soft and delicate fancy are tenderly cast over many of their scenes—heightening that which is already lovely, relieving the gloomy, and making even the thin blades of barren regions shine refreshingly on the eyes. We occasionally meet with a pure and pensive beauty, as in Pattieson's description of his sensations in his evening walks after the feverish drudgery of his school—with wild yet graceful

fantasies as in the songs of Davie Gellatly—or with visionary and aerial shapes, like the spirit of the House of Avenel. But the poetry of this author is, for the most part, of a far deeper cast—flowing from his intense consciousness of the mysteries of our nature, and constantly impressing on our minds the high sanctities and the mortal destiny of our being. No one has ever made so impressive a use of the solemnities of life and death—of the awfulness which rests over the dying, and renders all their words and actions sacred; or of the fond retrospection, and the intense present enjoyment, snatched fearfully as if to secure it from fate, which are the peculiar blessings of a short and uncertain existence. Was ever the robustness of life—the mantling of the strong current of joyous blood—the high animation of health, spirits, and a stout heart, more vividly brought before the mind than in the description of Frank Kennedy's demeanour as he rides lustily forth, never to return?—or the fearful change from this hearty enjoyment of life to the chillness of mortality, more deeply impressed on the imagination than in all the minute examinations of the scene of his murder, the traces of the deadly contest, the last marks of the struggling footsteps, and the description of the corpse at the foot of the crag? Can a scene of mortality be conceived more fearful than that where Bertram, in the glen of Derncleugh, witnesses the last agonies of one over whom Meg Merrilies is chanting her wild ditties to soothe the passage of the spirit? What a stupendous scene is that of the young fisher's funeral: the wretched father writhing in the contortions of agony—the mother silent in tender sorrow—the motley crowd assembled to partake of strange festivity—and the old grand-mother fearfully linking the living to the dead, now turning her wheel in apathy and unconsciousness—now drinking with frightful

mirth to many "such merry meetings"—now, to the astonishment of the beholders rising to comfort her son, and intimating with horrid solemnity that there was more reason to mourn for her than for the departed! Equal in terrific power, is the view given us of the last confession and death of that "awful woman"—her intense perception of her long past guilt, with her deadness to all else—her yet quenchless hate to the object of her youthful vengeance, animating her frame with unearthly fire—her dying fancies that she is about to follow her mistress, and the broken images of old grandeur which flit before her as she perishes. These things are conceived in the highest spirit of tragedy, which makes life and death meet together—which exhibits humanity stripped of its accidents in all its depth and height—which impresses us at once with the victory of death, and of the eternity of those energies which it appears to subdue. There are also in these works, situations of human interest as intense as ever were invented—attended too with all that high apparel of the imagination, which renders the images of fear and anguish majestic. Such is that scene in the lone house after the defeat of the Covenanters, where Morton finds himself in the midst of a band of zealots, who regard him as given by God into their hands as a victim—where he is placed before the clock to gaze on the advances of the hand to the hour when he is to be slain, amidst the horrible devotion of his foes. The whole scene is, we think, without an equal in the conceptions which dramatic power has been able to embody. Its startling unexpectedness, yet its perfect probability to the imagination—the high tone and wild enthusiasm of character in the murderers; the sacrificial cast of their intended deed in their own raised and perverted thoughts; the fearful view given to the bodily senses of their

prisoner of his remaining moments by the segment of the circle yet to be traversed by the finger of the clock before him, enable us to participate in the workings of his own dizzy soul, as he stands "awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of its scabbard gradually, and, as it were by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death "drop by drop," while his destined executioners seem "to alter their forms and features like the spectres in a feverish dream; their features become larger and their faces more disturbed;" until the beings around him appear actually demons, the walls seem to drop with blood, and "the light tick of the clock thrills on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ." The effect is even retrospectively heightened by the heroic deaths of the Covenanters immediately succeeding, which give a dignity and a consecration to their late terrific design. The trial and execution of Fergus Mac Ivor are also, in the most exalted sense of the term, tragical. They are not only of breathless interest from the external circumstances, nor of moral grandeur from the heroism of Fergus and his follower, but of poetic dignity from that power of imagination which renders for a time the rules of law sublime as well as fearful, and gives to all the formalities of a trial more than a judicial majesty. It is seldom, indeed, that the terrors of our author offend or shock us, because they are accompanied by that reconciling power which softens without breaking the current of our sympathies. But there are some few instances of unrelieved horror—or of anguish, which overmasters fantasy—as the strangling of Glossin by Dirk Hatteraich, the administering of the torture to Macbriar, and the bloody bridal of Lammermuir. If we com-

pare these with the terrors of Burley in his cave—where, with his naked sword in one hand, and his Bible in the other, he wrestles with his own remorse, believing it, in the spirit of his faith, a fiend of Satan—and with the sinking of Ravenswood in the sands, we shall feel how the grandeur of religious thought in the first instance, and the stately scenery of nature and the air of the supernatural in the last, ennoble agony, and render horrors grateful to the soul.

We must not pass over, without due acknowledgment, the power of our author in the description of battles, as exhibited in his pictures of the engagement at Preston Pans; of the first skirmish with the Covenanters, in which they overcome Claverhouse; and of the battle in which they were, in turn, defeated. The art by which he contrives at once to give the mortal contest in all its breadth and vastness—to present it to us in the noblest masses; yet to make us spectators of each individual circumstance of interest in the field, may excite the envy of a painter. We know of nothing resembling these delineations in history or romance, except the descriptions given by Thucydides of the blockade of Platæa, of the Corcyræan massacres, of the attempt to retake Epipolæ in the night, of the great naval action before Syracuse, of all the romantic events of the Sicilian war, and the varied miseries of the Athenian army in their retreat under Nicias. In the life and spirit, the minuteness of the details—in the intermingling of allusions to the scenery of the contests—and in the general fervour breathed over the whole, there is a remarkable resemblance between these passages of the Greek historian, and the narratives of Scottish contests by the author of Waverley. There is, too, the same patriotic zeal in both; though the feeling in the former is of a more awful and melancholy cast, and that of the latter more light and

cheerful. The Scottish novelist may, like the noblest of historians, boast that he has given to his country "Κτημα ες αιωνι—*a possession for ever!*"

It remains that we should say a word on the use made of the supernatural in these romances. There is, in the mode of its enjoyment, more of gusto—more that approaches to an actual belief in its wonders, than in the works of any other author of these incredulous times. Even Shakspeare himself, in his remote age, does not appear to have drank in so deeply the spirit of superstition as our novelist of the nineteenth century. He treats, indeed, all the fantasies of his countrymen with that gentle spirit of allowance and fond regard with which he always touches on human emotions. But he does not seem to have heartily partaken in them as awful realities. If witches have power to excite wonder, but little to chill men's blood. Ariel, the visions of Prospero's enchanted isle, the "quaint fairies and the dapper elves" of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, glitter on the fancy, in a thousand shapes of dainty loveliness, but never affect us otherwise than as creations of the poet's brain. Even the Ghost in *Hamlet* does not appal us half so fearfully as many a homely tale which has nothing to recommend it but the earnest belief of its tremulous reciter. There is little magic in the web of life, notwithstanding all the variety of its shades, as Shakspeare has drawn it. Not so is it with our author; his spells have manifest hold on himself, and, therefore, they are very potent with the spirits of his readers. No prophetic intimation in his works is ever suffered to fail. The spirit which appears to Fergus—the astronomical predictions of Guy Mannering—the eloquent curses, and more eloquent blessings, of Meg Merrilies—the dying denunciation of Mucklewrath—the old prophecy in the *Bride of Lammermuir*—all are ful-

filled to the very letter. The high and joyous spirits of Kennedy are observed by one of the by-standers as intimations of his speedy fate. We are far from disapproving of these touches of the super-human, for they are made to blend harmoniously with the freshest hues of life, and, without destroying its native colouring, give to it a more solemn tinge. But we cannot extend our indulgence to the seer in the *Legend of Montrose*, or the *Lady of Avenel* in the *Monastery*; where the spirits of another world do not cast their shadowings on this, but stalk forth in open light, and "in form as palpable" as any of the mortal characters. In works of passion, fairies and ghosts can scarcely be "simple products of the common day," without destroying all harmony in our perceptions, and bringing the whole into discredit with the imagination as well as the feelings. Fairy tales are among the most exquisite things in the world, and so are delineations of humanity like those of our author; but they can never be blended without debasing the former into chill substances, or refining the latter into airy nothings.

We shall avoid the fruitless task of dwelling on the defects of this author—on the general insipidity of his lovers—on the want of skill in the developement of his plots—on the clumsiness of his prefatory introductions—or the impotence of many of his conclusions. He has done his country and his nature no ordinary service. He has brought romance almost into our own times, and made the nobleness of humanity familiar to our daily thoughts. He has enriched history to us by opening such varied and delicious vistas to our gaze, beneath the range of its loftier events and more public characters. May his intellectual treasury prove exhaustless as the purse of *Fortunatus*, and may he dip into it unsparingly for the delight and benefit of his species!—*Lond. New Monthly Mag.*

ON THE GENIUS AND INFLUENCE OF
WOMAN.

Dux femina facti.—OVID.
A Fair One foremost in the glorious deed.

THAT the fairer portion of creation is excluded from the laborious and the honourable duties of society, has long furnished a topic of lamentation to its more restless and ambitious members. Their rights are said to be usurped, their interests are postponed or neglected. They are shut out from the different professions which support and plague civilized life; and their genius languishes in inactivity, or is wasted upon laborious trifles. But the language of these *Bluestockings* only proves, that they mistake the sphere of their rights—that they are ignorant of the extent of their power, and unacquainted with the nature of their real interests. Exclusion from servile labours should not be reputed a disgrace, but an honourable elevation above mean and mercenary employments. What opinion would be formed of the wisdom of the landed proprietary, or the merchant, who should complain of their exemption from the husbandman's toils, and the seaman's dangers, while Plenty emptied her abundant horn into the lap of the one, and the four winds of heaven wafted the luxurious tribute of every climate to the repositories of the other? Woman is the free and generous Spartan, who stimulates, directs, and enjoys the labours of her helot, man. The influence of the sex controls every member of society, and pervades every department of life. It is the *attractive principle* of the social and moral world; no mass is too large to refuse obedience to its dictates, no particle so minute as to escape its control. The different professions of society refer to it their being, or approach it with their homage. Science has flourished under its fostering protection, while literature traces to

this nutritious source its luxuriant sweets and eternal verdure; immaterial substances are not sufficiently subtle to evade its grasp. Religion, which defines the relations and communion of souls with the Great Spirit, has too often worshipped at the shrine of this fair idol. Solomon was not the only

——“Uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul.”

The sex, it is true, is exempt from the responsibility of military command, and the perils of military service. They are unexposed to the rude conflict of political opposition, and the more formidable effects of rival intrigue. But their influence is felt in the camp, and the cabinet is controlled by their dictates. Of other armies, beside that of Cæsar, the battle-word has been “Venus the victorious;” and the navigators of the state-vessel have been too frequently fascinated by the spell of a syren tongue. The influence of woman, divested of the sybil garb of fabulous antiquity, was of itself sufficiently powerful to extend through the successive ages of the Roman republic; and the sound which transferred the sceptre of Assyria to the dynasty of Darius, was elicited by the influence of female recollections.*

Science has received from the hands of Beauty some of her sweetest wreaths. To enumerate them all would be to trespass, beyond mea-

* *Pactiq. (principes) inter se sunt ut omnes equos ante Regiam perducerent; et cuius equus inter solis ortum hinnitum primus edidisset, is Rex esset. . . . Per noctem deinde equum pridie constitutum diem ad eundem locum (Darius) ducit, ibique equæ admittit—ratus ex voluptate veneris futurum quod evenit. Postera die itaque cum ad statutam horam omnes convenissent, Darii equus cognito loco ex desiderio femine hinnitum statim edidit; et sequibus aliis felix auspiciis Domino primus emisit. . . . Cæteri Darium Regem salutaverunt.—Juv. (in. Lib. 1. Cap. 1.*

sure, upon patience already abused. We shall not, therefore, advert to the clue which has been furnished for the labyrinths of Algebra by a fair Italian;* or to the additional satellite given to the royal star of England,† (now mournfully eclipsed,) by the exploring vigilance of Miss Eliza Herschell. To the liberal curiosity of his "fair countess" we are indebted for Fontenelle's plurality of worlds. At her command he strewed with flowers the erratic wanderings of the comet and the planet's pathway. He has detached from science the thorns which had deterred a delicate hand from plucking its roses. To the "ravished ears" of Taste he has called down from heaven "the music of the spheres." In honourable competition, England can never yield to a rival state. A learned chemist of the present day has taught the world to offer its acknowledgments to Lady Davy for the first part of his Chemical Essays. His labours were cheered by the smiles of his lady,‡ and amply remunerated by the ecstasies of a honeymoon. If the question could not admit of malicious interpretation, we would ask, why his learned labours have been so long interrupted? Is not a first part of a first volume the harbinger and the pledge of at least another part and a second volume?

TIME—mysterious creature! First-born of sublunary beings! Permit thy fellow-mortal to stay for a moment thy devouring scythe; to suspend horizontally the ever-rolling sand of the glass; to arrest thy slow and equable footsteps. Being continuous, though divided; multiplied, yet one! Stay, that I may commune with thee on the cause of thy existence, the mode of thy passing away, the hour, and the consequen-

ces of thy doom. But whilst I address thee thou art *past*; thou art *present* again in the same fleeting form, beckoning on Death to hasten his approach: and lo! thou comest again, leading by the hand joy or sadness; adding to the measure of my numbered moments; and compelling me to cast the seeds of future weal or wo, which I must reap, O Time, when I shall have been divorced from thee; whose fearful taste shall intoxicate every sense of body, and every faculty of the soul, or torture both everlastingly with ten thousand plagues. Offspring of *Motion*! The expansive mind of the philosopher* entertained only a partial view of the mode of thy being. Thou art indeed present with each individual, generated by the succession of his ideas to measure his conscious existence. But thy being was prior in another mode to that of man; thou wast created after the projection of the sun and moon by their combined motions; and wast given to earth to measure its duration, by the alternation of days and nights, by the lapse of months, the change and vicissitude of the seasons, which infuse into the vegetable world the principles of germination, maturity, decay, and re-production. Wisely wert thou encumbered with the slow and unelastic muscles of age—lest, panting for the termination of thy toils, thou hasten that universal ruin and conflagration, from which thou shalt one day spring forth, transfigured into an ever-blooming cherub—Eternity. But thy communion, O Time, is afflicting to the sinful and the suffering man; to him who is the sport of fantasies, and victim of the passions; to him whose mind has been darkened by foul prejudices, and misled by many errors; whose distempered imagination often "beholds God in clouds," and Eternity

* Signora Maria Agnesi.

† The Georgium Sidus.

‡ Dedication.

* Locke.

baneful "darkness visible." Go—urge on thy weary steps! Thy converse is most bitter to me.

Time, this supreme and incomprehensible mortal, has not been exempt from that control, of which I am the "humble chronicler." His march is indeed equable. But his loitering footsteps had not for some centuries kept pace with the luminous authors of his being. And Time looked to futurity for eleven days, which the sun had already passed over, and enrolled among "the days beyond the flood." Gregory XIII., guided by the torch of science, had detected the cause of error, and effaced it from historic records and ecclesiastical computation. But our orthodoxy rejected emendation derived from papal authority; and England preferred error* in the society of Sweden, Russia, and Lapland, to a participation of truth with France and Italy. Lord Chesterfield at length introduced a bill to substitute the new for the old style. It was not that he was convinced of the errors of the latter, for his lordship candidly acknowledges† that he was entirely ignorant of the astronomical principles by which the calendar is regulated. His object was not to remove confusion from the transactions of commerce, or contradiction from the pages of chronology. It was not through deference to the see of Rome, for over his lordship's mind papal authority had (I think wisely) given place to that of woman. His motives will be more fully developed in the classical elegance of his language. ‡

LITERATURE.

Literature has toiled from infancy to erect imperishable trophies to the

genius, the fate, and the influence of woman. The majesty of the epic muse has rendered homage to her supremacy. Of the "three poets in three distant ages born," the last in order and first in merit has raised a monument to the influence of the "last best gift of God," which shall perish only with the calamities which she created, and "the world" into which she "brought death with all our wo." The discomfiture and disasters brought upon twenty kings and their hosts by the abduction of a priestess, and the jealous resentments of her lover, exercise the gigantic genius of Homer; while the city of their foes is utterly consumed, and its inhabitants "devoured by the sword," to avenge the infidelity of a woman, and the aggravating defence of the wrong. The second in time, and last in merit, sings the charms by which the Queen of Carthage arrested the wayward progress of his whining and contemptible hero, who seduces and slights her affections, and abandons her (by the will of the Gods) to shame, despair, and death. After having thus gallantly broken the heart of one woman, he cruises on (*quo fata vocant*) to cut with his unmanly sword the solemn engagements of another; and rewards the hospitality of Latinus by bringing upon his aged queen the dreadful end of a heart-broken maniac. The palled and sceptered muse of tragedy (over whose own catastrophe* we know not whether we should lament or rejoice,) has poured forth her most divine inspirations to display the finest features of the female character, and to wring the heart with sympathy for the piteous afflictions and fate of her heroine. I cannot envy that man his head or heart, who could witness without agony the wi-

* Quocum (Platone) mehercule, malim errare, quam cum istis recta sapere.—Cic.

† Letters to his Son.

‡ Miscellaneous Works.

* The consequence of the retirement and marriage of her last legitimate representative, Miss O'Neil.—*I, decus! I, nostrum!*

dowed griefs of Andromache or Almeria; the playful, tender passion, and the melancholy end of the fair Capulet; the suspected fidelity and retiring patience of the meek bride of the Moor; and the chastening rebuke of virtue embodied and exalted in the character of Evadne. The elegiac muse has "wept herself to marble," over the urn of many a frail floweret, of whose blossom earth was unworthy, and whose bloom was to shed its fragrance for eternity in other worlds. I blush for the virgin, who is said to inspire the effusions of erotic poetry. From the days of Anacreon to these of his more gifted successor, too often has she prostituted her best gift in purveying to the basest passions, and delivered her lyre to be swept by the fingers of Sensuality—while Virtue languished or expired under the influence of the infectious sounds which stole upon her unguarded ear. Clio, whose province it is to teach wisdom in the lessons of experience, and to enter upon record the mature and impartial judgments of time; the historic muse forbids me to advert at present to her "strong confirmation" of this theory; and promises to visit "me, though unworthy," with the brief sketches which she has made of the genius and the power of woman during many ages under different climates.

It is unnecessary to state that an author's writings image the character of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, and that his views of nature and of society are more contracted or expanded according to the station assigned to him by his Creator. The annals of literature give ample testimony to the authority of woman over the mind and heart, the circumstances and fortunes, of almost every author. The ambition or vanity of Addison urged him in an evil hour to aspire to an ennobled bed. The arrogance of Lady Warwick drove him forth to seek for more courteous society in a tavern. He had recourse to wine for

its momentary and fatal exhilaration, and ultimately endeavoured to forget his domestic cares in sottish insensibility. The petulance of Mrs. Blount compelled Pope to cancel on his death bed a friendship of many years, and to fling back upon Mr. Allen, with his cold hand, a favour which had testified his generous sincerity. Warburton was elevated by Miss Allen's partiality to a bridal bed, an opulent fortune, and an episcopal throne. The Lords Bolingbroke and Oxford have been charged with ingratitude, for having sent Swift into "honourable exile" in Ireland, after he had for four years given to their feeble administration support, energy, and protracted duration. Yet his patrons were not reluctant to acknowledge and reward his services; though they wisely retired from a vain contest with destiny in the shape of a woman. Swift was nominated to the vacant See of Bath and Wells. His patent was about to receive the last sanction of the Queen's signature, when the Duchess of Somerset rushed into the presence, and prostrating herself, implored her Majesty not to elevate the man who had lashed her with the keenest sarcasm, and loaded her with the foulest opprobrium. Queen Anne was shocked by the perusal of the libel on her Grace: and Swift was dragged down from his secure and triumphant ascent by the death-like grasp of an implacable woman. It would be difficult to determine which was most fatal to the Dean of St. Patrick's—a woman's "love or hate." On his return to Ireland, the ascendancy over his heart was contested by two ladies whom he had particularly honoured with his intimacy and attentions. Stella could not endure an equal; Vanessa could not brook a superior. Miss Vanhomrigh grasped at his affections; the ambition of Miss Johnson aspired to the use of his bed and his name. Vanessa was sent to an untimely tomb by his stern and abrupt harshness: and Stella sunk

under the shame of specious concubinage. He consented, at length, to recognise her as his wife; but death interfered with a divorce, and claimed the lovely bride for his own cold and faithful embrace. The oak of the forest* now stood on the blasted heath, its top scathed by lightnings from Heaven, and its roots undermined by the more impure fires of earth. His heart was lacerated by remorse, and his understanding consumed by the spleen† of disappointed ambition. He drooped into his grave in a state of drivelling idiotcy.

The mind of Johnson, which had been cheered and relieved while he awkwardly fondled "his Tetty,"—the gambols of the whale—was again overcast with "morbid melancholy" by the sad event of her death. A very blameless species of vanity urged another lady to dissipate his thoughts by her attentions and volubility, and her opulence enabled her to multiply his comforts, and minister to his large and luxurious appetite. During a long intimacy and correspondence, the parties appear to have made a singular interchange of character. Johnson's constant effort is to banish thought, to indulge frolick, and laugh care and melancholy out of countenance. His letters breathe nothing but airy levity and flippant humour. Now he scatters himself into volatility with the lady, and presently he descends to very amiable playfulness with her children. Mrs. Thrale struggles with a buoyant and superficial mind to penetrate into the deep recesses of thought, and to disguise or deform her natural gayety under the sombre and contracted brow of her hypochondriac friend. But her vanity was at length sated, or was compelled to give way to stronger

* ——— "As when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blasted heath."

Milton, P. L. l. 612.

† Cujus cor ulterius nequit lacerare sœva
Bilis.—Swift's Epitoph.

and more importunate passions. This melancholy and platonic lady appears still to have retained her capacity and love of enjoyment. The advice of Johnson and of decency was rejected, and both were rewarded with contempt and abandonment. One of those foreign itinerants, who do us the honour to pocket our money, and laugh at our egregious folly, was adopted into the place of the English "Rambler" under a more tender name, and the more endearing relations of husband. To one female circle this world shall continue indebted, whilst the language of England is understood, and its literature studied and appreciated. "The Task," and the sweetest productions of its author, we owe to the influence of the most amiable of their sex. Such names claim immortality and honour by the worthiest titles. The mind of Cowper was sustained, his talents exercised, his infirmities nursed, and his life prolonged by the lovely circle, of which it was his lot to be the centre. I know not whether it be lawful to regret that female attentions were successfully employed in giving protracted existence to another and a very different character. Gibbon gratefully acknowledges that life which quivered on his infant lips, was fixed and invigorated by the watchful tenderness of his aunt. That worthy woman could form no idea of the mischievous purposes to which that life was to be devoted, or of the foolish sneers and impotent rage with which its possessor would one day attack the most sacred and useful institutions of his country. Yet this man's character reconciled contradictions: he was an innovator and an aristocrat—no uncommon union; for those who delight to encroach on the rights, and abolish the privileges of others, are ever found most aristocratically jealous of their own. Mr. Gibbon's philosophy dictated and approved the seizure of the wealth of Superstition; but the treasures and

the distinctions of a noblesse should be duly respected. Superficial mind! He could not conceive that if possession and prescription furnish no just claims to one species of property, they cannot be cited as equitable titles to any other; that the same envious cupidity which urges him to violate the rights of others, will justify others in undermining the foundations of his own; that if he apply the sword of lawless violence to the insecure tenure of religious property, a man equally daring will sever with the same weapon his own gordian knot with all its intricacies of feudal service and immemorial possession. Prayers and dirges must be worthless indeed, if they are not equivalent to three pepper-corns. And when Mr. Gibbon denied that a procession with an image was an adequate exchange for Cluni and Roncesvalles, the sagacious appraiser should have been referred to his grace of Marlborough, who annually purchases Blenheim and its parks with a less costly procession and three *fleurs-de-lys*. Mr. Gibbon's principles were practically developed in France, and the apologue of Æsop was verified in their application. The robbery of the clergy was followed by the abolition of nobility. A throne without supporters is occupied by a phantom. A monarch without power—King Log—is soon despised, defiled, and given to destruction. To punish this dissatisfied and atrocious people, the dragon of anarchy is let loose to lay waste and destroy. And they are ultimately compelled to fly to the sword of military despotism to save them from themselves and their frantic counsels. It is at least lawful to regret that female tenderness so successfully employed in prolonging life, had not been engaged by an object more worthy of its solicitude, and more harmless in society.

The bench and the bar alone appear elevated above this pervading influence. Woman is excluded from

any share in the pleadings of the one, or the decisions of the other; and of *secret* influence the existence may fairly be denied, as it has so long remained undetected. But let not this admitted fact be hastily construed into a denial of the sex's authority. The absence of the statues of Brutus and Cassius from a funeral procession only served to fill the minds of the spectators with more vivid recollections of those martyrs of liberty.—And the exclusion of the fair sex from our courts of law, furnishes in reality the most unequivocal acknowledgment of their predominant genius, and the most lowly homage to its supremacy. The principal sources from which a lawyer derives wealth, eminence, and honours, are volubility of panegyric and vituperation; quickness in discerning the weakness of an adverse case, a *torrens dicendi copia* in overwhelming an antagonist; and a nice perception and eloquent display of those arts which cast a veil over the defects of one case, and over the just claims of the opposite one; which fascinate the judgment of the bench, alarm the fears, melt the sympathy, or excite the indignation of the jury. I will not insult the good sense of my readers, by adverting to the prudence which whispers to the bar to shun competition with the sex in the arts, the talents, and the accomplishments which I have enumerated. If female practitioners were suffered at the bar, what client would be so rash or infatuated as to employ a male advocate, when his adversary had placed himself under the protection of a *sans-culotte* pleader? The masculine portion of the bar, now *sent to Coventry*, might profitably exchange their wigs for helmets, or their gowns for any cassock but that of a quaker.—Justice, in this new era, should keep her sword constantly whetted: her scales she might find her account in disposing of to a green-grocer in Covent garden, or a butcher in Clare-

market. Deliberation could not for an instant be admitted into a cause, in which a man would dare to stand opposed to female counsel. Her hapless adversary would stand petrified under the frown of an arched eye-brow; the lambent flash of that liquid eye would play around and dissolve the austerity of the bench, carbonize his parchments, and consume every adverse precedent: and the brute beings in the jury box, like their vegetable brethren of old on the summits of Mount Rhodope, would bow their branched foreheads, and dance acquiescent submission to the melody of a female Orpheus. This radical reform of the bar is devoutly to be wished for: "cheap administration of justice," for which our wise reformers "rave, recite, and madden round the land," would be one of its immediate consequences. Perhaps, on more mature reflection, I may venture to assert (*mira cano!*) that ultimately the prosecution of a lawsuit would be a speculation profitable to both clients! I beg my readers will withdraw for a moment that stare of incredulity and horror. The competition for briefs created by the unspeakable satisfaction of hearing themselves harangue, would soon reduce the fees to a cypher.

A sceptical lawyer, alarmed for the dignity of his profession, may perhaps assert that I have over-rated the talents of the sex, and the tremors of "the long robe." But a brief reference to a fact, fresh in the memory of many, will vindicate the superiority of those talents, and cover with confusion this captious advocate. During one of the provincial circuits of the last year, a cause came on for trial, in which the female defendant* could *prima facie* claim no support from reason, from law, or from justice. But, through the heed-

less sufferance of the bench and bar, that hopeless case could boast of a female advocate. Counsel for the Crown stated the case—the presiding judge expounded the law. The culprit had libelled in the public journals a provincial judge, by charging him with partiality and corruption in the administration of justice. The defendant boldly admitted the fact with which she stood charged, and appealed for her defence and justification to the truth of her statements. In vain did his lordship "shake his cerulean brows," and reprobate this novel mode of polluting the ermine of his learned brother. In vain did he protest that, admitting the facts which she affirmed, the law could not suffer individuals to assume justice into their own hands, while it offered the remedy of action or impeachment in the courts above. His exposition of the law was rejected; his precedents and cases in point vanished before her; his interruptions were unheard, unnoticed, or disregarded; his clamours were exhausted, and his patience subdued by reckless and persevering volubility. The bench sat confounded, and the bar stood aghast in the presence of this commanding apparition—and bench, bar, spectators—all "lay vanquished."

Is it necessary to add, that the jury were compelled to return a triumphant verdict for the fair defendant?

To recite the different instances of this paramount authority in the political world, would be only to copy the voluminous pages of history, with the superadded labour of tracing effects to their real causes, and counsels to their proper authors. The instances in ancient history are familiar to every memory; the recital would pall upon the ear with all the disgusting recollections of pedantic monotony. I shall refer to one beautiful illustration of my argument from an Athenian story, which has escaped the pollution of the pedagogue's touch.

* Mrs. Mary Anne Tucker. She has been facetiously called Mrs. Mary Anne Tickles.

The personal charms of Aspasia were rivalled only by the accomplishments of her mind, and the creative energies of her genius. Pericles, the eloquent, brave, and magnanimous Pericles, bowed to the sceptre of Beauty. He estimated at their just value the eminent talents of his mistress: his administration was guided by the wisdom of her counsels. Order and prosperity were established in Athens, and the authority of the republic was felt and acknowledged by rival states. Pericles was too just and too generous to appropriate the merits and the glory of Aspasia. Her undisguised influence was objected to him by his enemies as a crime. They summoned him to answer the charge before the public tribunal. To the laboured and indignant accusation of his rivals he replied in the simplicity of ancient manners: he exposed the naked bosom of Aspasia, and laying his hand on it, he exposulated in behalf of beauty, and of the genius by which it was animated and exalted. To the exquisite perceptions of an Athenian tribunal this appeal was irresistible. Pericles was acquitted, and Aspasia reinstated in uncontrolled sovereignty. While they continued to rule the republic, the current of public affairs swelled with the full tide of prosperity. But with *her* seems to have expired the wisdom of her country—with *him* its executive energy. Athens has had cause to lament that Pericles and Aspasia had ever been born, or ever died.

(To be continued.)

THE REV. C. R. MATURIN, AUTHOR OF
"BERTRAM," &c.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN is the descendant of a French Protestant emigrant family, and the son of a gentleman who held, for many years, a lucrative and respectable situation under government. He entered Tri-

nity College, Dublin, at the age of fifteen, and his academical progress was marked not only by the attainment of premiums and a scholarship, but of prizes for composition and extempore speaking in the theological class. Though his collegiate life was thus not without its honours, we understand that he was considered, both by his tutors and his companions, as more remarkable for indolence and melancholy than for talent.

At a very early period of life, after a courtship that literally commenced in boyhood, he married Henrietta Kingsbury, sister to the present Archdeacon of Killala. Like most men who marry early, he became the father of several children, three of whom survive, at an age when children are rather considered as toys to sport with, than objects to be provided for in life. For several years after his marriage he continued to reside in his father's house, till that father's dismissal from the situation which he had held forty-seven years, with a spotless and esteemed character, plunged the whole family into a state of horrible distress, equalled only, perhaps, by that which occurred in the family of the unfortunate Sutherland, though not terminated by the same dreadful catastrophe.

Mr. Maturin, sen. during the course of a long and respectable life, had brought up and maintained a numerous family; he had married his daughters, and established his sons. The day of his dismissal he was pennyless. It is singular, that though the commissioners of the inquiry, who sat repeatedly on the business, pronounced this unfortunate gentleman wholly innocent of the charge of fraud brought against him, he has been suffered to linger nine years since without redress, without relief, and without notice.

His son was now obliged to apply himself to means for the subsistence of his family, which the stipend of a

Dublin curate, his only preferment, could not afford. He proposed to take pupils, as inmates in his house; and, encouraged by the recollection of his own success at college, applied himself to his task with industry and hope.

For some time he was successful, and we have been informed that *Bertram* was written while the author had six young men resident in the house, and four who attended him for instruction daily, to all of whom his attention was unremitting. At this period he was unfortunately induced to become security for a relation whose affairs were considerably involved: the consequence was, the relation defeated his creditors by taking the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and left the burthen of his debts to those who had attempted to lighten their pressure on him.

Mr. Maturin was compelled to give up his establishment, and is since, we understand, dependent solely on his talents for subsistence.

We willingly hasten over these details of misery, and pass to what is more properly our province—the history of Mr. Maturin's literary life. His first production was *Montorio*, and this was followed by the *Wild Irish Boy*, and the *Milesian*.

Sir Walter Scott was pleased to find, or imagine, some merit in *Montorio*; this was signified to Mr. Maturin. He availed himself of it to solicit an epistolary communication with Sir Walter Scott; and to the zealous friendship, the judicious monitions, and the indefatigable patronage of this most excellent man, our author has been heard gratefully to ascribe all the distinction and success he has subsequently enjoyed.

Excited by the success of Mr. Sheil's first tragedy of *Adelaide*, in Dublin, he wrote *Bertram*, and offered it to the manager of the Crow-street Theatre, by whom it was rejected in the year 1814. Mr. Maturin not possessing any means of access to

the London theatres, suffered the manuscript to moulder for a year and a half, and then submitted it to the perusal of Sir Walter Scott; by whom it was transferred to Lord Byron, then a member of the committee of Drury-Lane Theatre, and, through his influence, brought out at that theatre, in May, 1816, with an effect and popularity unparalleled since the production of *Pizarro*.

The popularity of dramatic works is, however, proverbially transient; the moral feeling of the public was wounded in the alleged fault of the narrative, and *Bertram*, after carrying all before it for the first season, and being successfully represented in England, Ireland, Scotland, and even America, is now, we believe, finally discarded from the list of stock plays.

Bertram was followed by *Manuel*; relative to the failure of which we have been favoured with some curious circumstances. When Mr. Maturin visited London, on the success of *Bertram*, he was urged to employ his pen for Mr. Kean in the subsequent season. He was informed that that gentleman was extremely anxious to appear in a character of hoary and decrepid distress; and that the calamitous situation of his Majesty having rendered the representation of *Lear* improper, a private character, in a state of grief and insanity, might be substituted for it, and would insure all the success which the talents of that great actor, exerted in a character of his own selection, might be expected to command. Mr. Maturin accordingly strained every nerve to realize the conceptions of the performer, and the result was a total failure. This may, perhaps, be a useful lesson to the ambitious caprice of actors, and the fatal obsequiousness of authors; causes to which may be ascribed the obvious and progressive deterioration of the English stage.

Of *Bertram* so much has been said

in praise and in dispraise, that it would be idle for us to add any thing—it was the most successful tragedy of its day—and is still a powerful monument of poetical ability.

Of the private habits or character of an individual living in another country, little can be learned or related; but we have heard, that in private life Mr. Matorin is said to be a kind relative, an indulgent parent, and the most uxorious man breathing.

In person Mr. Matorin is tall, and formed with much elegance; and his countenance, unless when illuminated by conversation, expresses only the profoundest melancholy. He must be now thirty-seven years old, having been born in the year 1782, though the advantages of a figure unusually slight and juvenile, give him the appearance of being many years younger.—*La Belle Assemblée.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The following interesting sketch of this poet is extracted from that very amusing work, *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*]

The common language of his features expresses all manner of discernment and acuteness of intellect, and the utmost nerve and decision of character. He smiles frequently, and I never saw any smile which tells so eloquently the union of broad good humour, with the keenest perception of the ridiculous; but all this would scarcely be enough to satisfy one of the physiognomy of Sir Walter Scott. And, indeed, in order to see much finer things in it, it is only necessary to have a little patience,

—“And tarry for the hour,
“When the wizard shows his power;
“The hour of might and mastery,
“Which none may show but only he.”

In the course of conversation, he happened to quote a few lines from one of the old border ballads, and looking round, I was quite astonished

with the change which seemed to have passed over every feature in his countenance. His eyes seemed no longer to glance quick and grey from beneath his impending brows, but were fixed on their expanded eyelids with a sober solemn lustre. His mouth, (the muscles about which are at all times wonderfully expressive,) instead of its usual language of mirth or benevolence or shrewdness, was filled with a sad and pensive earnestness. The whole face was tinged with a glow that showed its lines in new energy and transparency, and the thin hair parted backward displayed in tenfold majesty his Shaksperian pile of forehead.

“It was now that I recognized the true stamp of nature on the poet of *Marmion*—and looking back for a moment to the former expression of the same countenance, I could not choose but wonder at the facility with which one set of features could be made to speak things so different. But, after all, what are features unless they form the index to the mind? and how should the eyes of him who commands a thousand kinds of emotion, be themselves confined to beam only with the eloquence of a few?—

“It was about the Lammas tide,
“When husbandmen do win their hay;
“The doughty Douglas he would ride,
“Into England to drive a prey.”

I shall certainly never forget the fine heroic enthusiasm of look, with which he spoke these lines, nor the grand melancholy roll of voice, which showed with what a world of thoughts and feelings every fragment of the old legend was associated within his breast. It seemed as if one single cadence of the ancestral strain had been charm enough to transport his whole spirit back into the very pride and presence of the moment, when the white lion of the Percies was stained and trampled under foot beside the bloody rushes of Otterbourne. The more than martial fervours of his kindled eye, were al-

most enough to give to the same lines the same magic in my ears ; and I could half fancy that the portion of Scottish blood which is mingled in my veins, had begun to assert, by a more ardent throb, its right to partake in the triumphs of the same primitive allegiance.

His conversation is, for the most part, of such a kind that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none that I ever met with can equal himself. It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes its chief peculiarity, and its chief charm : the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination, having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life, in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic, individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed, and such, still more certainly, as no man of great original power ever before possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius. A youth spent in wandering among the hills and valleys of his country, during which he became intensely familiar with all the lore of those grey-haired shepherds, among whom the traditions of warlike as well as of peaceful times find their securest dwelling-place—or in more equal converse with the relics of that old school of Scottish cavaliers, whose faith had nerved the arms of so many of his own race and kindred : such a boyhood and such a youth laid the foundation, and established the earliest and most lasting sympathies of a mind which was destined, in after years, to erect upon this foundation, and improve upon these sympathies, in a way in which his young and thirsting spirit could have then contemplated but little. Through his manhood of active and honoured, and now for many years of glorious exertion, he has always

lived in the world, and among the men of the world, partaking in all the pleasures and duties of society, as fully as any of those who had nothing but such pleasures and such duties to attend to ; uniting, as never before they were united, the habits of an indefatigable student with those of an indefatigable observer ; and doing all this with the easy and careless grace of one who is doing so, not to task, but to gratify his inclinations and his nature—is it to be wondered that the riches of his various acquisitions should furnish a never-failing source of admiration even to those who have known him longest, and who know him best ? As for me, enthusiastic as I had always been in my worship of his genius, and well as his works had prepared me to find his conversation rich to overflowing in all the elements of instruction as well as amusement, I confess the reality entirely surpassed all my anticipations, and I never despised the maxim. *Nil admirari* so heartily as now.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PORTRAITS.

THE portraits of eminent personages upon which Sir Thomas Lawrence, now President of the Royal Academy, has been so long engaged for the collection of his Majesty, have deservedly excited strong interest, from the artist's acknowledged superiority of talent in the treatment of these subjects. It was expected that the public curiosity would have been gratified by the display of these performances in the approaching exhibition at Somerset-House. As we learn, however, that they will not there be submitted to public view, we shall endeavour to compensate our readers in some measure for the delay, by presenting them with a few remarks upon these portraits,

penned by a German critic, during Sir Thomas's residence in the Austrian capital.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was sent, as is well known, to the continent by his present Majesty, to paint the portraits of the allied monarchs, and of the generals and statesmen who have acted the most prominent parts in the glorious events of our times, for the purpose of being placed in Carlton-House, and serving as memorials of the merits of those distinguished personages. With this view, the artist repaired from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, where the superiority of his talents excited universal admiration. His portraits breathe, together with the most surprising truth, a life that a rich fancy alone could have thus called forth from colours; they possess a certain poetic character, like the spirited portraits of a drama, and in their faithful representation, the artist exhibits himself as a poetic painter. In this expression, which sets before us every face in the most brilliant moments, and in all its individuality, the most eminent of modern portrait painters are, in our opinion, left far behind by Sir Thomas Lawrence; for, to say nothing of Germans, not even Gerard, with all his well-earned reputation, can be placed in competition with him. As, however, according to the observation of Pope,

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er
shall be:

so, in the present instance, we are compelled to admit, that, with all their excellencies, the works of the English artist present some slight defects, which we shall briefly notice. His pieces, partly finished and partly unfinished, exhibited at Vienna, were the following:

The Emperor of Austria, the size of life. Strenuously as the enthusiasm and ingenuity of native and foreign artists have exerted themselves to place the image of the beloved fa-

ther of his country before the eyes of his people, yet in none of their productions is that serene repose and cheerful dignity which pervade his countenance, so correctly expressed as in this picture. As, however, the monarch is represented seated in an arm-chair, the eye is for this very reason the more struck with various defects in the proportions of the body—as in the thigh for example.

His present Majesty, the King of Great Britain, standing, in the decorations of the order of the Garter. The effect of this large figure, remarkable for manly beauty, is greatly heightened by the antique costume; and for keeping and careful execution, it is perhaps the best of these pieces.

His Imperial Highness the Archduke Charles; the head only finished, and treated with equal genius and truth. The features possess in the highest degree all their striking individuality.

Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Charles. The artist has here shown that grace and delicacy are equally at the command of his pencil, and has produced an uncommonly attractive picture. While the rose at the bosom may serve as a symbol of those qualities, the unaffected attitude and gentle movement of the arms combine loveliness and dignity.

Prince Schwarzenberg. It is a difficult task to represent generals of modern times in a satisfactory manner in their full dignity; either truth or beauty suffers, and this discordance is always injurious to art. The British painter seems to have felt, but not to have entirely overcome, this difficulty. The prince, in his general's uniform, with one foot advanced, is looking to the right; he holds the truncheon in his extended right hand, while the mantle falls over it in folds, and expands in the back ground. So accurate a resemblance has never yet been attained in any picture, not excepting the per-

formances of even Gerard of Paris. The artist has, with originality, and the most careful study, combined the cool judgment and decisive resolution of the warrior, with the expression of intelligence, which plays upon the eloquent mouth and in the animated eye. The attitude of the upper part of the body is noble, but the whole figure is not sufficiently imposing.

Prince Metternich, a three-quarters figure. Exquisite fidelity in the delineation of the features, and delicacy of execution, leave nothing to be desired.

Prince Blucher of Wahlstatt, as large as life. Striking as is the resemblance of this face, still in none of his figures has the painter been less happy; for, in the inclined body, and the faintly extended right arm, we see only the old man, not the bold advancing warrior, of whom the left hand, resting on the hilt of the sword, but feebly reminds us.

We proceed the more willingly to the portrait of Princess Clementine Metternich, daughter of the minister, which has extorted undivided applause. The lovely face resembles in its regular beauty the ideal of an angel. The blendings of the colours, and the soft splendour diffused over the whole, cannot be sufficiently admired. The artist has in this performance afforded a triumphant proof, how far he has penetrated into the inmost sanctuary of the art; how well, in his ideal excursions, he can avoid overstepping the faint boundary line; and how ably he can transfer the very form and features of the original to his heightened delineations.

Among the other portraits, we shall mention that of the Duke of Wellington, which is an astonishing likeness; and those of Lord Stewart, Generals Czernitschew and Uwaroff, and Count Capo d'Istria. We cannot forbear referring also to those of Canova, the sculptor, and an old

English nobleman, because both attest extraordinary skill in the adaptation of colours, and the latter in particular, the most studious attention to the finer lines of age.—*Ackermann's Repository.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

Late President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in London. By William Carey.

BENJAMIN WEST was born at Springfield, in the state of Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October, 1738. His father, Mr. John West, was a descendant of the noble family of Delaware, whose chief made a distinguished figure in the wars of Edward the Third. In the reign of Richard the Second, his ancestors settled at Long Cranden, in Buckinghamshire, and Colonel James West, a republican officer, and friend of John Hampden, was the first of the family who became a convert to the creed of the Quakers. This gentleman was engaged at the battle of Worcester, and there is a letter to him from Hampden, preserved in Seward's Anecdotes. In the year 1699, this branch of the Wests emigrated with the celebrated legislator, Wm. Penn, on his second voyage to America; but Benjamin's maternal grandfather, Mr. Thomas Pearson, had emigrated with that religious enthusiast, in the year 1681. He built the house at Springfield, and his daughter Sarah Pearson, by her marriage with John West, already mentioned, had ten children, of whom the subject of these memoirs was the youngest. The life of Mr. West, published by Mr. Galt, in these particulars, agrees with our notes from Mr. West's words, in May, 1818, and the next year.

In this brief notice, it is not our intention to touch upon the details of

private life, unless where they are absolutely necessary to show Mr. West's powers as a painter. The history of a public character is only to be found in such of his actions as are of a public nature or tendency; and the professional life of an artist is to be traced in his professional acts and progress; in the state of the arts in his own time; and the influence which his example may have had in their improvement. Our readers will, therefore, not look here for petty anecdotes of the man; our present business is with the painter. The first indication of his genius appeared before he had been sent to school; as Springfield was ten miles from Philadelphia, and some distance from any seminary, his mother was his first teacher. In his sixth year he made a sketch from his sister's child, a sleeping infant in the cradle. Although this feeble attempt was only traced with a pen and ink, his mother thought she saw in it some resemblance to the original; and spoke of it with the fondness of a parent. Her praise became an excitement; and this attempt was followed by several other rude imitations of birds and flowers, all of which were drawn from the real objects, as he had not then seen, nor, for some time after, heard of painting or engraving. Having obtained some red and yellow colours from the neighbouring Indians, and a piece of indigo from his mother, he made some efforts to advance; and, at length, an admirer of his artificial efforts, having favoured him with the description of a camel-hair pencil, it suggested to him the whimsical expedient of forming his first pencil from the tail and back of a favourite cat. These apparently trivial circumstances are only of importance to show that his first impulses to painting were, altogether, spontaneous, and not elicited by any example or instruction, or by the view of any prints or pictures. In his outset, he was not an imitator of

a mode which he had seen practised or heard of: but, with respect to himself, was so far the inventor of an art, the existence of which was wholly unknown to him. This fact is rendered credible by the scrupulous veracity of Mr. West, and by the known circumstance that he had been reared at an American farm-house. Only little more than half a century before the birth of West, the whole country was one succession of immense natural savannas, and vast forests of oak and pine, the growth of ages, and the haunt of wild beasts. The bear, the elk, the buffalo, and the rattle-snake, then held their dwellings where Springfield and the city of Philadelphia stood in 1738. The first settlers, the Quakers and Puritans, who fled from religious penalties in England and Ireland, brought with them a fanatic abhorrence of the fine arts. They looked upon paintings, statues, and engravings, with pious detestation, as sinful and damnable inventions of Satan, abominations in the sight of God and man. Their books were chiefly religious, carefully guarded against graven ornaments and resemblances of every kind, as snares of the old serpent. Even where those deep prejudices had in some degree subsided, the force of habit, and the immature state of society, were hostile to the fine arts. In a country so newly planted, the homely necessaries and household utilities are in request long before the ornaments. The hammer and anvil, the saw, the axe, and the plane, are valued and employed, where the pencil, the burine, and the chisel would be useless and contemned. The several stages of civilization and improvement regularly follow each other in a thriving colony like the course of the seasons. Having surmounted the early difficulties, and attained a certain point, society advances rapidly from poverty and rudeness to wealth and refinement. America had, between the years

1745 and 60, nearly reached this happy point, but the great change had not commenced so far as to have introduced a taste for painting or sculpture. We know of only two obscure instances of painters in the whole extent of the British colonies at that time; and each of them had gone out from Europe in a spirit of rambling adventure. One of these was John Smibert, who was born in Edinburgh, in 1684; and after having studied in Italy, and practised in London, had emigrated, in the reign of Queen Anne, and settled at Boston, in New England. He married a rich widow there; and died in that city in 1751. Williams, a landscape painter of no note, was in Philadelphia about the years 1748 and 50; but he had neither been seen nor heard of by West, until a considerable time after his early attempts at drawing. That painter was an Englishman, who had made a voyage to America for the chance of a livelihood, having brought with him colours and canvas for the purpose. He was unknown at Springfield; is not mentioned by any of the American writers, and the little student had never been at Philadelphia until some years after he had begun to practice with the pencil. As soon as his mother had taught him to read, she made the Bible his first book of daily instruction. He was then sent to a day school, but still continued to draw from every object that struck his fancy. His boyish performances, during his leisure hours, induced his cousin, a Mr. Pendleton, not many months after a visit at old West's, to make the young artist a present of the materials for painting, as early as he could procure them, by sending for them from Philadelphia, where he then resided. With these aids he made some copies, which attracted farther notice, and his kinsman, shortly after, took him to Philadelphia. He there resided with his brother-in-law, and acci-

dentally saw and copied one of Williams's landscapes; was introduced to the knowledge of that painter; and, after some more practice, with no other master but nature, began to attempt likenesses, with an eagerness of application which astonished every one. He was fond of painting likenesses, but his inventive faculty did not long lie dormant. Being unacquainted with Plutarch, he was furnished by a Mr. Henry, during a visit at Lancaster, with the story of the death of Socrates, which he painted. This, though we may reasonably presume it a very faint and defective performance in every thing but the *invention*, drew him still more into notice; and Doctor Smith, the provost of the college at Philadelphia, which had been just then founded, (in 1753,) gave him, from time to time, some valuable instructions, to afford him an insight into the spirit of Grecian and Roman antiquity. By the institutes of Penn, it was enacted that "every child above twelve years of age should learn some useful trade or profession;" but West's application to drawing prevented the formal observance of this rule. When he had reached his sixteenth year, his father, notwithstanding the religious prejudice of the Quakers against the fine arts, applied for and obtained the consent of the society of friends, to his pursuing painting as a profession. This liberal construction of their tenets was not obtained without a solemn decision at the meeting-house, near Springfield, in which one of their teachers, named Williamson, spoke eloquently in favour of their permitting the youth to follow the natural bent of his genius.

West's enthusiasm increased with his opportunities of study; and he continued to practise portrait painting for some time at Philadelphia. But his studies were somewhat interrupted, and the number of his sitters lessened by the circumstances which

followed the defeat of General Braddock in 1755. The Indians in the French pay marked their incursions into this province by fire and the tomahawk. The massacres of Gaudenbutten, Great Cove, and Minnissink, are even still spoken of by old persons with horror. The necessity of defending the vulnerable points drew away numbers with the militia from Philadelphia. But it is not necessary to go into details beyond the fact that, for some years, Mr. West continued to paint at Philadelphia and New-York with good encouragement. A copy of a Saint Ignatius, taken on board a Spanish prize; a second historical picture, the Trial of Susannah, comprising forty figures; several other unfinished historical attempts, fancy pictures, copies, and a brisk run of portraits, contributed to give him a use of the oil pencil, and method of colouring. Williams had returned to England, and left the field altogether to the young American. He was the only native who had ever practised painting; and, in the uncultivated state of society, among a people to whom painting was such a novelty, his power of taking a likeness caused him to be looked upon as a very extraordinary person. He had raised his price from one guinea for the head in 1754; to two in 1755; three in 1756; four in 1758; and to five, in January, 1760, for the head, and ten for the half length. His receipts at this time, and the rank which he held in the esteem of the best educated and most affluent, afforded him a prospect of independence, with every mark of public esteem that could be gratifying to his honest ambition. In Philadelphia he became acquainted, at this period, with Miss Elizabeth Shewell, a young lady of much good sense and refined feelings. She was the second daughter of a respectable merchant, and her brother was engaged in commerce, with good prospects and excellent connections. The intimacy ripened into affection,

and produced a mutual pledge to marry as soon as circumstances would render their union prudent. The marriage would have taken place then, but Mr. West could not think of sitting down for life in America, without first having had recourse to those means of improvement in his profession, which Europe only afforded. His eagerness to study historical painting, enabled him to withstand the most powerful of all inducements, the force of youthful passion, and the temptation of pecuniary interest. It was then agreed, as an indispensable requisite, that he should first make a voyage to Europe, and reside there long enough to obtain those advantages in his art which were not to be found in the colonies. His return was fixed for the celebration of his marriage. Soon after, an opportunity occurred of his embarking in a vessel consigned from Philadelphia, with a cargo of flour and wheat, to Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, an eminent English company in Leghorn. Having settled a correspondence with Miss Shewell and her friends, and engaged not to prolong his absence beyond three years, Mr. West took his passage in this vessel in May, 1760. He carried with him a letter of credit on the consignees for the amount of his professional savings, and a handsome present of fifty guineas, the gift of Mr. Kelly, a gentleman whose portrait he had painted. The vessel in which he sailed was conveyed from Gibraltar to Leghorn in safety, by the Shannon frigate, and the Favourite sloop of war. Captain Meadows, afterwards the truly noble Earl Manners, who commanded the former, became intimate with Mr. West during the passage, and continued his friendship to him until his death, which preceded that of the late president only a few years.

Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, on whom he had a letter of credit for the amount of his little fortune, fur-

nished him with recommendations to Cardinal Albani and some other persons of talent and large consideration in Rome. He arrived in that city on the 10th of July, 1760, being then nearly twenty-two years old. Almost fifteen years had passed since his first childish attempts at drawing, and six years since he had devoted his whole time to the profession of painting with unremitting application. A mistaken report having spread that an *American savage* had crossed the Atlantic to study the arts in Italy, he was at once an object of general curiosity and interest. The Irish gentry in Rome, on hearing his name, at first mistook him for *West*, the chief director of the Dublin Academy, who had obtained the prize for drawing the human figure when a student in the Academy at Paris. But when Mengs, the painter, requested to see a sketch of his drawing, he was obliged to own to an English gentleman, his friend, that his want of practice from the naked model and antique statues, rendered him incapable of producing a drawing like those of other students. This fact shows that his progress in America had been made upon canvas, and with the oil pencils only; excepting the mere chalking in the outlines of his sitters. We may presume, that in perspective and anatomy, as well as in drawing the living model, he had little or no opportunity of acquirement. Dr. Shippen did not deliver the first lecture on anatomy and surgery, in Philadelphia, until 1764, four years after West had sailed for Italy. The merits of his *Death of Socrates*, and *Trial of Susannah*, must have been confined to character, expression, and composition: the two former being to be acquired by painting portraits, and observations on nature; the latter by good taste and practice in sketching with the pen and ink, or any other material. In attempting to paint history in Philadelphia, he might be compared to a man of ge-

nus, who, having acquired his language by the ear, and only used it orally, rises under the powerful impulse of nature, to address a public assembly, on some great occasion. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," may show his courage and the powers of his mind; but his want of method and of grammatical construction, will also show the orator's want of intellectual cultivation. A genius for historical painting is born with the man. The power of telling a story impressively on canvas, which constitutes the high classical language of the pencil, is an artificial acquirement. West's natural endowments impelled him to paint history before he had acquired the knowledge or skill of a draftsman; he felt his want; but he knew that the latter, alone, is only the cold and empty learning of a pedant, which can never make a painter. In the arts of war and peace it is the same. The courage of the soldier, the soul of the hero, exists before he has learnt the use of arms. The coward, when locked up in steel, is only more exposed, and the fool, who acquires the power of speaking a hundred tongues, will only utter his mother tongue of folly in them all. A mere draftsman, with a strong faculty of eye, a practised hand, and sterile mind, in the midst of his noisy pretensions, is a *fac similit*, not a painter.

Mr. West's first specimen of his art in Rome, was a portrait of Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham. This picture having been privately painted, was afterwards mistaken, when submitted to the inspection of artists and amateurs, for a performance by Mengs; and spoken of as one of his best *coloured* pictures. This was no ordinary compliment; for although Mengs was a man of cold fancy, and no great natural endowments, he was an artist of intense meditation, great practice, and great acquirements. At first Mr. West was diverted from study by the various spec-

tacles in the capital. This continual excitement of his sensations, the change of air, and different mode of living, produced a nervous affection, attended by a feverish debility, which compelled him to leave Rome and return to Leghorn for quiet and retirement. He was there soon enabled, by the use of the baths, to return to Rome; but the same causes occasioned a relapse, which drove him back again to Leghorn. Although speedily relieved from his fever, he was long afflicted with a painful swelling in one of his ancles. To obtain the advice of Nanoni, a surgeon, famous for his successful treatment of diseased joints, he was obliged to go to Florence, where he lingered for eleven months in confinement, before he was completely cured. During this melancholy period his enthusiasm was active. He had a drawing desk made, which enabled him to sketch and compose historical subjects in bed, and thus contrived to amuse and improve himself during his illness. Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford corresponded with him; and Sir Horace Mann, the British minister at the court of the Grand Duke, Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Dundas, Lord Cooper, Sir John Thorold, and many more of the English nobility and gentry, then resident there, were unsparing in their kind attentions. The Cardinal Albani wrote to him from Rome; the Marquisses of Pandolphini, Mozzi, Ricardi, and Gerini, with several more of the Florentine nobles, were equally flattering in their civilities. These circumstances served to animate his professional ambition, and no doubt contributed to his recovery.

As soon as he was able to travel, pursuant to a former advice of Mengs, he visited Bologna, Parma, Verona, and Venice. He staid in each of those cities long enough to inspect the chief works of the celebrated masters. His course of study was necessarily hurried, but marked by

intense application. Part of each day was devoted to inspecting the works of art; and a portion to attending dissections and lectures on anatomy, studying perspective, and drawing regularly from the human figure and best antique statues. He made slight drawings and sketches of the groups, or single figures, in the pictures of the old masters, which he most admired. In some instances he sketched the entire composition. He painted but a few finished copies in oil, and these, principally, with a view to acquire the method of impasting, pencilling, and colouring. Titian, Tintoretto, and Coreggio, were his models for execution, *chiaro-oscuro* and colour. In this tour he was accompanied by a Mr. Matthews, of the house of Jackson and Rutherford, who united pleasure and business, and had affairs to settle and connections to extend, in the cities which they visited. This gentleman possessed classical attainments and a taste for the arts, and was delighted with the opportunity of acquiring further improvement and gratification by accompanying Mr. West in his visits to view the pictures and sculpture in the churches and palaces. The latter had been enabled to pursue his studies, and travel at his ease, by the public spirit of some American merchants. His enthusiastic application, the estimation in which he was held, and his success in his profession, had reached Mr. Allen in Philadelphia. That gentleman received the letter which communicated this intelligence from Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford, on a day when he gave a dinner to Mr. Hamilton, the governor of Pennsylvania, and the principal magistrates of Philadelphia. Mr. Allen, justly considering Mr. West an honour to America, communicated his intention before the company, to remit him the means of prosecuting his studies. In this Mr. Hamilton, with equal pride and patriotism, begged leave to join; and

the result was, that Mr. West, when setting out on his journey for improvement, was met by a letter of unlimited credit at Messrs. Jackson and Rutherford's. This is not mentioned as a piece of good fortune; but as one among many proofs, that if West had not preferred *historical painting in England*, his country was proud of him as the first American who had studied painting, and would have welcomed him home with public patronage as a portrait painter, had he chosen to re-cross the Atlantic.

On his return to Rome, he pursued the same course of study; and painted, about this time, a picture of *Cymon and Iphigenia*, which surprised Mengs. That artist, although he was weak enough to be flattered by some ignorant parasites, who spoke of his own works as being superior to those of Raffaele, had the candour to praise this picture highly to Mr. Robinson. "If this young man," said he, "in his very first composition is superior to *Battoni*, what will he be by and by?" *Battoni*, himself, on seeing the *Cymon and Iphigenia*, advised Mr. West to quit painting portraits, for that "history and poetry were his proper province."—He next painted a picture of *Angelica and Medoro*, which was received with equal applause, and proved the astonishing advance he had made in correctness of drawing, and the sense of beautiful forms. He painted many other studies, and made a number of sketches from the best pictures in Rome, and chiefly from those of Raffaele. He had, just then, the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Wilcox, the author of that admirable work, the *Roman Conversations*, and derived important advantages from his immense stores of knowledge in every thing relative to the costume and manners of the ancients.

Nearly three years had now passed, and the time approached of his engagement to re-visit America; but his own wish, and a letter from his

father, determined him to see the best collections of pictures in England, prior to his return. He, therefore, availed himself of an opportunity to accompany Mr. Patoune, a Scotch physician and amateur of the fine arts, who was for travelling homeward. West took leave of his friends at Florence, and finished, in Parma, a copy in oil colours, which he had begun, when formerly in that city, from Corregio's famous marriage of *St. Catharine*. That picture is, generally, called the *St. Jerome*, from a conspicuous figure of that saint; and is well known to collectors by the fine prints engraved from it by Cornelius Cort and Agostino Caracci. Mr. Patoune, in the meantime, visited Florence; and then met Mr. West at Parma, from whence they journeyed to Genoa and Turin, and passed through Lyons to Paris. In each of these cities West found some hours daily to make pen and ink and chalk sketches from groups and figures in the fine works of art, which he passed his whole time in examining. He every where compared the differences of style, and formed solid conclusions of his own direction. His accomplished fellow traveller frankly communicated his own opinions, and reaped a pleasure and instruction from his observations. In August, 1763, they both arrived in London.

(To be continued.)

(From the *European Magazine*.)

ANNALS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

The Western Assize Court in 1689.

—There was once in a village near *St. David's* a pedagogue whose figure and furniture were worthy of comparison with *Shakspeare's* apothecary. If the Bardic notion has any truth, "that the soul is an intelligence lapsed from the region of light and knowledge, and makes its progress in this

world through a circle of transmigrations till it returns to its original state," this good man's spirit was very near its perfection, being almost divested of corporeal matter. He lived in a poor hut, attached to a still poorer garden, which furnished his meagre table with almost all its accompaniments. The riches of his house consisted of numberless traditional volumes of Welch romance, especially a genuine copy of the *Historia Brittonum* ascribed to Nennius, and edited in the tenth century by Mark the Hermit; probably the original of that celebrated MS. lately discovered in the Vatican, after having graced the library of Queen Christina. He knew by heart all the Welch chronicle of St. Patrick, from his captivity among the Scots as a swineherd, till he had baptized seven kings and seen the flock of birds which typified the number of his converts. He knew all the tales of Merlin's ship of glass; and, in short, whatever proves the abundance of fiction in Wales: but his glory was a school consisting of about fourteen ragged boys, whose acquirements in Latin could be matched only by their devastations in leek-porridge. Emulous of what later days have boasted, Padrig qualified his pupils to perform a Latin play annually, to improve their prosody and their manners, though he himself (with the exception of the grey-headed vicar, who fasted and prayed with eight boys on thirty pounds per annum,) was their sole audience. The expense of erecting a stage or providing scenery was obviated by his choice of a play which required none but what his hut afforded. Wiser than modern academicians, he rejected all the easy moralities of Terence, and chose from his old friend Plautus a drama which required no flippant valet, well-dressed courtesan, or gallant young man. He had some thoughts of translating into pure Latin the scene of Bottom, Starveling, and Quince, in the Mid-

summer Nights' Dream, as most likely to be suitably dressed by his actors: but he luckily remembered a scene in one of Aristophanes' comedies, which even his own wardrobe could furnish forth, and this he selected as an interlude. The day of rehearsal was of immense importance, and Padrig prepared for it accordingly. The chief personage in the play is an old miser, who, on his return with the broth which he has been receiving from public charity, finds his daughter's lover with a troop of servants preparing for a wedding dinner in his kitchen, and going to take the soup-kettle in which all his money is concealed. Padrig's kitchen required no alteration to represent the miser's, and no addition except the interment of a three-legged pot under the hearth-stone. He had one of very antique shape, which he filled with pieces of tin and a few old copper medals, to represent the hoarded coin: and having placed it under the stone which served as his fire-place, Padrig went to his bed of chaff, little dreaming by whom the operation had been observed, and what was to follow.

The classic recitations of the next evening began by an interlude translated into Welch from the original Greek, which Padrig's scholars could not yet compass; and he, acting at once as audience, prompter, chief Roscius, and stage-manager, came down to the door of his hut, which served on this occasion as a very suitable proscenium. According to the business of the drama, he sat wrapped in an old blanket folded round him in the style of Euripides, when a beggar of good height and very theatrical demeanour came over the hedge of the copse, exclaiming, in the genuine Greek, "Euripides! I am a distressed man, and need thy help to procure pity." Padrig, enchanted and surprised by an actor so accomplished, but not doubting that the rector of St. David's had sent his eld-

est son, as he had promised, to assist his theatricals, replied, in the language of Aristophanes, "Friend, thou hast need of no advocate more eloquent than thy scare-crow visage." "O Prince of Poets," replied the stranger, "of what avail is misery, unless suitably dressed? give me thy rags in which thy Oedipus makes his appearance with such grand effect." All this being exactly in the business of the comedy, Padrig went into his hut, and brought forth a bundle of very genuine rags, which he gave with the air and speech assigned to Euripides. "But, master of the tragic art!" exclaimed the beggar—"I implore another boon—What would thy Oedipus himself have done without a basket?"—"Seest thou not that I am busy with a new tragedy?" said Euripides—"take that basket, and begone." "Beneficent Euripides! of what import is a basket without picturesque contents? lead me the water-cresses which thy mother used to sell in our streets." Euripides granted this boon also, and the petitioner finished his part of the farce by departing with his rags, basket and herbs, leaving Padrig to lament that all the learned of Wales were not present to own how well he had performed the wittiest satire composed by Aristophanes against his greatest rival.

The whiteheaded Welch striplings, who had gaped with great awe during the pompous Greek dialogue, were now called on to enact their parts in what they called the *Howlolaria* of Plautus. All went on well till the last scene, when the pot was discovered under the hearth, and a great alteration in its weight appeared to have been made. But until the rehearsal was over, and Padrig uncovered his pot, intending to remove its copper contents, and substitute a little broth for his supper, he did not perceive the wonderful transformation. All the pieces of tin and old medals had been removed, leaving in their stead more

than eighty pieces of pure gold and silver! But what appeared most valuable in his eyes, was a quantity of medals of rare antiquity, and in exquisite preservation. He brooded over this prodigious treasure till daylight; and his simplicity, aided by his legendary learning, almost inclined him to believe it the gift of some second Merlin. In the morn he hastened to his neighbour, the good parish priest, and showed him the prosperous pot of Plautus, specially pointing out a medal apparently of the days of Brenheim Oll, King of all Britain, and a series of coins from thence to Cadwallader. The reverend and learned man was deeply astonished at the whole adventure, particularly at the conduct of the stranger who had performed a part in the Greek interlude; and the schoolmaster was no less surprised when the vicar assured him that he knew nothing of the matter: that his son, whose aid had been promised, had been too much indisposed to recite his part, and had sent his excuse by an itinerant musician. Honest Padrig thought of his ancient romances, but the vicar saw mischief and danger lurking in his supposed good fortune. The year 1688 had caused the removal of James II. and the agents of his cruelty or his folly were flying in all directions. The confusion, the intrigues, and the secret enmities of two parties suddenly changing places, were felt even in this remote district; and the friends of the Prince of Orange, scarcely yet proclaimed King of England, were starting from their former concealment to retaliate the hatred of their enemies. Therefore, the vicar of Padrig's parish feared that the giver of the gold was some eminent fugitive, who had contrived to leave this recompense for the disguise which he had obtained by acting the part of the Greek poet's mendicant. When the schoolmaster reflected on the singular fluency with which his unknown visiter had spoken

a classic language, on the style of his features, which were evidently altered by art, and on the rich tokens left behind, he was of the same opinion; but his friend's advice to keep the matter secret cost him some severe struggles. His gleeful heart ached with its fullness, and he could not forbear muttering hints of his good luck among his pupils, and sometimes taking his pot to the casement to inspect his treasures. The consequences were not slow in their coming.

There lived with Padrig under his roof, as a kind of inmate and assistant, a young man named Lisle, grandson of that unhappy lady whose misfortunes have a place in our history. She was widow of a man who had enjoyed Cromwell's favour; and having fled, at the Restoration, was assassinated in Switzerland by three Irish ruffians, who hoped to obtain patronage by their crime. Lady Lisle was accused of sheltering two of Monmouth's partisans after his defeat at Sedgemoor, and after a shameful trial was sentenced to death by Judge Jefferies, notwithstanding the opinion three times expressed by the jury, in favour of her innocence. Her miserable descendant found a refuge in the bounty of the poor schoolmaster, who sheltered him from that year to the present, intending him for his successor, and calling him with harmless affectation of pomp his usher. Padrig could not conceal from Lisle, who had been absent on a journey when the adventure occurred, the contents of his iron pot, which still remained deposited under his hearthstone. Lisle beheld it eagerly, and an evil spirit entered his thoughts. The Judges were expected in a few days to hold the county-sessions, and he might obtain this wealth, and perhaps court-patronage, by removing his benefactor. The means were easy. Padrig, in the simplicity of his heart, had often told that Jefferies, whose name has gained such dreadful immortality, had been, when an

obscure boy of five years old, his favourite and most promising pupil. And being secretly proud that a chancellor and chief justice had sprung from his school, he had been often heard to say, that he could not believe Jefferies wholly without some good inclinations. Now, it was longly suspected that this distinguished culprit was endeavouring to make his escape from the Welch coast, and lurking about in disguise till he could find an opportunity. Lisle had shrewdness enough to see the possibility that he might have visited his old friend and tutor, and perhaps received aid from him. He yielded to temptation, and, rising at midnight, took the pot from its place of interment, and speeded his way to the inn where he knew one of the crown-lawyers had stopped to spend the night. Sergeant Bellasise was a politician too wary to miss any occasion of manifesting zeal to the new government. He heard the informer's story, and was shown the hoarding-pot, from which Lisle had taken all except the coins, medals, and a seal-ring, of which he did not know the value. "Fellow!" said the Sergeant, "this is not all. Bring the rest, or I shall know what to think of your information." Lisle was taken by surprise, but he had to deal with a craftier and cooler politician than himself. Seeing that he hesitated, the crown-lawyer added, you are yourself an accomplice in secreting a traitor. Show me the rest of the bribe, or my servants shall take you into custody." The informer was taken in a trap he had not foreseen; and after a long demur, found himself forced to resign the pot, and all its contents, to Sergeant Bellasise, who promised, upon this condition, to preserve him from all hazard, and ensure a due reward for his loyalty.

Not many hours after, Padrig was taken from his quiet abode, and lodged in the town gaol on a charge

of high treason. If any thing could have comforted him for the treachery of his adopted guest, it would have been the affectionate lamentation of his little flock of pupils, who followed him from the school he had ruled thirty years, to his place of confinement, as if it had been a triumphal procession. Padrig's story had become a subject of very general question, and those who knew the bent of public affairs had but little hope of his acquittal. Besides, the spirit of the new government was yet untried; and though Chief Justice Herbert and his colleagues were dispossessed of power, their successors might be equally blind and riotous in their new authority. The day of Padrig's trial assembled a croud as anxious as any that ever filled a court, even in these times of sacrifice and peril. Had he been one of the five hermits once sanctified in Wales, he could not have been more respectfully greeted by the spectators, nor could his appearance have been more venerably simple. His long surcoat of brown camblet, belted round his waist, his leathern sandals, and the thick grey hair which fell on each side of his face down to his shoulders, showing his broad forehead and large mild eye, gave him the aspect of a St. Kentigern, or of his favourite Hermit Mark, the chronicler of Wales. But the Judges were strangers, and the leading counsel of the crown a man new to his office, and to this remote district. His countenance promised little, for the abundant flow of his hair was even beyond the ordinary fashion of the times, and indicated more coxcomby than wisdom. The accused and accuser were both in court, and the murmur which would have attended the latter was hushed by fear. Few, very few, of Padrig's friends ventured to think of testifying in his favour, lest the friend of a fallen man should involve them in his danger. Padrig stood alone, left to Providence

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and innocence, in which he trusted, and his eye did not lose its firm fixture when the crown lawyer rose. There was a pause of deep fear and expectation till he addressed the court.

"My lord, you have heard the indictment of this man—I have permitted it to be read, though the instructions in my hand are to withdraw the prosecution. I permitted it, I say, because it is fitting that they who dragged him to this bar, and the people who have held him in reverence till now, should be shown to justice, and witness its dispensation. You have heard this grey-headed old man accused of abetting a refugee's escape, because a few pieces of old gold have been found in his possession, and because he was once a teacher of grammar to Jefferies. You are surprised at the name. Who ever thought of befriending Jefferies? He has had his flatterers and his advocates when he sat on the bench as a chief justice and a chancellor, and held his sovereign's commission with such men as Kirke, who instigated and besotted him. But he had no friends, and those who had not courage to remonstrate against his violence, will have enough now to show him the bitterness of his disgrace, when he is weak and desolate. No, my lord, in this land and in this year we need not be afraid to find places of refuge open to Jefferies: he has neither brother nor father, wife, nor children—he has nothing here but enemies and hunters. If he *was* here, who is in this court that would not be ready to mock him now as much as they feared him once? They would bid him go and ask mercy from the woman whose brother perished before her eyes after she had sold herself to save him; or from the mother of that unhappy soldier whose speed was matched with a war horse's. These things were done, not by Jefferies, but by men more wicked than he; yet which of these things is greater in

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cruelty than the accusation lodged to-day against a helpless old man by his guest and his pensioner! He is accused of sheltering a disgraced and proscribed judge because he loved him when a child. Would this be a fault, even if it was true? Perhaps he did not know the unfortunate man he befriended; and it is certain, by the public frankness of his communications, that he did not know the gold was attained. These medals and this ring are known to have belonged once to Jefferies—but his motive for leaving them in Padrig's house might have been a pure one. There must have been some good in his heart when he dared return to his first friend. It must have been punishment enough to return to that friend and that house poorer, more despised and wretched than he left it. Let us remember how high he stood, and from whence he fell. Those who sit in his place to-day will remember, that he fell because he judged too rashly, and did not think his king strong enough to afford mercy to his enemies. Let our first act be wiser than his. I might tear my brief, and close the prosecution, but I appeal to this court, and expect to hear the prisoner's acquittal. And that you may be assured how little his accuser deserves belief, I am empowered to tell you, that Jefferies, that criminal whom he pretends was conveyed away by Padrig's means, is at this very moment before his judges; and this paltry jar of coins, which tempted the accusation, was brought to me as a bribe to forward it. And if it had been so offered even to Jefferies, he would have thrown it back as I do."

The pleader was answered by a half-stifed shout of applause. When he began to speak, his voice was low and hoarse, but as he advanced it became vigorous, and his eyes started from their dark hollows with the earnestness of eloquence. The new

judges were touched by his appeal, and by the opportunity to gain favour by a popular verdict. Padrig was unanimously acquitted; and the jar of gold, which his unexpected advocate had thrown on the table of the court, was restored to him undiminished. His miserable accuser stole out of the people's reach; but when he went to thank the public prosecutor for his lenity, he was no where to be found. The pleader had never been seen after he left the court; and a few hours having been spent in wonder, the real Sergeant Bellasisse arrived, post-haste and in great trepidation, declaring that he had been detained by indisposition on the road. None of the judges knew him personally on this circuit, and they all agreed that none but Jefferies himself could have had audacity enough to personate him. Inquiries were made at the village inn, and they were informed that a person who called himself Bellasisse had arrived there on horseback alone only a few minutes before the treacherous informer came to seek him. How he went from the town, or which way he travelled, was not very diligently traced by those who had heard his daring defence of an innocent man. Ever bold and eccentric, mingling great courage with enormous obstinacy, Jefferies had returned to London, expecting and truly judging that he would be least sought in the midst of his enemies. But by lingering too long in the street to hear music, of which he was passionately fond, he was discovered, and conveyed to the Tower. There he expiated some of his errors by a long imprisonment, and died with no consolation but the blessing of the poor schoolmaster of St. David's. He chose the bottle for his executioner; and never had recourse to it without drinking health to the Judges of the Western Assizes in 1689.

From *Astermann's Repository*.

THE PINCH OF SNUFF.

IT is now many years since, a widow of about twenty, who had some business at Brussels, stopped for a short time at a hotel in that city; she dined at the *table d'hôte*, and generally spent a part of the evening in the public room. This youthful widow, whose name was Dorval, was precisely that sort of person, whom the men all adore, and the women abuse: the former declared she was the loveliest, the most bewitching of creatures; the latter vowed she had not the smallest claim to beauty. Whatever were her claims, however, one thing is certain—the coldest hearts found her irresistible. Her slight but finely rounded form, though too *petite* for dignity, was a model of grace; her features could not boast the cold regularity which, in the critic's eye, constitutes beauty; but the brilliancy of her complexion, the varied expression of her speaking eyes, and the bewitching archness of her smile, rendered her a dangerous object to a man of sensibility. She had been only a few days at the hotel, when an English gentleman chanced to dine at the public table; he was struck at the first glance with her charms, and not being well acquainted with foreign manners, he thought he might address himself rather freely to a lady whom he found at a *table d'hôte*: he complimented her; she replied with spirit, but with becoming reserve. The Englishman, whom we shall call Milborne, became every moment more fascinated: puzzled, however, by the apparent inconsistency in her situation and manners, he asked if she would accompany him to the theatre: she refused in a tone which showed plainly that she considered the proposal as an insult. "Very well," cried Milborne, pulling out an elegant snuff-box, "then

you shall take a pinch of snuff."—"I never take snuff, sir," cried the widow, turning up her pretty little nose with an air of ineffable disdain.

"So much the worse, madam; you lose one of the greatest pleasures in life. I have tried all sorts of enjoyments: one thing fatigued, another disgusted me; this pleasure brought repentance, and that satiety. At last, I determined to look out for something of which I should not tire. It suddenly struck me, that, in my fits of vexation and *ennui*, I had found occasional relief from a pinch of snuff; so I became a snuff-taker five years ago, and from that time to the present I have had no *ennui*. Come, madam, let me advise you to try my remedy for this distemper, with which we are all visited more or less."

"I have no occasion for it," replied the lady coldly: "I am not troubled with *ennui*; and if I were, I should think there are more rational means of dispelling it."

"Name them, madam, if you please."

"Reading, reflection, the offices of benevolence, the pleasures of society."

"Ah! madam, I have tried all that: reading set me to sleep; reflection made my head ache; benevolence I own is pretty well, but one cannot occupy oneself in that way from morning till night: as to the pleasures of society, I have been cheated by one half of my acquaintance, and laughed at by the other; I am therefore not very favourably disposed toward mankind. So you see, madam, I have nothing left for it but to amuse myself in this way;" and opening his snuff-box, he took a pinch, and presented it to her.

Thoroughly provoked at what she considered unpardonable rudeness, she rose to leave the room. "Nay, madam," cried Milborne, starting up, "you must not go in anger."—"I am not angry, sir," cried the lady,

find accommodation for her : they trying to disengage her hand, which he had taken hold of.—“ You forgive me then ?”—“ Yes,” replied she, but not in the most placid tone in the world.—“ Very well, then ; to prove that you don't bear malice, take a pinch of snuff.”

At these words, the widow's patience and temper both forsook her ; she burst into tears. Some of the gentlemen present advanced, and one of them, Comte de S. asked Milborne, in a haughty tone, what he meant by insulting the lady. The Englishman immediately took fire ; he replied in a tone of defiance, which frightened Madame Dorval. She endeavoured to stifle the dispute, by protesting that she was not offended ; but the gentlemen were both too hot-headed to be so easily pacified : they dissembled their resentment till the widow had left the room ; but as soon as she did, the dispute was renewed. In a few minutes it rose to such a height, that a meeting was arranged for the following morning ; and thus, for no greater cause than a lady's refusal to take a pinch of snuff, two men, who were not destitute either of common sense or principle, so far in their anger forgot both, as to be guilty of the folly and impiety of risking their own, and seeking each other's life.

Both perhaps repented when the challenge was given and accepted ; but it was then, according to the notions of false honour so prevalent among mankind, too late. They retired to their respective apartments : Milborne wrote two or three letters, and began to pace his room, deeply engaged in ruminating on the probable event of the approaching meeting.

Suddenly he fancied he smelt fire ; he threw open the door of his chamber, and beheld the staircase enveloped in smoke. His first thought was for others : he ran to the different apartments, vociferating “ Fire !” In a few moments every body in the

house was alarmed ; all hastened to escape ; and Milborne, on going down stairs, found the greater part of the inmates assembled in the street before the door of the hotel. It was indeed time, for the flames were bursting out in every direction. The first person whom Milborne saw, was his antagonist, “ My God !” cried the Englishman at sight of him, “ where is madame ?” They looked eagerly around ; she was not to be seen.

“ Oh heavens !” exclaimed the landlord, “ she must be lost—see, her chamber is on fire.”—“ A ladder, quickly,” cried Milborne.—“ We have not one ; and if we had it would be of no use ; you would perish without being able to save her.”—“ I will try, however,” cried Milborne ; and breaking from his antagonist, who, shocked at the certain death to which he seemed devoting himself, caught hold of his arm, he rushed back into the flames.

“ He will be lost !” exclaimed the by-standers. “ No, no !” cried Comte de S.—, “ Providence will not suffer him to perish ;” and he hastened in search of a ladder, which he recollected to have seen in the morning at a little distance from the hotel. He was fortunate enough to find it ; in a few moments it was reared against the window at which Milborne was seen with madame in his arms.

“ God be praised,” cried the Englishman fervently, as he descended with his lovely burthen, whom terror had deprived of her senses.—“ God be praised !” was echoed by all present, with a feeling of mingled joy and terror, as they saw the floor of her apartment fall in with a terrible crash. Milborne had found her lying insensible on her bed : he wrapped her in a blanket, and so saved her from being burnt, but he was himself very much scorched. He delivered her to the care of the women ; and it being by this time ascertained that no lives were lost, Milborne and the Comte hastened to

speedily succeeded, and returned to convey her to her new lodging. She was at that moment hardly capable of speaking, but she begged to see her preserver in the morning. The gentlemen then separated to take some repose, but not before they had shaken hands in amity.

The next morning, Milborne waited upon the widow. "Ah! my preserver," cried she, starting up as he entered, and clasping both his hands in hers, "what shall I say to you? how can I thank you? how can I ever repay?"—"Repay! Nonsense—take a pinch of snuff," cried Milborne, in a tone of affected gayety, which ill disguised the emotion the beautiful widow's fervent gratitude had called forth. My readers will believe that this time she did not refuse. "Don't you find it excellent?" cried Milborne.—"Yes, excellent indeed," replied she, when the fit of sneezing which it occasioned had subsided.—"I thought," said Milborne, in a tone of triumph, "that you could not fail to like it, if once you could be prevailed upon to taste it: but this is nothing; I have with me samples of all the different kinds of snuff that are used, and some which I have myself introduced, and had compounded under my own direction: you shall try them all."

The widow would perhaps rather have been excused from giving this proof of her gratitude, but what could she deny to her deliverer? We do not know how far she became a connoisseur in snuff, for in a very few days Milborne found that his *penchant* for it began to be superseded by another *penchant*; in short, the widow's fine eyes caused certain uneasy sensations, which even his favourite amusement of snuff-taking could not dissipate. One day, while he was sitting with her, he suddenly fell into a fit of abstraction, and his box, which he held open in his hand, dropped upon the floor. "How unlucky! you have spilled all your

snuff," cried Madame Dorval, stooping to pick up the box.—"Never mind," said Milborne, gently detaching her hand as she presented it to him: "snuff is a good thing, but it is not a panacea for every care."

"Indeed!" cried the widow archly; "and pray when did you discover that?"

"Not till to-day: I have taken three times my usual quantity, in order to put you out of my head; but I can't. I see clearly there is only one way to manage that matter satisfactorily: I must either marry you, or run away from you. Now, my dear madame, which shall I do?"

"Run away, to be sure," cried the widow: but what signifies what a woman says when her eyes contradict her tongue? Milborne trusted to the former, and he was right: he pressed his suit with ardour; mutual explanations took place. The Englishman was a rich, whimsical, but noble-minded being; the widow was virtuous and well born, but comparatively poor. No obstacles opposed a union which they mutually desired. In the course of two years after it had taken place, Milborne was the happy father of two lovely children, and their infantine caresses and the attentions of his beautiful wife occupied him so completely, that he no longer felt *ennui*, and we are assured that his snuff-box was discarded.

Benjamin West's Estate.—The property of this eminent artist is estimated at nearly half a million of dollars, which is inherited by his two sons.—The cases in which superior talents, in any profession, have found the "*way to wealth*," are very rare. And it is gratifying to find instances, in which superior genius is accompanied by that prudence and industry, which enables it to enhance the number and value of its productions.

THE DRAMA.

PERCY'S MASQUE.

A new dramatic work, entitled "Percy's Masque," has just issued from the press of C. S. Van Winkle. The last number of the New-York Lit. Journal, contains a long letter from Mr. Trumbull respecting it; which letter we published in our paper of the first. We have since perused this work, and have been much gratified. It is said to be the production of a young gentleman of this city, and is highly creditable to its author. It is pleasing to observe the progress which literature is making in our country. That we have sufficient talent cannot for a moment be doubted; it only needs the fostering hand of patronage to call it forth. It should, therefore, be our ambition to encourage every attempt that is made to raise the literary character of our country. We have been forced long enough to look abroad for every thing superior in science. It is time we should turn our attention home, and suffer no exertions to be wanting which may ensure to ourselves a literary reputation.

"The noblest use of wealth is the encouragement of genius." Let it be verified—and soon, very soon, we shall possess talent in abundance at home, and cease to be under obligations to others. We look forward with pleasure to that period, (a period we trust at no great distance) when the character of our country shall be equally as celebrated for its judgment, wisdom, and refinement, as it always has been for its bravery to resist oppression.—*American.*

The rapid advance in literature, science, and the arts, which is daily making in our country, is a source of real satisfaction and delight to all who

estimate the value of national character; and to refute the calumnies of European critics, by opposing fact to falsehood, is the only course which a dignified and great people should adopt. We have just risen from the perusal of a dramatic work written by a gentleman of this city, who has modestly submitted this first effort to his countrymen, unaided by pompous dedication, anticipated eulogy, or even the weight of his own name, and we hail its appearance with pride. Founded on an interesting event in English history, this drama combines with strict historic truth much richness of language, strong figure, and admirable scenic arrangement; nor do we assert too much in pronouncing it one of the most classical and finished productions of the kind which has issued from the American press. Instead of the low ribaldry and impious invocations which too often form prominent features in dramatic works, the mirror is here held up to nature, reflecting men and manners as they were, divested of all those objectionable appendages which disgrace the taste and offend the morals. If the stage is ever to become the medium of rational and intellectual improvement, it can only be effected by correcting its abuses. The author of "Percy's Masque" has laudably attempted this, and he has succeeded. We trust the effort will be duly appreciated, and that this native work will have a distinguished place in our literary register.—*ib.*

RUSSIAN THEATRES.

The improved state of the Russian stage is perhaps not generally known. St. Petersburg possesses three the-

atres, which exhibit the dramatic works of Russia, France, and Germany. The whole have been for many years under the direction of Prince Tufiakín, lord chamberlain, who has introduced many improvements into the theatres of this city. That in which Russian plays are performed has made an extraordinary progress, and may be justly ranked among the first scenic spectacles in Europe. It contains many eminent actors, who represent the works of the Russian dramatists with great success, and produce a rapid succession of novel pieces of uncommon merit. The best plays of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, have been translated, and are represented here to crowded audiences. In tragedy, Mademoiselle Simanova, who assumes the principal characters, is particularly distinguished. This theatre is remarkable for a judicious selection of subjects, richness of decoration, the magnificence of the dresses, and perfection of the orchestra. The ballet is conducted by M. Didlot, one of the most celebrated directors in Europe, and to whose talents the public are

indebted for a ballet that may justly challenge the best exhibition of the kind in Paris.

The French theatre, which had been closed for nearly eight years, was re-opened lately, to the great satisfaction of the Russian nobility; and, in consequence of the pressing solicitations of Prince Tufiakín to his imperial Majesty, this theatre gives eight representations during each month, and divides with the national company the honour of performing once a week in presence of the court. The attention experienced by the French performers from Prince Tufiakín has been extremely kind and flattering.

The German theatre also represents tragedy, comedy, and opera. The original works of Schiller, Lessing, Kotzebue, and other celebrated German dramatists, are there performed in an excellent style. The opera is extremely well supported.

There is also in Moscow a Russian theatre for all kinds of performances, under the same superintendence as those of St. Petersburg, and supplied with performers from that city.

VARIETIES.

Within a few weeks past, a body of very superior oil stones has been discovered in the neighbourhood of Easton, Pennsylvania, on the Lehigh river. The bed extends to a considerable distance on each side of the Lehigh. They have heretofore been found lying on the surface of the earth, and it is a matter of astonishment they were not sooner discovered. The carpenters of this place have almost entirely substituted them for the Turkey stones, heretofore used for setting tools; believing them to be superior to those of Turkey, and infinitely better than those gotten near Oley, which they somewhat resemble in colour. The discovery is certainly valuable to our mechanics, as the Turkey

stones have sold for 75 or 100 cents, and the Oley stones for 25 cents per pound.

Mountaineer.

We perceive, from an advertisement in the papers, that the proprietor of the Livingston Lead Mine has at last overcome the difficulty of smelting the ore, and that a very handsome lot of the lead is now in the market. This is a subject of congratulation to the public as well as the proprietor, inasmuch as it adds one more item to the catalogue of necessities—for a supply of which we shall no longer depend upon foreign nations. The quality of the lead, we are informed, is much superior to the English, and worthy the attention of manu-

facturers. It is to be hoped that not only government, but every friend of his country, who is in the habit of using the article, will give it a preference. The quantity of sheet lead, pig lead, leaden pipes, white lead, and other pigments annually imported, are immense, and contribute materially to drain our country of its wealth—and we anticipate with pleasure that the day is not remote when the product of our mines will be sufficient to enable government, by a total prohibition of those articles, to give a spur to the enterprise and activity of our manufacturers.

An advertisement from the London Phoenix Fire Office states, that the loss occurring in Savannah, by the great fire of January last, swept away every thing that had been received for premiums during twelve years, and as much more.

The Nova Scotia papers appear somewhat surprised that our government should have imposed a duty upon gypsum imported from that quarter. Perhaps they are not aware that New-York possesses as rich beds of this article "of prime necessity," as any country in the world. These beds are, moreover, inexhaustible; and when our canal is finished, which will soon be the case, we can supply the union upon the most reasonable terms.

Governor Brooks, in his late speech to the Legislature of Massachusetts, says, "For a number of years past, we learn, by official documents, that *one third part of the tonnage of the United States, has been owned by citizens of this state.*"

On the 24th of May last, Governor Cass left Detroit, on his exploring tour to Lake Superior, &c. He is accompanied by Capt. Douglass, of the corps of engineers, Lieut. Mackay, of the corps of Artillery, Dr. Wolcott, of the Indian Department, Mr. Schoolcraft, mineralogist, and three young gentlemen who are citizens of this place. The canoes (three in number) are propelled by twenty-six men with paddles, of whom ten are Indians of the Chippewa nation, ten *voyageurs*, or Frenchmen accustomed to the Indian trade, and six United States' soldiers. A handsome United States' flag is placed in the stern of each canoe. The canoes are about 30 feet in length, and made of excellent birch bark. We are informed that lar-

ger canoes will be taken at Mackinac; where an additional number of troops will be attached to the expedition.

The departure of the expedition afforded a pleasing, and, to the strangers in this place, a novel spectacle. The canoes were propelled against a strong wind and current, with astonishing rapidity; the *voyageurs* regulating the strokes of their paddles by one of their animated row songs, and the Indians encouraging each other by shouts of exultation. On leaving the shore, considerable exertion was made by the *voyageurs* and Indians in order to take the lead, and a handsome boat race was witnessed, in which the Indians displayed their superior skill, and soon left the other canoes far behind.

Among the important objects that will be effected by this expedition, a correct chart of our shore of Lake Superior will be obtained; important points, with their peculiar advantages, will be noted, and their latitude correctly designated; the condition and feelings of the Indians will be inquired into, and, perhaps, measures taken to effect an extinguishment of their title to lands in the immediate vicinity of important situations. Beside these objects, a strict examination will be made of the country bordering on the river *Tomaganee*, where pure copper is said to be found in considerable quantities.

It is believed that all the objects of the expedition will not be accomplished before the latter part of September next; and, taking into view their manifest consequence, and the valuable information that will be obtained of an important frontier, we hesitate not to say, that the expenses of this expedition will fall far short of the calculations of the most economical legislator in our national councils.

Last Sunday the officers and two detachments of the 3d infantry, which recently arrived here in the steam-boat, sailed for Green Bay—in all, about 290 men—in fine health, and well clothed.

By the steam boat which arrived this morning, came passengers Maj. Burbank and Capt. Perry, of the 5th infantry, and Lieut. Ager, of the corps of Artillery, with 52 fine looking recruits of that corps, which we understand will be stationed at this post.

Volney.—Count Constantine F. C. de Volney, Peer of France, Commandant

of the Legion of Honour, and Member of the French Academy, born at Craon, (Mayenne) in 1756, died the 22d of April of an inflammation of the bowels. He was one of the most learned men and most distinguished writers of France. From his early youth he had a taste for travelling, and this became so ardent, that in the year 1783 he embarked for Egypt and Syria, whence he did not return till 1785, having lived almost a year in a convent of Maronite Monks on Mount Lebanon, where he acquired a profound knowledge of the Arabic language. In 1787, he published his travels in Egypt and Syria, which has been translated into the principal languages of Europe. This work served as the surest guide and most exact indicator to the famous expedition to Egypt under the Directory.

He was no stranger to the first efforts of the Bretons toward the obtainment of liberty in 1788. To him is attributed a periodical publication of that period, entitled the *Sentinel*, printed at Rumes, whose influence on public opinion contributed to the first shocks of our antiquated monarchy.

In 1789, M. de Volney was nominated a deputy of the third order (Tiers-Etat) from the Seneschalate of Anjou to the States General. He took an active part against despotism and aristocracy, and soon perceived that resistance to the revolution, would only precipitate it beyond its object. Startled by the violence of the parties into which the constituent assembly was divided, he proposed the convocation of the primary assemblies, in hopes of obtaining a new legislature, composed of men less under the influence of hostile passions than that which then existed; but his motion was rejected as being contrary to the oath which the Tiers Etat had taken in the Tennis C. Hall.

In September, 1791, M. de Volney presented the National Assembly with his celebrated work entitled *The Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires*. A new edition of this work has appeared, almost on the day of the author's death.

The same year he received a gold medal from the Empress Catharine the 2d, in return for a copy of his *Travels in Syria and Egypt*.

In 1792, he accompanied M. Pozzo di Borgo to Corsica, where he became acquainted with the ambitious youth,

who some years after played so great a part on the theatre of the world.

In 1793, he published the *Law of Nature, or Catechism of a French Citizen*; he also declared himself inimical to the events of the 31st May. He was imprisoned till after the 9th Thermidor, when he was restored to liberty.

In November, 1794, he was named professor of the Normal School, and published his *Normal Lessons* in 1799, which were reprinted in 1810.

In 1795, he made a voyage to the United States, where he was very well received by the immortal Washington. He appeared for some time determined on fixing his residence in the new world, but he decided on returning to France in 1798.

He printed, in 1803, "*The Table of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America*," which is terminated by a vocabulary of the Miamis Indian language.

He took an active part in the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and had nearly been chosen one of the consuls: he was successively nominated senator, vice president of the senate, count of the empire, and commandant of the legion of honour.

He adhered to the act of abdication of Napoleon on the 1st April, 1814, and on the 4th June following, he was created a member of the chamber of peers.

Beside the works already mentioned, M. Volney has published—1. *A Simplification of the Oriental Languages, or a new and easy method of understanding the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Languages, with European Characters*—1795, in octavo. The author's system, though more simple than that of Langlet, has not been adopted. He proposes to replace the Arabic alphabet by a new alphabet, composed of Latin letters, four Greek letters, and twelve new characters, by means of which the advantage could be obtained of describing each simple articulation by a single (unique) character.

2. Report made to the Celtic Academy on the Russian work of Professor Pallas; *Comparative Vocabulary of the Languages of all Nations*, in 1805, quarto. This report, which is also inserted in the first volume of the *Memoirs of the Celtic Academy*, has for its object to prove that the *Vocabularie totius Aræie*, composed by the Empress Catharine, could not serve as an universal vocabu-

lary, the Russian alphabet being yet a desideratum. M. de Volney was much occupied in this research, and it is beyond doubt, that among his manuscripts will be discovered ample fruits of those important studies that attracted so much of his attention, and occupied so large a portion of the lives of Leibnitz and several other learned men.

3. Supplement to the Herodotus of Larcher, or Chronology of Herodotus, conformable to the text.

4. Statistical Questions for the use of Travellers.

5. New researches in Ancient History, in 3 vols. 8vo. With this important work M. de Volney terminated his literary career.

During several years the health of M. de Volney had become considerably impaired, and it was often feared that his devotion to letters would deprive his country of the services of a man whose genius did her honour. His fame has been spread to the remotest parts of Europe, and the Asiatic Society of Calcutta lately enrolled his name among those of her members.

He left, by his last will, an annual prize of 1200 francs to the author of the best memoir on the study of the oriental languages, and particularly on the simplification of their characters. The memoirs are to be examined and judged by a committee composed of three members of the Academy of Belles-Lettres, three of the French Academy, and one of the Academy of Sciences.

A most magnificent building, called "*The Exchange*," has lately been erected in Baltimore for the accommodation of the merchants at that place. The following description of its dimensions is copied from the Baltimore Morning Chronicle :

"The building, resembling the letter H, displays two fronts, one of which is two hundred and fifty-six feet in length, the other two hundred and forty, with a court, comprehending a space of seventy-two feet in the centre. The custom house and United States' bank, occupy the two wings. The three buildings, preserving a uniformity of front, are three stories in height; a flight of marble steps ascends to the entrance into the exchange, twelve feet in width, surmounted by a vault: the other entrances are formed on a similar construction. The exchange comprehends a space,

fifty-three feet square, surrounded by twenty-four marble columns of the Ionic order, fifteen feet and nine inches in height, and one foot nine inches in diameter. The hall expands fifteen feet on each side of the colonnades, affording a space, eighty-three feet by fifty, for the merchants to assemble, and four different arches, each fifty feet in diameter, spring from the entablature of the colonnades. The eastern and western arches surmount a gallery, the basis of which is the colonnade. A gallery, forty-eight feet in diameter, and in a circular form, rise from these arches sixty feet from the floor of the exchange, approached by a spiral stair case. From this point soars the dome, thirty-five feet in width, circular within, and octagonal without. Windows, twenty feet in width, occupy the north, south, east, and west sides of the dome. It rises to the height of 115 feet from the floor of the Exchange. On the side of the Exchange hall is the reading room, fifty-three feet long, and thirty feet wide; contiguous to this is the room for refreshment, comprehending a square of thirty feet. Here, among other ornaments, is a most beautiful representation of the Apollo Belvidere in marble.

On the south side is another square room, 30 feet; there are rooms likewise, 24 feet by 18, at the entrances of the north and south, and in front on Gay-street are 4 rooms; two, 18 by 30 feet, and two, 30 feet square, intended for insurance offices. Eight large apartments occupy the 2d and 3d stories, above the insurance offices. Two more rooms, 53 feet by 30, extending through both stories. The basement story is divided into 20 different offices, intended for lawyers, counting houses, &c. each of which is provided with a marble mantle and a fuel vault.

This noble pile is distinguished for the serenity of its beauty, and reflects much credit on Mr. Latrobe, the architect, as well as on Col. Small, who has superintended the execution.

United States Bank.—The stock in the Bank of the United States has again gradually risen to par. It may be expected to continue at least as high as that rate, and will probably become more and more valuable. Considerable sales have indeed been made above par. The cause of the improvement is obvious to those who have paid any attention to the subject. The losses which

the bank has heretofore sustained, have been repaired, by the undivided profits of the last eighteen months: and the institution may be considered in about as good condition as if it were just going into operation anew. It is believed that no dividend will be declared until January, at which time one may be expected with certainty.—*Franklin Gazette.*

Strength of the Union.—Compiled from the general abstract of returns of the militia of the United States, made to the House of Representatives on the 30th March, 1820, by the President.

The number of militia in New Hampshire, is 26,203; Massachusetts and Maine, 74,088; Vermont, 20,731; Rhode-Island, 8,567; Connecticut, 23,346; New-York, 121,553; New-Jersey, 35,240; Pennsylvania, 116,231; Delaware, 7,451; Maryland, 32,189; Virginia, 85,967; North Carolina, 49,782; South Carolina, 33,729; Georgia, 29,561; Alabama, 10,315; Louisiana, 9,894; Mississippi, 5,291; Tennessee, 40,000; Kentucky, 52,882; Illinois, 2,031; Indiana, 14,990; Ohio, 76,890.

Missouri Gazette.

New-Hampshire—Salaries for 1820.

—The Governor, 1200 dollars; Secretary of the State, 300 dollars; Treasurer, 600 dollars; Quarter-Master-General, 40 dollars; Representatives, 2 dollars per diem; Senators and Counselors, 2 dollars 50 cents per do. This State has funded stocks amounting to 156,000 dollars. The expenses of the last year, including 11,000 dollars for the new State House, was short of 50,000 dollars; and of this about 2,000 were paid in bounties for killing crows, and wild cats.

The Presidential electors are to be chosen in New-Hampshire by a general ticket.

State of Maine.—The Legislature of Maine closed a very laborious and harmonious session on Wednesday; after passing laws to establish a judicial system; to fix the salaries of her officers; to endow her literary institutions; to amend her militia system; and to provide for a new valuation of the state.

The acts passed were 30 in number, many of them of a local nature. Of the reports presented to the two Houses, one on the subject of the endowment of Bowdoin College, is spoken of in terms of distinguished praise. It is from the pen

of Mr. Johnson, of Belfast, one of the earliest sons of that institution.

Congressional "Composition."—A statement of the professions of the members of the present congress, made out by a member.

| In Senate. | | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Law- yers, 25 | Physi- cians, 9 | Planters & Farmers, 9 | Mer- chants, 1 | Mechan- ics, 1 |
| In House of Representatives. | | | | |
| 100 | 13 | 62 | 9 | 2 |
| 125 | 22 | 71 | 9 | 3 |
| 186 representatives. | | | | |
| 2 delegates. | | | | |
| 44 senators. | | | | |

232—whole number of members of congress.

From New-England and New-York, in house of representatives—Lawyers, 40

Whole number of rep's from do. 68

Deduct lawyers, 40

Other professions, 28

Canal Navigation—Arrivals and Departures from Utica:

June 19. Two arrivals and 1 departure.

20. Seven arrivals and 2 departures.

21. Three arrivals and 3 departures.

22. Two arrivals and 3 departures.

23. Three arrivals and one departure, the Experiment, with passengers.

24. Two arrivals. 25 and 26. Three departures.

Interesting to Dyers.—The following letter, with the Orchella Archil, *Lichen Rocella*, therein mentioned, I have received, and shall cheerfully deliver it to any person, who will make an experiment to extract the colouring matter.

Under Archil and Litmus, in Ree's Cyclopædia, are descriptions of this species of moss, and its use.

Mr. Shepherd, of this town, informs me, he has some treatise on Orchella, and will with pleasure give such information as he may possess in relation to the mode of using it as a dye. The prepared pigment is now imported from England, under the name of the manufacturer, Cuthbear.

H. A. S. DEARBORN.

Custom House, Boston, July 8, 1820.

Porto Praya, St. Jago, Feb. 25, 1820.

Sir—"Having been presented with a small sack of Orchella, by the agent of the administration, I take the liberty of sending it to you. It is monopolized by

the government, and an article of great value in Europe, from which a liquid is extracted, applied by dyers in fixing colours, particularly red, in which most American dyers fail. It is much used in Europe to give a brilliant hue to crimson, purple, violet and blue, woolen and silk fabrics.

In the *Emporium of Arts and Sciences*, by Coxe, vol. 2, page 317, it appears that Orchella has been long used by the Tartars and Armenians at Astracan,

and no doubt was originally introduced from Persia.

Anxious that the American Dyers may become acquainted with the utility of Orchella, I solicit that you would cause an experiment to be tried of the little I send you, and should any person be able to extract the liquid, and apply it in dyeing, the administration will permit it to be shipped to America.

I am with great respect, your's,
SAMUEL HODGES, Jr."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, in the Village of Ovid, a volume, to be entitled, A brief Biographical sketch of the Life of the lamented late Commodore Stephen Decatur, together with facts and circumstances relating to the origin of the difference between the said Commodore Stephen Decatur and Commodore James Barron—the unhappy termination of the affair in a duel, fought the 21st of March, 1820; with the remarks of various literary editors on the occasion. Also, the correspondence which passed between the parties prior to the meeting.

National Atlas.—Proposals are issued by H. S. Tanner, for publishing, by subscription, a new and elegant American Atlas, embracing all the improvements and changes up to the present time, constructed from the most original and authentic sources, by H. S. Tanner.

Proposals have been issued for publishing a Newspaper, in the town of Mobile, (twice a week,) to be entitled, The Alabama Gazette, by Christopher Dameron.

Also, for publishing by subscription, in Cahawba, a Newspaper, to be entitled, The Alabama Watchman, by Augustina Parsons.

We have seen the first volume of Mr. G. A. Otis's translation of Carlo Botta's "History of the war of the Independence of the United States of America." As it is our intention to notice this enterprise, in some detail, at another moment, we will content ourselves now with remarking, that the literary execution of the volume just mentioned, appears to us to be every way suitable, and of good promise as to the remainder; that the typographical part is excellent; and that, in our opinion, the work deserves extensive encouragement, and Mr. Otis the

thanks of his country, for furnishing so valuable an accession to the American library. *Nat. Gaz.*

Map of Massachusetts, from actual survey. John G. Hales, Topographical and Civil Engineer, is now engaged in making Surveys for a New Map of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on which will be accurately delineated the Turnpike and Public Roads, all the Rivers, Rivulets, and Streams, Lakes, Ponds, Islands, Harbours, Towns, Villages, Churches, and places of public worship, Mills and Manufactories, Mountains and Hills, (with their summit heights,) Country Seats and Farm Houses; also the quality of the Soil, describing the Marshes, Meadows, Woodlands, &c. with every important object that can be noted on a liberal Scale, upon which it will be constructed. The Surveys having already occupied more than two years, are now in a considerable state of forwardness. The whole to be completed, and the engravings finished, in a period short of three years.

Paul Jones.—A niece of the celebrated Paul Jones, now residing in Edinburgh, has written to the New-York Historical Society, to know what encouragement would be afforded in this country to a publication of the history of that gallant commander. She thinks the work will make three large volumes, octavo, and among other things, will contain his correspondence with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, La Fayette, and almost all the other eminent characters connected with the American revolution. She is unwilling to publish it in England, because the work must necessarily contain some bitter reflections against the British government, unless it should be garbled, or some parts suppressed, which would materially injure it.

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

"For she said, let me not see the death of the child."—*Genesis*, 21. v. 16.

At frowning Sarah's stern and harsh command,

The hated Hagar fled from Abram's land—
Clasping her child, she uncomplaining went,
While to Beersheba's woods their steps they bent.

But when they reached the green and fragrant shade,

By toil and heat sore spent, by grief dismayed,
Anxious she sought for fountain, stream, or spring,

Reviving aid her fainting boy to bring.

With hurried step she searched the woods around,

Nor bubbling spring nor cheerful stream she found;

She watched with agony Ishmael's closing eye,

Then wildly cried, "I will not see him die."
And, flying far from where her infant slept,

"She lifted up her voice to God, and wept."
The mother's cry of anguish pierced the sky,

Her prayer was heard, and gained a quick reply.

Lo! from heaven in gentle accents fell—

"Hagar, God hears thee—fear not—all is well."

When, to the startled mourner's wond'ring eye,

A limpid stream is gently gliding by.

She hastes the dying child to bring; and laves
His languid limbs in its refreshing waves.

Soon to his cheeks returning colour flies,

And life already sparkles in his eyes.

Thou! who through this wilderness of life
Dost wander on, beset by fraud and strife;

By fortune's ills, and torturing cares oppress,
To find some quiet spot of peace and rest,

Oh! lift to heaven thy supplicating voice,
Thy God will hear, and bid thy heart rejoice;

Or dost thou grope in doubt and dark despair,
Oh! lift on high the contrite voice of prayer;

Thy God will hear thy loud and fervent cry,
Strengthen thy heart, and clear thy blinded eye.

C.

MOONLIGHT AT THE HALF MOON BATTERY.

Mild blows the breeze over Hudson's stream,
Sparkles each wave in the pale moon beam,

Glitters fair evening's planet bright,
O'er the crescent fort's projecting height.

Dark from the walls in the sombre shade,
Where many a fancied warrior's laid;
Bare is the staff, where, each day of joy,
The eagle unfolds his banner'd eye.

List! now the soldier all lonely treads
O'er his sleeping comrades' reckless heads;
And now his half-muttered notes arise—
The song of early departed joys.

Mark, too, the river's silvery bar,
Where spreads the broad zone of light afar,
Relieved by the shadow, tall and dark,
Of yon proudly-riding anchor'd bark—

Her nation's pride—she proclaims the fame
Of Franklin—high, illustrious name!
In the flash of the lightning—the peal of the thunder,
Whose death-bolts he parried and rent asunder.

How brightly calm this unclouded sky!
How like, Glorvina, thine own blue eye,
Where love may read, on its azure imprest,
Each feeling that gives to its wilderness zest.

And splendid as gleam those islets of light,
Bright'ning the brow of black canopied night,

So illumine thy tender looks of love,
The darkness my soul had been fated to prove.

HORATIO.

May, 1820.

*Addressed to A. D. on the death of her Son,
who was drowned, March, 1818. By a
Young Lady.*

The tender heart of sympathy,
Afflicted friend, doth weep with thee,

And shares in all thy wo;
Thy dearest earthly joy has fled—

Thy first, thy only hope is dead!
A victim of the foe!

But let us praise, nor dare to say
He is unjust who takes away

What He has given before;
The vision of no mortal eye
Can know His ways who reigns on high,
Or His designs explore:

Oh! on his mercies still depend;
Afflictions he will never send
Without a strength to bear;
Rest thy firm hope upon His love,
He'll richly bless thee from above,
And sooth each rising care.

Yes, He will bid thy soul to live,
"The oil of joy for mourning give,"
And gladness for despair:
Oh! He will calm each anxious fear,
He'll wipe away the falling tear,
And give thee peace for care.

Although the deep and silent grave
Of thy dear William's 'neath the wave,
His spirit dwells above;
We hope he's found a lasting rest
In those fair regions where the blest
Enjoy the smiles of love.

And could he speak, methinks he'd say,
"My parents, wipe your tears away,
Nor longer weep for me;
Your final day is coming fast,
Prepare, before the time be past,
To enter on eternity.

"Then shall your joyous spirits rise,
And join me in those happy skies,
To sing Jehovah's praise;
Your souls on angel wings shall soar,
And with your harps forevermore
The glorious anthem raise."

P.

MARY.

Oh! there was a brilliance in her eye,
'Mid the tears of pity beaming;
Like the light from summer's placid sky,
Thro' a morning shower streaming!
That eye is of softest, mildest blue,
And the tears, which there lay sleeping,
Were such as angels blend with the dew,
When *they* o'er this world are weeping!

My Mary ne'er look'd so sweet, so fair,
And, I thought, so much like heaven,
As when she knelt, all tenderly, there,
And sigh'd—"thou art forgiven!"
Or, when she took that pale, pale child,
Which clung to its mother's bosom,
And, weeping, said—"from life's drear wild,
Here shelter thee, lonely blossom!"

Ye powers! that give us life and light!
How pure is the bliss of feeling!
A guiding star in the world's cold night,
Is sympathy's votary kneeling.
And few are the ills that wound us here,
When heart with its kindred reposes;
Let Mary shed one—only one small tear—
The world's a garden of roses!

Such tears as flow'd, when that orphan pale
She clasped to her guileless bosom,
And cried, "Oh! safe from the frosting gale,
I'll shelter thee, drooping blossom."
Gayly its hands with her tresses play'd,
With no ling'ring pang of danger;
It view'd its last parent lifeless laid,
And smil'd (sweet babe!) like a stranger!

My Mary still press'd it to her breast—
(Where nought is snow but the whiteness,)
And that lovely infant sank to rest,
With cheeks all enwrap't in brightness!
Oh! long it slept, like innocence, there—
And awoke—to forget its sorrow.
Ye bosoms that feel—so bless'd, so fair,
For ye shall make heaven's morrow!

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

July 12th, 1820.

*Reply to Moore's Sacred Melody—"There's
nothing true but Heaven."*

This world is not an empty show,
For man's illusion given:
For from his station here below
Bright prospects rise, high duties flow,
Which show him heir of Heaven.

Nor false the light of Glory's plume,
For patriot deeds when given:
A love and hope and beauty's bloom
Man's path of life with bliss illumine,
And foretaste sweet of heaven.

Nor wanderers we of stormy day,
On doubt's dark billows driven:
Religion's mild benignant ray
Beams on our path, and lights the way
To endless bliss in heaven.

IMONA.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

Qu. 7. *By Mr. W. Marrat, New-York.*—I have two beams of the same length, the same solid content, and made of the same matter, one of which is round and the other square; which is the stronger, and how much?

Qu. 8. *By Mr. W. Marrat.*—If a pendulum vibrate in a second, when the barometer stands at 30 inches, in what time will it vibrate when the barometer stands at 34 in.?

Qu. 9. *By Mr. W. Marrat.*—A head of water can be constantly kept at the altitude of 9 feet, and the surface of the current makes an angle of 30° with the plane of the horizon; what must be the diameter of a breast wheel, which, being struck by the current, and applied to a piece of machinery, may produce the greatest possible effect?

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Qu. 1. *Answered by W. Marrat.*

This problem may be constructed, and the area calculated, by problem 54, construction of geometrical problems, *Simp. Alg.* It is also answered in the key to *Gummere's Surveying.* The algebraical solution is rather prolix; it may be deduced from a problem in *Simpson's Select Exer.*

Qu. 2. *Answered by W. Marrat.*

Construct a figure in which ABC denotes a section of the inclined plane, $abcd$ a section of the frustum through the diagonals of its square ends. The frustum will just stand when o being the centre of gravity, the perp. oa passes through a , the corner of the frustum's base. By the sim. triangles AaB , oan , and the nature of the question, as, $\sin. 60^\circ = \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{3} : an = 3\sqrt{2} :: \sin. 30^\circ = \frac{1}{2} : \sqrt{6} = on$. If R = side of the greater end, r = side of the less, and h = height of the frustum, then by the theorem, p. 342. *Marrat's Me-*

chanics, $on = \frac{h}{4} \left(\frac{R^2 + 2Rr + 3r^2}{R^2 + Rr + r^2} \right)$

$$= \sqrt{6}; \text{ or } \frac{h}{4} \cdot \frac{132}{76} = \sqrt{6}; \text{ whence}$$

$$h = \frac{76\sqrt{6}}{33} = 5.6412, \text{ is the length}$$

of the frustum, and its volume may easily be found by the common rules.

Qu. 3. *Answered by D. Embury.*

1st. Put $y = \sqrt{(1-x^2)}$, then will

$$dy = \frac{-x dx}{\sqrt{(1-x^2)}} = \frac{-x dx}{y}; \text{ and}$$

$$du = \frac{1}{\sqrt{-1}} \times \frac{dx \sqrt{-1} - \frac{x dx}{y}}{x \sqrt{-1} + y}$$

$$= \frac{\sqrt{-1} - \frac{x}{y}}{y \sqrt{-1} - x} \times dx = (\text{by mul-}$$

tiplying the numerator and denomi-
nator by y) $\frac{y \sqrt{-1} - x}{y \sqrt{-1} - x} \times \frac{dx}{y} =$

$$\frac{dx}{y \sqrt{(1-x^2)}}.$$

2d. Put $y = \sqrt{(1+x^2)}$ then will

$$dy = \frac{x dx}{y} \quad u = l \left\{ \frac{y+x}{y-x} \right\}^{\frac{1}{2}} =$$

$$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{l \cdot y + x - l \cdot y - x}{l \cdot y + x - l \cdot y - x} \right) \text{ and } du =$$

$$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{dy + dx}{y+x} - \frac{dy - dx}{y-x} \right) =$$

$$\frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\frac{x dx}{y} + dx}{y+x} - \frac{\frac{x dx}{y} - dx}{y-x} \right)$$

$$= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{x+y-x+y}{x+y} + \frac{x+y-y-x}{y-x} \right) \times \frac{dx}{y} = \frac{1}{2}$$

$$\times \frac{2 dx}{y} = \frac{dx}{\sqrt{(1+x^2)}}$$

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

Of the Weather in New-York, for the Month of June, 1820.

| | THERMOMETER. | | | WINDS. | | | WEATHER. | | | REMARKS. |
|----|--------------|------|------|--------|------|------|----------|--------|--------|--|
| | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | |
| 1 | 58 | 70 | 64 | n | s | sw | clear | clear | clear | This month has been, on the whole, very warm and dry, but vegetation still continues rapid, and there is reason to expect an abundant crop of all kinds of grain and fruits. |
| 2 | 57 | 72 | 64 | w | s | s | do | do | cloudy | |
| 3 | 57 | 71 | 63 | se | se | s | cloudy | cloudy | do | |
| 4 | 61 | 79 | 72 | w | sw | sw | do | clear | clear | |
| 5 | 63 | 78 | 68 | s | w | n | clear | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 6 | 57 | 70 | 68 | n | nw | nw | do | clear | clear | |
| 7 | 53 | 75 | 71 | w | sw | sw | do | do | do | |
| 8 | 65 | 78 | 75 | sw | sw | sw | foggy | do | do | |
| 9 | 68 | 81 | 70 | sw | s | e | clear | do | shower | |
| 10 | 68 | 79 | 68 | nw | e | ne | do | do | do | |
| 11 | 63 | 69 | 60 | e | ne | ne | cloudy | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 12 | 56 | 66 | 63 | ne | ne | ne | do | rain | do | |
| 13 | 64 | 76 | 68 | se | nw | w | rain | clear | clear | |
| 14 | 68 | 81 | 79 | sw | sw | sw | clear | do | do | |
| 15 | 70 | 81 | 79 | sw | sw | sw | do | do | do | |
| 16 | 70 | 82 | 76 | w | n | ne | do | do | do | |
| 17 | 66 | 75 | 70 | se | e | se | cloudy | do | do | |
| 18 | 66 | 72 | 69 | s | s | s | clear | do | do | |
| 19 | 64 | 77 | 76 | s | sw | s | do | do | do | |
| 20 | 66 | 79 | 78 | s | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 21 | 70 | 83 | 81 | s | sw | sw | do | do | do | |
| 22 | 74 | 86 | 84 | s | sw | sw | do | cloudy | do | |
| 23 | 72 | 83 | 80 | nw | n | s | do | clear | do | |
| 24 | 73 | 84 | 76 | w | n | e | do | do | do | |
| 25 | 72 | 81 | 74 | s | se | e | do | rain | cloudy | |
| 26 | 64 | 76 | 72 | n | n | n | cloudy | clear | clear | |
| 27 | 67 | 78 | 74 | n | s | s | clear | do | do | |
| 28 | 60 | 82 | 77 | n | n | e | do | do | do | |
| 29 | 69 | 88 | 85 | s | sw | sw | do | do | do | |
| 30 | 76 | 92 | 90 | sw | s | s | do | do | do | |

Salem, (Mass.) June 23.—To show the degree of heat we have experienced for the last four days, Dr. Holyoke yesterday handed us the following from his thermometrical journal, as the highest degree noted on the respective days :

| | | | |
|----------------|----|------------------|-----|
| Monday, 19th, | 88 | Wednesday, 21st, | 97 |
| Tuesday, 20th, | 93 | Thursday, 22d, | 100 |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Memoir of the late Bishop of South Carolina, will have a place in our next. It was unavoidably omitted in the present Number.

The essay of T. shall also appear in our next.

Several communications, in prose and verse, are on hand, and shall be duly attended to.

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 4.]

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 15, 1820.

[Vol. III.

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

[For the Literary Journal.]

No. III.

IN my last I gave a sketch of some of the prominent advantages attending a proper cultivation of classical literature. It is obvious, that in this country these advantages can never be realized in their full extent, unless some radical reformation take place in our system of instruction. Although scarcely a hope is entertained that this will soon be accomplished, I shall nevertheless concisely advert to some of the abuses, the correction of which must precede the establishment of classical learning upon a solid and durable foundation.

The *fundamental error* pervading the system of classical education in the United States, is the deficiency in our school instruction, preliminary to an entrance into our colleges. This is an evil so great and so obvious, that it has not failed to attract the attention of the guardians of our literature; and some honourable efforts have been made to rectify it. These, however, have been limited in their influence, and will not very materially affect the character, which we shall be constrained to give of the general practice in this country. As our literary institutions vary somewhat in their requirements, no general statement can be of universal application. But it will not be considered very wide of the truth to assert that a boy of ordinary capacity can acquire in two, or at most three years, all the knowledge of Greek and Latin that is necessary to insure a reputable

VOL. III.

admission into most of our colleges. In proof of this, it need only be stated, that the statutes of the generality of our literary colleges require from the candidates, nothing more than an acquaintance with the Greek Testament, Virgil's *Æneid*, and Cicero's Select Orations, either in whole or in part. It is not pretended, that the same authors are required in the different institutions; they are the actual requirements in some, and are a fair specimen of the *extent* of classical reading that is demanded in most of the others. There are some honourable exceptions, which we are proud to mention; one of which shall be noticed more particularly hereafter. I refer to Columbia College, and Harvard University, in both of which classical erudition is commanding a very large share of attention, and they bid fair to have a powerful influence in establishing the classical character of our country. Most of our colleges, however, are very far from attaching the same degree of importance to this branch of knowledge. And it is to them, that we must principally attribute the contracted course of our preliminary studies. The college must necessarily become the standard to the school, and the terms prescribed by the former will inevitably be the limit to the acquisitions of the latter. It is thus, that scanty preliminary attainments are countenanced and even sanctioned by our highest literary institutions; and the whole system throughout is again upheld by popular opinion, which is unquestionably hostile to an expanded plan of classical instruction. It is obvious that

a system thus supported and fortified by public sentiment and established usage, will not easily or speedily be overturned.

If any thing, however, is to be done in the way of effectual reform, this error must primarily be corrected. We never shall be able to rear a succession of thorough bred scholars in this country, until our schools assume something of the character of those celebrated schools of Eton and Westminster, which, perhaps, more than her universities, have been the substantial props of English literature. In these institutions a complete course embraces *ten* years, and experience has decided that time not to be too long. Now, if ten years are found necessary at these celebrated seminaries to form good classical scholars, by what magic, it may be asked, are they to be made in the United States in three or four? It is useless to object, that this is an unreasonable sacrifice of life and industry in the acquisition of a single branch of knowledge. The experience of European nations is a sufficient refutation to this assertion; for their greatest men have been formed upon this very system. In this country, other notions unhappily prevail; and it is argued, that most of our young men are intended for active business, and, therefore, they ought not to devote so much of their time to acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin. The fact contained in this objection cannot be doubted; but I deny that it is at all applicable. It is not necessary that young men, who are designed for commercial pursuits, should spend *any* time upon these studies. I should imagine it just as essential for a blacksmith to understand astronomy, as for them to be acquainted with the dead languages. No! there are other and more useful pursuits to which they should direct their attention. But, at any rate, if they are ambitious of aspiring to classical

erudition, let not *their* convenience be consulted at the expense of sound and solid learning. It is, indeed, prostituting the sacred cause of literature, to place on a level the high attributes of the scholar, with the meagre and paltry acquisitions that suffice for the dealer in dry goods, or in hardware. It is high time that this should be corrected; and until it is, we shall continue to witness the disgraceful sight of men, with no other pretensions than an ordinary education, pluming themselves upon their acquisitions, and with no other pioneers than ignorance and conceit, venturing on the most difficult paths of literature. Illustrations are needless; they must suggest themselves at once to every reader; and it is to this circumstance, that the low state of our literature may, in a great degree, be referred, as well as the contempt in which it is held abroad.

Another error in our system of classical education, is to be found in the *manner* in which it is conducted in our colleges. In this respect our colleges are literally converted into Grammar Schools, where the pupil is led to believe that the study of languages implies nothing more than simply translating, declining, and conjugating words. This degradation of our literary institutions depends so intimately upon the deficiency in the preliminary course, that we shall never cease to lament the one until the other has been rectified.

To give some idea how classical tuition should be conducted, so as to derive from it all the high benefits which it may confer, I shall present the following account of the mode in which it is pursued in the University of Glasgow, taken from a work entitled "a View of the System of Education at present pursued in the schools and universities of Scotland." By the Rev. M. Russel, M. A.

"Let it not be imagined that the

readings which I have mentioned are the meagre, verbal translation, which gives the meaning of an author and nothing more ; for they are not only accompanied with a careful analysis of words and sentences into their etymological principles ; but are also made the subjects of interesting speculations on the laws of human thought and feeling ; on the progress of refinement and intelligence among the nations of antiquity ; on their legislation, government, and customs, their manners in peace, their practices in war, and, in short, on every thing that is suggested by the literature of those renowned States, which spoke the Greek and Roman tongues. The students in these classes have presented to them the philosophy of language, and the theory of universal grammar ; and the whole business is calculated, not so much to *add to their stock of literature or mere vocabulary of words, as to supply materials for reasoning on those faculties of mind which carry men to produce and to admire works of genius* ; for tracing distinctions in style to certain habits of thought and characters of feeling in nations and individuals ; for pointing out beauties of universal acceptation, as well as the varying hues of local and transitory ornament, which circumstances alone could have recommended ; for explaining, in short, the canons of catholic taste and criticism, and thus establishing their authority on the basis of knowledge, as well as on that of faith and tradition." p. 63, 64.

This is certainly a model worthy of universal imitation ; and, it is only by adopting such a course that our colleges can be expected to "send forth taste, eloquence and strong reasoning powers," and that we can hope to see issuing from them "a stream of matured intellect, instead of trifling, as the American colleges have been too much accustomed to do, by ringing the changes

upon the alphabet and syllables of their classical horn-book."*

No. IV.

Having devoted my previous numbers to the consideration of classical learning in the United States, I shall, in the present, give a concise sketch of the course of instruction which is pursued in some of the most celebrated institutions in Great Britain. It is taken from the work of Mr. Russel, already referred to, which contains much interesting information on this subject. I shall begin with

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

The different forms or classes, in this celebrated seminary are divided into two schools, called the under and the upper school. The *under* comprises all the forms from the petty to the upper third ; the *upper*, all from the under fourth to the seventh.

In the petty form the boys will learn for six, or perhaps twelve months, the first rudiments of the Latin grammar. They then pass into the under part of the first form, in which they are taught the rules of Syntax ; which, having acquired, they are placed in the upper part of the first form, and there they read *Selectæ E. Profanis*, Cornelius Nepos, and have given to them small syntactical exercises to arrange. After being one year in the second classes of the first form, they spend one or more in the second classes of the second. Here they go on in committing to memory all the rules of the Westminster Latin grammar, reading Phœdrus, and acquiring the elementary parts of prosody. This year being finished, they pass into the third form ; in the under part of which they learn to make *nonsense* verses, translate Ovid's metamorpho-

* Dr. Mason.

ses, turn little sacred pieces into Latin; and in the upper class of this form they turn the Psalms into Latin verse, and continue the study of Ovid.

This finishes their education in the under schools, in which they have now been three years and a half, and they are next moved into the upper, and probably at the age of ten or eleven; six or seven being the age at which boys are generally sent into the petty form. In the under part of the fourth form they begin the Greek grammar; write two themes in the week, one Latin, the other English; and on Saturday, turn some sacred pieces into Latin verse, to be given to the master on Monday morning. Here, also, they begin the *Æneid*. In the upper part of the form they continue the same course of studies, with the addition of reading the short epigrams in the *Anthologia*. They then proceed to the fifth form, in which their course of reading is nearly the same, except that, in the upper part, they read the first book of the *Iliad*, translate parts of the old Testament into Latin verse. They next go into the *shell*, where their studies are composed of writing two themes in the week; writing two copies of verses in the week, reading *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Martial*. In the sixth form, the same number of exercises in verse and prose composition are required as in the *shell*; and here the *Odyssey*, the Greek Tragedians, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Livy*, *Grotius*, are the principal classical books made use of. In the seventh form the reading is the same as in the sixth, with the addition of the *Hebrew Grammar* and *Psalter*.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The year is divided into three terms, and the following, with some slight modifications, is the course pursued in each.

First year.

- 1st Term—A Greek play and *Euclid*.
2d Term—A Greek prose author, algebra, and arithmetic.
3d Term—Some Latin author, and plane trigonometry.

Second year.

- 1st Term—Mechanics.
2d Term—Spherical trigonometry, conic sections, the gospel of *St. Luke*, *Locke*, and *Paley*.
3d Term—Astronomy.

Thus ends the two first years; and the student is now prepared to enter the vestibule of the *Principia* of *Newton*.

Third year.

From this epoch, his application becomes more intense. The *Principia* of *Newton*, methods of fluxion, and increments, higher parts of algebra, Arithmetic of sines. Optics and hydrostatics are not included in the collegiate course at *Trinity*, but are left to be prepared by private study.

The following university prizes are annually given, for which all under-graduates may become competitors.

1. A gold medal for the first Greek ode (*Sapphic*.)
2. Do. for the best Latin ode after the manner of *Horace*.
3. A gold medal for a pair of epigrams; one Greek, after the manner of the *Anthologia*; the other Latin, after the manner of *Martial*.
4. A prize, value 15 pounds, for the best dissertation on some subject connected with the evidences of Christianity.

It is well known that at this university the mathematics are much more assiduously cultivated than classical literature. Our author remarks, "that the predilection for mathematical merit is clearly shown in the distribution of the fellowships, and other preferments, in the gift of this opulent seat of learning. It occasionally, though rarely, happens, that persons of transcendent classical

attainments, without any mathematical knowledge, are elected Fellows."

It is almost unnecessary to offer any comments upon the foregoing outline. It proves beyond a doubt, the high value that is attached to classical literature in England, and at the same time shows that her classical scholars are rather created at her schools, than at her universities.

It is an imitation of this system, or at least an approximation to it, that I would recommend to this country, well convinced that until something like this is adopted, we shall never be able to boast of a race of finished scholars to advance and refine our literature, and exalt our reputation.

COMMON COUNCIL RECORDS, NO. 2.

[For the Literary Journal.]

I ought to have mentioned to you in my last, that the Orders made at the General Court of Assizes in 1675, and from which I gave you some extracts, were signed by *Matthias Nicolls, Secretary*: who was also Secretary to Sir Edmund Andros, the then governor. Mr. Nicolls was, without doubt, a nephew, or some near kinsman of Governor Edward Nicoll (or Nicolls,) the first English Governor of this province, and who had captured it about ten years before from the Dutch Governor Stuyvesant. The lineal descendants of Governor Nicoll are now living in this city, and in the state of Connecticut.

We know the propensity of our city boys to amuse themselves with crackers, pistols, and other petty fire arms, on festival and holi days. It appears that this annoying practice has been bequeathed to us by our old Dutch ancestry, who were so much in the habit of firing off their small guns on new-year's day that it drew forth a prohibitory ordinance

from the then common council, which was doubtless obeyed with as much punctuality as similar ordinances at the present time.

It was also the custom to direct the cleansing of the streets in the same manner as now.

"By the Deputy Mayor and Aldermen.

"Citty of New-Yorke, ss.

"Whereas many ill conveniencies heretofore have happened by severall young people firing off of pistells and other gunns upon the new-year's day, being the first day of January; and whereas there hath bene severall orders made to that end, that noe person or persons whatsoever should sett any waggon or carts, or lay any wood, timbers, dirt, mucke, or stones, or any other rumblish, in the streetes or high wayes: These are, therefore, in his Majestie's name, to charge and comand all persons within this city on the said 1st of January next; as also, that all persons take notice that they cleanse the streetes; every person cleansing before his or her doers. And that they and every or any of them, presuminge to fire any pistell or gunn as aforesaid, shall be proceeded against, as persons not obedient to the lawes and government of this citty: and that all persons that shall fayle to cleanse their doers within one weeke after the publicacon hereof, or sett any waggons, carts, or sleade in the streetes, shall be proceeded against as before: and the lawes in force to bee put in execucon against them. Given under my hand this last of December, 1675."

The following extract will throw some light on the state of the city police at that early period.

"Orders to bee observed by the Constables, Watch, and the Citizens Souldiers in the Citty of New-Yorke.

"That the wattach bee sett every night by eight of the clock imedeately after the ringinge of the bell.

"That the citty-gates bee locked up by the constable or deputy, before nine of the clock, and opened in the morning presently after day light at the dismissing of the wattach ; and if any person goes from or absent himself without consent, hee or they shall forfeite for every such default, tenn guilders.

"That the sergeant or corporall of the wattach shall at all times succeed the deputy constable upon the wattach for the execucon thereof.

"That the constable or his deputy (the citty gates being shutt) be upon the wattach by nine of the clock, and by his roole call over all the names of those who are to give them attendance there that night, and the faylers to be marked to pay their fine, which is to bee as formerly— foure guilders per every default ; and if any one comes to the wattach after the roole is called over hee shall pay halfe the fine aforesaid.

"That whosoever shall come upon the wattach, that is overcharged with drinke ; hee or they shall pay halfe the aforemenconed fine : but if abusive or quite drunke, the whole fine to bee paid as if absent, and secured upon the wattach all night.

"Upon complaint made unto the court ; It is ordered, that no cursinge or swearing shall bee suffered upon the wattach, nor any gaminge at dice or cards, nor any exercise of drinkinge, upon the penalty of foure guilders for every such offence. The sergeant belong (read, belonging) to every wattach shall come with his halberd ; and see that every one of the wattach bring his armes, that is to say his sword and good halfe pike, on the penalty of foure guilders for every offence.

"By orders of the Deputy Mayor and Aldermen.

"Per mee, SAMUEL LLETE,
"Clarke."

THE VILLAGE MAID.

[For the Literary Journal.]

It was on the morning of a delightful day in the month of July, 1797, that Mr. B——, a respectable merchant of the city of New-York, travelling to Philadelphia, stopped at a small tavern in the village of W——, in the state of New Jersey. His progress had been slow, owing to the excavations made in the road by a recent heavy rain, which had also carried away several bridges, so as to render travelling almost impossible. Overcome with fatigue, he determined to postpone the prosecution of his journey until the subsequent morning. The attentions of "mine host," and the cheerful sight of a substantial dinner, however, soon roused his spirits, and revived his exhausted strength.

After dinner he sauntered into a shady wood that extended to within a few yards of the inn. There was no underbrush to impede his wanderings, and the canopy formed by the interlaced oak-tops, intercepted the rays of a vertical sun. The pensive stillness, unbroken save by the occasional fluttering of birds among the branches of the trees, and the low murmur of the provident honey-bee, was well calculated to soothe and attune the heart to rural melody and love.

What, thought Mr. B——, can induce man to live in a crowded city, jostling his fellow man at every turn ; with no prospect but brick walls and stone pavement, when he might tread this velvet lawn, enjoy this cool retreat, and respire the fresh air laden with aromatic sweets. In a city he beholds nothing but bustle and confusion. To know the prices of dry-goods, groceries, and gew-gaws, is the utmost stretch of his ambition, and, of course, the extent of his intellectual acquirements ; while in the country the mind may expand, unshackled by the base love of lucre,

and undisturbed by the alternate hopes and fears that agitate the citizen : here, indeed, man can calmly "look through nature up to nature's God."

Not aware of the distance he had strayed from the public house, he was startled from his reverie by the opening of the wood into a rye field, where several persons were engaged in harvesting. A young girl, about sixteen years of age, was binding sheaves ; a rustic habiliment, consisting of a linsey-woolsey petticoat and short gown, and Dutch sun bonnet, could not conceal the mild expression of her countenance, or the elegance of her form. He politely addressed her, and inquired the distance to the tavern. "About a mile," she replied hesitatingly, but in a pleasing tone of voice, and blushing as she spoke. Pleased with her modest simplicity, he attempted to enter into farther conversation, but her diffidence permitted her to answer in monosyllables only. Observing her embarrassment, he desisted, and returned to the tavern.

After resting a short time, he took a walk along the road. The image of the girl in the rye field recurred to his mind. "What a pity," thought he, "that a young female, who with a refined education and fashionable dress might be the envy of her own sex, and the pride of our's, should be doomed to a union with an obscure and ignorant clown." How evanescent are the conclusions of even well-regulated minds—how changeable our ideas of happiness. But an hour or two before, the enjoyments of this rural retreat were sufficient to make bliss secure ; now fine dress and fashionable life had become necessary.

When he returned from his stroll, tea was ready on the table. No sooner were they seated, than he recognised, immediately opposite to him, the young girl he saw in the rye

field, who now had changed her linsey-woolsey for a dimity short gown and black petticoat, and her Dutch bonnet for a high crowned cap, quite fashionable in the country at that time for young as well as old females. When his eyes met hers, she blushed, and averted her head. A thrill agitated him, he knew not why ; and he could not avoid looking intently at her during tea, which, while it added to her embarrassment, increased the interest she had already excited in his bosom. He retired at an early hour. Notwithstanding the fatigue he had suffered, he lay for some time musing in his bed. Maria (for that was the name of our heroine) was uppermost in his thoughts ; and his breast was agitated by feelings that he would not endeavour to analyze, and could not wholly repress—which he faintly cherished as they rose, yet chid himself for indulging an instant. "What," he at length exclaimed mentally, (and in the earnestness of his self reproof, almost gave articulation to his thoughts,) "is my heart then enthralled by the artless blushes of this innocent country girl ? It cannot be : and yet (why should I deny it to myself ?) I feel that she has excited an interest which I have never before felt for a female." In the midst of such reflections he resigned himself to sleep. His sleep, however, was interrupted by dreams, that were "every thing by turns, but nothing long," until the loud clarion-notes of chanticler beneath his window, announcing the first blushes of Aurora, chased all slumber from his eye-lids, and recalled him to sober waking thoughts. After breakfast he soon found himself on the road to Philadelphia, where he arrived early in the evening.

The business which had called Mr. B—— to Philadelphia being finished, he took stage for New-York, and found himself the only passenger. No time is perhaps so well calculated for serious reflection and self ex-

amination as when travelling alone in a stage coach: a thousand recollections, produced by continually changing scenes, crowd upon the mind: not a stone, or tree, or bush, nor the various distant views of mountains commerging with the horizon, but recalls the images of past joys or sorrows. No wonder, then, that Maria should, ever and anon, flit before his imagination. "Shall I stop at the little tavern?—Why should I?—And, again, why should I not?" were questions he more than once propounded to himself. But they remained unanswered, till the house could be distinctly seen at a distance, from the top of a hill they had ascended. Agreeable sensations, though not wholly unalloyed, agitated him as the stage halted, and he beheld Maria looking out of the window. He spoke to her as he advanced to the door: she did not, as before, pertinaciously avoid conversation, but entered into it with less restraint than he anticipated. He was pleased with her manner, and discovered that she used better language than is generally expected from obscure village girls. The sound of the driver's horn broke in abruptly, and put an end to their tête-à-tête. A thoughtful pensiveness, that spoke more than words to the mind of Mr. B——, overcast the countenance of Maria, as he bade her farewell.

We now again behold Mr. B—— alone in the stage coach, absorbed in earnest meditation—even more seriously than before. He began almost to acknowledge, as he felt the emotions which swelled in his breast occasionally gaining utterance in a sigh, that his heart was not quite so callous, as he had imagined, to the soft influence of the tender passion. But there is a pride which most of us abstractedly condemn, and yet indulge, that causes us to shrink from an alliance with a female whose parentage and education we conceive to have been inferior to our own. It

was this pride that struggled for pre-eminence in the bosom of Mr. B——; still, he felt that there are affections of the heart, whose fervency is the more intense from their rising spontaneously, and which frequently sweep away, with an impetuosity that cannot be resisted, the dictates of reason, and the sober calculations of discretion. Yielding, though not without some struggles, to such impulses, Maria became the mistress of his heart, and occupied nearly all his thoughts. Not a plan, either of business or of pleasure, engaged his mind, in which Maria's happiness was not contemplated.

Thus did Mr. B—— continue week after week, nay, month after month, before he determined on offering her his hand. The determination was at length made, and the time fixed for his visit. With the most lively transports did he hail the morning of that day in which he was again to behold her who so largely shared his affections.

It is unnecessary to relate his interview with Maria: it will be sufficient to state, that her consent, as well as that of her parents, was obtained; and in two months after, the nuptials were solemnized with greater splendour than had ever been witnessed in that place.

No pecuniary sacrifice could deter Mr. B—— from procuring a splendid house; and his next object was to furnish it in a style corresponding to its magnificence. Time and money were lavished in a manner which at that time was unprecedented in New-York; and when completed, nothing was so much the topic of conversation, in fashionable circles, as the splendid establishment and handsome young wife of Mr. B——.

Maria had a fine voice, and could sing well, but she was wholly ignorant of the science of music; of course, a piano was purchased, and a teacher of music engaged. She was called a good dancer in the country;

but she could not waltz, and knew not how to dance the new cotillions; a dancing master was therefore requisite.

The toilette was the next object: A waiting maid of taste, and learned in the art of dressing, with a competent knowledge of paints, essences, and oils, must be had. One was procured, but soon dismissed for incompetency; another and another shared the same fate. At length, one who brought, in house-keeping parlance, the best of recommendations, was engaged. She entered upon her new duties with that self-importance which, from a consciousness of being preferred to others, is generally evinced by weak or uncultivated minds. The charms of her mistress soon became the constant theme of her conversation.

The flattery of superiors, or equals, is received with distrust, because the motives that dictate it are suspected; while that of inferiors is received with confidence and self gratulation, from a persuasion that it is the offspring of unsophisticated sincerity. Hence the danger that may be apprehended from a smooth-tongued servant maid; and hence the dangers that surrounded Mrs. B——. This was not all:—her husband, almost always present at her toilette, would listen with rapture to the fulsome adulation bestowed on his dear Maria; and, as mankind are naturally prone to believe what they wish to believe, his Maria became a perfect angel in his sight; and the services of the girl were appreciated in proportion as the flattery bestowed on the mistress bedazzled the mental vision of the master.

It is not strange that the wife, incessantly praised and flattered by the husband and maid, should become a willing votary at the shrine of vanity; and should be desirous of extending the influence of her charms. Vanity sickens at the dull round of domestic cares and duties—

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it lives and thrives on novelty and change.

The toilette, after a short time, was visited principally for the purpose of more elegantly adorning the front window, or of gracing Broadway in the afternoon. The country girl, who had been in the habit of rising early, and being employed all day, had now changed to the city lady, sipping her coffee in her bedroom at ten, and afterwards idly lounging about in dishabille till four.

Nearly two years had rolled by, without any thing of moment occurring, when Mr. B——'s happiness seemed completed by the birth of a son. The transports with which he hailed the day that made him a father, were extravagant; they appeared unnatural to all but those who were acquainted with the tender affection he always felt for his Maria. Seldom has there lived a more uxorious husband than Mr. B——. Indeed, he lived only on Maria's smiles: her frowns were to him misery—death!—As a man, (I knew him well,) he was, perhaps, possessed of too much sensibility; but it was an amiable weakness:—it was the emanation of a heart tenderly alive to the frailties of his fellow creatures—of a heart that would throb for, and sympathize with, the sufferings of the destitute and afflicted.

The delicate health of his wife increased, if possible, his assiduities. It was painful to him when urgent business called him from her bedside. He was doatingly fond of the child; but the favourite maid,

“Mustering all her wiles,
“With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
“Tongue batteries, surceased not, day nor night,”

to urge the necessity of putting out the infant to nurse. “for her mistress—her dear mistress—was too feeble to nurse it.” With the wife too, as with the maid, “came prologue and apology too prompt,” and he consented; but it caused a pang

in the bosom of the fond husband, and enraptured father—for he had always believed, that the sustenance afforded by the mother was the best, because the most natural, for the child. It was the first time, too, he had doubted, for an instant, the affectionate tenderness of Maria's heart. He had read the "Nurse," and the following lines recurred vividly to his mind :—

"Go tell the hind employed your flocks to keep,
Change but the younglings of the goat and sheep,
The novel food each altered fleece will show,
Soft will the kid's, and harsh the lambkin's grow."

The melancholy that seemed now to cloud the countenance of her husband, was not unobserved by Maria ; but instead of endeavouring to cheer him by kindness, she irritated him by resentment. His tender assiduities were repulsed by cold reserve :—Her vain pride was wounded—his heart was riven by contending emotions ; She had been caressed, indulged, and fondly loved by a worthy husband ; but now she seemed pleased only in mixed company ; or, rather, in the company of those pretended friends, the impudence of whose hollow professions was equalled only by her credulity.

With a heavy heart, and oft-stifled sighs, Mr. B— now beheld company (improper company, as he thought, for his wife) throng his house. Her frequent parties were generally crowded. Visiting the ball room and theatre was made a business of ; and places of public worship were valued only as arenas to exhibit beauty and fashion ; in short, so completely had vanity and frivolity triumphed in the heart of Mrs. B—, that all praise, however fulsome, was considered sincere, and justly bestowed—while all advice, which did not exactly accord with her preconceived notions of self-

adulation, was attributed to envy, jealousy, or ill-will. Her growing attachment to the society of light and frivolous females of recent acquaintance, preyed on the mind of her husband ; for he perceived that with the growth of that attachment, home became more and more irksome, and his company less and less desirable. His sincere and tender heart was not proof against the effects of slighted love. The comforts and the endearments of home began to vanish. Conjugal affection and confidence were giving place to contention and suspicion ;—rebuke on one side, and retorts, with tears of anger, on the other, were preparing the way for foul accusation and fell revenge. Thus from bad to worse, did time pass heavily by, till little Francis had nearly completed his third year. He was an interesting child. His parents, though opposed to each other in every thing else, in this seemed mutually to agree, namely—indulging, humouring, and spoiling the child. His pranks, nay, even his perverseness, to them indicated talents. But this dear boy—this only stay of waning affection, was taken extremely ill. Both were alarmed, and almost inconsolable. Mutual distress recalled, in a measure, former joys and attachments ; and mutual assiduities to the sick child seemed to chace away the heart-burnings and discontent that had been indulged. The pleadings visible in the eyes of their expiring boy—the tears forced by dying pangs—the eye-balls starting from their sockets, and fixed on the objects surrounding the couch—while the quivering lips faintly pronounced, and more and more faintly repeated—*Father—Mother—Father—Mother*, appeared to rivet those affections that so lately had been supposed severed forever. The last gasp of little Francis was over !

It will profit nothing to dwell on the performance of the sad obsequies

to a beloved child : real sorrow dwells in the recesses of the bereaved heart, and shuns human observation. The contending emotions of the father and husband can be better imagined than described :—A wife reclaimed—a son forever lost.

Overcome with grief and frequent paroxysms of despair, the fragile form of Mrs. B— was in a short time wasted to a mere shadow.

Some of her neighbours, acquainted with her former lively disposition, now beheld, with concern, her gloom, and endeavoured to administer religious consolation. She listened with serious attention to the conversation of the pious ; and felt and acknowledged the calm into which the tumults of her breast had been hushed by their friendly admonitions and tender sympathies. In a short time she felt a confident hope that she had met with that happy change which humbles the aspiring heart, and causes it to depend solely on the merits of a Redeemer's love.

As one extreme is generally followed by its opposite extreme, so was it with Maria :—With feelings naturally ardent, she soon became an enthusiast in religion. But all this time she had been deceiving herself : her heart was not prepared to relinquish the vanities of this world. Buoyed up by that delusive satisfaction which proceeds from neglect of self examination, she became more and more cheerful as her health grew better ; and with health and cheerfulness returned her propensity for dress, for extravagance, and for mixed society.

The discerning eye of a husband, now become jealous and distrustful from repeated provocations, could not long remain blind to her relapses into former improprieties. His business, too, began rapidly to decline : one loss succeeded another, till all his property had passed from his hands, or was mortgaged to his creditors.

Did gratitude for past kindnesses—

compunction for errors committed, or dread of consequences, deter Maria from pursuing her follies ?—No : when his distresses increased, and he seemed ready to sink under them, she taunted him for his weakness. Instead of endeavouring to soothe him, she went abroad more frequently than ever to seek company, and left him in solitude at home to brood over his afflictions. Instead of using economy and exercising industry, she became more and more indolent, and more than ever extravagant in dress. He one day remonstrated against her conduct. This fanned the latent embers into a flame. Her temper had become soured by disappointed hopes ; to this was added the recollection of former tenderness and indulgence, now no longer bestowed or enjoyed, which, with frequent self-condemnation, transported her into a furious rage of passion. She declared she would not brook such restraint ; that he wanted to make her a menial—a drudge ; she insultingly told him, that his weakness was equalled only by his meanness. He expostulated with tears in his eyes ; but in vain : that very evening she left his house forever.

With a heart bereaved of what it once held dearer than life, and reduced to poverty, Mr. B— fancied himself neglected by all : the accents of friendship fell upon his ear unheeded : the world became to him a dreary wilderness : he sunk into a torpid melancholy, and was lost to society. For a long time, wan and wo-begone, he was a houseless wanderer—without fear, and without hope ; there was no being that he could either love or hate, for he was almost unconscious of his own existence. But he is now no more.—Let us drop a tear of pity for his sufferings, and of regret for his too delicate sensibility, which was, in a great measure, the cause of them.

How shall I trace the subsequent steps of Maria ? Exposed to the

sneers and contempt of a censorious world—contemned by those she once despised—neglected by her giddy companions—hated by those who once loved her, she became a wretched outcast, and was at length driven to the last resource of flattered vanity—a brothel !

What a lesson to young females !— Oh, ye fair, just rising into life, beware how you drink out of the baleful cup of flattery.—Value not too highly those charms which may lead you to destruction. Ask almost any one of those disgusting objects you frequently meet in the street—(one of those objects that might once have been called woman)—what was the cause of her wretched situation, and if habitual lying has not banished all truth from her lips, she will reply, *vanity—flattered vanity*. Be prudent, then, in time. Avoid the company of those whose unmeaning, or worse than unmeaning praise, is more baleful than the slanderer's tongue ; so will you learn to shun the fate of the *Village Maid*.

T.

LETTERS ON THE EASTERN STATES.

[For the Literary Journal.]

Review of Letters on the Eastern States.
New-York: Kirk & Mercein. 12mo. pp.
356. 1820.

It may be justly said, that the English language is spoken with more uniformity in the United States of America than in any other part of the world. Whether it be spoken with more purity here than elsewhere, we do not pretend to decide. We are, however, inclined to favour this opinion ; and we believe it to be one which is daily gaining ground. Certain it is, that we have no dialects, and very few, if any, peculiarities of pronunciation. This is some-

what extraordinary, when we take into view the constant influx of dissimilar materials which has been pouring in upon our population from the earliest time. It is perhaps yet more extraordinary when we recollect, that up to so recent an era as the revolutionary war, the mass of our population was not only composed of emigrants from almost every nation, but was broken up into separate and independent provinces. Happily the bulk of the people were of English stock, by which cause the language has successfully withstood this irruption of foreign tongues, and like the nation itself, triumphed over the encroachments of corruption and barbarism. It is, nevertheless, still unaccountable how it should have escaped adulteration, or at least innovation, exposed as it was to the admixture of foreign interpolations, and to the disorganizing operation of those peculiar dialects which it brought with it from the mother country. If we had been asked what combination would have resulted from this state of things, we would have naturally answered, that it would have been an *olla podrida* of English, French, Dutch, and German words, well seasoned with a due proportion of Scotticisms, Hibernicisms, and other dialects of the elementary languages. But it has run unhurt through this ordeal, and even rid itself of many of the crudities that were blended with it ; this commixture of dissonant matters acting upon it as a sort of flux and detergent. It is, therefore, perhaps, in unison with this idea, not so singular, that the only section of the United States in which our language has a tendency to pass into provincialism, is New-England ; because the New-Englanders have been ever scrupulously resolute in preventing the admission among them of foreigners of every description, even to the reception of their kinsmen of Scotland and Ireland. At a former period there was in that quarter a

rigid adherence to antiquated notions, and an intolerance of every thing, especially which did not square with their absurd, and on many occasions, tyrannical tenets. It was their custom to torment the inoffensive quakers, and the despised and wandering Jew, and they murdered too several poor old women for witchcraft. A relic of this precious puritanism still exists in these better times. For they do not hesitate to show an indiscriminating abhorrence of foreigners, nor do they cease to worry, and even to persecute them, when an opportunity offers.

But to return from this digression : The question may be asked, whether the English language be written here with as much purity as it is spoken. We do not believe that it is, at least not with as much elegance. We have been occupied during the short time we have been here in attending to the more common and coarser duties of life, and in building up and strengthening the fabric of our society with durable elements. Useful science and practical philosophy have been especially put into requisition. In these, therefore, we have made bold and felicitous progress. In the more nicely elaborated business of literature, we have chosen rather (to use the language of the British reviewers,) to depend upon foreign, than home manufactures. We can furnish ourselves with good comfortable raiment, but we look to our transatlantic brethren for the embellishments of lace-work and embroidery. In all that concerns native vigour of thought, depth and clearness of argument, and justness of reasoning and of sentiment, we are not surpassed. Our language is a type of the value we put, and of the facility with which we employ ourselves, on these processes of intellect. But with the organic effect of the construction of words and sentences upon the ear and the eye we are not so familiar. We have not amused our-

selves in the fabrication of *style*—in ringing the changes upon phraseology, and in multiplying the beauties and refinements of diction. We have troubled ourselves less with the collocation of terms, than in giving free and full vent to our thoughts. We have exercised our minds more with the *ability* of expressing ourselves than with the *manner* in which this should be done. Our style is hence more epigrammatic than diffuse—more philosophical than rhetorical or poetical.

Accordingly, when we meet with a work whose object appears rather to have been to add to the stock of literature and belles-lettres than to display any peculiar profundity of thinking, it is our duty to notice it in a particular manner. The more so because of the rarity of American productions of this nature. We should be vigilant in detecting its faults, and in upbraiding its pretensions, for fear that in the infancy of our efforts in this line, it might give an improper tone to succeeding essayists. We should not be the less desirous, however, of arraying its excellencies in their true light, and if meritorious, of holding them up as a model for imitation. It is, therefore, with much satisfaction that we call the attention of our readers to the recently published Letters on the Eastern States, in as much as they ought to be ranked, in our opinion, very high among the class of writings of which we have been speaking. It is one among the numerous productions of the kind which have issued from the press within the last few years, and which have done so much credit to American genius. Indeed, not only our *literati* seem to have directed their skill of late to the ornamental parts of diction, but our *scavans* also participate in this laudable emulation, and discover an unusual degree of precision and purity of expression in works which are strictly scientific.

The late publications of Walsh,

Verplanck, and Jarvis, in history ; of Pitkin, Seybert, Schoolcraft, Brackenridge, Spafford, in statistics ; of Bigelow, Elliot, Cleaveland, Barton, Silliman, Say, &c. in natural history ; and of many others which would swell out the list, bear strong evidence that our scientific writers share in the discriminating accuracy of the times, and that they have by no means forgotten the use of the pruning knife.

This work is said to have been written by a young Bostonian, who has very honourably availed himself of an easy fortune to enrich his mind by study and travel, instead of squandering it, as is too commonly the case, upon the cloying amusements of a dissipated life. It is evidently the work of one who has seen much of the world, and who has at the same time not seen it superficially. He has reaped the fruits of an extensive and personal acquaintance with men and things as they are exhibited to us on the other side of the Atlantic. Nor has he, while there, been insensible to the recollections of classical history. He discovers an intimate knowledge of the past and of the present, and often happily avails himself of this double power to enlarge the scope of his reflections, and to give an additional relish to his pages, by the abundance, variety, and interest of the facts which are summoned up into review. This comprehensive survey of things has given him occasion also to bring forward his own country in more full and perfect contrast with the features of the old world than has hitherto been done. All the points of relation and comparison between them are well drawn and designated, which gives a bold relief to the subject matter of his book. By this means he has rendered the character of his work novel and highly instructive. We regret that he has confined his observations to New-England, and since he shows himself to be in a great

measure divested of the usual prejudices of a New-England man, we hope that in the next edition he will extend his remarks to the condition also of the middle and southern states. The letters of Paulding on the southern states are written with much spirit, and discover certainly original and strong powers of mind in the author, but they are too limited and miscellaneous. We are in want of farther information on this section of the country.

The nature of this journal will not admit of our entering into a minute analysis of the work. We will content ourselves with making a few general observations upon it, and endeavour to leave room in our columns for copious extracts, as we are satisfied that there is in this production much more to applaud than to blame.

These letters cannot be said to be strictly statistical. They treat in a familiar and general way of the condition of the New-England, or eastern states, taking up the more prominent traits of national character, and discoursing upon those subjects particularly which have signalized the labours and genius of the New-England people. Their religion, their science and literature, their politics, their manufactures, their commerce, their manners, customs, and government, &c. are all treated with great clearness, good sense, and impartiality, and evince that the author has been by no means an idle spectator of the events that have transpired more immediately around him.

There are several points in which we differ from our author in opinion ; but for the most part it must be allowed, that his deductions are legitimate, and in some instances develop more than common ingenuity. The large body of facts which he has incorporated with his details, and which, while they militate in some measure against the epistolary arrangement of the work, give it somewhat of a statistical character, must

at least cause it to be appreciated as a valuable record.

His style possesses about it a fascinating rotundity of period, and a felicity and smoothness of expression, which adapt it extremely well to epistolary description. It is neither remarkable for its sublimity, its pathos, its extraordinary vigour, nor its sententiousness or elegance. It is for the most part lucid and correct; but in two or three instances unintelligibly obscure. It also is frequently enlivened with well-turned metaphor and allegorical images, to which species of writing he appears to be very much attached. His allegories, however, are not always well sustained.

But we will afford our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves.

The second letter is on *Politics*. The following very just reflections do much credit to the author.

From looking at the machinery of English politics, some persons have had the idea of such a regular opposition here, as exists there, without considering the radical difference between our political systems. The opposition in England has a sort of hereditary permanency. It is a union of the aristocracy and democracy against the crown. Several of the great families of that kingdom, from aristocratic pride, and disdain to ask favours, which their rank and fortune make them careless about, keep aloof from the government, though not always engaged in active opposition. Their immense landed property gives them the control of several boroughs, for which they return to the house of commons their sons or connexions. There are, besides, the rotten boroughs, for which a seat is purchased, that enables a statesman, however unpopular, to continue in parliament. Two or three cities, besides, where the lower class of citizens have a vote, return representatives who commonly join this party, because they are too few to act by themselves. The party thus composed is generally a minority of one-fifth or one-sixth of the lower house, and called the whig party—their foundation is in the aristocracy. They are, as Burke said of himself when he belonged to them, *nailed to the north wall of opposition*, and maintain a regular system of attack against every measure of the ministry; of course, they are wrong the greater part of the time, and are often opposed to the opi-

nion of the nation. At distant intervals they are forced by circumstances on the king, who never receives them cordially, or retains them long. Now, what similarity is there between this opposition and an opposition in this country? We have no hereditary senators, who can follow their own sentiments, regardless of the feelings of the nation; we have no boroughs which we can buy to place us in congress; opposition therefore cannot be continued in this country to men, when measures are satisfactory. If Mr. Burke lost his election for Bristol, he might still have a seat in parliament for Old Sarum or St. Mawes. When Mr. Ames lost the election in his county of Norfolk, he could no longer remain in the house of representatives. Public sentiment cannot be made to adopt individual prejudices and animosities for a long time; when the people generally are satisfied with the course pursued by the administration, they will elect men who will harmonize with it. *Principia non homines* is essentially the maxim of our political system. There is in this country no foundation for supporting a permanent party in opposition, any more than a permanent party in power.

Again; speaking of the imputations against the federal party, he says:

One powerful source of misrepresentation, and, strange as it may seem, of delusion, is the imputation of a love of aristocracy, royalty, monarchy, and the whole train of similar hobgoblins which are successfully used to frighten babes in the democratic nursery. Preposterous as this may appear to you, there are men full grown, who can read and write, and are allowed to vote, who believe this, and the sly knaves who inculcate it are able, from habit, to keep their countenance while they are telling the story. Now, to an European, who knows of what stuff kings and courtiers are made, this would be indescribably ludicrous, and his courtly arrogance would lead him to say, with Sancho, "You cannot make a silk purse from a pig's ear;" but to those who have never seen royalty, and its appendages, it is only absurd; the truth is, that the people of these states are all essentially democratic republicans, in their civil and political code, their religion, education, laws respecting property, habits, prejudices—every thing. Even those who from mere wantonness and foppery talk lightly of republicanism, are all republicans in grain, and inveterately so. To make a monarchy here, would even be more impracticable than to make a republic in France. This character indeed is not new to them: their ancestors left England republicans two centuries ago; their republican-

ism has been rendered more perfect of late years. There was remaining, down to a recent period, some tinge of distinction in ranks, which was a slight remnant of the colonial state; this has been quite obliterated. Honesty, integrity, and intelligence, are the only questions asked, and you might have seen, among the members of the Massachusetts legislature, when it lately obtained such a cumbrous size, not only merchants, lawyers, physicians, and farmers, but shoemakers, carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, masons, printers, &c. I do not mean that they took the labourers from the workshops, because the wages of a legislator would not support a man, and a journeyman could not afford to serve; but men who were, or had been masters of these trades themselves, did their duty in the legislature, and discharged it reputably.

We do not think he has succeeded in his attempt to justify the measures of certain federalists during the late war. There can be no doubt that the author laments most heartily that it was necessary for him to enter upon a defence of this kind. We, nevertheless, cannot but approve of the sympathy which he evinces in their behalf, and even applaud the reasonings which he has employed to veil their transgressions.

The following allegorical illustration discovers in our author a fertile imagination, and a power of commanding it to great advantage.

While reasoning upon our government, it is necessary to discard many impressions that have been made by opinions and theories, derived from history, which presents an identity of names, and no similarity of circumstances; from the rise and fall of states which existed on different principles; from republics that bore no resemblance to ours. There is, in truth, nothing in the annals of the world like our federal republics, composed of a number of representative democracies, differing in some minute circumstances for local convenience, yet having the same basis of civil and political rights and duties. All these bodies move within certain spheres, and the checks against any deviation from their orbit are innumerable, not only within themselves, but from the others. In this political orrery every thing is so calculated, that when a new star comes in sight, it is immediately subjected to the same influence, and tends to increase the harmony and strength of the whole. Many able men have had their fears about the du-

rability of our system, not as vulgar malice would insinuate from enmity to it, but from very strong attachment and excessive fears in consequence. In arguments on this subject, when other reasons fail, we are commonly suffocated with some such truisms as these—human nature is ever the same; men will always be governed by their passions, &c. Yet after having recovered our breath, let us ask for a parallel case; show us one example of a republic like ours having failed, or having ever existed at all. How idle it is to talk of the Grecian or Roman republics; in what did they resemble our system? The miniature community of San Marino; the Dutch republic, composed of a stadtholder, an hereditary and a moneyed aristocracy, or “a free, imperial Hanseatic city,” made up of commission merchants, brokers, and their appendages, and who could “cover their territory with their shirts,” might as well be brought forward. The exterior form of ancient republics was imposing, but the grand improvement of modern political science—representation—which has been brought to such high perfection in this country, which is felt not only in the great veins and arteries, but exhibited in the very capillaries of the state, was most imperfectly known, and partially practised. The moderns have never yet equalled the Apollo or the Venus; yet, notwithstanding the excellence of those ideal forms, the ancients were ignorant of the circulation of the blood: and there is not a greater difference in the degree of science discovered in the exquisite, superficial beauty of a statue by the hand of Phidias, or in one of those wonderful anatomical statues from the school of Florence, than there is between the mechanism and polity of the Grecian and American states.

Again; he comes down more closely to his subject, and argues with great strength and clearness:

One powerful security of our republic is, its being a confederation, the extent of which renders a consolidation impossible; this magnificent organization is alone sufficient to render its authors illustrious. Compare it with any ancient or modern confederations; with the Peloponnesian league, the cantons of Switzerland, or the federal system of Germany, and how infinitely superior is its constitution. These several states, exercising a sovereignty for all their immediate and intimate concerns, save the general government from all trouble and responsibility about their local interests, from the danger of being corrupted, by having an excess of patronage, and the dissatisfaction and broils that would be created in its distribution; while the citizen is guaranteed against the numerous delays or injudicious measures,

that would be incident to a distant exercise of authority. The manner in which these states are represented in congress, varying in form, yet perfectly harmonizing in spirit, is another source of security. The innumerable checks that are given by the sovereignty of the states against the encroachments of ambition in the general government, are certain in their operation. An arrogant, ambitious cabinet, might disregard a minority in the capitol, but if their designs were dangerous, this minority would find a triumphant support in the state governments. Yet how absurd and hopeless is an open resistance in any of these state governments to the federal government; the moment an attempt is made, it is checked in its turn by the minority within itself: which minority, if resistance be persevered in, soon terminates it, by becoming the majority. The state and general governments thus mutually assure each other, by forming alternately a point of support against a designing or mistaken policy.

The third letter is on the *Religion* of the eastern states.

Our author falls into the common trick of deriding metaphysics. If he means by metaphysics the jargon of the Aristotelian and other schools, his invectives are praiseworthy. But if he means to throw any odium on the philosophy of the human mind, strictly so called, he is trying to sap the foundations of a science possessing, certainly, as fixed principles as any which derives its truths from moral evidence. It is puerile and disreputable to the understanding to indulge in this sort of cant, and the ignominy which is endeavoured to be cast upon the study itself, must inevitably recoil upon the head of the assailant.

It is thus he speaks of it. After accounting for that relaxation of the puritan discipline which has finally led to the triumph of unitarian principles, he goes on to say:

The metaphysicians come readily to the aid of the grammarians, and if the one cannot get rid of the words, the other involves the sense in dark confusion. The union of metaphysics with religion is almost always disastrous to the latter. They either blast it with doctrines, that turn its genial influence into an inconceivable system, fit only to engender despair and horror, or they involve it in a maze of sophistry, that destroys one

half of it, and leaves the rest uncertain. The pious, useful servant of God, in singleness of heart, has nothing to do with either, while he is pointing out to his followers the consolations they may derive during this transitory state of evil and suffering; or teaching them how to render themselves worthy of them, and the higher existence they promise. When I hear one of these film-gathering metaphysicians toiling and twisting about in vain subtleties, and beating his poor brain against the imperious, invisible medium, through which the light is transmitted to it; and not satisfied with that light, endeavouring to gain, with his gross corporeal faculties, the knowledge of ethereal things, to soar into the glorious air of heaven, which can only support the purified spirit; it recalls to mind one of those luckless insects, which having got into the room on a summer's day, exhausts one's patience by buzzing and thumping against the pane of glass, that he mistakes for an opening into the air as well as the light, and through which he vainly endeavours to pass, till, tired and spent with his efforts, he falls into a corner and is forgotten.

The author conjectures that Episcopacy will henceforward take the supremacy over congregational as well as other tenets. He grounds this opinion on the fact that Episcopacy is consolidated into a standard form and limit, which gives it a certain fixity, and increases the chances of its duration. It is moreover relieved here of those incumbrances which clog it in other countries.

The fourth letter relates to *Commerce*.

The following story is told with considerable humour, and ought to be estimated as a very favourable specimen of his power at delineation of national peculiarities:

People who know nothing of the first principles of finance, (and there are too many such concerned in banking affairs,) have an idea that a bank is to create wealth where none exists: It certainly will change the holders of it, if the mere signatures of clerks are to pass as the representative of property. I knew a member of the Massachusetts legislature, who was very anxious to get a bank in his town, and the principal reason he urged was, that considerable sums of money passed through it. He had an idea, that by having a bank, they should catch these dollars, just as they did the salmon

with a seine. Another member of the same legislature, several years since, who came from a town on the extremity of Cape Cod, asked for a bank for his place, for which he gave the following reasons:—"That they were so poor, that a bank ought to be granted to them; that the legislature had granted banks in the rich counties of Hampshire and Worcester, where the land was very productive, and the inhabitants so rich, that they could do without them; but that in his part of the country there was nothing but sand; that the land produced nothing, and that they were entitled to a bank; and that his constituents would be very much dissatisfied if an act of incorporation was not granted to them." The worthy member kept out of sight the only argument that would have availed any thing—the riches which his constituents drew from a bank that never failed them, and which injured no one—the grand bank of Newfoundland, which would have made a bank a matter of convenience; where there was capital enough to found it upon, and to employ it; but he seriously cited their poverty as an argument that should entitle them to a bank, from feelings of commiseration on the part of the legislature. Incredible as this may seem, it actually occurred; and in some of the states a similar notion prevails, that a bank is to create wealth like a mine, and that the indefinite multiplication of engraven pieces of paper, as the representative of property, is an actual increase of that property, though in reality it diminishes its value. Much embarrassment and loss will arise to the community where these principles of banking are yet in process, but after a time they will acquire wisdom from suffering, and these baseless speculations will be exploded.

The fifth letter is on the *Literature* of the eastern states.

The sixth letter relates to the state of the *Fine Arts*. We cannot forego the pleasure of giving our author's very sound opinions on this subject at some length.

It was said to be premature to make a foundation for the arts before they existed among us;—we shall be very glad to have them hereafter, when people have acquired a taste for them—they will come in due season. It was not thought premature by our ancestors to found a college for teaching Latin and Greek, before they would raise Indian corn enough to feed themselves through the year; and yet, to the barren rocks from whence they caused the living sources of learning to flow, hundreds have resorted, from distant and more fertile regions, to drink of the stream, and pay ho-

mage to their foresight; and from these very fountains the whole country has been refreshed and invigorated. Yet with what a smile of insolent pity would modern sagacity have regarded a scheme for teaching Greek and Latin, when they were almost destitute of food and clothing! It could not be premature, when our neighbours were commencing similar attempts, respecting which, we must choose between being the rivals or tributaries. Besides, it was not a Vatican or a Louvre that was proposed;—it was not the intention to import delicate exotics to be nourished by artificial heat; no, it was only to shelter and protect what our own soil had produced—what had grown up within our borders, from the native riches of the clime, and to prepare, in the most gradual manner, the means of future development.

If we had gone on, as we were proceeding, till within a recent period, we should have formed in the end a collection of very intelligent and skilful planters, farmers, mechanics, and traders; but we should have gradually lost what we possessed of national character and patriotic feeling; we should have had no rallying points for public sentiments, no topics for general enthusiasm, no sanctuary where patriotism could have taken refuge from the violence of party; we should have been degraded into tributaries to foreign nations, in every thing that regarded sentiment, and been destitute of all the associations that ennoble the love of country. Even our parties formerly seemed to renounce every thing indigenous in their contests, and arrayed themselves in foreign liveries, and echoed the vaunting of other nations, until they had well nigh forgotten they had one of their own. If a mob contended at a theatre for some popular air, it was, *God save the king*, or *Ca Ira*; if a festival was held, the songs commemorated the triumphs of foreigners over each other, and sometimes, by implication, over ourselves. Our houses were decorated with French victories by land, and English ones by sea. The print shops of Europe supplied us with representations of their warlike triumphs, their beneficent actions, their illustrious men. All that excited admiration, all the sympathies of a public nature, that blended themselves with the holiday emotions of the human heart, of a public nature, were in this service of strangers. Such a state of things could not last, and if it had endured much longer, our national existence would have lingered on without glory and without security. Events gradually weakened this humiliating state of things, and the late war consummated its ruin. We have now popular ballads, and festal songs of our own; we too can show our battles by land and by sea, and our triumphs on both; we too have begun to recollect that we had national events to commemorate,

and great men to honour. A reviving, animating impulse has been given to public sentiment; the glory of our Revolution, and the services of its illustrious men, have begun to occupy the attention of the public. The national and state governments are awakening to a sense of their true interests in this respect; the actions and the portraits of our own citizens will become the ornaments of our cities and dwellings; and national gratitude is at length heartily engaged in securing our national fame. To further perpetuate these purposes, constituted the invaluable utility of the arts, and furnishes their noblest vocation.

It was remarked by a distinguished individual, many years since, "that the genius of architecture seemed to have shed his malediction over our country." Some buildings have been erected within a later period, which prove that the spell may be broken. Our progress has been from wood to brick, from brick to marble and granite. In Baltimore and New-York, the churches are the handsomest buildings—in Philadelphia, the banks. There is one building for this purpose in the latter city, which you well know is admitted to be the most beautiful edifice in this country, and there are two or three others that are worthy of observation; but the churches are remarkably plain and mean. This led to the remark by the lady of a foreign minister, "that it was easy to perceive what deity the Philadelphians worshipped, by the temples they erected to him; their temples of mammon were the most splendid in the United States—their churches the meanest." It may weaken the pungency of this sarcasm to observe, that this state of their churches was owing to the strong predominance of Quakerism, one of whose whims it is to proscribe every thing elegant, variegated, or majestic; and this principle, which is carried to a singular degree of perfection in their meeting-houses, had its influence over other sects, especially when their relative numbers were very different from what they are at present. We can boast of nothing equal to the buildings alluded to; but we have made one step in the progress of improvement—we are getting rid of our wooden edition of edifices, and constructing them of brick or stone. The latter, particularly, is getting more and more into use, and our future buildings will present at least one requisite, the appearance of solidity, in which they have hitherto been lamentably deficient.

It is not only very desirable that we should introduce a correct style of architecture, since we have begun to make use of more durable materials, but it is absolutely necessary, because the more refractory character of our materials will drive us into more simplicity. When soft pine wood was the only article used in the construction of a house, except the rough stones for the cel-

lar walls, and the bricks in the chimney, it was easy to mould it into any form; and this has often led to a very preposterous and fantastic use of ornament. Columns, pilasters, balustrades, porticos, turrets, and all the minor kinds of architectural ornaments, have been sometimes most absurdly lavished—a false taste has been formed in consequence. We tried our hand at the most complicated variations, before we were able to judge of the simplest accords. But it is harmony and simplicity, in architecture as in music, that give pleasure, not the combination of difficulties and exuberance of ornaments. The two styles which are best suited to our circumstances, are the Gothic for churches, and the Doric for other buildings. The first is susceptible of any degree of ornament, or will admit of the greatest plainness; the other, in its majestic simple harmony, has produced the most striking and the most durable edifices in the world.

His observations on the relative rank of Americans, in his seventh letter, do great credit both to his head and heart, and should be read by every one who bears the proud title of an American citizen.

The English are the freest people in Europe; but their government is a monarchy founded on a gradation of rights and privileges; the body of the nation is on a near equality of condition, but there are a few with hereditary advantages, which place them infinitely above their fellow subjects. In this country, no class is proscribed for the sake of the rest; every man is born with the same unalienable rights; no one can claim precedence of another from birth, and no man can be raised except by his merits, talents, or services, above his fellow citizens, but by their consent and during their pleasure. We in fact live under the highest and most perfectly organized state of freedom that ever was known; the condition of man is higher than has ever been assumed by any nation, ancient or modern, and the consequences are inevitable.

We are born under a perfect equality, so far as human enactments can produce it, and every man has a chance of elevating himself, if he has the capacity and inclination to do so. It results, that there is a freer bearing, a more unshackled gait, in people of all classes, than is seen in other countries. A merchant, a farmer, a professional man, feels no inferiority of rank, and his personal position is therefore higher. Even in the labouring classes there is a distinction that may be perceived. In England, the security of civil rights maintains great independence of character in the people—a sort of defiance, even growing

out of this conviction of personal security, and a sullen consciousness of political inferiority, may be more often witnessed than in this country, where the perfect conviction of political equality, and the absence of all titular pre-eminence, gives a cast of independence to the manners, more careless and good-natured, as it never thinks of subserviency. You will understand me to be speaking generally; I know that we have narrow-minded farmers and planters, paltry attorneys, and sordid traders; but, take the same classes of men in the same circumstances—suppose them to possess the same degree of good sense, education, and liberality—the consciousness of equality will make the American superior, or prouder in his feelings, than the Englishman, who acknowledges, and if he attempts to shake it off, is made to feel, that he holds a subordinate station in society.

An Englishman might say—you seem to hold very extravagant pretensions; you acknowledge no gradations. How far do you carry them? I give you up our city knights, but surely, you, a plain citizen of a republic, will give precedence to our baronets? Certainly not; they are the lowest order of your nobility. You would, then, place yourself on a footing with a baron, or a viscount? Those are only gradations in your privileged orders; I acknowledge none. Well, then, you rank yourself with the premier peer of England? You wonder—but this comes nearer to the case; I assent to no inherent, abstract inferiority; I am equal to any man in my own country; I must, therefore, degrade and forswear that country, or feel myself equal, in natural rank, to any man in your's; and if you have established a scale of privileges, to which, from policy, or necessity, you are willing to submit, it is not binding on me; I place myself at the top of the scale, and not at the bottom. The shape of the button of your mandarins, or the colour of his dress, is a matter of indifference; no man possesses higher privileges than myself in my own country. I therefore place myself with those who have the highest in your's. This must be the feeling of every high spirited, well educated American. Coarse minds will be apt to show it offensively; well bred men will be content with feeling it. They will not go abroad to be either missionaries or bullies; nor will they dispute with the customs or feelings of other nations. They may rank them as they see fit, but the reservation in their own breasts will preserve their just situation. There is such a strong infusion of republicanism in the English laws and manners, that their difference of privileges is less obnoxious to the feelings than in most other countries. A private gentleman there may preserve his independence in retirement, and rarely come in collision with any galling claims of precedence. But, if he

goes to court, or into public life, he must submit to the pretensions of others, and take rank beneath them.

These principles in substance, not in form, are gaining ground in the world. That true appreciation, which, founded on the generous maxim of original equality, disregards artificial, barbarous distinctions, and ranks men, not according to their birth, but their merit, is daily becoming more prevalent; the last thirty years has done much toward it; the next will make a further addition. The amelioration is progressive, and unless the diffusion of intelligence is interrupted, must continue, in spite of all the efforts of abuse, bigotry, and partial interests, to prevent it. Talents and services are constantly diminishing and eclipsing the prerogatives of birth, and all those false distinctions which arose in a barbarous period. Consider the difference between a man of science in France now, and in the days of Louis XIV.; observe the different relations in which titled rank and untitled merit stand toward each other. Latter policy has attempted to counteract the consequences, by enrolling the latter in the ranks of the former; but this is only a temporary expedient, which cannot turn the course of public sentiment. In England, where the disparity was less shocking than in France, it is easy to remark the change that has taken place; it may be discovered in all their works that treat of manners; plays, novels, and poetry. The different style of considering himself and of treating others, between a courtier, a century since, and now, is almost as great as it was in France. The man of rank does not value himself upon that, if he has any thing else to produce; and if he has not, he treats those more like his equals, who are in fact his superiors. The fellowship of mankind has become much more equal—much more intimate. The tone of arrogance and insolent condescension, which we read of in the manners of former times, would no longer be endured.

Let us, my dear friend, glory in our country and its institutions: our ancestors laid the foundation for a noble empire; they came here with high ideas of freedom, and their descendants have improved on the principles they left for them. The eyes of the world are turned toward us with anxiety and hope; we have made the boldest experiments in the science of government, hitherto with the most complete success, and unless our posterity prove recreant to example, to their own interests and honour, our experience will hereafter be claimed in favour of mankind. What immeasurable good will result, if it can be shown to the world that a nation can dispense with the ruinous burdens of a hierarchy connected with the state, and an hereditary nobility:—and who in this country

can doubt it? Every day shows our constitution to be stronger, from being founded on the broad principles of natural justice; on the equal interests and affections of a whole people, than if it derived a precarious existence, by securing the interested support of a part, at the expense of the rest of the community.—*Esto perpetua.*

His eighth letter is on the Character and Condition of Women.

To begin with the most numerous order—with those who commence life with nothing but strength to labour for subsistence, and the hope of future competence:—In the country, or the towns, the females in this class are never exposed to work in the open air. All that is required out of doors is performed by the men. That the women are very assiduously, and even laboriously employed, every one may witness—but their labours are almost wholly domestic, and performed under shelter. They are not seen driving market carts, standing in the streets, carrying heavy burdens, or engaged from morning to night in the open fields. They are not exposed to the inclemency of the weather, to the promiscuous mingling with the crowds of a city, or in large groupes in the toils of the field. They live secluded in the performance of their household labours, and rarely meet in any assemblage, except when they go in their best attire, with decency and solemnity, to public worship.

Besides, they have higher hopes than the labouring classes in Europe. The journeyman may look forward with certainty to become, in a few years, if he has common skill and industry, a master workman in his turn. The farmer is not, as in Europe, a mere peasant, labouring on land which he never dreams of owning; but he is here a proprietor, and though he begins at first with only a log-house, and a piece of forest to be cleared, he is sure that, in the end, he shall possess a productive farm, and the means of comfortable subsistence. The women in these classes, who are often more refined and ambitious than the men, conduct themselves with a view to their future situation, and often stimulate their husbands to those exertions for acquiring property and improving their children, in which they are willing to participate. This prospect of bettering their condition, operates very favourably to them, since it encourages the men to domestic habits and economy, by knowing their savings will all be productive of very compound advantage, and that, as they advance in life, they may look forward to a comfortable support from the results of former labour. In Europe, as hardly any individuals of the class of hired labourers ever expect to get out of it, they spend all their earnings beyond what is required for the

bare subsistence of their families, in drinking and idleness; and the melancholy fact has been asserted, by some accurate inquirers, that a rise in their wages produces little other effect than a diminution of their industry, and an increase of dissipation. I do not mean to assert that we are wholly free from this grievance. There is a wretched waste of money and health in the consumption of ardent spirits; but it bears no comparison with the evil in England—and the degradation and misery entailed on women from this source, is here infinitely less.

As you rise in the scale of property, the disparity between the lot of women here and in Europe, is much less perceptible; though the prospect that opens before them, of advancing themselves or their children, is still the same.

Vivacity and readiness are the characteristic traits of the French; alacrity and energy those of the English; and languor and softness those of our women. Vivacity forms the greatest contrast with the general manners of the last; a languishing air with those of the two former; hence a common object of affection with French and English women, is to put on an air of sentimental or voluptuous languor, and in this country to assume a tone of sprightliness.

The comparison between our ladies and those of the middle states, I am unable to make with any degree of precision. The shades of difference must, of course, be very slight and delicate, and I have not studied them enough to make the description distinct. There is a much greater mixture of foreign manners in New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, than exists here; their ladies dress more, and perhaps better, than ours. They make a display in the streets, particularly in New-York, which is never done with us; nor would any persons, except mere spectators, wish to see the custom introduced. The excessive sobriety of the Quaker costume, and a more true taste, have simplified the walking costume, and, indeed, all others in Philadelphia; and it is, I believe, generally admitted, that women dress better there than in any other of our cities. Female dress here, used to be too homely at one time, and too gaudy at another; both these extremes have been corrected, and if, on some occasions, a little more elegance might be indulged, without extravagance, it is generally what is decent and suitable—neither sinning through parsimony and neglect, nor by ostentation and expense.

There is one remark on a peculiarity of manners, which I make with less reluctance, as I know my opinion accords with your's. In Philadelphia and New-York, there is sometimes seen a decided, avowed intention at display, and a confidence in aiming to be conspicuous, in young girls, which is any thing but engaging. At a ball, or in a

large assembly, they talk and laugh loud, and get a circle round them; and the ambition to be what is called a dashing belle, leads to the very confines of romping. I have often been amused at observing the expression in the countenance of a foreigner, which is produced by the utter confusion of ideas such conduct creates in his mind. The mothers are to blame. They push their daughters forward prematurely, and encourage them to assume a leading tone, which they have not experience enough to support with dignity or safety. The most interesting and delightful of all objects, a brilliant, fine, young woman, loses half her loveliness, when she is seen presuming, openly, on her attractions, in a crowded circle, and using, with boldness, all the arts of rivalry, to maintain pre-eminence. This fashion has not yet encroached upon the primitive reserve of our manners; and (though for somewhat different reasons) would not be tolerated here, any more than in Europe.

With the latter part of these remarks we do not entirely accord. We believe his censures upon the manners and dress of our ladies of the middle states are not well founded. The author mistakes perhaps the elegant and correct proportions of figure, and the fascinations of a polished demeanour, in both of which they assuredly excel their eastern sisters, for ostentatious display. We recollect here a very nice, and what we deem, a very just distinction between the relative attractions of our different females, communicated to us some time since by a foreigner who had resided in all the principal cities of the Atlantic States, and who was thereby well prepared to give an impartial and correct opinion. He observed, that as you pass along the sea board from New Orleans to Boston, the changes of latitude and climate, and government in this country, are successively brought under your observation, and that it affords you a differential scale of our national peculiarities in the several states. As you proceed from south to north, he thought he could discover an inverse ratio between the figure and complexion of our ladies. In New-Orleans, the symmetry of the "human form divine" is, comparatively speak-

ing, at its maximum, while the complexion is at a minimum of elevation. In Savannah, Charleston, and Baltimore, the latter gradually ameliorates, and the dingy hue of the tropics brightens up. At Philadelphia, and at New-York especially, it preserves a happy medium, and is harmoniously blended with the lilies and roses of the north. Here too, the figure is beginning to deteriorate, and there is not that finished conformation of body, and that perfect proportion of limbs, which so strikingly distinguish our southern from our ladies of the northern and middle states. When you have reached Boston, the complexion is at its maximum, and the brilliant red and white mingling in rich and deep colouring, throw around them a dazzling radiance, which almost obscures that clumsiness and disjointed appearance in the make of their form, which would have otherwise been too glaring to have escaped the eye of the most indifferent connoisseur. There is an evident carelessness also in the dress of the Boston ladies, which cannot be construed into simplicity, but which borders much more closely on a resemblance to those imperfections which it is intended to hide, but which it is sometimes, as in this case, perhaps not in the power of dress to alter.

The tenth letter is on Manufactures; which we shall probably notice in our next.

The thirteenth letter is on our Scenery and Climate.

These contrasts in our climate occasion some very picturesque effects—some that would be considered phenomena by persons unaccustomed to them. It blends together the circumstances of very distant regions in Europe. Thus, when the earth lies buried under a deep covering of snow, in Europe, the climate is so far to the north, that the sun rises but little above the horizon, and his daily visit is a very short one; his feeble rays hardly illumine a chilly sky, that harmonizes with the dreary waste it covers; but here, the same surface reflects a dazzling brilliancy from rays that strike at the

same angle at which they do the dome of St. Peter's. The plains of Siberia and the *Campagna di Roma*, are here combined; we have the snow of the one, and the sun of the other, at the same period. While his rays, in the month of March, are expanding the flowers and blossoms at Albano and Tivoli, they are here falling on a wide, uninterrupted covering of snow—producing a dazzling brilliancy that is almost insupportable. A moon-light at this season is equally remarkable, and its effects can be more easily endured. Our moon is nearly the same with that moon of Naples which Carraccioli told the king of England was “superior to his majesty's sun”—and when this surface of spotless snow is shone upon by this moon at its full, and reflects back its beams, the light, indeed, is not that of day, but it takes away all appearance of night—the witch and the spectre would shrink from its exposure.

“It is not night—'tis but the day-light sick;
“It looks a little paler.”—*Shakspeare*.

[For the Literary Journal.]

JAUNT INTO BERGEN, ROCKLAND, AND
ORANGE COUNTIES, IN THE LATTER
PART OF MAY, 1820.

Passed over the rocky promontory of Hoboken, remarkable for its beauty, and for being the only known locality of native magnesia in the world. Crossed over the extensive salt marshes which connect it with the main land, and in a few minutes reached the foot of that high rampart of basalt which forms the pallasadoes of the Hudson, and which begins at this place. Their massive steps rise almost perpendicularly from off the marshes, and to the height of about 200 feet, here and there exhibiting bare steep crags of rock, but usually mantled, particularly at this season, with a rich growth of trees. The dogwood at this time was particularly conspicuous, being covered so profusely with its large, white, and inodorous flowers, that it appeared amidst the dark green of the other foliage, as if frosted with sugar or snow. Another small tree was discernible, bearing, in great abundance,

hemispherical blossoms of a white colour, and looking like half snow balls. On ascending this lofty barrier, we saw on the road-side parts of this formation, which had been broken in constructing the road, and which here peeped through the earth, and disclosed their character. The natural and artificial fissures and fractures observed in it discover an evident disposition in this basalt to take on, as is most usually the case, the columnar aspect. On reaching the top of the mountain, the prospect which unfolded itself to us, was beautiful in the highest degree. The promontory and isthmus of Hoboken, and the wide marshes in the rear of it, lay immediately at our feet; the charming bay of New-York, with all its variegated and striking images; the city; the garrisoned islands; the floating streamers of the Franklin, (74) and her tiers of thunder; the innumerable vessels of every description which ply about the harbour; the narrows, and the hills of Long-Island in the distant scenery; the shores of New Jersey and Staten Island, which sweep around the bay on the west to contribute to its beauty and safety; all forcibly impressed themselves upon our notice, and recalled the sublime description of Weehawken by our native poet, Croaker.

Weehawken! In thy mountain scenery yet,
All we adore of nature in her wild
And frolick hour of infancy, is met;
And never has a summer's morning smil'd
Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the
deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sub-
limes
The breathless moment—when his dar-
ring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with despe-
rate force,

As the heart clings to life ; and when resume
 The currents in his veins their wonted
 course,
 There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
 Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
 Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst be-
 fore him,
 Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear
 blue
 Of Sommer's sky, in beauty bending o'er
 him—
 The city bright below ; and far away,
 Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic
 bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battle-
 ment,
 And banners floating in the sunny air ;
 And white sails o'er the calm blue waters
 bent,
 Green isle, and circling shore, are blend-
 ed there,
 In wild reality. When life is old,
 And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this ; nor lives there one
 Whose infant breath was drawn, or boy-
 hood days
 Of happiness, were pass'd beneath that sun,
 That in his manhood prime can calmly
 gaze
 Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
 Nor feel the prouder of his native land.*

Weehawken is but a few yards from
 this place, and although a few feet
 lower than where we were, is a re-
 markable precipice of this same ram-
 part, and immediately overlooks and
 overhangs the river shore. We soon
 passed over the high level table on
 the top, and began to descend, by a
 very beautiful road, a gentle declivi-
 ty, on the other side, which is cover-
 ed with an open woods of lofty trees,
 such as the elm, birch, bilsted, chest-
 nut, &c. In front and beneath us
 we saw the winding Hackensack
 meandering by an almost impercep-
 tible current through the immense
 tract of salt marshes which stretch
 for many miles on either side of this
 dull stream. A range of hills of con-
 siderable altitude are seen in the dis-
 tant ground. Continued our route
 along the upland which joins the east-

ern border of this extensive flat. The
 houses are very neat and commodi-
 ous, and are usually built of red
 sandstone, (freestone.) Passed an
 extensive and very thick swamp of
 white cedars on the margin of the
 marshes. They are used in the city
 for scaffolding poles, and being so
 near at hand, must be a very valuable
 property. Came to the *English Neigh-
 bourhood*, a settlement of a few houses
 scattered along one of the branches
 of the Hackensack, and very low and
 marshy, yet making, with its celebra-
 ted apple orchards,* a very neat and
 luxurious show. The church here
 is pretty, though small, and built of
 sandstone. It is on a small rise of
 ground which peers above the marsh-
 es, and has around it a number of
 tombs. We here passed a handsome
 bridge over this branch, and travel-
 ling along the side of the river on a
 fine turnpike, covered on our
 right by a very thick and verdant
 growth of woods and shrubbery.
 In a few moments came in view of
 two or three white villas on the op-
 posite bank. These places are situ-
 ated so low that they cannot be said
 to present any thing about them
 which can be called sublime or grand ;
 but the extent of the flat marshes and
 its rich growth of grass, and the sweet
 and clean appearance of the houses
 which are seated on this part of it,
 with their pretty white fences, and
 their weeping willows hanging over
 the stream, offer every thing that the
 lover of the beautiful and the serene
 in landscape painting, could desire.
 Strike off a short distance, and in a
 few minutes reach the Hackensack
 itself, and cross it by a very hand-
 some bridge. We now left the low
 marshes, and began to ascend the up-
 land. At the distance of two miles
 ascend an extensive hill of yellow
 sand, a naked and desolate spot, to-

* Fanny, p. 37, 38.

* In one of these I counted nearly 2000
 trees.

tally destitute of every kind of vegetation. It is about a quarter of a mile square, and is found very useful to mix with the clayey soil of the district in constructing and repairing the turnpike. A short distance farther, and the houses and spires of the town of Hackensack came into view. We soon reached the town, and were very much delighted with its neatness and regularity. The houses are of sandstone, and are built with great symmetry on the two sides of a broad road reaching upwards of a mile in length. The only building of brick is the court house, a very spacious and well proportioned edifice. Hackensack is the capital of Bergen County. The inhabitants are chiefly Dutch, as they are in the greater part of this county. The town is at the head of navigation upon Hackensack river, and its situation is of course low. The first objects which particularly strike the attention after leaving this place, are three long, but not very high red hills, over which the road passes. They are discerned at a considerable distance before you reach them, and are of a purplish red colour, owing to the ferruginous sandstone which abounds in this country. The rain having descended in large quantities for the few days past, the water which stood in the puddles and in the ruts on the road, also partook of the red hue of the hills. A painter would find no lack of ingredients here to do full justice to the ruddy brown cheeks of the Dutch damsels of Bergen. We saw the strata of red sandstone where the road is dug down deep toward the top of the hill. We continued on to the north for several miles. The land becomes more elevated as we proceed, and begins to assume more and more the aspect of hill and dale. At four miles from Hackensack the road strikes Saddle river, at a place where there is a considerable establishment of mills. This stream, unlike the Hackensack

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which we had just left, is fresh, and instead of the sleepy and riley appearance of the former, exhibits a pure transparent current, moving forward with a more rapid pace, and reflecting a fine clear bottom of white sand.

We travelled now on the eastern bank of this pretty stream, passing by the estates of the Zobriskies, Bogerts, and Hoppers, whose families have occupied this fertile and beautiful district for ages past. The Zobriskies are connected with the ancient kings of Poland. As we passed one of the neat and elegant mansions of this illustrious race, my friend and companion, pointed out to me the family vault at the farther part of a lovely green lawn on our left. It is built on the side of a small knoll, close under the shade of a heavy dark wood which joins the meadow, and is covered with a rich green sward, with a plain door at the end. It has nothing about it gaudy or ostentatious, and corresponds in melancholy harmony with the quiet, lonely, and sweet scenery around it, and with the humble purposes for which it was destined. Passed through Hoppertown a few miles farther on. Here the Hopper family, as the name denotes, are the chief residents, having gathered particularly about this spot.

We now came in sight of the Haverstraw mountains, and felt no little joy to know by their bold profile that we were approaching our own dear state. Still we could have no very anxious desire to leave the enchanting and picturesque landscape over which we had been agreeably travelling.

We at length reached the base of the mountains. The dominion of New Jersey also ends here. The line between her and New-York is but a mile from the foot of the mountain. It produced some emotion of pride, peurile, perhaps, yet unavoidable, that so grand a natural barrier

34

reared itself between us. My friend told me it was no less a moral than a physical demarcation. To illustrate this, he drew my attention to a wagon which was approaching us just before we reached the line. He wished me to note how tenaciously the Dutch manners held out to the last. The Dutchman and his son sat comfortably together on the front seat, and immediately behind them, seated cozily side by side, were the wife and negro wench in agreeable chit chat. Mr. Walsh, in his *Appeal*, notices the familiar footing of the Dutch farmers of New-Jersey and their negroes, to evince the different sentiments which exist toward the blacks in the northern states from those of the south. My friend told me that the distinction between black and white would, however, be clearly drawn the moment we entered our own state, and that no such courtesies would be found there. We enter the mountains, and at the same time, the county of Rockland, justly so called, and the state of New-York, through the narrow passage by which the river Ramapough here disembogues itself. The opposing points of the mountains approach here within half a mile of each other, and the river rushes through between them in great pomp, sweeping around under the opposite battlement, and holding on its bank on that side a broad and extremely rich margin of meadow. We saw on the road and immediately beneath the ledges of rock which hang over it on our right, the old breast work made here during the revolutionary war. Our continentals had determined to defend this passage, and had, beside the breastwork, several huge rocks poised on the mountain top, ready to thunder down upon the heads of the enemy the moment they should approach. We now crossed the river, and passing up the valley of the mountains through which it courses, come in sight of the nail and

cotton manufactories of the Piersons. These are certainly magnificent establishments, and the Messrs. P. deserve high praise for the indefatigable enterprise and the laudable taste which they have discovered in beautifying and enriching these dark and secluded places.

The sun was now going down ; but before it fell below the horizon, it gratified us with a scene of exquisite beauty. We had just entered the county of Orange ;—a collateral valley in the mountains, about a mile in front of us, gave a free passage to the sun's rays, which, pouring in upon the dark vale in which we were travelling, and overreaching the less lofty elevations, lighted up the summit of the high mountains on our right with a border of pure gold, while the rest of their sides were left in a deep green shade. The division line between the two colourings being perfectly marked, and there being no blending or mingling of hues, produced a very singular and beautiful effect.

In other places we saw the sunbeams showered down on a particular spot, and in others again, gilding with slanting rays the top of some solitary pine, or shooting in a narrow golden stream across some beautiful meadow, and leaving colourless and dark the bosom of the river itself, which glided underneath it. In a short time it disappeared from every part of the mountains, and we rode on by the twilight a mile or two farther until we arrived at the place of our destination.

Lithography.—This ingenious mode of multiplying graphic representations, we are happy to find, is making considerable progress in this country. A large and accurate chronological chart of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe, from 1060 to 1820, has appeared, which is supposed to be the largest and finest specimen of Lithography that has yet appeared, and is entirely done on English stone.

London New Monthly Mag.

[For the Literary Journal.]

To * * * *

1

The heart hath sorrows of its own, and griefs it veils from all,
 And tears that hide them from the world in solitude will fall ;
 And when its thoughts of agony upon the bosom lie,
 Even beauty in her loveliness will pass unheeded by.

2

'Tis only on the happy that she never smiles in vain,
 To them she wears the rainbow hues that mock the summer rain ;
 And their free hearts will worship her, as one whose home is heaven,
 A being of a brighter world, to earth a season given.

3

That time with me has been and gone, and life's best music now
 Is but the winter wind that bends the leafless forest bough ;
 And I would shun, if that could be, the light of young blue eyes,
 They bring back hours I would forget, and painful memories.

4

Yet, lady, though too few and brief, there are bright moments still,
 When I can free my prison'd thoughts, and wing them where I will ;
 And then thy smiles come o'er my heart, like sunbeams o'er the sea,
 And I can feel as once I felt, when all was well with me. * * *

CLARKE'S POEMS.

[For the Literary Journal.]

Review of the *Eve of Eternity*, and other
 Poems, by M'Donald Clarke, a Minor.
 New-York. 1820. pp. 24.

Now laud we the gods ! a genuine native poet has at length appeared, whose productions are to rescue our national character from the reproaches so liberally bestowed upon us by the critics of England. A new poetical era has commenced among us—an era, indeed, which we have been anxiously observing from its first dawning in Farmer, in Woodworth, and in Paulding, to this last glorious burst of “ M'Donald Clarke, a minor ! ” Equally free from the snarling cynicism of Byron, or

the tinselled extravagance of Moore, or the sickening idiotism of Wordsworth, he has, we venture to say, surpassed them all—

None but himself can be his parallel.

As we are fearful, however, that this praise may appear exaggerated, we hasten to lay the work itself before our readers. Disdaining the common track, he has in a very ingenious manner placed the dedication upon the title page, and thus not only secured it one reading at least, but has exhibited himself as a man of an independent and original turn of thinking. We are free to confess that this strange transposition of the dedication, together with certain appearances connected with the author's name, led us to assign the

Emerald Isle as the place of his nativity; but, upon inquiry, we find him to be a native of a neighbouring little state—a state, be it remarked, *en passant*, that has already obliged the world with the authors of “Fanny” and “Percy’s Masque,” and now, to fill up the measure of its duty, has kindly presented us with M’Donald Clarke, a minor!

He begins his preface by roundly declaring that his reasons for publishing he shall keep to himself, “It is none of the public’s business.” This in a maiden essay, a specimen merely of the *μεγα βιβλιον* that is soon to appear, would seem to savour of arrogance in any common author, but is nothing more than the conscious superiority of genius in M’Donald Clarke, a minor! Never have we felt so severely the discouragements to which genius and literary talents are subjected, as when perusing the following beautiful passage from his preface: “But genius in the United States must go with an empty skin, as long as the wealthier part of their population are so deplorably addicted to empty skulls; and as long as pounds and pence are the shadows of their meditations, so long may she tune her harp to the air of breadless lips and shirtless backs; bedless heads, and headless hopes.” What a melancholy picture he has here drawn of our mental degradation; with what spirit and delicacy has he touched upon its cause, and how insensibly we warm as he proceeds from the plain matter of fact misery of breadless lips, to the last grand climax of despair—headless hopes!!! Energetic and concise, however, as his prose may appear, it must yield a palm to “the thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” of his poetic effusions. The following, without being exactly an imitation, reminds us of Moore’s best manner.

How sweet ’tis to lean on the capstan, and
view
The indolent ocean, as lucid as heaven,
Whose amorous blushes have fervently
threw
Their rays on his *dreams* in the cradle of
even.

There is just enough of the chiaro
oscuro, the darkness visible, in this
stanza, to render it sublime, and
nearly unintelligible. It is, however,
tame and lifeless compared to the
following Ode to Freedom:

Her tongue is the broad-knotted sinews of
thunder,
Her eye is the volcano’s socket in flame,
Her breast is the ocean rock, cloven asun-
der,
Her heart is the condor, e’en woman
can’t tame.

The red shrivelled lightnings of midnight
her cestus,
Her banner the tendons of Ilium and
Greece;
Like them hath the heaven of Liberty blest
us,
And America’s face is her signatored
lease.

* * * * *

The lines written on Bunker Hill
breathe a spirit of poetry and pa-
triotism which Tyrtaeus himself need
not have blushed to own.

Oft the fair sisters of Boston convene,
On the sod that conceals Magnanimity’s
clay;
The wealth of their pure hearts shall eme-
rald its scene,
The flash of their fair eyes forestall its
decay.

In ages yet coinless, in Destiny’s mint,
Minstrels shall hymn kindling elegies
here,
The blaze of their harps may *profusion* a
tint
Than mine far less fragile, but not more
sincere.

We have only space to point out
as super-excellent the lines written
upon hearing the organ in Trinity
Church, beginning with

“Like lovesick thunder in the amorous
clouds;”

and the stanzas upon a fine May
morning, a part of which we cannot

refuse ourselves the pleasure of quoting, as it contains one idea at least new to poetical readers.

Oh! would I could salt thee down,
In the barrel of beauty, sweet morn,
So when nature puts on her thick gown,
We might taste what the seasons adorn.

Jam claudite rivos.—We have presented the best parts of this work to our readers, and can only observe of the rest, that for ribaldry, blasphemy, and drivelling stupidity, we have rarely seen any thing superior to these *poems* of M'Donald Clarke,

a minor. We should not have broken "this butterfly upon a wheel," had he not threatened to publish a book containing between two and three hundred pages, and of which the pamphlet under consideration is offered as a faint specimen.

Were we not persuaded that the representations of his printer and bookseller will have more weight with him than our threats, or the anger of an offended public, we would caution him against proceeding in a career which can only end in merited contempt. D. K.

[We are gratified in presenting our readers with the following translations from the Greek. These classical contributions will always find a conspicuous place in our columns, and we feel assured that they will be read with exquisite pleasure by all the admirers of genuine poetry. We cannot but observe here how much more vivid and accurate a conception we are enabled to form of the masterly genius of the ancients when it is embodied and brought before us in our vernacular tongue, and especially when embellished, like the following *moreaus*, with all the allurements of poetic imagery and melodious rhyme.]

GREEK HYMNS.

[For the Literary Journal.]

— Περικαλλικὰ ὄσσαν μίσην
ὕμνισσαι Διὶ τ' αἰγιόχῳ, καὶ ποσειδῶν Ἡσπ., &c.

HESIOD. THEOG.

THE hymns of the Greeks admit of a triple division: the Orphic or religious, the Epic or poetic, and the philosophic. Both priest and sage, of course, borrowed assistance from their imaginations, in their sacred and mystic songs; but the peculiar characteristic of each order is definitely marked. The hymns called Orphic, which are usually ascribed to the soothsayer Onomacritus, are generally composed of ascriptions of various attributes to the deity worshipped, and are a mere congeries of invocations. The Epic songs consist of fable, description, and imagery; and the philosophic poems on the deities, treat them as the personifications of different physical and moral processes, in which cause and effect are seldom acutely discriminated. To these three orders may be added the Pæans, Odes, &c. which are generally termed Scholia.

Specimens of each of these are subjoined, viz. the Hymn to the Sun, called Orphic; the Epic Hymn on the same subject, usually attributed, on doubtful authority, to Homer; the poetic hymn of Dionysius to Apollo; two of the philosophic order; and the Scholium of Ariphron to Hygeia

HYMN OF ORPHEUS TO THE SUN,

HEAR me blest God! thou of th' all seeing eye
Eternal; thou in golden splendours clad,
Titan, who roll'st above us, lamp of heaven!
Self lucent, tireless, burnishing the face

Of universal nature, seen in thee !
 Auspicious sire of morn, and welcome night
 Alternate ! Thou who temperest all the hours,
 And guidest the mingling seasons' beauteous dance !
 Swift whirl'd in sounding course, fire rob'd, and trick'd
 In fierce effulgent countenance ! Charioteer,
 Urging thy course through vortices on high,
 In heaven's illimitable whirl ! To the good
 The almoner of bounty, to the bad
 Of bale ! Thou of the golden lyre, who lead'st
 The sounding choir of all th' harmonious spheres !
 Thou, witness true of good deeds done on earth !
 Father of years and cycles ! mingling all
 In luminous order ! harper of the world !
 Along the circuit of thy gyral race,
 Kindling with swiftness ! in whose light we move !
 Myriad-hued, bounteous, fructifying, healing,
 Ardent, pure, time defining, eminent God !
 Serene, immortal, universal blaze !
 Revolving eye of the broad universe !
 Quenching and lighting up thy radiant rays
 For man's convenience ! Judge of righteousness !
 Absorbing rivers ! Monarch of the world !
 Its faithful sentinel ! O'er all supreme,
 To all benevolent ! Eye of Justice ! source
 Of all existence—who, with sounding scourge,
 Still urgest on thy four-yok'd car above !
 Hear us, and bless thy pious worshippers !

HYMN TO THE SUN, ASCRIBED TO HOMER.

DAUGHTER of Jove ! to whom such themes belong,
 'Oh muse Calliope ! begin the song !
 And chaunt the Sun—him whom, espous'd of yore,
 The bright-ey'd nymph Euryphaessa bore ;
 From starry Ouranus and Gaia came
 Hyperion, (for their parents were the same,)
 Her spouse and brother ; from his blest embrace,
 She bore a beauteous, and immortal race :
 Aurora, rosy arm'd, and Luna bright,
 Whose silvery tresses grace the brow of night ;
 And last th' unwearied Sun, to man and god
 Whose coursers bear the ever-living flood :
 His eyes, wide flashing, dart the essential day ;
 Around his glittering helm fierce splendours play ;
 The radiant locks that o'er his temples flow,
 With far effulgent lustre gild his brow ;
 On heaven's pure gales his robes transparent spread,
 Stream o'er his steeds, and meteor glories shed.
 The Hesperian realms remote the monarch seeks,
 And there his golden car and coursers checks ;
 Sinks, o'er the verge of heaven in ocean's breast,
 'To the deep chambers of the purple west.

Hail, king of day ! thy joyous course maintain !
 With thee, as reverence bids, begins the strain ;
 Ere yet the song of demigods proceeds,
 From earth to heaven exalted by their deeds.

HYMN OF DIONYSIUS TO APOLLO.

ÆTHER ! through all thy realms be still !
 Mute be the voice of grove and hill !
 Ocean, and earth, and breezes light,
 Echoes, and birds of busy flight,
 Be silent all ! The king is nigh,
 The unshorn monarch of the sky !

Sire of the morn, with snowy lids !
 With winged hoofs thy tireless steeds,
 Bear 'mid the boundless heaven afar,
 Thy roseate, undefiled car :
 Thee, king, th' immortal coursers bear,
 Exulting in thy golden hair !

Twining thy rays multiplycate,
 Thou spread'st o'er earth the glittering net,
 Thy woven web, of splendid day,
 And fruitful nature own's thy sway ;
 While streams of fire immortal pour
 The lovely light her empire o'er.

High o'er Olympus, king ! to thee
 Peals the glad starry symphony !
 Entranc'd by thy controlling lyre,
 Sing, as they whirl, the clear orb'd choir,
 And in their sounding courses free,
 Prolong the eternal melody.

Car-borne by bulls of purest white,
 The yellow moon leads up the rite ;
 Thy gracious soul delighted hears
 The applauding chant of circling spheres ;
 And still thy car, with quenchless blaze,
 Rolls through the universal maze !

The following is a free imitation of the Hymn of Proclus to Hecate and Janus. Hecate being considered as the passive, and Janus the active parent of all effects, and they being jointly symbolical of nature.

HYMN OF PROCLUS TO HECATE AND JANUS.

MOTHER of Gods ! by countless titles known,
 Illustrious Hecate, hail ! puissant throne !
 Hail, ancient Janus, hail ! on thee I call,
 For thou art God, a God supreme o'er all !

Bright o'er my life let peaceful splendours shine,
 Load deep the scale of joy, with gifts divine !
 In healthful flow let life's warm currents roll,
 And lift to noblest ends th' aspiring soul !
 For here, till purified by holier flame,
 Mad'ning on earth, she pines without an aim.
 Dread powers, I pray, your timely succour lend,
 In paths divine these erring footsteps bend.
 So may these eyes the sacred light behold,
 And thus, superior to this mortal mould,
 May this freed spirit, from the dross of earth
 Break through the native darkness of her birth !
 Mother of Gods ! by countless titles known,
 Illustrious Hecate, hail ! puissant throne !
 Hail, ancient Janus, hail ! on thee I call,
 For thou art God, a God supreme o'er all !

MESOMEDES' HYMN TO NEMESIS.

DAUGHTER of Justice ! awful throne !
 Swift, stern-ey'd Nemesis, all hail !
 Each thought, each deed, to man unknown,
 Is weigh'd in thine unerring scale !
 Weak, restless man, with idle pain,
 Would burst thine adamantine rein ;
 His fretful chafings thou canst curb,
 Nor let'st destructive angers sway,
 Odious to thee, his will obey,
 Nor envy black the world disturb.
 Round thy revolving wheel unworn,
 Our chequer'd destiny is borne ;
 Thou com'st with silent, secret tread,
 To bend the proud man's haughty head ;
 By thy fix'd rule each act to try ;
 The soul untam'd, and fierce to break,
 Imposing on the stubborn neck,
 The yoke of stern necessity.
 Avenging power ! propitious prove !
 Who lift'st the unerring scale above !
 Thee incorrupt, and fixed as fate,
 Swift Nemesis ! we celebrate ;
 Who sit'st in blood, in power alli'd,
 Enthron'd by Justice' awful side ;
 Unconquer'd Justice, never slow
 The audacious boast to level low,
 By Nemesis, who gives the doom,
 And hell's avenging gloom !

SCHOLIUM OF ARIPHRON TO HYGEIA.

HYGEIA! most blest of the powers
That tenant the mansions divine,
May I pass in thy presence the hours
That remain, ere in death I recline!

Dwell with me, benevolent charm!
Without the attendance of health,
Not the smiles of affection can warm,
And dull are the splendours of wealth!

The pageant of empire is stale,
That lifts men, like gods, o'er their race,
And the heart's thrilling impulses fail,
Where love beckon'd on to the chase.

Whate'er, in itself, joy can give,
Or that springs from sweet respite of pain,
That mortals or gods can receive,
Blest Hygeia! is found in thy train!

Thy smile kindles up the fresh spring,
The glad, verdant bloom of the soul;
Thee absent, our pleasures take wing,
And sorrow usurps her controul.

L. C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

THE CONVICT'S BRIDE.

Oh do not check, with words severe,
The grief my heart must feel,
Nor frown upon the bitter tear,
I'd fain, but can't, conceal.

I hear you tell me of his shame,
And say a wretch was he,
But ah! his faults let others blame,
He ne'er did wrong to me.

'Twas him my youthful heart first loved,
And vowed to love through life;
Although you say his guilt is proved,
Yet am I still his wife.

Disgraced and guilty though he be,
Though much of harm he's done,
He still is dearest, best, to me,
And to his hapless son.

His son, oh! 'tis a dreadful thought,
That he may live to blame,
Nay, curse the sire who thus has brought
Dishonour on his name.

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But I will clasp my babe, and fly
Across the waters wide,
Where none will scorn the widow's sigh,
Or know the convict's bride.

And when apace my boy shall grow,
By nature's impulse driv'n,
He seeks his father's fate to know,
I'll point to yon blue heav'n.

C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

In fiction's devious wilds the heart misled,
To dull reality ungrateful turns;
Substantial earth's fair plains untempting
spread,
And day's blest beam with light unlovely
burns.

Yet not all Fancy's dreams, most wild and
bright,
Are worth one day of comfort's calm rou-
tine;

And simple Truth, attired in vestal white,
Transcends her starry front and garments
sheen.

And constant woman's fond and glowing
kiss, [tal charms,
And heaven's own workmanship of mor-
Are worth whole ages of imagined bliss,
Lost in ideal beauty's airy arms.

The monster brood that cloudy spectre bore
To rash Ixion, deem not half so vain,
As the fond progeny of minstrel lore,
Nurst in the womb of a distemper'd brain.

Why float these visions of delusive birth
Before the wanderers on the wastes of
time,
Ordained to tread the firm, unyielding earth,
Nor yet the spires of heaven forbidden
climb?

Is it that the soul divine, imprison'd here,
Beyond its dungeon bars essays to roam,
O'erleaps the due progression to its sphere,
Sees forms and shadows of its destined
home?

Or, lost to innocence, to truth, to Eden,
Did our dark curse not quench each early
ray,
But leave its broken beams, to light unbidden
The chequer'd mazes of the exile's way?
L. C.

IMPROMPTU.

Verses sent to a lady with a bouquet of flowers.

Go, lovely flowers, in Delia's bosom bloom,
There shed your sweets, your every beauty
show;
To merit just, she'll praise your sweet per-
fume,
Will praise the beauteous tints with which
you glow.
Can aught she'll say this beauteous bloom
exceed, [part :
Can aught beside such charming sweets im-
Then tell her, yes! dear unassuming maid,
Far sweeter are the virtues of thy heart.
IMONA.

[For the Literary Journal.]

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, April 25, 1788.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

In reading your very friendly and acceptable letter, of the 21st of December, 1787, which came to hand by the last mail, I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to come across that plain American word, "My Wife."—A Wife!—well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find that you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would, as surely as you are a philosopher and a soldier, be taken, one day or other. So, your day has at length come.—I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you:—Now, you are well served for coming to fight in favour of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean,

by catching that terrible contagion, which, like the small pox, or the plague, a man can only have once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America—I don't know how you manage these matters in France) for his life time.—And yet, after all the maledictions you so richly merit on the subject, the worst wish I can find it in my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself, is, that you may neither of you get the better of this domestic felicity during the course of your mortal existence.

If so wonderful an event should have occasioned me, my dear Marquis, to have written in a strange style, you will understand me as clearly as if I had said, (what in plain English is the simple truth,) do me the justice to believe that I take a heartfelt interest in whatever concerns your happiness; and in this view, I sincerely congratulate you on your auspicious matrimonial connection.

I am happy to find that Madame de Chastellux is so intimately con-

nected with the Dutchess of Orleans, as I have always understood that this noble Lady was an illustrious pattern of connubial love, as well as an excellent model of virtue in general.

While you have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages of the north have been making war under the inspiration, or, rather, the infatuation of Mars. Now, for my part, I humbly conceive you had much the best and wisest of the bargain; for certainly, it is more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion, (natural and revealed,) to replenish the earth with inhabitants, rather than depopulate it by killing those already in existence; besides, it is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end.

Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, don't care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but, for the sake of humanity, it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefits of commerce, should supersede the waste of war, and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into plough shares—the spears into pruning hooks—and, as the Scripture expresses it, “the nations learn war no more.”

I will now give you a little news from this side the Atlantic, and then finish. As for us, we are plodding on in the dark road of peace and politics. We, who live in these ends of the earth, only hear of the rumours of war, like the roar of distant thunder. It is to be hoped our remote local situation will prevent us from being swept into its vortex.

The constitution, which was proposed by the Federal Convention, has been adopted by the states of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Georgia. No state has rejected it. The

Convention of Maryland is now sitting, and will probably adopt it, as that of South Carolina will do in May. The other conventions will assemble early in the summer. Hitherto there has been much greater unanimity in favour of the proposed government than could have reasonably been expected. Should it be adopted, (and I think it will be,) America will lift up her head again, and, in a few years, become respectable among the nations. It is a flattering and consolatory reflection, that our rising republic has the good wishes of all philosophers, patriots, and virtuous men, in all nations, and that they look upon it as a kind of asylum for mankind. God grant that we may not be disappointed in our honest expectations by our folly or perverseness!

With sentiments of the purest attachment and esteem,

I have the honour to be,

My Dear Marquis,

Your most obedient and

Humble Servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

P. S. If the Duke de Lauzun is still with you, I beg you will thank him, in my name, for his kind remembrance of me, and make my compliments to him.

May 1st.—Since writing the above, I have been favoured with a duplicate of your letter, in the hand writing of a lady, and cannot close this, without acknowledging my obligations to the flattering postscript of the fair transcriber. In effect, my dear Marquis, the characters of this interpreter of your sentiments, are so much fairer than those through which I have been accustomed to decipher them, that I already consider myself as no small gainer by your matrimonial connection; especially, as I hope that your amiable amanuensis will not forget, at some times, to add a few annotations of her own to your original text.

I have just received information that the convention of Maryland has ratified the proposed constitution, by a majority of 63 to 11.

G. W.

[For the Literary Journal.]

LETTERS ON MILITARY EVENTS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Camp at Peekskill, August 3, 1777.

SIR,

THE letter from General Washington, of which the enclosed is a copy, was just received, and you will observe the contents, and in consequence thereof, send on as many of the militia, well equipped with arms and ammunition, as possible, and in the speediest manner, for the defence of this post, and the passes in the Highlands. There are now at Kingsbridge about 6,000 men; on Staten Island 2,000. Three hundred horses came from Long Island the other day, with carriages and waggons; and the preparations are as though some important expedition was at hand.

Yours,

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Maj. Gen. Wolcott.

Chester, August 1, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE this moment received intelligence by express, that the enemy's fleet yesterday, about 8 o'clock, sailed out of the Capes on an eastern course. This surprising and unexpected event gives me the greatest anxiety, and unless every possible exertion is made, may be productive of the happiest consequences to the enemy, and most injurious to us. I have directed General Sullivan's division, and the two brigades that left you last, immediately to return and recross the river, and shall forward the rest of the army with all the expedition in my power. I have also written to Governor Clinton, requesting him instantly to reinforce you with

as many of the militia of the state of New-York as he can; and you are, on receipt of this, to send an express to Governor Trumbull, urging him to assist you with as many of the Connecticut militia as he can, and without a moment's loss of time. The importance of preventing Mr. Howe's getting possession of the Highlands by a *coup de main* is infinitely great, and in the present situation of things, every effort that can be thought of must be used. The probability of his going more eastward is exceedingly small, and the ill effect that might attend such a step inconsiderable in comparison with those that would inevitably attend a successful stroke upon the Highlands. Connecticut cannot be in more danger through any other channel than this, and every motive of its own interest and the general good, demand its utmost endeavours to give you effectual assistance; Governor Trumbull will easily be made sensible of this.

Yours,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Maj. Gen. Putnam.

STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,

IN the second number of the third volume of your Journal, I find the review of a pamphlet, under the following title: "*Transactions of the Medical Society of the State of New-York for the year 1820, together with the Annual Address, by John Stearns, M. D. President of the Society. Albany, 1820. pp. 29. 8vo.*"

As I had read, with some attention, the pamphlet under consideration, I was surprised at the perversions and mistatements which frequently occurred in the course of the review. This was so different from any thing I had heretofore discovered in this Journal, and so much at

variance with its professions and high character, that I was induced to inquire whether it was the production of those who usually conducted this department. Your assurance, that it was entirely from a foreign source, and that the pamphlet had never been submitted to your inspection, impelled me to adopt an opinion unfavourable to the reputation of the author for candour and veracity. Whether I have done any injustice to the reviewer by promulgating this opinion, the public will be able to decide by attending to the subsequent remarks.

The first impropriety that occurs to my notice, is the selection of a literary journal as the vehicle of medical communications. The author must have been aware, that his work could only have been duly appreciated, and his errors exposed, but by professional men. Whether he has studiously avoided the medical journals with this view, or for the purpose of more widely diffusing calumny, and giving it a keener edge, are secrets within his own breast, which I feel no solicitude to elicit.

After congratulating the public upon the revival of the State Society from "that apathy which had hitherto deadened its energies," he takes a rapid flight to the college of physicians and surgeons in this city, on whom he has bestowed no ordinary degree of acrimony. From the intimate knowledge he has displayed of the measures, preliminary and subsequent to the recent reorganization of that college, and the deep interest he has manifested in the result, there is no doubt, that he is one of those who essentially contributed to effect that important change.

Without stopping to ask a solution of the enigma, how "the commencement of life at the age of thirty can be considered *premature*," I shall proceed to the following quotation. "It is a notorious fact, that young men have been admitted to the prac-

tice of physic without any testimonials, or any inquiries respecting their compliance with the requisitions of the law. It is to be hoped that the regents will take this subject into consideration, and devise some effectual measure to prevent the admission of young men to the privileges of the profession, who have not studied medicine at least *four years*." This, and a variety of similar observations, induce a belief that the author does not know that students are already compelled to study *four years*, and that as effectual checks against abuses have been provided by the legislature as can possibly be devised by the regents.

Is the medical profession obliged to receive "the refuse of all others," and even "of watchmakers and shoemakers, without controul, or any test whereby a judgment may be formed as to the capacity or specific character of the mind of the applicant?" Have not the censors the unlimited power of determining all these specific points? And where can this power be more safely deposited, or more competently exercised, than in the hands of the most eminent medical men? I hope the reviewer's *ensorial* power is not exerted with that "laxity" which he imputes to others.

I will pass over the minor topics of the review, and hasten to the President's address, on which he has shed copious effusions of gall. He begins with the following *modest* and *decorous* denunciation. "While we think that this address does the Society no honour, we conceive that it should involve it in no disgrace." After reading this summary opinion, I am prepared to find it fortified, by an exposure of the most consummate folly and ignorance. Let me then place my little bark in the wake of this gigantic man of war, and pursue his course through the tempestuous ocean of criticism. Should the address fall in the conflict, I may ensure my own

safety by the respectful distance which I mean to preserve.

After recapitulating a variety of topics in the order of their occurrence, some of which have been so perverted as to become unintelligible, and perfectly ridiculous, he proceeds to make the following assertion: "The author supposes that a life of virtue, perpetuated through a succession of generations, would restore that beauty, *moral* and physical, which man lost in paradise. How is it possible for a believer in revelation to hold such an idea?" The President would have richly merited the fulminations denounced by the reviewer for uttering opinions so heterodox, had they been found in the address; but, unfortunately for the author, the following correct quotation, of the only sentence relating to this subject, will show them to be totally unfounded.

"Experience and revelation afford ample evidence, that a life of virtue is necessarily connected with moral happiness; and if perpetuated through a lineal succession of generations, would probably restore that beauty, health, and felicity, which man lost in Paradise." As the design here is to show the influence of the mind upon the body, it is well known to the reviewer that the only beauty alluded to is exclusively corporeal—but as this is entirely hypothetical, it is not asserted or believed that a life of rigid virtue, from infancy to old age, can, in our depraved state, ever be perpetuated through a succession of generations sufficient to show the complete success of the experiment. Neither is there any direct or implied allusion to "moral beauty."

Is it then by imputing to the address sentiments repugnant to its general character, that he is to prove the charge of "dishonour and disgrace?"

Upon this principle, and by such weapons, even his own unblemished reputation might be successfully assailed, and blasted forever.

The connection between corporeal

deformity and mental depravity, and the reason assigned for excluding deformed persons from the Priesthood under the Levitical law, because they profaned the sanctuary, have also incurred the indignant severity of the reviewer. He boldly charges the President with ignorance of the scriptures, and "of referring to them for the unhallowed purpose of making them the subject of merriment and derision."

It is presumed that every one, and especially an officious obtruder, is a perfect master of the subject he undertakes to review—no charity ought therefore to be exercised toward him, when he not only discovers ignorance in himself, but charges it upon others.

In the 21st chapter of Leviticus, the author will find a list of deformed persons excluded from the Priesthood, and in the 23d verse the reason for such exclusion assigned by the supreme Being himself, "that they profane not my sanctuary." This single line, pronounced by such authority, is not susceptible of any cavilling construction. It at once decides the question, and ends the controversy; and notwithstanding the high-toned severity of the reviewer, is in perfect accordance with his own explanation. How sin deforms the body as well as the mind, is one of the mysteries of Divine revelation which we are not permitted to know. I presume it was never intended to intimate that benevolent and pious souls may not inhabit deformed bodies; evidence to the contrary frequently occurs to our notice. The only safe conclusion that I can deduce from this is, that deformity was the effect of iniquity in the fathers, and therefore, according to the declaration of the Almighty, "visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." None but an infidel can doubt the fact, when pronounced by such authority, or deny the mysterious effects of sin. How far it will affect

a body without this hereditary corruption, is a question which none can decide, as no such case, since the fall of Adam, can possibly occur.

The reviewer complains that he cannot comprehend, how the necessary connection between our happiness and the love of God can be mathematically demonstrated, neither can he understand the evidence adduced to show the concentration of the soul in the eye, beside a variety of other topics which he has successively enumerated.

I trust it will be deemed unnecessary to go into an exposition of principles to demonstrate facts so well established, and if they are too humble for the intellectual flight of the reviewer, while elevated by the buoyant spirit of satire, he will in his calmer moments descend to their perfect comprehension.

"I do not believe with the author, that it is by the *expression of the eye* that kindred souls are to be united hereafter, and the eternal separation effected between the good and the bad." Neither does the "author" believe it, nor has he ever uttered a sentiment that bears to it the least analogy."

The following is a correct quotation of that part to which he is supposed to allude :

"May not this power of the eye result, from the efforts of souls to unite with kindred souls, or to repulse the adverse, and thus exhibit a feeble specimen of their affinities and their repulsions, which, when disembodied, they powerfully exert, either to effect an infinite separation between the good and the bad, or to unite the former in close connection with each other, and ultimately with the great source of all spirit, the rock from which they were hewed. This has been aptly compared to the attractive and repulsive properties of matter ; and of which the soul, while incarcerated in the body, is as perfectly unconscious as is the stone in the

well of its own gravity." It is not here stated to be the "expression of the eye" that unites or separates disembodied souls ; but that the eye, which in Christ shed a lustre that none could resist, affords a feeble specimen of those affinities of the soul, in a separate state, which produce an instantaneous union of such as are of a congenial nature.

The assertion that fear produces small pox and plague, without any exposure to these diseases, rests upon the authority of three respectable authors, referred to in the address, and is not affirmed as a positive fact.

But who can limit the operation of the soul upon the body, and say what effects it cannot produce ? When we consider that the body is a mass of inert matter, operated upon, and moved exclusively by the soul within, we must admit that these changes on its surface are of minor importance. But this subject is yet involved in deep obscurity.

I have thus briefly noticed the prominent topics of the review, not for the purpose of criminating the author, but for merely vindicating the address from the unmerited censure which he has so lavishly bestowed. While I would do homage to the head, I cannot refrain my commiseration for that depravity of heart, which could dictate such gross aberrations from candour and truth.

When the reviewer resumes his pen, we beg leave to recommend to his frequent revision; the following important maxim :

"Magna est veritas et prævalebit."

W.

MSS. of Cicero, &c.—Mr. Peyron, professor of the Oriental languages in the university of Turin, has lately discovered some hitherto unknown MSS. of Cicero and of St. Augustine.—An account from Schwerin mentions, that two large chests full of antiques have been found in the Grand Ducal Palace, in a wing which was built by the celebrated Wallenstein, during the thirty years war.

SELECTIONS.

MR. HOPKINSON'S REPORT.

[Loud complaints of pecuniary distress are iterated from every quarter of the union. The legislatures of several of the states have taken into consideration the means of relief. That of Tennessee appears to be seriously engaged on the subject, as appears by a late Knoxville paper; which says, "There appears but little doubt of the passage of the loan office bill; unless the difference of opinion, which is said to exist, as to some of its details, may cause its destruction. An overwhelming majority are in favour of its general principles. Some are in favour of vesting the money with the county courts to be loaned out." A single glance at this method of States loaning to embarrassed individuals, is sufficient, we should suppose, to perceive its inefficacy for the end proposed. Beside the difficulty of making a just discrimination between those who seek assistance, there will necessarily be a want of confidence in the security they will be able to offer; and, without undoubted security, it would be madness in any legislative body to loan the money of the people to further the experimental projects of individuals. He who owes government, too frequently expects indulgence, and is apt to regulate his conduct accordingly. Evidences of this may be found among the purchasers of the western lands of the United States. Congress, during the last session, deemed it necessary to alter the terms for selling their lands from a credit to cash payments; and the most cogent reason for the measure was, the vast amount due from purchasers, and the danger that would thence result from its creating a powerful interest in opposition to the just claims of government. But we deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon this ourselves, since we are enabled to give our readers the able report on this subject, submitted by Mr. Hopkinson to the Legislature of New-Jersey, at their late session:]

The General Assembly of the State of New-Jersey, deeply sensible of the pecuniary embarrassments of many of their fellow citizens, and anxiously desirous of relieving them, have given their utmost attention to the petitions presented on this interesting subject. They have sought, from the resources of their own minds, as well as from the wisdom and experience of others, for some just and practicable remedy for existing evils; but, at the same time, they have not been unmindful of the difficulties of the case; and have hesitated to adopt measures of redress, of whose justice and policy they are doubtful, and of the efficacy of which they have no reasonable assurance. Palliatives, which may suspend the pain for a season, but do not remove the disease, are not restoratives of health; and it is worse than useless to lessen the present pressure by means which will finally plunge us deeper in distress. It is our duty not to deceive the people, and rather to bear their immediate displeasure, than delude them with promises that must fail in their performance—or trifle with their misfortunes by specious experiments that cannot alleviate them. When men suffer, it is natural they should complain; and they are unwilling to believe their case admits of no cure but by slow and gradual means. They impatiently, if not indignantly, abandon the physician who pretends to no miraculous powers of healing, and fly to the empiric who promises all they desire, and betrays them into deeper distress.—From these remarks, the result of the inquiries of the Assembly may be anticipated; and if it disappoints

the hopes of many, we trust we shall have credit for the sincerity of our sympathy with those that suffer ; and for the gratification we would have felt had it been in our power to diminish their distress.

Two projects only have been agitated here, or, perhaps, thought of elsewhere : First, that the state shall loan a competent sum of money to such persons as are in need of it, upon sufficient security for its repayment at a proper period of credit. Many objections present themselves, at once, to this proposition. In the first place, the state has no money to lend ; and unless the sum loaned be very considerable, say half a million of dollars, the relief afforded will be hardly felt.—It is undoubtedly true, the state may borrow ; but to impose heavy taxes, at this time, upon the people, to pay the interest of the loan, amounting to thirty thousand dollars a year, with that punctuality which will be required of the state, and which she cannot exact from those who will borrow from her, seems neither to be politic nor just. When we consider, too, the loss of interest for the period that must elapse between the borrowing the money by the state, and the re-lending to individuals ; that much will certainly be lost in the expenses of distributing it, and taking the necessary securities, and probably much more in the expenses of recovering it when due, the objection increases in strength. Further, we perceive great difficulties in making such a distribution of this fund as would attain the object desired, or be tolerably satisfactory to the people. Will those who most want it be able to give the required security, which it is presumed will be a mortgage of unincumbered real estate ? Can there be many who are able to give such security, in very serious need of this extraordinary aid ? But a stronger objection to this measure remains : The loan, at best, will be but a tem-

porary assistance ; it will neither discharge the debt which presses the debtor, nor enable him to do it ; it changes the creditor, and extends the credit ; and does no more. If we could believe, that the difficulties complained of are temporary, produced by some unexpected and transient cause, by the failure of crops which another and a better season might remedy, we should see a source from which the debtor might restore the money advanced, and the negotiation would be reasonable and safe on both sides ; but assuredly this is not the case. As the causes of distress are not of to-day, or yesterday, but lie deeply rooted in the condition of our country for more than twenty years, now suddenly changed, it is idle to hope to be restored to prosperity by expedients of an hour—by short-lived remedies—which may give ease to the troubled heart for a moment, but must finally deepen its distress.

Our people have had an unexampled course of prosperity ; wealth has flowed into every hand that would open to receive it ; neither industry nor capacity was necessary for its accumulation. Our extravagance has, at least, kept pace with our fortune ; and we have acquired habits of expense unknown in any other country. It is painful to descend from this envied station ; and amidst the cries of real distress, it cannot be denied we hear some of the murmurings of mortified pride and retrenching luxury. It appears abundantly clear to the Assembly, that the proposed loan, while it would involve the state in a heavy debt, and require the imposition of burthensome taxes, can afford no radical cure for the evils under which we suffer ; which remedy can be obtained only by a great change in the political state of Europe ; or the slow and patient effects of industry and economy. The debtor may get some ease a short time, but at the end of it he will find himself a

debtor still, probably with an increase of the debt, and a diminution of his means of satisfying it. He who pays one man by borrowing from another, but postpones the day of reckoning; the procrastinated crisis generally returns with new violence. We will make but one further suggestion on this part of the subject. Creditors are sharp sighted to the situation of their debtors, and judge well how their interest will be best served. When, therefore, there is not an irretrievable insolvency, (in which case the state would not and ought not to lend,) creditors will be disposed from a regard to that interest, independent of the motives of humanity, to forbear with their debtor; to refrain from wanton sacrifices of property which ruin the debtor, disable him from doing justice to his creditors, and fail to produce funds for satisfying their debts. If these loans are made to embarrassed men, shall we not see a pressure upon them, each creditor straining to get hold of it; and as it will hardly, in any case, be sufficient to pay all, those who may be disappointed will feel and show their resentment. For these reasons, and others they will naturally suggest, the Assembly cannot adopt the proposition of a loan of money by the state to oppressed debtors.

The second proposition has been to suspend the execution of judgments for debt, for a limited time, on certain terms and conditions. All the remarks before made on the inefficacy and impolicy of attempting partial and temporary palliatives for the evils complained of, apply, with equal force, to this proposition. It is not, it cannot be, intended to suspend the creditor's right indefinitely; much less to extinguish his debt; and it should be very distinctly shown, that at the end of a reasonable period of suspension, the debtor will be in a situation to discharge the debt, before we venture upon such an inter-

position of legislative power. Some gentlemen of the house believe, such an interference with the rights and contracts of individuals to be utterly repugnant to the constitution; and all must admit it is a very delicate and hazardous proceeding. If this were otherwise, the Assembly believes that far from relieving, it will add to our difficulties. It is altogether a mistake to suppose there is a deficiency of money in our country; and there is therefore no reason that we should turn farms and cattle into a circulating medium, and compel creditors to take them in payment of their debts. The defect is in mutual confidence; and the alarming reduction of the value of property of every kind. It is most obvious that this distrust will greatly increase, if the man who has money to lend is deprived of the powers of the law to recover it from a delinquent debtor, who is thus protected in the breach of contract. Even the daily credit given for necessaries of life, so convenient to the poor, must cease; and no prudent man will part with his property until he receives the stipulated consideration. What will become of the immense portion of the business of the community which is done by credit and confidence? It is not easy to foresee all the injurious consequences that will follow so important a change in the business of society; it is, in fact, to new mould it; to regulate the commercial intercourse of our citizens on new principles; and extending to past transactions, to strike vitally at the confidence in contracts. We will not say that a state of things might not exist where it might be indispensable, and therefore justifiable, to resort to such desperate means of salvation; but we do not believe any such extremity of distress has yet come upon us; and we prefer to trust to slower and safer means of redress; which we believe will be found in the industry, economy, and prudence of our people;

and in that power of self-regulation and restoration so often discerned in human affairs, which, when left to itself, has removed difficulties greater than ours—THEREFORE,

Resolved, 1. That it is not expedient, at this time, for the state to borrow money for the purpose of loaning it to such individuals as may be in want of it.

2. That it is not expedient, at this time, to prevent or suspend the execution of judgments obtained by creditors against the debtors, further than may now be done by course of law.

Mr. H.'s clear and perspicuous style, and the candid and statesman like manner in which he treats every subject presented, renders him well calculated to become the biographer, and the compiler of the works of Alexander Hamilton, in which arduous undertaking, we have been informed, he is now engaged. The proper execution of such a work requires the energies of the greatest mind. We trust Mr. Hopkinson will do justice to the subject, and gain a lasting reputation to himself. T.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

[We select the following article from the *Microscope*, a semi-weekly paper published at New-Haven, and edited, we believe, by some of the students of Yale College. It relates to a subject of considerable importance in a Christian community, and we hope, the seasonable suggestions of the writer may not be without their due effect.]

Ed.

THE person that said, he cared not who legislated for a people, if he could only compose their poetry and music, evinced much knowledge of the human character. The talismanic influence of appropriate national songs is felt and acknowledged throughout the world. The greatness of the consequences produced by *Ca Ira* and *Gironde* in revolution-

ary France, and the melting, soul-subduing power of *Ranz des Vaches* upon Swiss soldiers when in a foreign land, are matters of historical record. The animating air of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled* never fails to produce its effect upon a Caledonian ear. And what son or daughter of New-England is there, whose heart has not often leapt under the electric, thrilling influence, of our own loved *Yankee-Doodle*? Or, where is the American, on whose ear the patriotic strain of *Hail Columbia!* can fall without rousing him to unwonted emotions? Or, what man, whether savage or civilized, of whatever nation, who does not feel within him something of the soldier, when deeply beats the drum and loudly plays the fife.

The influence of music is not limited to the excitement of martial feelings. There is not an emotion of which the human heart is susceptible, but can by it be charmed from its lurking place. The tear that glistens in the eye, and the sigh that heaves the bosom—the exultation of joy that illumines the countenance and quickens the step—the smile of complacency, and the flush of indignation—in short, every emotion comes at its bidding. It seems to be the very key that gives access to the innermost recesses of the heart.

The most valuable end answered by music is yet to be mentioned: it is the hand-maid to devotion. All denominations of Christians have shown their estimate of its importance by making it a prominent part of social worship. A great evil has in some cases arisen from inadequate conceptions of its solemnity. But it should be remembered that music has its share in the proudest expression of praise that is heard in the courts of Heaven. And those who are inclined to suspect that music usually diminishes the solemnity of a religious assembly, and doubt whether any music is capable of adding to it,

should be careful lest they question the wisdom of the Being, who has declared that the most solemn of all days shall be introduced by the sounding of the trumpet of an arch angel, and that the congregated dead shall thus be awakened to judgment.

Although the singing is, next to prayer, the most direct act of worship into which we are capable of entering, it is astonishing to observe how little devotional feeling most congregations manifest during this portion of divine service. The real object is, to appearance, usually lost sight of. This may, in part, be attributed to a want of care in the selection of tunes, but more, perhaps, to the want of skill in those who lead in this department. There is probably no species of quackery and imposition more common, than that which exists in the case of those who style themselves *Teachers of sacred music*. One of the first things which in our country pops into the head of the man who is a decent singer, and is a little pressed in his pecuniary matters, is to turn to teaching music; and there are so few men who profess to be able, or are in truth able to discriminate between barely tolerable and really superior singing, that the imposition is in many cases undiscovered. The natural and necessary consequences of this state of things are but too visible in most of the villages of our country, and in many of the larger places.

Such is our estimate of the obligation to participate in this part of religious worship, that we deem every man sacredly bound to endeavour to become qualified for it by competent instruction; and nothing can, we conceive, discharge this obligation, but the unequivocal discovery (after a fair trial) that he has not the requisite vocal powers. We have often wondered why the Profession, to whom it appropriately belongs, so

seldom attempt to give their hearers proper views on the subject.

We are happy to state, that associations for the advancement of sacred music, have recently been established in this city, and have already given decisive indications of their utility. Our only wish is, that the most ardent expectations of their founders may be realized, and that similar institutions may spring up and flourish in every quarter of our country.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

[From the American.]

[The sentiments contained in the following remarks, breathe a spirit of candour and independence. It is with pleasure we give them an insertion.]

That the inhabitants of Great Britain are our natural enemies, seems to have grown into an axiom which we are bound to believe, and transmit to our posterity. This discovery has been gradually developed by a series of aggression on our part, and of resistance on ours.—Philosophers, who no doubt understand these matters, attribute this hostility of feeling to the fact of our common origin and pursuits: hence we derive the inestimable benefit of reading each other's abuse, and of vexing each other by mutual deficiencies and comparisons. In this strife of words, each party is wont to maintain his nation's claims of superiority, by reviling the other with frailties common to both. No points in the dispute are admitted, no concessions interposed, until the disputants finish the contest by arguing themselves into the bitterest hatred and contempt of each other, nationally and individually. Without investigating the causes that have naturally impeded the growth and progress of literature in a nation just

risen to manhood, or considering how far moral influence in any country has been overrated in the production of human happiness, we are condemned by these censors to everlasting reproach. We are charged with being an exceedingly rude, ignorant, vain-glorious, and factious people, destitute of invention, learning, or taste; and above all, that we pride ourselves on speaking and writing a language alien and abhorrent to the understanding of an English scholar. This intolerant spirit will not deign to encourage any efforts of ours to vindicate us from the stigma of barbarism. When an American author hazards his work to the world, it is seized upon by British Reviewers as a sort of outlaw and intruder in the republic of letters; the book is put to the torture of criticism, and the author is condemned to the odious penalty of furnishing evidence of his own and his country's disgrace. In this pitiful warfare of abuse, the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews have stood forth the champions of England. At one period we were under a belief that their natural hostility towards each other would have protected us, but they now seem to have formed an alliance of opinion against us, and actually make common cause in carrying the war into the very bowels of our land. We magnanimously reprint their attacks, and then fall into a most unreasonable passion. What a provoking stimulant is this to the acrid wit of a reviewer; how he may revel in the consciousness of being read by those whom he intends to vex and calumniate! Mr. Dwight very gravely proposes that we should return the enemy's attacks by concentrating our wits in a rival Review; but unless he can prevail with John Murray, of Albemarle-street, to reprint, and provide for its being read by the authority of an order in council, the proposition will not avail.

It will be better to entrust our de-

fence to Mr. Walsh; he once served as a subaltern in the ranks of the enemy, and has shown the world how competently he is skilled in the nature of their insidious tactics. He has diligently collected the iniquities of both nations, and fairly convinced us of what we suspected before, that we are not quite so bad as they. He has told them in substance that we have been better employed than in writing poetry like Lord Byron's, or prose like Dugald Stewart's; that the mind that might have caught inspiration by similar pursuits, has been expended in organizing a republic, and in subduing the wilderness. What he means to tell them in his second volume we know not, but we fear this logic of recrimination is not calculated to terminate the dispute. We humbly admonish him to vary his mode of attack; to display his columns more fearfully, and compel the enemy to acknowledge his own strength and our superiority.

But what is the real origin of this quarrel, and why are we destined to a state of perpetual hostility?

The English are a haughty people, and despise every other nation, more especially ours. Mr. Walsh has taught us to entertain a pretty good opinion of ourselves, and it must be confessed, that in this virtue we were never very delinquent. We are too apt to indulge ourselves in a tone of hyperbole; our designs partake of the vast, the sublime, and the impossible; our orators and our statesmen are by the authority of newspapers, prodigies of genius and wisdom. We were lately assured that a certain Senator's speech combined the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, and Pitt! In speaking of John Bull, we take a delight in galling his age and infirmities, and vexing his humours and oddities; we are perpetually standing tip-toe, and calling upon him to look up at us; we take pleasure in threatening him

with bankruptcy, and of reproaching him with extravagance; we then provokingly appeal to our own acknowledged prosperity. We forget that the proudest pages of our history recount his disgraces; that, in fact, our triumphs are his defeats.

Now, it is possible that many of the loyal subjects of this decaying monarchy have prejudices by no means fitted to endure our taunts with that temper of submission and inferiority which becomes them: hence are they provoked to find out our vulnerable points of character; and it must be confessed, that their malice has been too successful, if we may judge by our anger, and eagerness to vindicate ourselves from aspersion. We are sick of reading apologies for our ignorance; they betray precisely the weaknesses we wish to conceal, and gratify our accusers in the advantages they claim.

Let them sneer at our literature, our government, and our manners; the time is not far distant when this pitiful contumely will be remembered to their dishonour. We hear no more jests at our striped bunting; the sort of answer we gave them on that subject, seems to have been perfectly satisfactory. As to ourselves, let us go forward silently and diligently upon the principles that gave birth to our nation. Thus far, our progress needs no vain eulogy, nor humiliating vindication. We may safely defy the malice and falsehood of the Weldes, the Parkinsons, the Moores, the Fearons, the Ashes, and even the mighty Reviewers.*

* Welde was rewarded for his stupid labours by an office in the customs at Dublin. Farmer Parkinson was laughed at by the Reviewers, and paid by his government, for discouraging emigration. Moore has written a letter of manly recantation of his youthful errors. As to Fearon, it is a fact that his letters, actually written from the United States, expressed opinions the reverse of those he published; but his necessities compelled him to write a book that would sell in the English market.

But that English authors of the first eminence, are insensible to the reception of their works, and the immortality that awaits them, we cannot believe; they regard us with higher views, and better feelings; they know that it is on this boundless *English* continent that they are destined to reap imperishable rewards.

What results may not be rationally anticipated, in the progress of years, from a countless population, united by every tie of national existence;—by language, by religion, by an enlightened system of legislation, and by a love of civil liberty? So many elements of power and greatness, such an unity of causes, must give an impulse to the human mind, that will do more for the happiness of mankind, for literature, and for science, than the world has yet witnessed. A successful work or discovery; a fortunate application of science to the arts, will at once confer on its author those rewards which have been withheld by contemporaries, and that renown which has been left to the gratitude of posterity. Dugald Stewart was accustomed, in his lectures on political economy, to dwell upon this train of speculation with that benevolence of feeling and dignified eloquence, which has justly conferred on him the title of the philosopher of mankind.

But these anticipations are not founded upon the downfall of England; for even this unfeeling charge has not been forgotten against us.—The swelling auguries of our vindicators in their visions of national glory, may have predicted this calamity for the sake of rounding a period. But even in this propensity to boast, we may discern the strongest feature of our English origin. With them, it has laid the foundation of national pride, and with us, after its first fermentation, it will be productive of similar advantages. Upon the whole, we are sure that the United States have amply realized the

expectations of the world ; that they have proved themselves competent to every exigency, either of war or peace, and that for half a century to come, they will require no apologists, no appeals from the judgments of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

L.

LORD BYRON AND MR. JEFFREY.

[The following severe remarks on Lord Byron, and on Mr. Jeffrey, the principal editor of the Edinburgh Review, are from the June No. of Blackwood's Magazine. Lord Byron will, no doubt, feel himself called upon to come out with a second part of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." And if Mr. Jeffrey "writes as well and thinks as profoundly at present as he did at five-and-twenty," the "Ebony" gentleman may expect the retort courteous.]

Extracts from Mr. Wastle's Diary.

June 2.—*Don Juan, &c.*—I have just seen my friend Mr. B——, who is fresh from London. He has seen the two new cantos of *Don Juan*, which he says have been sent back to Lord Byron, to be softened into something like a publishable shape. They contain, *inter alia*, he mentions, an attack on Blackwood's Magazine, whereof I wish my good friend Ebony much gladness, for such abuse will,

"I verily believe, promote his sale,"

which is of course his Alpha and Omega. I should be curious, however, to see what it is that Lord Byron thinks himself entitled to take offence with in the Magazine. He has always been praised in it, it appears to me, above his merits ; and as to the attacks on his *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, surely he has too much sense to care for such trifles as these. This age seems certainly well entitled, on the whole, to the name Coleridge somewhere gives it—"the age of thin-skins ;" but I never had sus-

pected Lord Byron of being so much tinged with the epidemic failing. His lordship had better take care, however, for *give and take* is a fair motto now-a-days ; and much as he has been abused on all hands in the general, how easy a thing would it be, to attack him in a thousand indefensible points, to which, whether from the stupidity or from the good nature of the world, not a single finger has yet been pointed. I hope, for my part, to see some precious fun, if he really give the signal for the commencement of a war in that quarter. We shall see what can be done. I am glad, at all events, to hear, that his lordship has rather been changing some of his political opinions ; *Par excellence* I rejoice to hear, that he has been abusing his old Jackall Hobhouse, for his conjunction with the radicals. I scarcely can think the newspaper version of Lord Byron's song against Cam Hobhouse is a correct one—it is so very unequal ; but the idea seems to be good, and so are some of the rhymes—*hobbyo, lobbyo, mobbio, my boy Hobbyo!* This must gall the new member for Westminster grievously.

The prophecy of Dante will, I have no doubt, be a fine thing ; but I certainly am much more anxious for Cantos III. and IV. Frere had all the merit of inventing or reinventing that style, but his pure fun and pure wit would not do when Lord Byron brought personal, political, and critical satire into the field. Yet the Beasts have not had fair play—and I shall never be weary of reading the two first Whistlecrafts.

June 8.—*Edinburgh Review, No. LXVI.*—I have read two articles in the New Number of the Edinburgh Review, one of them evidently written by Mr. Jeffrey. I have a great respect for Mr. Jeffrey's talents, and believe him to be on the whole by far the first man the whig party in Scotland have to boast of ; but it is impossible, at this time of day, to

shut one's eyes to the fact, that he has been more over-rated in his character of an English writer, than any man of our time. One of the worst omens for the permanence of his fame, may be found in this circumstance, that he wrote just as well and thought just as profoundly at five-and-twenty, as he does now at fifty. The most obvious and prevailing faults of his manner of thinking, are overweening arrogance, and continual contempt for what he feels himself unable to understand—of his style, pertness, *snappishness*, (the word is a favourite of his own,) and affectation. These faults were all regarded with much tolerance while he was young; but now, that he has begun to verge somewhat toward the yellow leaf, compassion is the most favourable feeling they ever excite in my mind. Coxcombry and incipient senility are now equally visible in every thing he says; and the combination is any thing but a happy one. He has lost much of the *verve* that first attracted the notice of the public, and he has replaced it by nothing that is likely to compensate for its absence. I take one great cause of the insipidity of his recent compositions, is to be found in the sore wounds his vanity has received from the blessed failure of all his political predictions, and the utter scorn with which his most elaborate enunciations of critical opinion have been practically sealed and set aside by the voice of the whole of the better part of his countrymen. The degradation of his favourite Napoleon on the one hand, and the exaltation of the fame of Mr. Wordsworth on the other, may be regarded as the two "ill-favoured" images, that draw his curtain at dead of night—insist on assuring him, that his fate is fixed irrevocably—and point with remorseless fingers to the word written on the wall, NEGLECT. But, perhaps, Mr. Jeffrey never had good taste enough to read the Pilgrim's

Progress, so my allusion would be lost on him.

To deny that Mr. Jeffrey is one of the cleverest of men, would be ridiculous. There is a perpetual glitter in the flow of his discourse, and his range of illustration is wide; but perhaps, all this may be accounted for by the comparative shallowness of the stream. He has not depth enough to get hold of any grand idea; and if he had, he has not enthusiasm enough to enjoy it as it ought to be enjoyed. Hence the rapidity of his mental transitions. His course is never delayed by any great obstacle, because he never dreams of overcoming such an obstacle, but glides away *citius dictu* into the easiest channel he can find. Hence it is, that he never satisfies the understanding, which, whatever he may think, is by no means inconsistent with gratifying the fancy more than he ever gratified it. Hence, too, his total want of command over the graver affections. In the structure of his own mind, he is perhaps more exactly *the reverse of a poet* than any clever man that ever lived, and hence the barrenness of his remarks upon all that can be conceived to hold any relation with the internal essence and core of poetical sensibility. He is evidently, in many respects, an amiable man, and he expresses very willingly and very prettily his sympathy with any amiable thoughts he is able to understand; but all the mysterious world of unprosaic loveliness is shut from his eyes, and he has never been fortunate enough to discover his own shortsightedness.

The affectation of gracefulness sits more absurdly on him than it ever did on any writer beyond the limits of the kingdom of Cockaigne. He is an acute, lively, shrewd, vivacious person—but he is sadly mistaken if he believes that elasticity is the *primum mobile* of the *gressus diviniore*. He always put me in mind of the statue of the dancing faun, which was

preferred, by a certain notable Parisian blue-stocking, to all the Antinouses and Apollos in the world. His friskiness of manner would be enough to twist the noblest drapery into tawdriness. "*Semper incedit pumilio*," as the Arbitrator *Elegantiarum* says of a certain stage-player of antiquity; and the northern whigs might as truly say in the language of Juvenal,

"*Nanum nos Atlanta vocamus.*" Sat. VIII.

There is nothing Mr. J. is fonder of talking about than the manner of high life; he is always making allusions to what is "perfectly gentlemanlike," "perfectly easy," "thoroughly well-bred," &c. &c. &c. Now this is highly laughable in one whose whole doctrines, on every subject, are so deeply tinged with the plebeian spirit of levelling—who manifests, on every occasion, such a true *canaille* abhorrence for whatever is lofty in thought, in place, in action. I suspect it to be but a feverish effort of half-conscious poverty on the part of the chivalrous reviewer of Miss Baillie's *De Montfort* and *Basil*. "O! gran bonta de' cavalier' moderni!" There was ten thousand times more vice in that one attack of his on a real lady of majestic genius, than in all that ever the Quarterly Reviewers said of that absurd, gaudy, vulgar, little sentimentalist, *miladi Morgan*. Yet how much more frequently do we find *even Tories* abusing the ungallantry of the Quarterly than that of the Edinburgh. But then the Whigs, with all their faults, have at least this great merit, that they know what it is to stick well together.

They have long been celebrated for sticking well together among themselves; but I consider the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review* as a manifesto of their intentions to stick well together with all—by whatever name they may be called—however much they may be accustomed to treat even the sacred name

of Whig with contempt—that are willing to lend their strength to the great and noble struggle for destroying the present constitution of England. The truth is, that unless the blue-and-yellow has been adopted as the livery of the Hunts and Burdets, the Edinburgh Reviewers ought to change the colour of their cover. Henceforth they seem ambitious to have their book known by the character, if not the name, of *the Radical Review*. They have struck up an alliance with old Solomon Creevey, which may give him much pleasure, but cannot end in any great addition of honour to themselves. Let us see by what fine links they have now bound themselves to the "great chain descending down and down," that begins with a few half crazed drivellers and libellers of higher estate, and ends in the fraternal embrace of the exhumator of Tom Paine's bones, and the hero of the red cap and the white feather of Manchester. The Edinburgh Reviewers cry up Mr. John Cam Hobhouse as a noble English writer, and an accomplished advocate of the cause of liberty all over the world—they differ, indeed, from Mr. John Cam Hobhouse in regard to a few matters of speculation—but he is grateful for what they give—and the *Edinburgh Review* is introduced, with his good word, into all the pamphlet clubs of Smithfield and Westminster; or if you prefer another channel of communication—

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There is nothing so low and base in the whole world of plebeian profligacy with which the great genius of the North can now deny his connection—and assuredly, unless he be a true *ATLAS*, the burden to which he has voluntarily submitted his shoulders, will be found too much for him. Who is so stupid, as not to see what is meant by all this fine talk, about

the "more copious infusion of democracy"—the "approaching final struggle all over the world"—"the advocates of hierarchy—and legitimacy, or tyranny, or by whatever name it may be called," &c. &c. ? These words will be echoed with equal delight in every radical weaving shop, from Manchester to Paisley—and it was meant that they should be so. Is he who sits calmly on the hill-top, and issues the signal for the work of death, less a rebel, and less a traitor, than the poor mechanical butcher that bares his arm and whets his knife for the actual onset ? Is a man to be spared, nay, courted and flattered, only because he wields the pen of a pretty writer, and can half disguise his purpose beneath gaudy trappings of longwinded declamation ? Is insinuation a less deadly weapon than assertion ?—it is only a more safe and elegant one. When a certain Edinburgh Reviewer talked of the late Spanish revolution, as "sounding a note that would be heard from Cadiz to Kirkwall," was he less sensibly, less tangibly, a stirrer up of sedition, than Sir Francis Burdett was, when he wrote his famous Leicestershire letter, about the soldiers that deserted James the Second ? The world has been long enough gulled with smooth phrases ; the time, I trust, is not far distant, when "he that tears off the mistletoe, shall be held," as the Druid law ran, "an enemy to the sacred oak ;" when the evil that is intended, if not produced, "*sape cadendo*," shall be met and arranged as it ought to be, *vi*.

This article on the civil list, is really an abominable mixture of hypocrisy and malice.

Sepia-colour from peat.—That stagnant water in peat-bogs, affords, on evaporation, a substance whence a colour may be extracted equal to that of sepia.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

Late President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in London. By William Carey.

(Continued from page 221.)

As Mr. West did not intend to remain more than two or three months in England, he immediately set out on a tour to inspect some of the best collections of pictures and statues then in this country ; and after having visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Stourhead, Fonthill, Wilton, Longford, near Salisbury, Windsor, and Hampton Court, returned to London, for the purpose of engaging a passage to America. But, fortunately, Mr. Patoune having spoken, in several companies, in high terms of his *Cymon* and *Iphigenia*, and *Angelica* and *Medoro*, mentioned, also, that they were painted by a young American Quaker, who had quitted the wilds of Pennsylvania to study painting in Italy. The singularity of the circumstance reached General Monckton, who, in 1759, had taken the command of the British army after the death of General Wolfe, at the battle of Quebec. This brave officer had only recently returned from America, and he had, there, either seen or heard of Mr. West's brother, who had acted as captain in the Pennsylvania militia, under General Wayne, in 1757. These circumstances induced him to visit Mr. West and his pictures ; and he was so struck with their merit that he sat to him for his own whole-length portrait. His friends being pleased with the likeness and military spirit of the picture, he pressed the artist to remain in England, and recommended him earnestly in his own circle. The portrait by an *American Quaker* made a great noise ; he got some sitters ; and artists and amateurs flocked to his apartments to inspect the

works of a painter from the New World. Romney, who had only settled in London the year before, Gainsborough, Wright of Derby, and Wilson, were among his visitors. General Monckton took him to Reynolds at his house in Leicester-fields, and Reynolds paid him the compliment to call at the general's house and view the portrait. The exhibition for 1764 was just then about to open in Spring Gardens; and at the express request of Reynolds and Wilson, he exhibited the whole-length of General Monckton, with his picture of Cymon and Iphigenia, and that of Angelica and Medoro. The praise bestowed upon those pictures, the advice of friends, and a succession of sitters, induced him to pause in executing his determination to recross the Atlantic. America, as his native country, called upon him with the voice of a parent, and held out to him large temptations to return. His uncles, his father, brothers, sisters, and their families, were living there. He could have returned in triumph, with distinctions such as no American had ever before received. The Academy of Parma had honoured him with a diploma of admission as a member into its body. The Academies of Florence and Bologna had each borne a similar testimony to his genius. Thus dignified in the eyes of his countrymen, and raised to a rank in the order of merit in the old world, he would have stood alone without a competitor for fame and fortune in the new. The prospect of speedy affluence, as a portrait painter, (a branch of his art which he always held in high esteem,) was almost certain to him there, and this solid good would have as certainly been attended with the highest connection and eminence in society, and a celebrity equally unprecedented and extensive upon that vast continent. If his ambition had been of a certain order; if the accumulation of wealth alone had been his object; and that

he had merely sought to be esteemed the first artist of his time and country, he would have at once returned to America, and soon gratified those wishes. But America was destitute of all the means of practice and improvement in historical painting. There were, then, but two good old paintings that he knew of in America. There were no engravings from the works of the great masters; no antique sculptures, no collection of casts in that country. The prejudice of the people rendered it difficult to obtain a naked living model upon any terms; and it was impossible to obtain this advantage without reproach or imputation. Thus, although America was then rapidly advancing in wealth and prosperity, and offered him, in the certainty of celebrity and affluence, that which ordinary minds estimate as every thing, she, in reality, appeared to West to offer him nothing while she withheld the means of practice and improvement, and the hope of fame as an historical painter. England, on the contrary, abounded with discouragements to him. He was not a native, and, therefore, was exposed to a prejudice, from which, at that time, no person born out of England, but an Italian, was free. Although his pictures had met with so favourable a reception, he still was an isolated stranger, and as such was, comparatively, without connection. In London there were collections of fine paintings, statues, casts, and old engravings, to forward his studies in historical painting, but there was then not one patron of historical painting in the country. He felt the absolute necessity and value of portrait painting as the best primary school for colouring, character, and expression. In this essential, Raffaele excelled all other painters—that although his invention was so pure, he guarded against improper license. Every head in his compositions is so far a portrait that its basis was an

implicit study from individual nature, upon which he built a superstructure, refined and exalted by his own genius. West was determined to give up a portion of his time to practice portrait painting, as a study absolutely necessary to ensure his improvement and support while painting history. But in portrait he could not have hoped to equal Reynolds, who, in taste, grace, character, expression, vigour, and richness, shone without a modern equal; and, in his best works, rivalled the finest portraits of the ancients. Beside Reynolds, he must have to contend with Gainsborough, Dance, Romney, Ramsey, Cotes, Wright, and a long string of portrait painters. There were *one hundred and forty-one artists* in "the incorporated society" in 1765! and in the zenith of her glory, the taste of England, in painting and sculpture, was low indeed: "*nothing could exceed the ignorance of a people, who were, in themselves, learned, ingenious, and highly cultivated in all things excepting the arts of design.*"—(Mem. of Sir J. R. by Joseph Farrington, R. A., p. 48.) Yet with all these gloomy prospects and staggering disadvantages, West's enthusiasm determined him to reject his brilliant certainties in America, and cope with all the difficulties before him in England, in the hope of distinguishing himself as an historical painter in this country. He wrote to his father, at Springfield, earnestly persuading him to come over as an escort to Miss Shewell, and he wrote as earnestly entreating his bride elect to accompany his father to England, for the purpose of accelerating their marriage. His letters, which explained his prospects and determination, with frankness, were successful. He received, by the speediest return, their answers, announcing the eve of their departure from Philadelphia. At this time he lodged in Castle-street, Leicester-fields; but he immediately took a

house within two doors, in the same street, to be prepared for their reception. They landed safely in a few weeks, and he received the hand of Miss Shewell in marriage shortly after their arrival.

So far facts show the powerful force with which Mr. West's whole train of thinking, his passions, hopes, and desires, were concentrated in the pursuit of excellence in the highest department of painting. He realised that intense devotion which Sir J. Reynolds had in his view, when he wrote to Barry—"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed."—(Barry's Works, v. i. p. 84.) We have some quacks, at present, in London, who would make this intense devotion in a public writer, a subject for censure; but this intensity, which Dr. Johnson considered a proof of capacity, and Reynolds recommended as the means of excellence, always governed Mr. West upon the subject of his art, although he was from religious habit and mildness of temper, calm upon every other occasion. To form a correct estimate of the services which Mr. West rendered to the British school, it is necessary to throw another glance at the state of the arts about the time when he arrived in England. We do not recollect on record, one nobleman or gentleman during the reign of George the Second, who gave a commission for an historical picture. There was no such thing as historical patronage or historical painting in this country. That king was an excellent monarch, but he had no taste for the fine arts; and, although he had been induced, from its being, in some degree, connected with the politics of the day, to send for Hogarth's capital picture of the "March of the Guards to Finchley"—he neither purchased it, made any compliment to the painter, nor ever after noticed

him by a commission. The interest which, in 1750, obtained that great genius the place of sergeant painter to the king, would have obtained the place for any inferior artist. Hogarth's spirited pencil contributed little to his fortune; it was his *graver* that made his fame and income. The wealth of the country tempted some foreign painters over here in that reign; but they did not realise their expectations. Damini; Joseph Nollkens, of Antwerp; Andrea Soldi, a Florentine; the Chevalier Rusca, a Milanese; and Guicamo Amiconi, a Venetian; made efforts here as historical painters; but were obliged to paint ornamental figures and slight stories on ceilings and staircases, and betake themselves to portraits for a living. The "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce," in the Adelphi, established in 1753, had proved a fountain of public benefit in many other departments, but, with the best intentions, the directors of that public spirited body wanted taste and knowledge in the fine arts, to enable them, at all times, to fulfil their own admirable object. It is enough to say that they voted their premium to the landscapes of Smith, of Chichester, in preference to those of Rich. Wilson. Their premium of sixty guineas for the best historical painting, although highly creditable to their patriotism, was, in effect, rendered, by the public apathy, no more than a temptation to practice an art in which a man of genius, after having passed the best years of his life in severe study, was exposed to perish in poverty and obscurity without employment or patronage. With all their honourable efforts they could not obtain countenance for those whom they rewarded and wished to encourage. Pine, Mortimer, and Romney, in 1763, the year of Mr. West's arrival, obtained that meritorious society's premiums for historical pictures, but no patron gave them a commission to paint an

historical subject; and they, very prudently, accepted commissions to paint portraits whenever they could get them.' Mortimer, to whom nature had denied an eye for colouring, exhibited portraits only, at the Spring garden exhibition room, that year and the two years after. Pine exhibited portraits only, at the same room, for a still longer period. The fate of Giles Hussey, an English painter of elegant fancy, well studied in the antique and Italian schools, was enough to daunt any man. That enthusiastic artist, after having sacrificed every thing for the study of historical composition, was obliged to abandon his art altogether, and, in 1764, at the very period when Mr. West, like another Decius, was about to devote himself in the same cause, was languishing in poverty and obscurity. Barry speaks of this neglected genius, ten years later, in terms of high praise: "He was, indeed, called out of Italy before he had completed his scheme of art, by a study of colouring, and a practice of the pencil, adequate to his other excellencies. But notwithstanding all, his Ariadne, at Northumberland House, is even, in this respect, not inferior to his contemporaries, whilst I am not afraid to say, that in every other it would be difficult to find any figure superior to it in the best productions of the best age of Italy."—(Barry's Works, vol. ii. p. 244.) This was written in 1774; and Barry adds, "the man, as I am told, is still alive."—(Ibid.)

In thus apparently digressing from the private memoirs of West, we are more faithfully giving the history of his art, more boldly delineating the man and the artist, and doing justice to his public character. We are showing how much he sacrificed, when he gave up an honorable public reception in Philadelphia, with a certainty of affluence, and the highest professional celebrity, without a competitor in America, for the forlorn hope of contributing to raise his

torical painting into existence and consequence in England. The tardy caution with which his great contemporary, Reynolds, notwithstanding his fine genius and honorable ambition, abstained from historical painting during so many years after the commencement of his career in the metropolis, will more strikingly display the enthusiasm of Mr. West, in at once devoting himself to that perilous and unpopular department of painting. Reynolds had set out many years before him, with an ardent wish to obtain the highest professional distinction; to correct the prevailing bad taste, and raise his art into dignified practice and estimation. He occasionally painted in London, after having quitted Hudson, between the years 1746 and 1749. In 1752, after his return from Italy, he finally settled in the capital, first in St. Martin's-lane, and then in Great Newport-street. The grace, force, and harmony of his style, almost immediately placed him, by common consent, deservedly at the head of his profession. His candour, suavity, and polished manners, obtained him a large share of influence among the nobility and gentry to whom his practice introduced him. Few men of the world ever possessed more good qualities or conciliating powers than that eminent artist.

West, a young artist of twenty-six, in 1764, indulged the enthusiastic hope of becoming an instrument in exciting a taste for historical painting in this country. Reynolds, then in his forty-first year, drew with respect to his own power of influence, a very different conclusion. He was convinced that the highest degree of genius in that department could not overcome the general apathy. His thorough knowledge of mankind, and intimate acquaintance with the prejudices and bad taste of his time, taught him a conviction that if he had set out with painting historical subjects, instead of thereby improv-

ing the public taste, he must have sunk himself in the opinion of those who possessed the power of influencing society in his favour. But he also entertained a diffidence of his own powers. His want of an early academical discipline and professional education presented a discouraging obstacle to his success in history; and left him at every period of his practice, weak in the expression of the naked forms. He had no opportunity of drawing from the living model in Devonshire before he came up to Hudson in London, and he was then in his 18th year. Northcote mentions, that instead of setting him to draw from the antique statues, Hudson set him to copy drawings from Guercino; and we do not find in the accounts of Northcote, Farrington, or Malone, any reason to believe that he ever made a drawing from the naked model while under Hudson. The next five years, which he passed in Devonshire, were spent in painting portraits for a subsistence; and there is every reason to surmise that when he embarked for Italy, in his 26th year, he remained still under the same disadvantage. Owing to these circumstances, and not to any defect of genius, drawing was, at all times, an absolute, and not always a successful, labour to him. He has candidly confessed his deficiency in this main essential, and fairly attributed it to its true cause, the want of an early academical discipline. "*Not having the advantages of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure, which an artist ought to have. It appeared to me too late when I went to Italy, and began to feel my own deficiencies, to endeavour to acquire that readiness of invention which I observed others to possess.*" Thus West and Reynolds, on entering Rome, discovered their incapacity, or rather their want of that practical power over form, which constitutes the grammar of their art

But the consciousness of deficiency which made Reynolds despair at six and twenty, roused West, at twenty-two, to redoubled exertion. The proud feeling of Reynolds as a man, could not brook the mortification of sitting down in a Roman academy, among professors and their pupils, to expose his failure in the task of a student. The proud hope of attaining to excellence in the highest department of painting, induced West to consider no study a humiliation by which he could accomplish his important object. This want of practical power as a draughtsman, and the want of commissions or purchasers of historical pictures, deterred Reynolds from attempting history until *late in life*; although West, in spite of every discouragement, boldly entered upon that hazardous adventure. Barry, on his arrival in England in the year 1771, nineteen years after Reynolds had settled in London, found the President, in his 48th year, only beginning to follow West into the historical field. He tells us, "Shortly after my return from my studies on the Continent, I found Sir Joshua, who was then much employed in painting portraits, had thoughts of raising his prices, in order to lessen his business, and thereby to get more time for the prosecution of *historical works*, which *shortly after took place*." (Vol. II. p. 560. Barry's Works.) This assertion is confirmed by the facts. Sir Joshua did all that could be expected from his fine natural endowments, and the peculiar stock of his professional acquirements, which, in every essential but drawing, may be fairly ranked in the first class. He did more than any other artist, under similar disadvantages, ever did before. Although he did not rashly venture at once, and without due qualifications of study, into the highest department, he raised that part of painting to which he applied his genius, and its professors, from a low state of neglect and disrepute into high and deserved

reputation. He effected a revolution in public taste, and united that public improvement, with the honourable advancement of his own private fortune. By painting individuals and family groups in allegorical and fanciful characters, his admirable genius, in the first ten years of his practice, contributed most efficaciously, in reason, to prepare the public mind for historical subjects from the British pencil. But it is certain that his first great historical work, the Count Ugolino, was not finished until 1773, nineteen years after he had settled in London, and when he was in his fiftieth year. In 1774, he painted and exhibited his first *Infant Hercules*. It was not a want of independent fortune, of genius, or generous ambition, that rendered him so tardy. Northcote quotes the first President's own confession, that in 1758, the fourth year after his settlement in London, his profession was *most lucrative*: Dr. Johnson, in a letter dated June 10th, 1761, and quoted by Malone, as a decisive evidence, says, "Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add *thousands to thousands*." Writing, a few months afterwards, the Doctor adds, "Mr. Reynolds gets six thousand a year." Mr. Farrington agrees with this, in the following passage: "Reynolds has himself said his professional income was *six or seven thousand pounds per annum*;" and the same writer states, "*two thousand pounds per annum*, it is said, was the expense of his establishment." We are to conclude, therefore, from the concurring testimonies of Malone, Johnson, Northcote, and Farrington, that up to the period of 1773, when his Ugolino was finished and exhibited, Reynolds had been, for fifteen or sixteen years, realizing annually between four and five thousand pounds, above the liberal expenses of his handsome domestic establishment. According to these accounts, he must then have accumulated about 70,000/.

But Mr. Farrington states that Reynolds expended 3,150*l.* for the purchase of his house and building his gallery in Leicester-square in 1760; and Mr. Northcote heard him confess, that in these expenses "he laid out almost the whole of the property he had then realized." We may fairly presume that, if the expenditure of 3,150*l.* in 1760, had nearly exhausted his savings during the six preceding years, there must have been some strange mistake in their calculations. But even if we state his savings at only 1,200*l.* annually, being one-fifth of the published accounts, he must have been early in possession of sufficient means to pursue historical painting, if he had not considered the state of the public taste an insuperable bar to success. It is also a curious fact, that his noble picture of *Ugolino* was not, originally, designed for a historical picture. He intended to paint no more than a single head, as a study from a person who used to get a living by sitting as a model for the artists; and the head, painted on a half-sized canvas, was finished in 1771, and hung in the painter's gallery for near a year without any further intention of touching it, in his mind. Either Mr. Edmund Burke or Dr. Goldsmith, at length, saw it, and told Sir Joshua that the expression and character would answer exactly for *Ugolino*. On this strong hint, he had the canvass pieced out to make it large enough for the other figures, and then converted the head into the material for an historical picture, which is alone an imperishable monument of his genius. This fact is given with great candour by Mr. Northcote, in his very valuable memoirs of Sir Joshua, (p. 175,) and it is, in the main point, of his having "caught the subject of his famous *Ugolino*" from Goldsmith, mentioned by Mr. Cumberland. Barry's biographer, also, was sensible that "it was late in life before Sir Joshua

turned his hand to historical painting." (Vol. II. p. 260.)

While thus continuing to detail important facts in the conduct of his great contemporary, a master whose genius has contributed so largely to the glory of his country, we are furnishing the clearest view of the obstacles which West had to meet in the bad taste and ignorance of that period. Although the suavity of Reynolds's demeanour, the dignity of his private character, the fascinating grace, beauty, truth, and animated expression of his portraits, and the unprecedented extent of his fame as a British painter, deservedly gave that admirable artist a commanding influence among the nobility, gentry, and most eminent literary men, he dreaded to engage with that public apathy and prejudice which the unshaken enthusiasm of West encountered, and finally surmounted. It was not until nearly five years after West had introduced historical painting to the notice and patronage of the King, that Reynolds's first great historical picture was finished. In 1765, West exhibited two historical pictures, and two portraits; and in 1766, two portraits and two historical pictures; one the *Continence of Scipio*, the other *Pylades and Orestes*. The latter proved that there was no such thing as patronage for that class of painting, then, in England, and we shall give the facts in Mr. Northcote's own words.—"As any attempt in history was at that period an almost unexampled effort, this picture became a matter of much surprise: his house was soon filled with visitors from all quarters to see it: and those among the highest rank, who were not able to come to his house to satisfy their curiosity, desired his permission to have it sent to them, nor did they fail every time it was returned to him, to accompany it with compliments of the highest commendation on its great merits. But the most wonderful part of the

story is, that notwithstanding all this vast bustle and commendation bestowed upon this justly admired picture, by which Mr. West's servant gained upwards of thirty pounds for showing it; yet no one mortal *ever asked the price of the work*, or so much as *offered to give him a commission to paint any other subject.*"— (Supplement, XLII.) These circumstances were communicated to us in other words by Mr. West, in May, 1818, and they are also stated in Mr. Galt's interesting Memoirs of Mr. West. They show that Mr. West, as an historical painter, had not in 1766 acquired any patron of rank or liberality. The conclusion, however, has not been published. All this empty clamour of applause took place two months before the picture was exhibited in Spring Gardens; and a nobleman's steward, who had witnessed the spiritless neglect which Mr. West experienced from these amateurs without passion, and connoisseurs without taste or science, after the picture was finally returned from the public exhibition *unsold*, purchased it at the price of one hundred guineas, with expressions of honest indignation against his superiors in rank and fortune. On this gentleman's (Mr. Geddes) death, Mr. West purchased it at the sale of his effects, and from Mr. West it passed into the collection of Sir George Beaumont. In 1767, Mr. West exhibited five historical paintings: of those, Pyrrhus when a child brought to Glaucus, King of Illyria, for protection, was particularly applauded, and added largely to his reputation. In that year he removed from his house in Castle-street, Leicester-square, where in 1766 his eldest son, Mr. Raphael Lassar West, was born, to a house on the south side of Panton-square, exactly opposite the opening into Coventry-street. Here, however, a better prospect dawned upon him. Dr. Drummond, the Bishop of York, had seen the picture

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of the young Pyrrhus at Spring-Gardens, and was so struck with its merits, that he called on the painter at his house, took him home in his carriage to dine with him, and, after dinner, gave him a commission to paint the Landing of Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus at Brundisium. This, according to our notes, taken from Mr. West's recollections, was the first commission for an historical picture that he received in England. When this painting was finished, that prelate was so pleased with its classical feeling and grandeur, that he mentioned it in terms of just praise to the King, who expressed a wish to see it and the painter. This was an important crisis to Mr. West. His Majesty, on the day of introduction, was surprised at the historical dignity of the composition, and pleased with the modest manner of the artist. A venerable contemporary, who knew him well at the time, has enabled us to describe West at that period. His open forehead, mild intelligent eye, and clear healthy complexion, with the gravity of his dress, and that primitive tranquillity of expression, which his education among the Quakers had given him, formed altogether a combination not very usual in a courtly circle. He was rather below the middle size, but a light strongly knit figure, well formed for active exercises. His Majesty conversed with him affably, and asked some questions relative to his birth-place in America; the Queen joined in commending the Agrippina, and the King gave him a commission to paint the subject of Regulus departing from Rome for Carthage. Elated with this unexpected piece of good fortune, West speedily executed a design for the picture, which he submitted to the inspection of his royal patron, who was pleased with it, remarked upon its details, requested him to favour him with a view of the painting in its progress, and expressed

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an intention of employing him to paint his portrait, and that of his consort.

[To be concluded in our next.]

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

ON THE GENIUS AND INFLUENCE OF
WOMAN.

(Concluded from p. 210.)

The destinies of France have constantly prevailed or exulted in the genius of woman. Mazarin was raised from obscurity by female partiality. Richelieu, reserving his talents for public affairs, founded his authority on the firmer basis of female influence. The hydra of revolution was conceived in the *Salons* of Paris; and the character of the sex was forgotten, when they assisted at the monstrous birth. The anarchy of revolution overwhelmed all authority but that of woman; during the administration of her husband, Madame Roland was the real Minister of the Interior. Amid the important events of a later date, the politician's calculations are confounded, and his conjectures baffled, by this mysterious agent. The revolt of the troops at Lons-le-Saulnier is acknowledged to have been the cause of Bonaparte's re-establishment on the throne of France. Louis might, with impunity, have violated the charter, and revoked the sale of the national domains, if Ney, at the head of his troops, had continued faithful to his allegiance. The pride of history is humbled while it seeks for a cause commensurate with this decisive event. As such it assumes the *soldier's* attachment to his chief, the *prince of Moskwa's* gratitude to his benefactor, the *patriot's* indignation at the violated charters of his country. Let us listen to the language of the marshal himself. "I can no longer endure," said he, "that my WIFE should return in TEARS every evening

from court, with CONSTANT COMPLAINTS OF THE CONTEMPT WITH WHICH SHE IS TREATED." After the first restoration, the Bourbon princes and the old noblesse treated the ladies, especially the *princesses*, of Bonaparte's court with marked disrespect. Every occasion was grasped at to humble their pride by the haughtiness of disdain, and mortify their vanity with sneers of contempt. But these indignities were fearfully avenged--the Bourbon sceptre, which, like the staff of Aaron, had blossomed anew, again withered under the frown of insulted, indignant woman.

I should grieve for the character of my country, if its history did not attest and celebrate the sex's influence. Of many instances of its existence, the limits of this letter compel me to confine myself to one. Let minor wits sing how Britain was again blessed with a Boadicea in the person of a late *acting* commander of the forces: how the noble lord who sits on the woollack in that "House of Incurables,"* and presides the Rhadamanthus of the Court of the Damned (from which there is no redemption†) is himself *put in Chancery* by the fair but firm arms of a lady. These, and similar instances, must give way to others of higher consideration.

POLITICS.—I am disgusted with the assuming egotism of my sex. I am weary of listening to the *secondary* causes which the political and philosophic vulgar assign to the revolution of 1688. Such minds may be allowed to perceive the connexion of

* Lord Chesterfield's expression on Mr. Pitt's elevation to the peerage. The *bon-mot* of the day was, that he had got a *fall up stairs*.

† The well known lines of Virgil, will never have been properly applied, until they shall be inscribed over the entrance to Westminster-hall:

Facilis descensus averno:
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
auras—
Hic labor, hoc opus.

the fruit with the branches, and that of the branches with their trunk:— but it is reserved for the microscopic eye of intense reflection to trace that trunk to the minute seminal principle from which it has issued and ramified. The sages of the law are (as my grandfather would phrase it) remarkably *profund* in tracing that great event to its origin. The revolution is ascribed to the attempt to innovate on the established religion, which was fully developed by the edicts of toleration, and the prosecution of the bishops; and the last blow was given to the staggered victim by the treachery of his minister, the invasion of his son-in-law, the desertion of his daughter, and the perfidy of his favourite. But Churchill would never have been tempted to ingratitude, or the princess to unnatural desertion; Sunderland would never have found occasion to betray his master, or the Prince of Orange to grasp at his crown; the bishops never would have been prosecuted and never triumphed: if religious innovation had not been suggested as an expedient to the Second Charles to relieve the distresses which he had prodigally created by quieting the importunities of his female favourites and supplying their extravagance.

The wants of a consort are supplied by the simple expenditure of the husband. Her rank is co-ordinate with his; and the modesty of conscious dignity is satisfied with the measure of his individual style and state. Their interests are one, and their distresses would be common. That second self-love, of which the source and centre is her offspring, has ever been found stranger than that which had been prior and personal, in the mind of a virtuous woman. Temptations to extravagance are generally subdued by the necessity of transmitting her honours supported by independence, and decorated with splendour. But of inordinate loves, one of the ordinary and just penalties is di-

lapidation of fortune. The object of unlicensed passion has no interests in common with her paramour. The approach of his adversity is to her no object of personal consideration. She is attached, not to his person, but to his wealth: she gave her honour in exchange for it. She will not share his distresses. Offspring furnishes such a character, with no motive for moderation. It is not hailed as an honour, but regarded as a curse and an incumbrance. She never loved it; she impatiently dismisses it from her presence and solicitude. The tenure by which she holds his heart she feels to be very insecure:—the base selfishness which seduced, would be capable of deserting her. All the arts of intreaty, tears, importunity and fraud, are employed to collect and accumulate during her transient hours of favour. But with that inconsistency which marks the infatuation of vice, her expenditure is calculated upon a scale, which supposes that her influence can never cease, that her supplies will never be reduced or withdrawn.— Indeed, the vices of a female create factitious necessities. She feels that she can lay no claim to the substance of respect and dignity:—she therefore more jealously grasps at its semblance, and is compelled to be content with it. To secure the attentions of the selfish and the adulation of the servile, she is obliged to minister to their cupidity. And the scrutiny which would pry into her dishonour and degradation, she attempts to divert or dazzle by flaunting or meretricious splendour. Thus what has been viciously acquired, is heedlessly squandered; and the same “vicious circle” constantly recurs, of wants, importunity, supplies, and extravagance. The Queen of Charles II. offered to his court a singular example of frugality and virtue. The habits of his mistresses, were dissolute and profligate. By prudent management and faithful application,

the revenues derived from the customs and the permanent taxes, would have been fully adequate to the public service. But other claims were urged and preferred in that unprincipled court: and the public treasure was poured into a reservoir irretentive and wasteful as the sieve of the Danaides. Yet the political machine could not be suffered to stand still. And only one alternative offered, by which supplies might be provided for the wants of the state, and the remuneration of vice. That alternative was either to summon parliament, or to pawn for a pension from a foreign state the honour of the British crown. To meet the representatives of the people is ever hateful to an arbitrary monarch. Something might be said of redress of grievances, and impertinent inquiries might be made into the mode of the expenditure of the public money.—Charles preferred bartering to the French king that jewel, without which his crown became a bauble. The principal condition, with which his Most Christian Majesty accompanied his annual pension, provided that his royal brother should make active efforts to reduce his erring subjects within the pale of the primitive faith.* The efforts of that inactive monarch were confined to intentions, resolutions, and abortive projects. The zeal of King James, resting upon deeper conviction, urged him on to more desperate enterprise. He weighed his crown against the mitre—forgetting that they had been often weighed before, and that the emblem of monarchy had always kicked the beam. In the present instance, the mitre justified its claim to preponderance. The throne of the Stuarts was irretrievably subverted by the conflicting elements of abstract opinions. The revolution has been traced to its remote and primary

cause. Let not a grateful people any longer withhold its acknowledgments from the Duchess of Portsmouth,† and the foundresses of the illustrious houses of Lennox and the Fitzroys.

The wisdom of Walpole's *first* administration was attested by an approving king and a contented people: the former was satisfied with the supplies; the latter could not complain of the pressure of taxation. The power of that pacific minister appeared to rest on the most secure foundation. But Walpole had yet to learn that in the respective governments of modern Europe, *the sex* forms a third estate, which, if dissatisfied, in vain will the minister have conciliated the other two. The ruling passion of Queen Caroline was ambition. She guarded her influence with jealous vigilance; she considered no measure too vigorous to vindicate it from dispute, and no sacrifice too great to secure it from danger. A *woman*, a queen of such a character, would seldom neglect an occasion of exercising her authority. Walpole's spleen was frequently provoked by what he considered her untimely interference or impolitic councils. On one occasion, when he had delivered his opinion to the privy council respecting a public question, and stated the reasons which induced him to adopt it, a brief reply was made by one of the members, "that those councils could not be followed—they would displease the queen, who recommended other measures." The minister expressed his impatience of contradiction, with a coarse allusion to her Majesty's *embonpoint*: "That fat ——— is constantly intermeddling with public business. Why does she not attend to her proper duties, and take care of her family?" It is now matter of little moment,

* Stuart Papers.

† Vulgarly known as Nell Gwynne.

what opinion was adopted. Walpole speedily forgot the dispute and its circumstances. Indeed, to *his* mind it could present no singular recollections: that style of language had become quite familiar by habit. His consternation in a few days can with difficulty be conceived, when he was officially informed of his dismissal from office, and from the privy council. The *deep* politicians of the day attributed his fall to rival intrigue, supported by aristocratic influence. Walpole himself could ascribe it to no other cause. After the lapse of a few years, the alarm created by the king's illness forced upon the attention of Parliament, among other measures, that of assigning a suitable provision to his surviving consort. The sum specified by ministers was considered by the queen inadequate to the proper maintenance of her state and dignity. The minister firmly refused an augmentation. At this favourable contingency, Walpole sent, with his respectful homages, an assurance to her majesty, that if he were restored to office, he would carry through both Houses a vote to the amount she had specified. The queen's answer was emphatically perspicuous. "Give him my compliments; and tell him that, on the condition he proposes, the fat ——— forgives, and will reinstate him." Sir Robert Walpole, for the first time, beheld the rock on which all his honours had been wrecked. The wisdom of the British monarch, like that of his majesty of ancient Rome, was traced to the furtive wooings of an Egeria, and the minister resolved to be more discreet in the application of coarse invective.

Of the late Lord Nelson, it was said in his day, that he was "nothing upon land." Respect is due to high station and illustrious merit; but we trust that our pages will ever award the meed of severe and sober rebuke to every notorious violation of moral

virtue and public decorum. This painful duty becomes indispensably necessary when such violation is sanctioned by the patronage of rank, and the abuse of the best gifts of Heaven. With the talents which he possessed, and the natural vigour of his mind, Lord Nelson must have risen to relative eminence in any department of life. With such claims to general capacity, no attempt has been yet made to reconcile the facts upon record—that, though the latter years of his life, the meridian of his manhood, were spent upon shore, he was never distinguished, and never attempted to distinguish himself, by eloquence in the senate, by advising expeditions in council, by nautical experiments or improvements, or by boldly making incursions in quest of other praise into provinces not his own. The fate of Nelson was not dissimilar to that of Saul, and it was equally melancholy. The energies of the genii by which they were respectively visited, were quelled by the melody of a human voice: but those genii belonged to two different classes of creation. In the hour of his visitation, the Hebrew monarch was impelled to phrenzy, perfidy, and crime; while the other was exalted by divine enthusiasm into the hero, the Decius of his country. When languishing in the lap of his fair Philistine, the champion whom God raised up in England's emergency, was shorn of his strength. But remote from the sphere of her blandishments, when "the Philistines were upon him," he arose in his might, and "smote them as the smiting of Midian:" he plucked down the pillar and prop of their hopes, and buried them with their presumption, himself and his frailties under the same awful and magnificent ruin.

During that period of his life which preceded the battle of the Nile, Nelson was distinguished by manly uprightness of mind, by strict and ho-

nourable attention to the duties of his profession, and of society. He had been accustomed to give to vice its proper appellative,* and to rebuke it with all the indignation of honest integrity. The sophistry of passion had not yet taught him to violate with unblest ecstasy the sanctity of the nuptial bed, or to prefer to the pure and living flame of chaste love, the cold and lucid lustre which emanates from the couch of corruption. But after that brilliant opening of a series of victories, of which the final achievement and its luminous record† were reserved for the martial and literary genius of a Hutchinson, the relations of Nelson with woman assumed a new form. Naples was the Capua, in which the character of his mind received a new stamp, his glory was tarnished, and the care-worn and mutilated veteran debased into a luxurious Sybarite. Unfortunately he was too rash or too unsuspecting to flee from the fascinating "spell of the charmer." And Lady Hamilton "charmed so wisely" as to render obtuse the delicacy of his moral sense, and his feeling of social decency. Amid the bowers of Calypso, that Great Parent, whose wayward destinies he had been sent to retrieve, was for the moment forgotten; the household divinities were abandoned, among whom alone wisdom will look for happiness, and experience hope to find it; honour, the last plank of moral safety, was consumed by the fires of unchaste love;

and no Mentor was at hand to purge "his darkling vision with the euphrasy of bitter counsel, or to save the heedless man from the ruin which became inevitable when it was loved. I would gladly spare my readers this afflicting recital. But the consequences of the errors and misdeeds of public men are never confined to their personal prejudice or dishonour; they involve the interests and compromise the character of their country. The disaffected Neapolitans had, previously to this period, expelled the royal family from the capital, and forcibly compelled the aged and reluctant Marquis of Caraccioli to take the command of their military force. The united influence of the counsels of their venerable commander, and the terrors of the British navy, now induced the insurgents to return to their allegiance. This personal inviolability was secured by the guarantee of the British officers in command. The queen was dissatisfied with this bloodless triumph over her own subjects: she exclaimed against the encouragement which treason would receive from impunity. Her thirst of blood derived its full measure of satiety from the fatal influence of Lady Hamilton. Lord Nelson annulled the treaty. In the cabin of a British man-of-war he convened a court-martial of British officers to decide on the fate of men, over whom no law gave him jurisdiction, and whom by the laws of civilized warfare he was pledged to protect. An indecent, an unprecedented, an unnatural spectacle was now presented; in that court, under the shadow of the British flag, a female presided and examined, dictated and adjudged. From the petulance of an immodest woman, dignity of rank could look for no respect, the sanctity of age could expect no reverence. Lady Hamilton was invested with full power to wreak the implacable resentments of a little mind, and to exercise the ferocious

* "I am sick of this country of pimps, fiddlers, bawds, and eunuchs."—*Nelson's Letter to Sir J. Jervis.*

† See Lord Hutchinson's despatch on the battle of Alexandria. We are not far advanced in military literature. In this instance, literature appears to have disputed with victory, upon her own field, her superior claims to the genius of Hutchinson. His lordship may be compared to the pillar, which lifts itself in lonely magnificence over the "dead level of the wilderness." *Vincenti corona!*

cruelty of a weak one. She sat, and sentenced, and insulted. The venerable nobleman, with his principal companions, was hanged at the yard-arm, and their corpses, encumbered with heavy shof, consigned as a prey to the voracious tenants of the deep. The mind retires with indignant impatience from these scenes of atrocious perfidy. In company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson returned to England. On his arrival his modest and unoffending lady was unvisited, supplanted, and discarded. She who had loved him for himself; who, in his ignoble obscurity, had soothed his moments of vexation, and cheered his hours of depression; who had hailed his early successes, and sympathized with his disappointments—must now retire from that bed which she had blessed and honoured, supplanted and scorned by the wanton worshipper of her husband's fame, wealth, and honours. Wisely did the son of David pray that he might not be depressed by poverty, or tempted by inordinate prosperity; and unhappily the better half of his prayer was dispersed by the idle winds. The middle station of life appears to be that which Heaven has reserved and allotted to its favourites; they are removed from the distresses and the debasing influence of indigence; and are placed below that elevation, which fills vain man with the giddy and fantastic notion that he is exempt from the rules which direct ordinary society, and the decorum which secures its members from censure and contempt. Many have been found to withstand unabashed the sharp rebuke of adversity; but perhaps the annals of society do not furnish a solitary instance in which pride has not become inordinate, and principle has not been relaxed, by the adulation and the indulgence of prosperity. For such a man the philosopher searched with a candle in noon-day: he is not to be found amid the obtrusive

crowds of common society—the broad and indiscriminating glare of sun-light; of that rare mind the nice proportions and retiring peculiarities can be discovered only by the modest and searching light of philosophy.

When we affirm that prosperity, the precious curse of Heaven, exercised its influence upon the mind of Lord Nelson, we only reject his claim to the highest species of human excellence. On the triumphal tour which he made about this time through England, he was every where hailed, feasted, congratulated, and worshipped. But let it be recorded to the honour of the English nobility, that many of that illustrious body directed their gates to be shut against the festive cavalcade:—their virtue was alarmed, and their pride shocked at an attempt to introduce into their domestic circle an avowed, though titled concubine. During his voluptuous retirement, the parasites of the day pompously recorded the punctuality with which his lordship frequented the village church. But with every deference to the nominal and ritual religion of the day, I will venture to think he would have acted with more propriety, had he remained at home. The mockery of such devotions—"the very fiend's arch-mock"—mingled with the impure aspirations of his paramour, must have tended rather to scandalize the simplicity, and to shake the moral principles of an artless, admiring, and imitative people. The call of honour and his country at length dissolved this fatal charm; Lord Nelson was summoned for the last time to unfurl and defend the flag, which for

"A thousand years had braved
The battle and the breeze."

Lady Hamilton still divided with his country the empire of his heart. While ploughing his way onwards to victory and his doom, his time was variously employed in giving plans

of battle and assurances of triumph ; in composing madrigal sonnets to the praise of his absent mistress, and in uttering impotent imprecations upon the wronged and widowed woman, whose blameless existence prevented the licensed elevation of her rival to the bed which she dishonoured. Even in the rude shock of conflicting " admirals,"* he often turned an anxious glance from the beckoning hand of victory back to

" the bowers

Where Pleasure lay carelessly smiling at Fame."

The death-shot which probed his heart, only proved the tenacity with which it clung to its object even in the agony of its last pulsation. The sound of triumph for a moment diffused over his rigid features a preternatural lustre, the twilight of setting mortality and dawn of an opening eternal day. But the laurel and the cypress were again regarded with equal indifference. That great spirit poured forth its last gasp in aspirating the name of his Emma, and in vainly commending her to the gratitude of his country.

Let a tear of sympathy and pity " brighten with verdure the grave" of departed merit, and obliterate the recollection of its errors. Let not, however, the author of those errors expect to descend into her tomb in peace or with honour. The sorrows and the injuries which she had heaped upon an injured and forlorn lady, recoiled upon Lady Hamilton with a tenfold measure of retribution. Of that meteor, which had culminated in splendour, and admiration, and disastrous influence, the setting was amid clouds, and darkness, and tempests. The last years of Lady Hamilton's life were embittered by neglect, imprisonment, desertion, and distress. Let us humbly hope that

her late repentance may have been accepted. Light be the earth on her ashes !

But in the numerous instances of female genius and influence perverted from domestic life, their legitimate sphere, to public or masculine pursuits, however woman may have become admirable, they have seldom been amiable ; and in general it seems, that in abandoning their feminine avocations, they cannot " unsex" themselves, but carry with them into public business the little jealousies, personal vanity, and causeless timidity, which, in private, men censure and delight in ; but which, thus misplaced, expose the fair trespasser to derision, or tempt her to guilt.

SCRIBLERUS FEMINILIS.*

* The classical orthography of this word is *foeminalis*. But Queen Elizabeth, in her Latin oration to the University of Cambridge, having thought proper to pronounce it *feminilis*, as *l'Avocat des Femmes*, I am bound to vindicate and adopt this latter reading. Her Majesty's oration commenced — *Etsi feminilis pudor, &c.*

SCRIBLERUS, JUNIOR.

[From the New Monthly Magazine for July, 1820]

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS—GODWIN.

Mr. Godwin is the most original—not only of living novelists—but of living writers in prose. There are, indeed, very few authors of any age who are so clearly entitled to the praise of having produced works, the first perusal of which is a signal event in man's internal history. His genius is by far the most extraordinary, which the great shaking of nations and of principles—the French revolution—impelled and directed in its progress. English literature, at the period of that marvellous change, had become sterile ; the rich luxuriance which once overspread its surface,

* the mast of some great *amiral* Milton.

had gradually declined into thin and scattered productions of feeble growth and transient duration. The fearful convulsion which agitated the world of politics and of morals, tore up this shallow and exhausted surface—disclosed vast treasures which had been concealed for centuries—burst open the secret springs of imagination and of thought—and left, instead of the smooth and weary plain, a region of deep valleys and of shapeless hills, of new cataracts and of awful abysses, of spots blasted into everlasting barrenness, and regions of deepest and richest soil. Our author partook in the first enthusiasm of the spirit-stirring season—in “its pleasant exercise of hope and joy”—in much of its speculative extravagance, but in none of its practical excesses. He was roused not into action but into thought; and the high and undying energies of his soul, unwasted on vain efforts for the actual regeneration of man, gathered strength in those pure fields of meditation to which they were limited. The power which might have ruled the disturbed nations with the wildest, directed only to the creation of high theories and of marvellous tales, imparted to its works a stern reality, and a moveless grandeur, which never could spring from mere fantasy. His works are not like those which a man, who is endued with a deep sense of beauty, or a rare faculty of observation, or a sportive wit, or a breathing eloquence, may fabricate as the “idle business” of his life, as the means of profit or of fame. They have more in them of acts than of writings. They are the living and the immortal *deeds* of a man who must have been a great political adventurer had he not been an author. There is in “Caleb Williams” alone, the material—the real burning energy—which might have animated a hundred schemes for the weal or wo of the species.

No writer of fictions has ever succeeded so strikingly as Mr. Godwin,

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with so little adventitious aid. His works are neither gay creatures of the element, nor pictures of external life—they derive not their charm from the delusions of fancy, or the familiarities of daily habitude—and are as destitute of the fascinations of light satire and felicitous delineation of society, as they are of the magic of the Arabian tales. His style has “no figures and no fantasies,” but is simple and austere. Yet his novels have a power which so entralls us, that we half doubt, when we read them in youth, whether all our experience is not a dream, and these the only realities. He lays bare to us the innate might and majesty of man. He takes the simplest and most ordinary emotions of our nature, and makes us feel the springs of delight or of agony which they contain, the stupendous force which lies hid within them, and the sublime mysteries with which they are connected. He exhibits the naked wrestle of the passions in a vast solitude, where no object of material beauty disturbs our attention from the august spectacle, and where the least beating of the heart is audible in the depth of the stillness. His works endow the abstractions of life with more of real presence, and make us more intensely conscious of existence, than any others with which we are acquainted. They give us a new feeling of the capacity of our nature for action or for suffering, make the currents of our blood mantle within us, and our bosoms heave with indistinct desires for the keenest excitements and the strangest perils. We feel as though we could live years in moments of energetic life, while we sympathize with his breathing characters. In things which before appeared indifferent, we discern sources of the fullest delight, or of the most intense anguish. The healthful breathings of the common air seem instinct with an unspeakable rapture. The most ordinary habits which link one season

of life to another, become the awakeners of thoughts and of remembrances "which do often lie too deep for tears." The nicest disturbances of the imagination make the inmost fibres of the being quiver with the most penetrating agonies. Passions which have not usually been thought worthy to agitate the soul, now first seem to have their own ardent beatings, and their swelling and tumultuous joys. We seem capable of a more vivid life than we have ever before felt or dreamed of, and scarcely wonder that he who could thus give us a new sense of our own vitality, should have imagined that mind might become omnipotent over matter, and that he was able, by an effort of the will, to become corporeally immortal!

The intensity of passion which is manifested in the novels of Godwin is of a very different kind from that which burns in the poems of a noble bard, whom he has been sometimes erroneously supposed to resemble. The former sets before us mightiest realities in clear vision; the latter embodies the phantoms of a feverish dream. The strength of Godwin is the pure energy of unsophisticated nature; that of Lord Byron is the fury of disease. The grandeur of the last is derived from its transitoriness; that of the first from its eternal essence. The emotion in the poet receives no inconsiderable part of its force from its rebound from the dark rocks and giant barriers which seem to confine its rage within narrow boundaries; the feeling in the novelist is in its own natural current deep and resistless. The persons of the bard feel intensely, because they soon shall feel no more; those of the novelist glow, and kindle, and agonize, because they shall never perish. In the works of both, guilt is often associated with sublime energy; but how dissimilar are the impressions which they leave on the spirit! Lord Byron strangely blends

the moral degradation with the intellectual majesty; so that goodness appears tame, and crime only is honoured and exalted. Godwin, on the other hand, only teaches us bitterly to mourn the evil which has been cast on a noble nature, and to regard the energy of the character not as inseparably linked with vice, but as destined ultimately to subdue it. He makes us every where feel that crime is not the native heritage, but the accident, of the species of which we are members. He impresses us with the immortality of virtue; and while he leaves us painfully to regret the stains which the most gifted and energetic characters contract amidst the pollutions of time, he inspires us with hope that these shall pass away for ever. We drink in unshaken confidence in the good and the true, which is ever of more value than hatred or contempt for the evil!

"Caleb Williams," the earliest, is also the most popular of our author's romances, not because his latter works have been less rich in sentiment and passion, but because they are, for the most part, confined to the development of single characters; while in this there is the opposition and death-grapple of two beings, each endowed with poignant sensibilities and quenchless energy. There is no work of fiction which more rivets the soul—no tragedy which exhibits a struggle more sublime, or sufferings more intense, than this; yet to produce the effect, no complicated machinery is employed, but the springs of action are few and simple. The motives are at once common and elevated, and are purely intellectual, without appearing for an instant inadequate to their mighty issues. Curiosity, for instance, which generally seems a low and ignoble motive for scrutinizing the secrets of a man's life, here seizes with strange fascination on a gentle and ingenuous spirit, and supplies it

with excitement as fervid, and snatch-
es of delight as precious and as fear-
ful, as those feelings create which
we are accustomed to regard as alone
worthy to enrapture or to agitate.
The involuntary recurrence by Wil-
liams to the string of frenzy in the
soul of one whom he would die to
serve—the workings of his tortures
on the heart of Falkland till they
wring confidence from him—and the
net thenceforth spread over the path
of the youth like an invisible spell
by his agonized master, surprising as
they are, arise from causes so natu-
ral and so adequate, that the ima-
gination at once owns them as au-
thentic. The mild beauty of Falk-
land's natural character, contrasted
with the guilt he has incurred, and
his severe purpose to lead a long life
of agony and crime, that his fame
may be preserved spotless, is affect-
ing almost without example. There
is a rude grandeur even in the gigantic
oppressor Tyrel, which all his dis-
gusting enormities cannot destroy.
Independently of the master-spring
of interest, there are in this novel
individual passages which can never
be forgotten. Such are the fearful
flight of Emily with her ravisher—
the escape of Caleb Williams from
prison, and his enthusiastic sensa-
tions on the recovery of his freedom,
though wounded and almost dying
without help—and the scenes of his
peril among the robbers. Perhaps
this work is the grandest ever con-
structed out of the simple elements
of humanity, without any extrinsic
aid from imagination, wit, or me-
mory.

In "St. Leon," Mr. Godwin has
sought the stores of the supernatural ;
but the "metaphysical aid" which
he has condescended to accept is not
adapted to carry him farther from
nature, but to ensure a more intimate
and wide communion with its myste-
ries. His hero does not acquire the
philosopher's stone and the elixir of
immortality to furnish out for him-

self a dainty solitude, where he may
dwell soothed with the music of his
own undying thoughts, and rejoicing
in his severance from his frail and
transitory fellows. Apart from those
among whom he moves, his yearn-
ings for sympathy become more in-
tense as it eludes him, and his per-
ceptions of the mortal lot of his spe-
cies become more vivid and more
fond, as he looks on it from an intel-
lectual eminence which is alike unas-
ailable to death and to joy. Even
in this work, where the author
has to conduct a perpetual miracle,
his exceeding earnestness makes it
difficult to believe him a fabulist.
Listen to his hero, as he expatiates
in the first consciousness of his high
prerogatives :

"I surveyed my limbs, all the
joints and articulations of my frame,
with curiosity and astonishment.
'What!' exclaimed I, 'these limbs,
this complicated but brittle frame,
shall last for ever! No disease shall
attack it; no pain shall seize it;
death shall withhold from it for ever
his abhorred grasp! Perpetual vigour,
perpetual activity, perpetual youth,
shall take up their abode with me!
Time shall generate in me no decay,
shall not add a wrinkle to my brow,
or convert a hair of my head to grey!
This body was formed to die; this
edifice to crumble into dust; the
principles of corruption and mortality
are mixed up in every atom of my
frame. But for me the laws of na-
ture are suspended, the eternal
wheels of the universe roll backward;
I am destined to be triumphant over
Fate and Time! Months, years,
cycles, centuries! To me these are
but as indivisible moments. I shall
never become old; I shall always
be, as it were, in the porch and in-
fancy of existence; no lapse of years
shall subtract any thing from my fu-
ture duration. I was born under
Louis the Twelfth; the life of Fran-
cis the First now threatens a speedy
termination; he will be gathered to

his fathers, and Henry his son will succeed him. But what are princes, and kings, and generations of men, to me? I shall become familiar with the rise and fall of empires; in a little while the very name of France, my country, will perish from off the face of the earth, and men will dispute about the situation of Paris, as they dispute about the site of ancient Nineveh, and Babylon, and Troy. Yet I shall still be young. I shall take my most distant posterity by the hand; I shall accompany them in their career; and, when they are worn out and exhausted, shall shut up the tomb over them, and set forward."

This is a strange tale, but it tells like a true one! When we first read it, it seemed as though it had itself the power of alchemy to steal into our veins, and render us capable of resisting death and age. For a short—too short! a space, all time seemed opened to our personal view—we felt no longer as of yesterday; but the grandest parts of our knowledge of the past seemed mightiest recollections of a far-off childhood:

"The wars we too remembered of King
Nine,
And old Assaracus, and Ibycus divine."

This was the happy extravagance of an hour; but it is ever the peculiar power of Mr. Godwin to make us feel that there is something within us which cannot perish!

"Fleetwood" has less of our author's characteristic energy than any other of his works. The earlier parts of it, indeed, where the formation of the hero's character, in free roving amidst the wildest of nature's scenery, is traced, have a deep beauty which reminds us of some of the holiest imaginations of Wordsworth. But when the author would follow him into the world—through the frolics of college, the dissipations of Paris, and the petty inquietudes of matrimonial life—we feel that he has condescended too far. He is no

graceful trifler; he cannot work in these frail and low materials. There is, however, one scene in this novel most wild and fearful. This is where Fleetwood, who has long brooded in anguish over the idea of his wife's falsehood, keeps strange festival on his wedding-day—when, having procured a waxen image of her whom he believes perfidious, and dressed a frightful figure in a uniform to represent her imagined paramour, he locks himself in an apartment with these horrid counterfeits, a supper of cold meats, and a barrel-organ, on which he plays the tunes often heard from the pair he believes guilty, till his silent agony gives place to delirium; he gazes around with glassy eyes, sees strange sights, and dallies with frightful mockeries, and at last tears the dreadful spectacle to atoms, and is seized with furious madness. We do not remember, even in the works of our old dramatists, any thing of its kind comparable to this voluptuous fantasy of despair.

"Mandeville" has all the power of its author's earliest writings; but its main subject—the development of an engrossing and maddening hatred—is not one which can excite human sympathy. There is, however, a bright relief to the gloom of the picture, in the sweet and angelic disposition of Clifford, and the sparkling loveliness of Henrietta, who appears "full of life, and splendour, and joy." All Mr. Godwin's chief female characters have a certain airiness and radiance—a light, visionary grace, peculiar to them, which may at first surprise by their contrast to the robustness of his masculine creations. But it will perhaps be found that the more deeply man is conversant with the energies and the stern grandeur of his own heart, the more will he seek for opposite qualities in women.

Of all Mr. Godwin's writings, the choicest in point of style is a little essay "on Sepulchres." Here his philosophic thought, subdued and

sweetened by the contemplation of mortality, is breathed forth in the gentlest tone. His "Political Justice," with all the extravagance of its first edition, or with all the inconsistencies of its last, is a noble work, replete with lofty principle and thought, and often leading to the most striking results by a process of the severest reasoning. Man, indeed, cannot and ought not to act universally on its leading doctrine—that we should in all things seek only the greatest amount of good without favour or affection; but it is at least better than the low selfishness of the world. It breathes also a mild and cheerful faith in the progressive advances and the final perfection of the species. It was not this good hope for humanity which excited Mr. Malthus to affirm, that there is in the constitution of man's nature a perpetual barrier to any grand or extensive improvement in his earthly condition. After long interval, Mr. Godwin has announced a reply to this popular system—a system which reduces man to an animal, governed by blind instinct, and destitute of reason, sentiment, imagination and hope, whose most mysterious instincts are matter of calculation to be estimated by rules of geometrical series!—Most earnestly do we desire to witness his success. To our minds, indeed, he sufficiently proves the falsehood of his adversary's doctrines by his own intellectual character. His works are, in themselves, evidences that there is power and energy in man which have never yet been fully brought into action, and which were not given to the species in vain. He has lived himself in the soft and mild light of those pure and unstained years, which he believes shall hereafter bless the world, when force and selfishness shall disappear, and love and joy shall be the unerring lights of the species.

T. D.

[From the New-Monthly Magazine.]

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM : A DRAMATIC POEM. BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

WE regard this as one of the noblest poems of our age. It has more of stern grandeur with more of gentle beauty—more of vast picture for the imagination with more of sweet pathos for the affections—more of the awfulness arising from supernatural horrors with more of the touching lovelinesses of humanity—than any work of its class which has been produced within our memory. We must, however, lay before our readers a sketch of its plot, and dwell on what appears to us its distinguishing beauties, that we may not be accused of excessive or indiscriminating eulogy.

The subject is the last tremendous catastrophe of the Jewish history of marvels—the total destruction by Titus of the holy city, after an unparalleled siege, and amidst the most fearful prodigies. In the poem, the events of a considerable period are compressed into the brief space of thirty-six hours—the characters of those leaders by whom the devoted city was ruled are clearly developed, and fictitious persons and incidents, which either heighten the general effect or relieve the gloom, are brought before us on a canvass which is full without confusion. The piece opens in the calm of the evening, when Titus and his soldiers are gazing from the Mount of Olives on the beautiful city which they are about to destroy. The Roman commander feels himself directed by superhuman power to raze the fair towers he would fain spare, and intimates to his companions the strange influences busy at his soul, which he does not understand, but knows to be resistless. Shuddering at his appointed office, he breaks out into this beautiful apostrophe to Salem—

which at once sets its magnificence in the loveliest light before us, and deeply affects us with the solemnity of that calamity which is so soon to lay it in the dust.

"It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass
o'er,

And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Cedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle
motion,

As through a valley sacred to sweet peace;
How boldly doth it front us! how majes-
tically!

Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer,
To the blue heavens. Here bright and
sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
Here towers of war that frown in massy
strength.

While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands be-
fore us

A mound of snow fretted with golden pin-
nacles!

The very sun, as if he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery sculptur'd capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy."

After Titus has given orders for the more complete circumvallation of the city, the scene changes to the fountain of Siloe, on which the moonlight is silently falling. Here Javan, who has embraced the doctrines of the despised Nazarene, is waiting for one whom, at the peril of crucifixion, he was accustomed to meet at that hour. It is Miriam—the daughter of the stern Pharisee Simon—who comes down an old and forgotten staircase from the walls, partly indeed with a holy love for the gentle Christian, but chiefly to procure from his hands refreshments

to alleviate the famine endured by her father. She, too, is of the divine faith of the Man of Galilee—"a trembling, pale, and melancholy maid," who in her gentleness can overcome the brutal violence of the ungodly. For two nights he has expected her in vain, and has deplored that he felt not "the music of her footsteps on his spirit." Her voice is heard at a distance calling on Javan, who in the sweet fantasy of fondness exclaims—

"It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them."

He urges her to fly with him to Pella, where the Christians had taken refuge. She indignantly refuses, and he in his disappointment speaks of his belief that she loved him as a sweet yet faithless dream. This charge draws from her the following most beautiful and touching reply:

"Love thee! I am here,
Here at dead midnight by the fountain's side,
Trusting thee, Javan, with a faith as fearless
As that with which the instinctive infant
twines

To its mother's bosom.—Love thee! when
the sounds

Of massacre are round me, when the shouts
Of frantic men in battle rack the soul
With their importunate and jarring din,
Javan, I think on thee, and am at peace.
Our famished maidens gaze on me, and see
That I am famished like themselves, as pale,
With lips as parched, and eyes as wild, yet I
Sit patient with an enviable smile
On my wan cheeks, for then my spirit feasts
Contented on its pleasing thoughts of thee."

This sweet maiden, when Javan speaks with horror of her father as the bloodiest ruler of the city, declares her resolution to cleave to him till death, and even because all others hate him, to strive by her love to "make up to his forlorn and desolate heart, the forfeited affections of his kind." She quits him, bearing with her her pious load of wine and fruit for Simon. In the next scene we find her in the house of her father, solacing herself with gentle thoughts, and tender recollections of the days

when she was wont to thread in sport the secret passage, now used for excursions so momentous and fearful. Her sister Salone appears—a high-souled Jewish damsel, whose imaginations grow more fervid as the danger increases, who seems intoxicated by extravagant fantasy, and boasts of the “rapturous disturbances” which break her haunted slumbers. She tells in lofty strain of nightly visitations which “break on her gifted sight more golden bright than the rich morn on Carmel,” and of sounds of unearthly sweetness floating through the house of Simon, when all around are shrieks, and moaning, and preparations for battle. When Miriam tenderly attributes her strange visions to her having fasted for two long days, she indignantly charges her with a belief in the crucified, vows to tear from her soul “all memory of their youthful pleasant hours, their blended sports, and tasks, and joys, and sorrows,” and to proclaim her as an apostate and a traitress. While Miriam is weeping at this unisterly threat, Simon enters, and tells of his stern search for secreted provision. Happily in this sad narrative he describes two sleeping infants, and the picture so affects Salone that she cannot betray her sister. After Simon has retired, she exclaims :

“O Miriam! I dare not tell him now!
For even as those two infants lay together
Nestling their sleeping faces on each other,
Even so we two have lain, and I have felt
Thy breath upon my face, and every motion
Of thy soft bosom answering to mine own.”

Simon speedily returns, having found the wine and food, which he believes were brought by some favouring angel. Miriam dares not undeceive him, lest he should dash the refreshment from him as accursed, and perish in his sins. She herself does not taste them, but, to avoid uniting in his thanksgiving, retires, and consoles herself with a noble hymn on the birth and lowly hu-

manity of him on whom her spirit is leaning.

Morning now breaks, and Simon anxiously yet hopefully looks out to see if the sky gives signal of the approaching deliverance of his country. That which in Salone is the dream of imagination drunken by mingled wretchedness and ardour, is in him a firm and moveless trust. The lustful John, Amariah his daring and enthusiastic son, Eleazar, and the high priest, burst in on his meditation, and a scene of scoffing and reproach ensues between John and Simon, which is broken by the Roman horn sounding a parley. The chiefs hasten to the walls; where Titus addressed them with offers of mercy on surrender. John answers him only with bitter taunts and reviling. But Simon, indignant at the low mockery of his colleague, pours out on the Gentile a sublime strain of denunciation, in which every line teems with fearful imagery, and his soul seems labouring with thoughts too vast for expression. After allowing Rome's stupendous power, and representing it as feeble before the Lord, who had portioned and sealed to his countrymen their sacred land, he exclaims :

“Haughty Gentile!

Even now ye walk on ruin and on prodigy.
The air ye breathe is heavy and o'ercharged
With your dark gathering doom; and if our
earth

Do yet, in its disdain, endure the footing
Of your arm'd legions, 'tis because it labours
With silent throes of expectation, waiting
The signal of your scattering. Lo! the
mountains

Bend o'er you with their huge and lowering
shadows,

Ready to rush and overwhelm: the winds
Do listen, panting for the tardy presence
Of Him that shall avenge. And there is
scorn,

Yea, there is laughter in our fathers' tombs,
To think that heathen conqueror doth aspire
To lord it over God's Jerusalem!

Yea, in hell's deep and desolate abode,
Where dwell the perish'd kings, the chief of
earth;

They whose idolatrous warfare erst assail'd:
The Holy City and the chosen people;

They wait for thee, the associate of their hopes
 And fatal fall, to join their ruin'd conclave.
 He whom the Red Sea whelm'd with all his host,
 Pharaoh the Egyptian; and the Kings of Canaan;
 The Philistine, the Dagon worshipper;
 Moab and Edom, and fierce Amalek;
 And he of Babylon, whose multitudes,
 Even on the hills where gleam your myriad spears,
 In one brief night the invisible Angel swept
 With the dark and noiseless shadow of his wing,
 And morn beheld the fierce and riotous camp
 One cold, and mute, and tombless cemetery;
 Senacherib; all, all are risen, are mov'd;
 Yea, they take up the taunting song of welcome
 To him who, like themselves, hath madly warred
 'Gainst Zion's walls, and miserably fallen
 Before the avenging God of Israel."

This speech animates the Jews with fresh courage, and they call on Simon to lead them to certain victory. Joseph, the captive, addresses to them an energetic and affectionate warning, in which he unmasks their delusion, and entreats them to yield, but is answered only by a javelin from the hand of Amariah, which wounds him. This outrage effaces the last emotions of pity from the heart of Titus, and he resigns himself entirely to the awful impulse which urges him to execute the vengeance of heaven. Salome, madly desirous to gaze on the combat, mounts the wall, and gives to Miriam a magnificent description of the furious contest, in which Amariah, whom she frantically loves, performs feats of astonishing but successful valour. While she continues to gaze on the spectacle, by which she is so strangely fascinated, her sister joins a train of maidens proceeding to offer prayers at the temple, resolved herself there to call on the Messiah for succour. A choral hymn is then chaunted by the melancholy virgins, describing the old deliverances which God wrought out for their fathers, and imploring Him again to drive back the heathen. The leaders, dis-

comfited and beaten back within their last wall, rush in and renew their altercations, until they are interrupted by the high priest, who declares the temple polluted by the utterance of the name of Christ within its sanctuaries. Salome, who is present, immediately knows that her sister is the criminal, and after a struggle with old love and gentle recollections of childhood, rushes forward to denounce her, and stands unveiled in the midst of the crowd. Her appearance, however, gives a new turn to the people's thoughts. Abiram, the false prophet, rapturously counsels an immediate marriage between the daughter of Simon and the son of John, which may heal the animosities of the leaders. The proposal is agreed to; Simon anticipates the springing of the Messiah from the union, conceived in the extreme agony of the chosen people. While they resign themselves to frightful joy, Miriam seeks the fountain of Siloe, over which a storm is brooding. After some sweet misgivings that she finds not Javan there, and sweet self-reproaches for her momentary doubt, she sees him through the gloom. In vain he urges her again to fly with him—in vain he applies Scripture to aid his hopes—she nobly repels his sophistry, and resolves to perform her undoubted duty in cleaving to the last to her devoted father. He yields in fond admiration—they feel that this is probably their last hour of meeting on earth, and Miriam addresses him, to whom hitherto she has been chary of her tenderness, with this most affecting language:—

"Javan, one last, one parting word with thee:—
 There have been times when I have said
 light words,
 As maidens use, that made thy kind heart
 bleed;
 There have been moments when I have seen
 thee sad,
 And I have cruelly sported with thy sadness;
 I have been proud, oh! very proud to hear

Thy fond lips dwell on beauty, when thy
 eyes
 Were on this thin and wasted form of mine.
 Forgive me, oh ! forgive me, for I deemed
 The hour would surely come, when the fond
 bride
 Might well repay the maiden's wayward-
 ness."

Meanwhile an awful calm prevails on earth and in heaven, and the festive lamps for the bridal are gleaming from the wretched city. The lovers part, and the scene changes to the interior of the walls, where the affrighted Jews are crowding together to gaze on the prodigies which heaven and earth exhibit. Amidst these horrors the gentle voicings of the marriage train are heard from the house of Simon, where the bridegroom decks his chamber. These are fearfully broken by the voice of Joshua son of Hannaniah, who for seven years has cried woe to Salem. With his inspired denunciations the sweet notes of the bridal festivity mingle, and he rushes out to accomplish his last prophecy and to die. The high priest rushes in affrighted, and tells how he has heard a sound from the holy of holies, of mingled grief and anger, but not human, "as if the hoarse and rolling thunder spake with the articulate voice of man," which said "Let us depart." Again the hymn of youths and maidens swells on the air, and again is interrupted by fresh horror—the terrible tale of the mother who served up her child to the soldiers ! John and Simon come in jocund from the banquet which the piety of Miriam had provided, and depart to rest and "dream upon the coming honours of to-morrow." All now is silent as a sepulchre—Miriam alone traverses the streets—when the crashing of the engines bursts on her ear, the thunder peals from the heavens, and the trampling of the foe is heard in the city. The Jews flock amazedly to the temple—Simon raises their spirits, and declares that now the supernatural deliverance is at hand.

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Miriam, staggering through the streets, and seeking death in vain, meets an old man who was a spectator of the crucifixion of Christ, and cried out "his blood be on us and on our children," who believes in him whom he cursed, and feels that belief an "agony that cleaves to him in death." As this wretched being leaves her, she finds herself before the dwelling of her fathers, now in flames, and sees Salome bursting from it "with the unfaded crown hanging from her loose tresses," and for her raiment only the bridal veil wrapt round her. A fearful scene ensues ; Amariah, roused from the bridal couch, has seen the capture of the city, and returned to stab his bride, in order to secure her from the Gentiles ; she, unconscious of the death-wound, calls only for her husband, but soon awakens from her dream of joy to die. While Miriam is absorbed in grief for this sad end of the partner of her childhood, a soldier grasps and leads her away as she exclaims to the body of Salome, "Oh that thou hadst room in thy cold marriage-bed for me !"

The scene now changes to the front of the temple, where Simon yet waits, though John is prisoner, and Amariah slain, in the expectation of heavenly aid, and mistakes the broad red glare of the burning sanctuary for a celestial visitation to succour. Titus advances—calls out in vain to spare the temple—takes Simon prisoner, who now, in the fire that rends the veil, recognizes the symbol of God's desertion of the rebellious people of Judah. Meantime the soldier conducts Miriam to the well-known fountain of Siloe, and there, when she implores him to sacrifice her on any other spot, discovers himself to be her faithful Javan. The temple blazes, "and wears its ruin with a majesty peculiar and divine." Encircled by Christians, the lovers now, in safety, look awe-stricken on the tremendous

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accomplishment of prophecy. A hymn, in which the sublime destruction is described as the type and image of the ruin of the vast temple of the universe, majestically closes the poem.

Feebly and imperfectly as we have sketched the outline of this work, we have, we think, done enough to justify the admiration which we have expressed for its beauties. Destiny, which gives so sublime a composure to the Greek tragedies, is here supplied by a higher principle—the necessary fulfilment of old and divine prophecy, which imparts an unearthly colouring to all the vast and strange incidents of which we are made spectators. The characters are of the grandest cast. Simon the stern zealot, the imaginative man of blood,—John the reckless Sadducee, whose spirit of daring luxury is sublime,—

the youthful and impetuous Amariah,—the gentle Miriam, whose character sweetens the whole,—and the half-frantic enthusiast Salome, in whom the ancient Jewish spirit seems burning most brightly at the last, whose agonies inspire, and whose death is festal! Can any thing be more nobly conceived than the hurried nuptials of Amariah and his bride—the wild rapture while foes surround, famine rages, and heaven threatens, which aids the fitful enthusiasm bordering on despair? What can be more awful than the sounds of bridal revelry heard as the horror thickens, which break on tales of fresh atrocity, danger, or suffering? Here is genius consecrated to its noblest uses. We hail the effort to employ the divinest of human faculties on sacred themes, and we rejoice thus to record its complete success.

VARIETIES.

New-York State Medical School.—The following Circular address has recently been issued, by the Board of Trustees of this Institution. We give place to it with great pleasure, and cannot but congratulate the youth of our country destined for the Medical Profession upon the advantages which this establishment presents to them.

University of the State of New York.
College of Physicians and Surgeons.

The Honourable, the Regents of this University, having lately modified the regulations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, those concerning Studies are, at present, as follows:

1. The Lectures begin, annually, on the first Monday in November, and end on the last day of February.

2. The Students are required to Matriculate every Session, and pay each time a Matriculation Fee of five dollars, to be applied to the contingent expenses of the College, and the increase of the Library. All those who Matriculate have the use of the Library.

3. There is paid to each Professor a sum not exceeding fifteen dollars for each Course of Lectures; and the Lectures of Professors holding joint Professorships are considered but as one Course.

4. The Examinations are held by the President and Professors, in the presence of the Trustees.

5. The Commencement is held, annually, on the first Tuesday in April.

6. The expense of Graduation is twenty-five dollars.

7. "No person shall be admitted as a candidate for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine, unless he shall have regularly studied Medicine for three years with some respectable Practitioner, shall have Matriculated in this College, and shall have attended one complete Course of the Lectures delivered under the authority of the same, at not less than two Winter Sessions thereof; or, unless he shall have previously attended an entire Course of Lectures at some other respectable Medical College or University, as well as a complete Course of Lectures delivered as aforesaid in the said College

of Physicians and Surgeons, at one Winter Session thereof. Provided always, that the Lectures of the Professor of the Clinical Practice of Medicine shall not be deemed necessary to the completion of a Sub-graduate Course in the said College, unless such Professor shall, in the judgment of the Trustees of said College, be provided with a suitable ward, and proper subjects to enable him to deliver such Lectures to advantage."

8. The following is the Course of Lectures:

Institutes and Practice of Medicine, by *David Hosack*, M. D.

Chemistry, by *William James Macneven*, M. D.

Botany and Materia Medica, by *Samuel Latham Mitchell*, M. D.

Anatomy and Physiology, by *Wright Post*, M. D.

Clinical Practice of Medicine, by *William Hamersley*, M. D.

Principles and Practice of Surgery, by *Valentine Mott*, M. D.

Obstetrics, and the Diseases of Women and Children, by *John W. Francis*, M. D.

By order of the Trustees,

SAMUEL BARD, M. D. *President*.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. *Registrar*.

N. B. It is recommended to Students coming to this University from other States, to provide themselves with a certificate of age, and of the time they studied with a private practitioner, or in a College, so as to satisfy the requirements of Article 7.

New-York Eye Infirmary.—The subscribers have associated themselves for the purpose of founding an Institution, under the title of the "New-York Eye Infirmary," for the gratuitous treatment of diseases of the eye. The Infirmary will be modelled after one of the same character in London, founded by the late Mr. Saunders; a charity which has been found by experience, to have been eminently useful, not only in curing diseases of the Eye, and saving the vision of a large number of persons, but in improving the knowledge of Physicians and Surgeons in one of the most difficult and important branches of their science.

By confining the object of an Infirmary to the treatment of a single class of diseases, it has been found that many persons have applied for relief, who would never have asked for it from any

general Infirmary or Hospital; and from the same, cause a greater degree of attention can be paid to them.

To fulfil these objects, the subscribers have determined to devote a portion of their time, and will attend at the Infirmary, No. 45 Chatham Street, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, between the hours of 12 and 1 P. M. to give advice and dispense medicines to all persons with diseases of the Eye, who may apply to them.

EDWARD DELAFIELD, M. D.

J. KEARNY RODGERS, M. D.

WRIGHT POST, M. D. } Consulting
SAMUEL BORROWE, M. D. } Surgeons.

New-York, August 11, 1820.

Coffee—Substitutes for this useful berry have grown so much into use on the Continent of Europe, that the importation of that article into Europe is reduced from seventy millions of pounds annually, to below thirty millions. Rye has, with great success, and almost universal satisfaction, been substituted for coffee in Philadelphia, and is growing into general use in the city of New-York, and other parts of our country. This is the kind of domestic economy which will render the United States truly independent. Interest may carp, and prejudice sneer, but the American who loves his country will hail the increasing use of domestic manufactures, and will behold, with patriotic emotions, products of our own soil supersede those of other countries.

Sea-Water.—The practice of many who frequent sea-bathing places, of descending to the beach, and there swallowing, periodically, copious draughts of sea water, is extremely detrimental to the health, from the excessive and permanent irritation of the stomach and bowels produced by this potion, in its state of mechanical mixture with selenite, floating particles of algæ and fuci, and its integral combination of muriate of soda.

Columbia College.—The annual commencement of Columbia College was celebrated yesterday in Trinity Church. The procession moved from the College Green at 9 o'clock, passing through Park Place, along Broadway to Trinity Church, in the following order: The Janitor of the College, Students of Arts, candidates for the degree of Bachelor of

Arts, former graduates, Students of Physic, Principals of Academies, Instructors of Youth, band of musicians, Faculty of Arts, the President, Trustees of the College, Professors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Corporation of the city, members of the Legislature from the city and county of New York, Judges of the Supreme Court, Clergy, strangers of distinction, Regents of the University, members of Congress, Governor and Lieutenant Governor of the state. On reaching the church, the business of the day was opened with a prayer by the President, after which the young gentlemen of the senior class delivered their orations.

1. A Salutatory Address, in Latin, with an Oration de Julii Cæsaris vita et nece, by William Mitchell.

2. An Oration on the Contemplation of Ruins, by Roosevelt Johnson.

3. An Oration on the Lustre which Talents derive from Purity of Manners, by Archibald G. Rogers.

4. An Oration on the Opinion of the British Travellers and Writers with respect to the United States, by Cornelius R. Dissoway.

5. A Discussion of the Question "Is Literary Fame superior to Military Glory." Joseph H. Coit, affirm. John Mitchell, opp.

6. An Oration on Independence of Character, by Rutsen Suckley.

7. An Oration on the Pleasures and Pains of Memory, by John B. Bleecker.

8. An Oration on the Causes and comparative merits of the American and French Revolutions, by James Johnstone.

9. An Oration on Funeral and Sepulchral Honours, by Philip E. Milledoler.

10. An Oration on Legendary and Traditional Superstitions, by William Betts.

11. An Oration on the Feelings excited by Scotch History, by John R. Townsend.

The degrees of Bachelor of Arts were conferred on the following young Gentlemen, viz.

William Mitchell, John R. Townsend, John B. Bleecker, Roosevelt Johnson, Joseph H. Coit, John Mitchell, William Betts, Philip E. Milledoler, Cornelius R. Dissoway, James Johnstone, Archibald G. Rogers, Henry Laurence, and Rutsen Suckley.

The degrees of Master of Arts were conferred on Charles Rapelye, John D.

Campbell, Thomas M. Strong, Maurice W. Dwight, Leonard W. Kip, William Lowerre, Richard Ray, Manton Eastburn, John Neilson, Edward Rogers, Isaac Fisher, John Grigg, Benjamin Isherwood, M. D. Also a degree of A. M. honoris causa on William Forest.

The Vaedictory Address, with an Oration on departed greatness, by Henry Laurence.

The exercises were then concluded with a prayer, by the President.

The Orations on this occasion were delivered in a manner highly creditable, whilst many of them evinced genius and learning combined in no ordinary measure. To particularize would be useless, since all acquitted themselves so well; but we cannot avoid expressing the gratification we received from the valedictory address, by Mr. Henry Laurence, which was not only distinguished for its delivery, but also for its composition, particularly the addresses to the President and Dr. Wilson, in which he not only spoke his own sentiments as well as those of his classmates, but of every graduate who has received the benefit of their tuition. Under the instruction of scientific professors, under the guidance and superintendence of a *President*, whose every care is the welfare of its students, and whom to know, is only to esteem, admire, and respect, this institution cannot fail of soon becoming, as it deservedly should be, the first in our country. Long, long may it continue to advance in eminence and respectability; may each returning year find it sending forth students, who, by application and improvement in their different studies, may render themselves useful to society, honours to their country, and ornaments to the institution.

University of Pennsylvania—The commencement of the University of Pennsylvania was celebrated on the 27th of July. Orations were delivered by the following gentlemen:

Latin Salutatory, by Mr. John R. Paul.

English Salutatory, by Mr. Samuel Helffenstein.

Mathematical Oration, by Mr. Albert Helffenstein.

On the Revolution of Empires, by Mr. Robert Watson.

Eulogy on Perry and Decatur, by Mr. Thomas Stewart.

On the fate of Greece, by Mr. William A. Reed.

Contemplation of Nature, by Mr. John Norcom.

On Human Life, by Mr. Robert Smith.

On Ruins, by Mr. Joseph M. Doran.

On Free Government, by Mr. William W. Chew.

On Curiosity, by Mr. I. F. D. Heineken.

On the conduct of Brutus, by Mr. Gustavus Colhoun.

On War, by Mr. Francis Troubat.

On the Pleasures of Memory, by Mr. Beaton Smith.

On Literature, by Mr. Henry A Riley.

The following gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts:

—Henry P. Beck, William W. Chew, Gustavus Colhoun, Joseph M. Doran, I. F. D. Heineken, Samuel Helffenstein, Albert Helffenstein, John R. Paul, of Philadelphia; John Norcom, of North Carolina; William A. Read, Robert Smith, Beaton Smith, Henry A. Riley, of Philadelphia; Thomas Stewart, of Pennsylvania; Francis Troubat, of Philadelphia; Robert Watson and Samuel S. Cochran, of Pennsylvania. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon John N. Conyngham, Edmund S. Coxe, William B. Davidson, John M. Jackson, George Reed, and John W. West.

Valedictory Oration, Mr. Samuel S. Cochran.

New-York County Agricultural Society.—The committee appointed by the board of managers to make arrangements for the FALL exhibition of *animals and implements of husbandry*, give notice, that the exhibition will take place at *Mount Vernon*, on the banks of the East river, three and a half miles from the City Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 7th and 8th days of November next.

This late period in the season has been fixed on, that those who wish to exhibit at the earlier meetings of other societies, may have an opportunity to be present on this occasion, to become candidates for the premiums, and to avail themselves of the Fair which will then be held for sales and exchanges.

Those who intend to offer for the premiums, will give written notice to the recording secretary, at his office, 211

Front street. on or before the 10th day of September next.

ISAAC M. ELY, } committee
THOMAS R. SMITH, } of
THOMAS GIBBONS, } arrangements.

New-York, August 2d, 1820.

List of premiums to be awarded at the above mentioned exhibition.

- For the best stud horse, belonging to a citizen of this state, § 75
- For the best brood mare, do. 30
- For the 2d best do. do. 20
- For the best yoke, or pair, of fat oxen, do. 50
- For the 2d best do do. 40
- For the 3d do. do. 30
- For the 4th do. do. 20
- For the best bull do. 40
- For the 2d best do. do. 25
- For the best milch cow do. 30
- For the 2d best do. do. 20
- For the 3d best do. do. 10
- For the best calf do. 15
- For the 2d best do. do. 10
- For the best buck, with respect to form do. 20
- For the 2d do. do. do. 15
- For the best ten ewes, do. do. 15
- For the 2d do. do. do. 10
- For the best 10 wethers, do. do. 20
- For the 2d best do. do. do. 15
- For the 3d best do. do. do. 10
- For the 4th best do. do. do. 8
- For the best boar, do. 20
- For the best sow, do. 12
- For the best litter of pigs, not less than 6, do. 12
- For the 2d best do. do. do. 10
- For the fullest and most accurate report giving the best result of an experiment in fattening neat cattle not less than six oxen, owned by a citizen of this state 76
- For the most accurate and full report giving the best result of an experiment in fattening sheep, not less than twenty wethers, do. 76
- For the most full and accurate report giving the best result of an experiment in fattening hogs, not less than twenty, barrows, do. 76
- For the best implements of Husbandry. Best plough, requiring least repairs, and superior in all respects, owned by a citizen of this state, 16
- Do. implement for cleaning rows of vegetables, do. 12
- Do. drill for turnips and other small seeds, do. 10
- Do. formed harrow for plain or unequal grounds, do. 10
- Do. hand hoe for rows, do. 10
- Ten premiums, other than those herein mentioned, of different values, from 20 to 5 dollars, will be in the hands of the committee to whom the viewing of the cattle and implements of husbandry will be as-

signed, to be distributed to the owners of quadrupeds, or specimens of art, relative to husbandry, which are not here enumerated. Every animal and implement of husbandry, not having before received a premium, and being the property of a citizen of this state, without question of where or whence pro-

cured, will be considered as on an equal footing with home bred or home made.

R. N. HARISON, recording sec'y.

P. S. The terms on which the three premiums for experiments in fattening animals, may be claimed, will be found in the general list of premiums heretofore published.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A gentleman in one of the Midland counties of this State, is preparing for the Press, an interesting work, entitled, "Tales of my Brother. Jonathan," in two parts; chiefly relating to events and incidents of the Revolutionary War, 1776.

The *German Correspondent*, a periodical publication designed for the purpose of facilitating and reciprocating the amicable relations, which exist between Germany and the United States, and especially as a vehicle of communication between the literati of both nations, is about to appear monthly, and in a new and more enlarged form. We are acquainted with the author of this Journal, and are fully satisfied that he will render it a very useful acquisition, to our stock of intelligence. There are many reasons why a publication of this kind ought to be encouraged.

The language spoken in this country has been the means of confining our observations in a great measure, to that part of Europe from whence our population has been chiefly drawn. We, have it is true, thrown off the political yoke of England, but we have not yet enfranchised our minds from a servile veneration for all their opinions on matters of literature and science. It must be admitted, that we have by this means come into an easy mode of acquiring knowledge, but we have, nevertheless, paid a very heavy tribute for it. As might have been expected, the English government, always sufficiently despotic to give a tone and direction to their literature, availing themselves of this opportunity, have endeavoured to instil into our minds false and pernicious dogmas, and to create in us a distrust and disrespect for our own character and institutions. We have thus not only become copyists to them, but not unfrequently the trumpeters of our own defamation. If we have not native talent, let us then at least draw upon those who are our friends, and who, taking into consideration our youth and the many obstacles with which we have had to contend, know how to regard our efforts with candour, and entertain for us a reciprocity of respect and fellow feeling. Let us appeal to the German

nation, of all others, as an umpire who has shown herself in this respect worthy of those enlightened and liberal sentiments, for which they have been so long distinguished, and which they have always made it their peculiar province to foster.

We hope, indeed, that the German Correspondent will meet with entire success.

The following is extracted from the prospectus:

"Among the nations of Europe who are famed for genius and science, none appear to have taken so lively an interest in the progress of American literature and improvements as Germany, the country from which so many of the inhabitants of these middle states derive their origin. At Leipzig a journal has been established, which is exclusively devoted to the concerns of the United States, of which it exhibits a picture evidently drawn by the hand of a friend. In their reviews and other literary publications, the works of merit which appear in this country are favored with a distinguished notice, and always fairly dealt with. We owe a return for these favours, to the liberal minded Germans, and should be bound to pay this debt of honour, even if there were no other sufficient motives to interest us in the concerns of a people, with whom so many of our citizens are connected by the strong ties of blood and kindred, and with whom no cause exists for political or commercial rivalry, or for collisions of any kind."

The seventh number of the *Sketch Book* is in Press, and will be published in a few days.

The first number, or half volume, of the *Literary and Scientific Journal*, edited, principally, by Colonel C. K. Gardener, has just been published.

The *Pleasures of Religion*, a Poem, by a Lady of this city, has just been published by Wiley and Halsted.

Precaution, an original novel, in two volumes, is in Press, and will shortly be published by A. T. Goodrich.

Amos Lay, proposes to publish from the

latest authorities, and from actual surveys, a new edition of his late Map of the State of New York; comprising a large part of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, with a part of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, and U. Canada. *On a scale of seven miles to an inch.* The size of this Map is four feet four inches square. It extends from the Canada Line, or 45th degree of north latitude, south to the city of Philadelphia; and from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania on the west, to New-Haven in Connecticut on the east.

This Map will be printed on fine wove paper, handsomely coloured, and delivered to Subscribers,

| | | |
|----------------------------------|----|-----|
| In the Sheet, | at | § 7 |
| Made portable in a book, | | 10 |
| Mounted on rollers and varnished | | 11 |

A splendid edition of Washington's Farewell Address, is to be published in Philadelphia. It is to be printed on paper of the same quality as the splendid edition of the Declaration of Independence, lately published by Mr. Binns, and, in all respects, to be a companion of that State Paper.

History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America, by Charles Botta, translated from the Italian, by George Alexander Otis. The first volume of this work has been published; the residue will soon appear. Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to the translator, observes, "I am glad to find that the excellent work of Botta is, at length, translated. The merit of this work has been too long unknown with us."

Proposals for publishing by subscription, "An Historical Sketch of the ten years' administration of his Excellency DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, late Governor of the State of New-York;—with an appendix, comprising an impartial review of his accounts with the state, and his controversy with the Comptroller, by Horatio Gates Spafford, L. L. D."

Just published, Letters addressed to Rev. Wm. E. Wyatt, D. D. on the Ministry, Ritual and Doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in reply to his late sermon. By Jared Sparks, A. M. Minister of the First Independent Church of Baltimore.

J. Maxwell, of Philadelphia, has just published Hebrew Canticles, or a Poetical Commentary or Paraphrase on the various Songs of Scripture; including Solomon's Song, Lamentations, &c. and a few Miscellaneous Pieces. By Rev. W. Verrin.

The first number of the Churchman's Repository for the Eastern Diocess, conducted by the Rev. James Mors, Asa Eaton, Charles Burroughs and Thomas Carlisle, has just been published at Newburyport.

Poetical Festival.—The Congress of Bards which was to have taken place at Wrexham,

in August, is, in consequence of the coronation, postponed to the second week in September.

The Season.—Among the different objects which the revolving seasons successively bring under our notice, the Yellow Fever, at the present time, is not the least considerable. The unusual and permanent elevation of temperature, and the constant alternation of sun and moisture, which have for some time prevailed, have predisposed our atmosphere, in a particular manner, for the reception and propagation of this disease. At Havanna, which is like a sort of focus or hot bed of generating materials, the disease is at this time peculiarly violent.

Owing to the false and heterodox theories which are entertained in some of the cities upon our sea-board, Quarantine laws do not exist, or are but loosely exercised. On this account, the disease has unfortunately been conveyed into several places. In Middletown, thirteen cases have occurred, of which seven proved fatal. At Philadelphia, twelve cases have occurred, and nine deaths. In both places, notwithstanding the number of public journals, and the eagerness which prevails to put every thing in print, a selfish and dangerous taciturnity smothered all information, and the disease made considerable progress before notice was taken of it.

By the vigilance, however, of the New-York Board of Health, private intelligence was received, and measures immediately adopted to come in possession of authentic facts. We cannot cease to admire and to render our grateful acknowledgments to the Municipal and Medical Gentlemen, who compose this body, for the keen and fearless manner in which they perform their duties. They have set on foot a bolder and more comprehensive system of operations than any similar board in the United States. Among others, that of sending authorised agents to obtain information on the least alarm in adjacent cities, is not the least important. In the recent case of Middletown, we see the proof of these remarks. The account of the Yellow Fever at Middletown, furnished to the Board of Health, by their agent Dr. Beck, is a paper deserving of great praise. We should like to see it enlarged and published in a pamphlet form, because we believe it to be one of the most valuable documents in relation to the origin and character of Yellow Fever, which has appeared. It is a specimen of correct style, for which our medical men are not always distinguished, and of a close investigating and sound judgment, capable of duly appreciating and balancing every fact which bears on the subject.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

Of the Weather in New-York, for the Month of July, 1820.

| | THERMOMETER. | | | WINDS. | | | WEATHER. | | | REMARKS. |
|----|--------------|------|------|--------|------|------|----------|--------|--------|---|
| | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | 7 AM | 2 PM | 7 PM | |
| 1 | 81 | 93 | 87 | s w | s | s | clear | clear | clear | This month has been characterized by a range of temperature higher than we recollect to have experienced for several years. There has not been a single day on which our thermometer, hanging in a shaded situation, did not indicate summer heat. Generally, it has ranged from 80 to 80, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The dryness of the weather, in the fore part of the month, was particularly favourable to the harvest gathering. Large quantities of hay and grain have been housed without a drop of rain. The pastures and new-mown grounds, however, were beginning to suffer from the drought—when the earth was refreshed, by plentiful showers, on the 14th and 21st of the month. The still more copious rains of the 29th and 30th have given to vegetation a fresh impulse, and imparted to the fields and the foliage a rich luxuriance. The atmosphere, in this vicinity, does not appear to have been highly charged with electricity; but in some parts of the country there have been heavy showers, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and hail. The wind has blown chiefly from the south. |
| 2 | 75 | 83 | 76 | e | se | se | do | do | do | |
| 3 | 71 | 83 | 77 | se | s | se | cloudy | cloudy | do | |
| 4 | 74 | 86 | 78 | w | s | s | do | clear | do | |
| 5 | 76 | 90 | 84 | s | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 6 | 77 | 89 | 84 | w | s | s | do | cloudy | do | |
| 7 | 78 | 89 | 79 | n | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 8 | 76 | 86 | 79 | s | s | s | do | clear | do | |
| 9 | 73 | 85 | 79 | s w | s | s | clear | do | do | |
| 10 | 75 | 85 | 80 | n w | s | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 11 | 78 | 84 | 81 | ne | se | se | clear | do | do | |
| 12 | 75 | 86 | 82 | se | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 13 | 78 | 88 | 83 | s | s | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 14 | 78 | 83 | 73 | s | se | s | clear | rain | rain | |
| 15 | 69 | 82 | 76 | s | s | s | do | clear | clear | |
| 16 | 72 | 80 | 76 | s w | s | s | do | cloudy | do | |
| 17 | 71 | 84 | 78 | w | s w | s | do | clear | do | |
| 18 | 72 | 85 | 79 | s w | s | w | do | do | do | |
| 19 | 74 | 85 | 80 | s | s w | w | do | do | cloudy | |
| 20 | 73 | 83 | 80 | n w | n w | n | cloudy | do | do | |
| 21 | 72 | 80 | 66 | ne | ne | ne | do | rain | rain | |
| 22 | 68 | 78 | 72 | ne | se | s | clear | cloudy | clear | |
| 23 | 68 | 76 | 71 | e | s | s | do | clear | do | |
| 24 | 66 | 77 | 71 | w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 25 | 75 | 83 | 82 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 26 | 76 | 86 | 82 | s w | s w | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 27 | 75 | 87 | 82 | s | s | s | do | do | cloudy | |
| 28 | 74 | 86 | 80 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 29 | 76 | 81 | 80 | s w | se | se | do | rain | rain | |
| 30 | 74 | 78 | 78 | se | n | w | rain | do | cloudy | |
| 31 | 74 | 84 | 82 | n | s w | s | cloudy | clear | clear | |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Auburn Ringlet*, being a continuation of the beautiful Tales commenced in our last with the "Toll Gatherer's Daughter," we regret did not reach us in time for insertion in our present number. It shall appear in our next. We feel ourselves indebted to this correspondent, and solicit a continuation of his favours.

The translation by L. C. from the *Inferno* of Dante will also appear in our next.

The Critique on *The Exile's Return*, by *Caroliniensis* shall have a place.

Several other communications have been received, and shall be attended to.

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 5.]

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 15, 1820.

[Vol. III.]

RESEARCHES INTO AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[For the Literary Journal.]

ON the great question concerning the origin of the American tribes, the opinion of their sameness in blood and lineage with those of Asia and Europe receives almost daily confirmation. That able and indefatigable inquirer, Caleb Atwater, Esq. of Ohio, in a letter to a friend, dated at Circleville, about the middle of July, 1820, writes thus: "The letter of Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, containing specimens of the paper-cloths from the Society, Friendly, and Fejee Islands, and also from Mexico, have induced me to coincide perfectly with him in opinion, that the people who manufactured those articles, all belong to the *Malay* race. I have read his several papers in the *Archæologia Americana*, published by the Antiquarian Society at Worcester. Nothing could be more satisfactory to me on that subject.

"In my memoir, you will see, that the *idols* and *worship* of our natives were the same as in Hindustan. They who constructed our ancient works came hither after the ancestors of the North American Indians had found the Atlantic ocean by the way of our lakes and their outlets, bringing along with them the gods, religious worship, arts, manners, and customs of Hindustan, Southern Tartary, and the Crimea. These came from the South: the forefathers of our Iroquois and their congeners, from the north. The for-

mer were shepherds; the latter were hunters. You will see the proofs I have collected, in my memoir.

"Fifty years hence our successors will wonder, (notwithstanding M. Salverte's learned comment upon my essay, printed in French at Geneva in Europe) how any person could be ignorant of the origin of that colony of men that once inhabited this country; and they will but lightly estimate the infinite labour and pains which we of the present day have been obliged to endure, for the purpose of drawing conclusions, that then will appear so plain, obvious, and undeniable. However that may be, let us proceed in our work of unravelling the mysteries of the past, for the benefit of the future generations. To me, the communication of these artificial fabrics is beyond all price, inasmuch as it fully confirms me in the opinion already expressed."

This recital throws great light upon the disclosures lately made in Jefferson county, N. Y. within the region situated east of lake Ontario.

In connection with authentic history, and with rational investigation, the following letter from H. Emerson to General Brown merits attention:

"Dear Sir—Agreeably to your request, I inform you that the ancient Indian fortification, in the town of Rodman, incloses a space of about four or five acres, of a circular form, having an opening, for ingress and egress, five feet in width on the outer side of the embankment, being about the width of the ditch. From the

bottom of the ditch to the top of the embankment, as they now exist, the height is about six feet.

"The greater part of the area of the fort has been cleared of trees, and is cultivated. The trees on the embankment, and within the ditch, are of the usual magnitude which trees exhibit in the surrounding country.

"The plough has turned up human bones of large dimensions, and also various works of art, such as broken earthen vessels made for domestic purposes from brown clay, of which there is a bed in the neighbourhood; and which has been baked in the way practised at this time.

"Some of them are curiously figured. There are also pipes of the same material, ornamented in like manner, the bowls of which are in the form of a trumpet, and about four inches long. The stems are nearly an inch in diameter. There are other pipes of another form, cut from stone.

"Stone hatchets and chisels have been found within the fortification, and various other articles of workmanship. It is said, a musical wind-instrument in the shape of a serpent coiled up, made of stone or clay, was some time since found within the inclosure; and that the same is now in the possession of a person in the county of Herkimer.

"The bones above mentioned were covered with heaps of small stones, that were undoubtedly conveyed to the place of interment from the neighbouring brook.

"There is a jaw-bone which was found within the premises, as I am informed, of an unusual size; and it is not uncommon to find other bones which have formed the frame of man, larger than the present generation. The jaw above alluded to, I expect to obtain; and from it the magnitude of the whole frame may be tolerably well ascertained.

"I have been recently informed there are three other fortifications in

the same neighbourhood, not distant from each other more than two miles. No doubt others exist in the county not yet discovered. Any information relative to the antiquities of this county, for the information of the citizens at large, I shall with much pleasure be ever ready and willing to communicate, as far as in my power."

(For the Literary Journal.)

The narrator ceased, and received the thanks of his auditors: "Truly" said one of them, "I was surprised at the conclusion of your story, as after the most approved method, when a heroine is deserted by her lover, she falls into a kind of painless consumption, which heightens, instead of diminishing her beauty. And just as the repentant swain appears, she dies in full dress, uttering a sentimental speech with appropriate interruptions." "Well," returned the other, "it is your task to entertain us. We will see if your heroine is more refined." "I will give you a story," said the critic, "that shall not have the word Love in it." "A sensible story," said the old Bachelor. A young lady put up her lip in scorn, and the old gentleman began the loveless tale.

THE AUBURN RINGLET.

It was a calm summer afternoon, that, taking my fishing implements, and whistling for my dog, who always made one of my pleasure parties, I strolled to the banks of the river. I resided just where the Highlands commence, and it was one of my greatest pleasures to ramble over the piles of rocks that form the bold shore of the Hudson. One that reared its white head above the water, and was partially shaded by a large ash tree, whose long branches

kissed the waves, was my favourite seat. Having reached this spot, I laid down my rod, and forgot my errand in admiring the beauty of the scenery. I had admired it a thousand times before, but it had never inspired me with such peculiar feelings. "There was not a breath to curl the blue wave," which reflected the lofty hills in all their majesty. No sound of humanity broke the silence of nature; not a vessel disturbed the waters; and a little rill that dashed noisily down the rocks, fell into the river with a gentle murmur that soothed the ear. I watched the sun sink behind the hills, and hailed the moon as she rose smiling to compensate for his absence. Her mellow light fell softly upon every object, making the water appear as one stainless mirror, and revealing as it glanced upon the opposite mountains some dark cave or gloomy recess where I almost fancied I beheld the red man couching. I was startled from a train of wild imagination by the sound of footsteps on the shore. They seemed afar off, but the night was so still that a pebble falling in the water sounded some distance. My dog erected his ears, and roused him from his slumber. I bid him lie down, and he crouched obedient at my feet. The shore at that period was often visited by Rafters, rough men with whom it was most prudent to have little communication. Supposing that a party of these fellows were approaching, I resumed my cigar. As they advanced, however, and turned the angle of a rock which had concealed them from my view, I perceived that they were strangers, though not of the description I imagined. They walked silently on, with as much rapidity as the uneven path would permit, while their heavy steps broke rudely on the harmony of the night.

I placed my hand on Sancho's head, lest he should move, and, con-

cealed by the friendly tree, watched the conduct of the intruders. As they passed my hiding place, the moon shining full in the face of the one nearest me, revealed a set of handsome but agitated features. He was unnaturally pale; and, whether from exercise or emotion, I knew not, large drops of perspiration rolled from his brow, for he had taken off his hat, and frequently shook from his face the dark hair, which curled in profusion round his head. His companion I could not obtain a view of. As they passed, my dog could not restrain a faint growl; the young man started, "We are watched," he said. "Pshaw!" returned the other peevishly, and they went on. I suffered them to walk some distance, then cautiously followed them; the noise of their own steps preventing them from hearing mine. Sancho, as if aware that he must be silent, came slowly behind me.

I have often thought how awkward I should have felt had they turned suddenly upon me, and demanded my business. They were, however, too hurried, and too intent on their errand, to look either to the right or to the left, but continued to walk for half an hour, the scene each moment becoming more wild, and the mountains more gloomy. At length they stopped. I stepped behind a large rock, and heard them draw a boat to the water, saw them get in, push silently off, and with long, but soft strokes proceed up the river.

I was not a little provoked at my folly in walking a mile over rough stones, merely to see two men find their skiff, and go home in it. It took me an hour to return to the spot whence I had started, and almost as long to recover my fishing tackle, which, in my haste to quit the rock, I had kicked over, and now found entangled in the weeds which grew around the stones. So much for curiosity, said I, as I pricked my fingers till they bled in disentangling the hooks,

At last my arrangements were completed, and I proceeded homeward. I looked at my watch, and was surprised to find that my adventure had detained me till near midnight. I had turned from the river, and was climbing a steep ascent that led to my farm, when a low and smothered cry of "help" startled me. It was repeated, and seemed to proceed from the river. I ran to the banks, but saw or heard nothing. After waiting some moments, all being quiet, I turned away in the hope that it was some frolick of the Rafter. I had scarcely reached my house when louder cries of "help, murder," sounded along the silent shores. I called my servants, who got out the boat, and we set off in pursuit of the murderers. We thought that we heard the dashing of oars in the water below us; we followed the sound; we seemed to come near them, as we heard a sound as of struggling, but there was no voice. We followed rapidly: all was still for many moments, when the loud shriek of a man, a man in mortal agony, thrilled our hearts. It ceased, and was never repeated. The rocks faintly echoed the dreadful cry, and the scenery again slept in tranquillity. I thought that I distinguished the moanings of a woman; but it might have been but the sighing of the night breeze. We continued the pursuit till fatigue obliged us to return, nor could we find a clue to guide us through the mystery. All our inquiries were unsatisfactory; no person had been seen—no person was missing—it was all dark and incomprehensible. The ensuing day, accompanied by my brother, I retraced my evening walk; we saw the place where the boat had been concealed, and determined to search farther up the river. We did so, and had proceeded nearly two miles when we observed the trace of a violent struggle on the beach. The print of men's feet was impressed

deep in the sand; and there was an appearance, for some yards, as if something heavy had been dragged along. As we were examining the place, some object glistening in the sun caught my eye; I picked it up, and clearing it from the sand, it proved to be a mourning ring. It was simply a band of black velvet, fastened by a diamond of some value. It seemed to have dropped off in consequence of some struggle, for the velvet was torn and twisted. Here was evidence of foul play; but who were the authors of it, or their victim, seemed alike concealed forever. As I was making these reflections, I perceived on a bush near me what appeared to be a remnant of a lady's lace veil; and further on, there lay upon the white blossoms of a thorn a long *Auburn Ringlet*. I raised it from the thorns that had caught and retained it. It curled in soft graceful rings, but its fairness was defaced, for it was stained with blood.

I carefully preserved these relics, hoping that they might one day lead to a discovery of the crime. But time passed on. It was ten years after this incident, I had become a husband, a father, and an old-fashioned man, when going to New-York, there came on board the same vessel the young man whose steps I had watched on the river shore. The instant I beheld, I recognized that pale countenance, and those clustering locks. He was very thin, and it was evident that it was not the hand of time so much as of affliction, which had robbed him of his bloom. I sought his acquaintance, which he readily granted me, and before we arrived at the city, we were (to all appearance) excellent friends; indeed, could I have banished my dark suspicions from my mind, it would have been impossible to have resisted the grace of his manner, or the fascination of his language. He possessed a mild dignity which created respect,

and a gentle benevolence which inspired affection. When he thought himself unobserved, his face grew dark, and it expressed the greatest melancholy. But if any one approached, he roused himself, and shook it off instantly. I saw much of him at New-York, and when I left the city I invited him to visit me. I reside, I said, "on the East bank of the Hudson, at the entrance of the Highlands." As I spoke I fixed my eyes on his face; but read nothing there. He consented to be my guest; and as I parted from him, I said to myself—after all, I only saw by moonlight.

At the appointed time Henry Cleighton arrived. He soon won the hearts of my household—he became the favourite playmate of the children—the kind friend of my wife, and to myself he was an instructive and pleasing companion. He had been my guest more than a week ere I could summon resolution to execute my long-planned scheme. I feared to unmask him, if the candour, gentleness, and benevolence he daily exhibited, were indeed assumed. Accident however led me on.

One fine day, Cleighton proposed a walk. I led him to the river shore, and visited my old fishing seat. I guided him to the place where the boat had been moored. He conversed calmly. I went on till we came to the fatal spot. It was not adapted to scenes of blood: a stream had worn its silent way through the rock; its sides were thickly shaded by wild laurel, whose beautiful blossoms were now peeping from their dark green leaves. As the eye followed the windings of the clear stream, it seemed to lead to the sequestered retreat of some fairy, or mountain spirit. A large clump of thorn bushes grew aside of the rill, and it was there I had found the evidences of guilt. To that spot I now led Henry Cleighton; he appeared a little restless; complained of wear-

ness, and sat down on one of the large stones. After a long pause, I said, "would I never had seen this accursed place." Cleighton looked surprised. "It was on this shore," I continued, "that I once heard a fellow creature cry for aid, and could not afford it to him." "What speak you of," asked Cleighton calmly. I related to him the adventure. He heard me with an unchanging countenance, until I mentioned the ring and hair; then methought for a moment his brow blanched. "Did you see the man's face?" he inquired; "Yes," I answered, "as distinctly as I now see yours." "Would you know him were you to see him again?" "I knew him the moment I saw him," I returned, fixing my eyes on his. He arose, and proudly erecting his tall person, said, with cool dignity, "and you suspect me?" My silence answered him. "It is even so," he continued: "Listen to me, not as one who pleads for himself, but as an unbiassed stranger. You meet a man who resembles a face which ten years before you saw, for an instant, by the uncertain light of the moon; and this man you pronounce a murderer." "Nay Cleighton," I said, "I have locked my suspicions in my own breast. If I have wronged you, pardon me; I can only say the resemblance struck me immediately, while your melancholy added to my suspicion." "Must a man commit murder to be melancholy?" said he bitterly.—"Think you if my hands were bloody I would visit the spot where I had stained them.—But enough—I pardon your injustice—Farewell," and, with hasty strides, he left me. I returned, melancholy and perplexed. His agitation might have been produced by conscious innocence or conscious guilt; which, I could not determine.

In the evening of that day I was shocked to behold the object of my thoughts carried in by my servants,

pale and senseless. They had found him lying at the bottom of a high rock, from which he had apparently fallen. He was mangled by the sharp stones on which he had struck, and his face was already distorted with the agonies of approaching dissolution. Every remedy and attention was bestowed upon him. He opened his eyes, and beholding me, started; then raising himself up with more strength than we thought he possessed, he wildly demanded the tress of hair. It was given him. He pressed it to his lips, and a tear found its way to his distended eyes; but when he saw the blood that stained it, madness dried the kindly moisture. "It is his blood," he cried, "his heart's best blood," and he laughed hellishly. "Ingrate," he continued, in a more subdued tone, "on that cold bleeding bosom did she choose to pillow her dying head, when mine was bursting to receive her. But they are dead. No one saw it, but the blue sky and those who did it; none live to tell it." In this manner he continued to rave till the words died on his lips, and he expired holding the ringlet to his heart.

We followed him silently to his lonely grave. The spot was long avoided by the peasants, and many a ghost story has taken its rise from this occurrence; but it has long since faded from their minds, and is only remembered by some old man like myself, who loves to tell long stories.

"After all," said the young lady, who with difficulty had waited the conclusion, "after all, love was the very basis of the story: it is plain that Cleighton loved hopelessly, and was rendered desperate." "Nothing of which is mentioned in my story; but I perceive the slightest hint will cause the youthful imagination to rove," answered the old gentleman, rather nettled.

There was among our group a la-

dy who from her appearance had arrived at the fatal age of old maidism.

Indeed, her close gown and plain muslin cap proclaimed she was an old maid; yet many young ones would have done wisely to have copied her manners. As I looked at her dark intelligent eyes, and placid open brow, I wished it was her turn to speak.

Next her sat an old bachelor, but no ray of cheerfulness illumined his face. He was still handsome, though grief seemed to have united with time in shading his features. The storms of heaven had passed over him, and their lightnings scathed him as they passed. When reminded that we were waiting his pleasure, he said with a mournful smile, you have often rallied me on my unsocial life; prepare to hear the reasons that keep me an

OLD BACHELOR.

I need not inform you that I am an Englishman. I was born in a pleasant village fifty miles distant from London, in which my father was the most important man excepting the lord of the manor, who was his intimate friend; though never were two men so dissimilar.

Mr. Welworth was proud of his birth, ostentatious of his wealth, and of a stern, unforgiving temper; yet he possessed strong feelings; but he valued himself upon his firmness, which, however, too often rose to obstinacy. Two daughters adorned his home. The eldest, Clara, was surpassingly beautiful; but her mind and temper too much resembled her father's. The youngest, my Maria, was totally different; her beauty, like her character, was of a softer cast. Her snowy skin, fair hair, and eyes that spoke of heaven, were to me more attractive than the brilliant charms of Clara. At the period from which I date this story, and the sorrows of my life, I had attained my

twentieth year, and Maria was scarce sixteen. In compliance with my urgent request, my father had procured me a commission in the — regiment. Never shall I forget the vain, but rapturous feeling I experienced, when I first surveyed myself in regimentals, and how I hastened to exhibit them before Mr. Welworth's mansion; or the fond admiration with which Maria, in our stolen evening walk, gazed on her young soldier. These secret interviews were often repeated, for as yet, we dared not tell our love. I will pass over this period. Alas! we "loved not wisely, but too well." When I had sacrificed Maria's peace and my own honour to the selfishness of passion, I determined to repair to her father, and implore his consent to our union, never permitting myself to doubt the readiness with which it would be given. I arrived too late: Mr. Welworth had departed for the north on urgent business, and I was obliged to defer my suit till his return. While I was impatiently counting the hours, military business called me to London. I had been in the metropolis but a few days, when my regiment was suddenly ordered abroad; no delay was allowed; I had not even permission to see Maria, or take a personal farewell of my parents. I could only write to her, conjuring her to be faithful to her engagements, promising to return as speedily as my honour would permit; and using every argument to console her, I bade her adieu. To my parents I also wrote, informing them of my attachment to Maria, and entreating them to watch over her as their child. These duties performed, I departed for the port whence we were to embark. I had ample time for reflection, as our voyage, though safe, was long, and my thoughts were constantly recurring to my native village—to Maria, sad and lonely—or looking gloomily forward to the long, perhaps eternal separation we were doomed

to. But brighter thoughts would sometimes cheer me. Reclining on the deck while a brilliant moon lighted up the calm sea, I often fell into waking dreams, and imagined myself returning rich and honourable to Maria and happiness. Half of my vision was realized. After an absence of five years, I succeeded to the estate of a distant relative, and finding an opportunity of retiring from the service with credit, I returned to England with an honourable name, but a heart torn with a thousand apprehensions.

Among the first letters I had received from my father, he mentioned Mr. Welworth's disapprobation of my union with his daughter, and that Maria, with a firmness that astonished her friends, had expressed her fixed determination never to become the wife of any other man. In consequence of this decision, Maria was forbidden to write or receive letters from me. This unpleasant intelligence only incited me to greater exertions. I depended on Maria's faithfulness, and endeavoured to win that promotion which would render me acceptable in her father's eyes.

From this time my father dwelt less in his letters on the subject dearer to me than all others, till at last he ceased to mention Maria's name. I wrote earnestly requesting to hear of her welfare. His answer was couched in the tenderest language, but he only said of her of whom I longed to hear, "Maria is well." Soon after the receipt of this letter, my father died, but not even a parent's death would have at that period excused my abandoning my post. In harassing uncertainty I dragged through the tedious years.

At length I seemed to be repaid for all my sufferings; fortune and fame both smiled upon me, and I endeavoured, by bright anticipations, to stifle the fears that rose in my mind. We landed. The day was closing; but without heeding the hour, I hired

a chaise, and rapidly travelled to my native place. Various emotions filled my breast as I approached it. Love had not so entirely possessed my heart as to render it insensible to the claims of filial affection; and as I thought of my widowed mother, I felt I was a son. The dawn of the second morning of my journey broke over the well-known hills I had so often climbed in my boyhood. At the entrance of the village, I dismissed the chaise, and walking hastily through the place, was soon in the arms of my joyful and astonished parent. When the first incoherent expressions of surprise and pleasure were uttered, and we became more composed, I snatched up my hat, and pronouncing Maria's name, was departing. My mother would have detained me, but I told her gayly it was Maria's turn, and ere she could reply, I had reached the door of Mr. Welworth's mansion. Five years of danger and fatigue had so altered my appearance, that the gray-headed servant who opened the door, did not recognize in the sun-burnt man before him the rosy boy who had a hundred times rode upon his back. Supposing me a visiter on business, for I was too agitated to speak, he ushered me in the study, where Mr. Welworth was seated at his lonely breakfast. Mr. Welworth started up as I approached. Hate quickened his memory: he knew me instantly. Too anxious to heed his frown and repulsive gesture, I eagerly inquired for Maria, and besought him to grant me an interview with her. At the mention of that name, the flush that anger had summoned to his brow forsook it. He turned to me with an expression of face I shall never forget, and said in a low tone of bitter anguish, "seek her in the brothel, amidst the infamy to which you led her.—Would you know more?—She, who was once my daughter, is now a willing, nay, a shameless wanton." I heard no farther. When I recover-

ed my senses, I found myself in my own house. Desiring the attendants to withdraw, I begged my mother to unravel this terrible mystery. It seemed, from her account, that Maria became after my departure each day more dejected. In vain did my mother bestow on her the tenderest caresses; they only called forth the most violent grief. Alas! a dreadful secret preyed on the unhappy girl; when she found it impossible to conceal it, she flew to my mother. But by a fatality that seemed to pursue us, my mother had left home to visit some distant friends. Maria hastened home, and unfolded to her indignant and astonished sister, her sorrow and her shame. But who can describe the rage of her haughty father? With the most bitter curses he drove her from the house, and closed his heart and his door for ever upon her. Where the wretched wanderer found an asylum, my mother could not tell. Soon she again sought her father's mercy. Her sister saw her not; and Mr. Welworth, with menaces and reproaches, spurned his weeping child. Here my mother paused; but I insisted vehemently on hearing all. It was horrible to hear—it would be maddening to repeat.—It was enough. She had been seen the light companion of a man of rank. "Where is her child," I inquired, interrupting the sad detail. My mother knew not.—"Where is she?" My mother knew not. "But I will know," I said; "there is no wretchedness or infamy I will not descend to, to rescue her; oh! but for me she would now be shining in all the light of purity. Who can tell what extremity of despair drove her to vices; perhaps even now she looks with weeping eyes to the innocence she has lost. From this moment I will devote my life, my fortune, to the redemption of this fallen one.—It is but just.—Was I not her destroyer?"

My mother wept over, but she did not oppose me.

I went to London, and commenced my miserable search; I cannot detail the scenes I witnessed. Often have I turned shuddering from haunts of horror and guilt, and thought, "did her pure soul inhabit here." After many months of fruitless search, I traced the fugitive. I was told she had sought refuge in the Magdalen asylum.

Blessed tidings! She had not waited to be snatched from pollution, but had voluntarily directed her steps to the abode of virtue. I determined to see her, to hold her once more to my heart, and justify myself to her. To solemnly bestow on her my name and fortune, (poor restitution,) then bidding her farewell, to seek in other countries relief for my wounded heart.

With these resolutions, I hastened to the Magdalen house. The porter seemed astonished at my appearance and inquiries, and said he was not allowed to hold conversation with strangers. After much urging, he consented to go to the room, where a committee of the trustees were sitting. He returned immediately with an answer from the trustees, that it was out of rule to admit male visitors. Out of rule! How impertinent to my wrung heart did this cold formality appear. My evident distress touched the porter; he consented to bear a second message. I followed, and entered the apartment with him. Several elderly gentlemen were sitting round a table transacting business. They would have denied me entrance, but I rushed forward, and impetuously demanded to see Maria Welworth. I avowed myself her betrayer, and related in a hurried manner our sad history. "I entreat you," I continued, "to permit me to see her; disgraced, polluted, as she is, she is still dearer to me than life." My hearers were moved. They sent for one of the matrons, and strove to sooth my agitated feelings. The matron obeyed the summons.

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One of the trustees inquired, if Maria Welworth was well enough to see a friend? "Bless you, Sir," said the woman, "she died only an hour ago; she is scarce cold yet." My senses failed me for a few moments; they afterwards told me that I uttered a piercing shriek that caused them to tremble. With returning life came a faint spark of hope. There might be some mistake; I asked to see the corpse. They led me to the chamber of death; I bent over the dead, and tried to raise the linen that concealed the face, but I *dared not*. The matron uncovered it, and revealed the features and form of her, who, six years before, I had seen in all the bloom of youth and beauty. But nothing before me recalled the pure blushing Maria I had loved. There was a faint trace of her innocent smile round her mouth, but all the rest was stamped with guilt and misery, disease and death. C.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT, AN EASTERN
TALE.

[For the Literary Journal.]

IN that annus mirabilis 1692, a stranger, mounted on a raw-boned charger, descended from John of Gaunt's ploughing team, and drest in parson's gray, entered the village of Salem at a devout gait, which could give offence to no man. To the inquiries of all whom he met, he answered in a patient tone, that his name was Faithful Handy; that he came from Muddy-pond, where he had been lately ordained teacher; and that he had a recommend from Hugh Peters to Deliverance Hobbes, one of their people.

Having thus, with resignation worthy of Balaam's ass, run the gauntlet of the Hierosolumites' curiosity, he, at length, descended at the gate of Deliverance Hobbes.

An hard favoured young woman was drawing water at the well, who sat down her bucket, and turned round to reconnoitre the new comer. She squinted in the peculiar mode described by the poet—"when one eye looked up, the other looked down;" and was terribly deformed in her person. Nature, in elaborating this rare article, seemed to have been trying an optical experiment; as if to show, by adapting her crooked figure to a parabolical reflector, how symmetry may be produced from the most hideous and uncouth distortion. Her head, shaped like a broad axe, was garnished with a tuft of red wool, which "streamed like a meteor to the troubled air," and would, if transplanted, like the locks of Berenice, have affrighted the nations, threatening pestilence and war. Her green eyes were set deep in her head, and seemed affected, like the grass, by the hot weather. A huge hawked nose covered half her face. Her ears were set like a dogs in the back of her head; and her broad, concave cheeks, were riddled with seams, stigmatized with scars, and riddled with the small pox. Her mouth, twin sister to the crescent moon, stretching like a yawning sepulchre, disclosed the corrupted bones, that were encharnelled within. Thin skinny lips, and a Bavarian poke of the chin, completed the nomenclature of her charms; and the rest of her person tallied with her face. Such was the dragon that answered in a shrill voice to the parson's inquiries, "yes, Deliverance Hobbes lives here; and I am her daughter Beautiful."

This was confirmed by the apparition of the matron herself; who was the exemplar of her daughter's attractions, except that her own charms had become mellowed by age, and contrary to the usual course of nature, matured into something rather less ghastly and horrible. She seemed to be informed of the

purport of her visiter's mission; for her first inquiry was, "Be you the minister that's got a recommend from Hugh Peters?" Faithful groaned in the spirit, as he replied, he was; and, as he entered the house, could not repress an inward ejaculation: "Hugh Peters had not ought to have did this! The Lord deliver me from Deliverance Hobbes, and the Gorgon, her beautiful daughter!"

It may here be proper to inform the reader, that the minister, wishing to marry a reputable body, had obtained from a great man of that day, the ordinary letter of introduction, which superseded, in a great measure, all the formalities of courtship.

The sight of a plentiful repast, contributed to calm the perturbed imagination of the preacher; and notwithstanding the overshadowing noses of the two harpies, he fell devoutly, after a short grace, on the bread and butter, milk, hominy, pork, sweet-meats, pumpkin pie, and onions, which graced the frugal board.

During the supper, Deliverance read his credentials; asked after all her friends on the shores of Muddy and Punkapog ponds; and said, that as he was recommended by such a pious man, she was willing he should keep company with Beautiful. Beautiful acquiesced with a supernatural leer, at which Faithful, in tenfold dismay, got up and retreated; saying he must visit his friend Goody Mercy Peabody. So mounting his horse, he rode off, muttering often, "she is too bitter ornary."

Goody Peabody was very glad to see Faithful, whom she had not beheld before, since he was a child; and he was much pleased with her daughter Patience, who was the very reverse of Beautiful Hobbes; being a healthy, clean limbed, tidy, good-natured looking housewife. He now learnt that Beautiful was as *ugly* as she was *bitter*; being a vast virago, and an intolerable slut. In short, it

was soon settled that Faithful should keep company with Patience, and let Beautiful shift for herself.

As soon as Faithful had left the mansion of Goody Hobbes, which he did as fast as fear and his horse could carry him; the damsel whom he thus discourteously shunned, having devoured him and his charger with her eyes, till they were out of the sphere of their vision, incontinently swallowed the remaining segment of the pumpkin pie, to which Faithful had paid his most earnest devoirs, and waddled off to her dressing room, to adorn her person for his expected return. In about half an hour she made her re-appearance in the parlour, which had been, in the meanwhile, swept and garnished by Goody Hobbes in honour of their distinguished guest, who had a recommend from Hugh Peters. But not as she went out, did Beautiful now return. She had exchanged the dishabille, in which she was accustomed to perform her domestic duties, for the whole paraphernalia of her toilet; and she now appeared arrayed in shreds and patches of as many different colours as are found in the neck of a turkey-cock, and loaded with every article of her wardrobe, which she imagined could give zest to her appearance, or add intensity to her charms. Her fiery locks, condensed to a focus, and curiously entwined with a green ribband, much resembled a bunch of carrots dexterously garnished with grass. Her crooked carcase had been, in some measure, straightened by a pair of tight stays, which, reaching to her hips, prevented her, as she sat in a high-backed chair, from making any other than gyral contortions. Goody Hobbes, who had also paid some attention to her charms, sat opposite her daughter, admiring the second edition of her own perfections. Admiration of themselves, and of each other, for a while kept the two paragons silent.

The elder at length broke forth: "I guess it's high time for Faithful to be back." To which the younger replied, "I guess so too." Then says the elder Hobbes, "I guess there 'ant no witches and spectres at Punkapog pond." "I guess there 'ant," rejoined Beautiful. A long pause now ensued, which was broken by the matron's observing, "I admire what keeps Faithful so long at Goody Peabody's."—"I admire so too," says Beautiful, who, from the bottom of her stays, spoke like one from the tomb. "I admire how ornary Patience Peabody is," quoth Deliverance. "I admire at her too," quoth Beautiful, "how bitter she is! They say she has seen the black man." Another long pause ensued, during which the impatience of the couple manifested itself by agitations, and writhings of their heads and extremities. Faithful not making his appearance, these spasmodic affections increased to universal and horrible convulsions of their whole frames; and they sat like two Pythonesses on their sacred stools, pregnant with inspiration, and looking unutterable things. At length, in the midst of her paroxysm, Deliverance bounced from her seat, exclaiming with vehemence, "I notion to send Remarkable to see where the minister stays." Her dutiful daughter assenting to this proposition with her accustomed, "I notion so too," the matron poking her head out of the window, called in a sharp tone, "Remarkable, come here." The person thus addressed was the help of Goody Hobbes, and was at that moment employed in giving the swine their evening dole of swill. Her name was Remarkable Short. This cognomen had been given by her parents in a prophetic hour, for she was; indeed, the most remarkably short woman of her day; standing in her stockings somewhat rising six feet. But this exuberance of longitude was; in a measure,

compensated by a corresponding deficiency of latitude ; and it was marvellous to conceive how radical heat could abide in, and pervade, such a quarry of bone and gristle. Deliverance had chosen her from a thousand, that she might not disgrace and spoil the *tout ensemble* of the family appearance, by bringing any flesh into the concern. Being thus summoned, she very dexterously, and with the greatest nonchalance, stepped over the court-yard paling, which separated the pig-sty from the house, and ducking with rather more difficulty under the portal, sat down with an air which proclaimed her equality with her employers.

“ Remarky,” said Deliverance, “ I wish you’d go down to Goody Peabody’s, and look after the minister that ate supper here. It’s eight o’clock, and I guess he’s forgot that it’s time for him to come back and pray, before we go to bed.” Remarkable was in want of an excuse to join some gossips of her acquaintance, and talk over the case of Goody Glover, then under condemnation for witchcraft. She, therefore, jumped at the request ; and after making a few dry observations, which we shall not here record, set off with miraculous strides upon her mission. In a short time she arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Peabody, and looking in at the window, saw Faithful and Patience tête a tête, engaged in earnest and tender conversation. This sight much scandalized the female ambassador, who had been present when the parson delivered his credentials ; and who regarded him as already mortgaged to the skeleton firm ; between whom and the family of the Peabody’s there was no great friendship, the latter being as remarkable for their flesh, as the former for their bones. She withdrew her head indignantly from the casement, and stalked like a fury to the door ; where meeting the

mistress of the house, she told her in very gentle accents, “ that it was time for Parson Handy to go home ; and that she guess’d her daughter Patience had better not be keeping other people’s company, at that time of night.”

This speech, as may be imagined, did not much tend to overcome the aversion which Goody Peabody had always entertained toward the long-limbed spokeswoman ; or to repair the breach which existed between the two houses. With ineffable disdain, as she clapped her fists to her sides, to sustain the load of indignation which boiled within her, and elevated her rubicund visage to about an angle of forty-five degrees, that she might look upon the lofty countenance of Remarkable, she retorted, “ that she admired what business such a long-shanked, ill-conditioned, bitter-looking body as she, had to be snoop-ing about other peoples’ houses at that time of night, and to talk in that impertinent manner to her betters. That parson Handy was home already ; and that she had better return to her employer ; adding, that if she didn’t troop in less than no time, she would see if her help, Preserved Perkins, could’nt help her.” What farther she might have added, or what Remarkable, who stood grinning a ghastly smile, in an extacy of wrath, might have answered, is not known. For Faithful, who had recognized the satellite of Goody Hobbes, as she thrust her face into the window, at that instant made his appearance. From the shrill tones of the disputants, he had overheard the purport of their conversation ; and accordingly set himself to work to sooth their angry passions, which, as he was gifted with a large share of unction, he after some little time effected. What arguments, or what figures of rhetoric he employed, I am not informed. He however succeeded in causing Dame Peabody to withdraw into the house ; and having told Remarkable to inform Goody Hobbes

that it was his intention to tarry that night with his old friend, and distant relation, Dame Peabody, he at length prevailed upon her to depart, apparently in peace.

But no sooner had she crossed the first field, than turning round, she paused and contemplated the house with a mixed expression of grief and anger. The latter passion, however, soon gained such an ascendancy, that it broke forth into a volley of corn-cobs, brick-bats, clam-shells, and other missiles, which rattled upon the tenement of the Peabodies in a fearful manner. The storm of her fury having thus discharged itself, she turned about, and made the best of her way off, overturning in her career whatever impeded her progress, and scattering in permiscuous confusion, hay-ricks, fences, and pyramids of ordure. At length, in crossing a stile, she bolted over it with such velocity, that she upset a person who was just ascending on the other side, and who rolled, head over heels, to the bottom. This unfortunate personage chanced to be no other than Dame Peabody's notable help, Preserved Perkins, returning home from his agricultural pursuits; a short, pury, duck-legged fellow, of a goodly rotundity of paunch, and very choleric temperament. As soon as he had regained his altitude and recovered his wind, which the rencontre seemed for a moment to have knocked out of him, he opened the flood-gates of his wrath, and discharged upon the Amazonian perambulator a torrent of the most awful execrations and opprobrious epithets, which I do not here choose to repeat. He might, however, as well have spared himself this trouble, for no sooner did Remarkable recognize him, than taking him by the most prominent feature of his countenance, she tweaked it with the greatest gust imaginable; after which, bestowing divers blows upon his person, she kicked him with a peculiar emphasis, and telling him

very laconically to go to the d——, departed, leaving him speechless with astonishment and rage.

We will here interrupt our narrative a little, to make the reader acquainted with some circumstances necessary to be understood, and to give him some insight into the condition of the times. The village of Salem was, at this period, in a woful state of perturbation, if we may believe one of the prolix historians of the day:—"And whoever," says he, "questions any of these things, I hold to be a person of peculiar dirtiness."—If we may believe his account, the prince of the air and his imps, with an innumerable host of spectres, phantoms, apparitions, and hobgoblins, were let loose upon this devoted place, and at the instigation of old women, potent in witchcraft, were playing their damned pranks upon the inhabitants.* Some delighted to stick pins and forks in the tender flesh of innocent babes. Others would grievously torment poor damsels, buffeting and tossing them about in a most lamentable manner. Sometimes they would cause the most serious and sober-minded persons to babble forth unutterable nonsense in all the known languages of the earth, except the Iroquois, in the which, it is said, the devil himself bath no skill. At others, they would excite the worthy townsmen, yea, even the selectmen themselves, to cut the most strange and fantastic capers; performing those evolutions, which the Greeks call *κωβισμὸν* and *στυγισμὸν*, now upon their heads they would dance aerial horn-pipes and fandangoes; and anon going upon all fours, they would bark like a pack of hounds, or bray like a troop of jack-asses. Beside this,

* We are told in Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World*, "that the devils were walking about our streets with lengthened chains, making a dreadful noise in our ears; and brimstone (even without a metaphor) was making a horrid and a hellish stench in our nostrils."

brutes, and even inanimate matter, were the subjects of wicked sorcery; gridirons, shovels, and frying pans clattered and rang, though touched by no mortal hand; spits before the fire would fly up the chimney in the twinkling of an eye, and anon coming down again, stick in the back-log in a spiteful and portentous manner; and three-legged stools, slipping on one side, would laugh to see the matron whom they had eluded, lie sprawling on the ground. These dreadful machinations of the adversary, like the conscience of the clerk of Copmanhurst, were only to be allayed by the performance of some praiseworthy deeds on the part of the afflicted inhabitants, such as the scalping a few *tawnies*, or stringing up a few witches.*

Still with the fear before their eyes of dancing a pas seul at a sheriff's ball, to the melancholy music of a psalm-tune, certain obstinate old women, with the perverseness of their sex and years, continued to gossip about the operations of the Prince of Darkness, until they became suspected of too much familiarity with the subject of their constant conversation; and even persuaded themselves that they were actually in his service. It seemed as if some antiquated virgins, hopeless of an earthly paramour, would rather have the credit of an intrigue with Beelzebub than nobody, and suffered martyrdom to save the reputation of their charms. Naughty children too, aping their elders, would feign themselves bewitched by some person against whom they had taken an antipathy, and would kick, sprawl, and bellow, with wonderful agility, until they had succeeded in moving the tender hearts of judge and jury, and had the satisfaction of seeing poor Irishwomen hanged, whom their brougue convicted of infernal collo-

quies, or some poor old lady ducked and drowned, whom an unlucky squint showed to be possessed of an evil eye. In short, the whole country was in an eminently distressed and bedevilled predicament.

It was to a nocturnal congregation of ancient ladies who met to take up their testimony against all the wonders of the invisible world, that Remarkable betook herself, after her masterly performances on the person of Preserved Perkins. Inflamed as she was with recent wrath, the wonders and mysteries she heard discussed heated her brains almost to phrensy; and as she strode homeward with stupendous paces, (like Yamen when he astonished Baly by straddling first to the moon, then to the sun, and then asking where he should go next,) the rarified atmosphere of her intellect was full of "all monstrous, all prodigious things."

Meanwhile, the impatience of Dame Hobbes and her beautiful daughter continued to increase with the prolonged stay of Remarkable. They now arrived at that pitch, that Beautiful fell back in hysterics, and Deliverance, concluding that she was bewitched, raised a doleful shriek of consternation. "What ails you, Beauty, speak," she exclaimed frequently, and in great trepidation; while her daughter was seized with universal twitchings in her joints. A sheeted paleness usurped her smoke-dried cheeks; the purple faded from the tip of her nose, and the colour of her eyes became a dingy yellow. At length she articulated with sobs and hiccups, "Mother, there is a ball in my throat; and that blackamoor child hurts me."

At this crisis Remarkable came in. All the symptoms of Beautiful seemed to vanish at once, when the door was opened: but when she saw nobody but the domestic, they returned with redoubled violence. With a voice trembling both with fear and anger Deliverance asked where the

* For a more particular account of these Satanic exploits, consult Cotton Mather, and Glanville's History of Witchcraft.

preacher was? "The black man is up town," replied Remarkable, whose eyes were rolling in a fine phrensy. "Why didn't he come along with you," interrogated the matron. "The Lord in his mercy forbid!" answered her help, whose head continued to run upon the wonders of the invisible world. "Some say he has carried off Goody Glover, as soon as she had signed his book; but Goodwife Cory says he is dead." And here she began to spin on her heel, and to sing in a shrill cracked voice,

"Heigh ho! the devil is dead."*

"But Parson Handy," roared out Deliverance in a still shriller tone, and jogging the wits of the bewildered hand maiden by a vigorous shake of the shoulders, "what does Parson Handy say?" "Oh!" exclaimed Remarkable, as one just awaked from a trance, "Parson Handy says as how he cannot come home to night; and Dame Peabody (here she bestowed an epithet on her which I do not care to repeat,) says, as how he is home already—and Preserved Perkins, I guess has got his belly-full—and the black man has got Goody Glover—but Goodwife Cory

* See Glanville.

swears he is dead, and buried in the red sea."

"Heigh ho! the devil is dead,
"Sprawling he lies in the sea that is red."

And here she began again to sing, and spin on her heel more furiously than before.

Deliverance now believed that her help was bedevilled as well as her daughter; and getting out the whiskey bottle, (a marvellous specific in such cases,) was beginning to administer copious draughts to both of them, when a volley of stones and clods of dirt rattled through the windows, and down the chimney, with such fury, that she dropped on her knees in terror, uttering half-formed ejaculations, and supplications for mercy.

Beautiful now got the hysterics worse than ever: Remarkable continued to spin faster and faster, and to sing louder and louder, till a mass of soft tenacious clay, hurled through the window by an unseen hand, hermetically sealed up her mouth, and stopped at once her gyrations, and her ditty: and Deliverance now firmly convinced that herself and household were all bewitched, roared out lustily to be delivered from her tormentors.

(To be concluded in our next.)

[For the Literary Journal]

Quanto dolci pensier, quanto disio
Mend' costoro al doloroso passo!
Dante.

THE beautiful episode from which the following lines have been translated, forms, perhaps, the most softly expressive picture in the *Inferno* of *Dante*. From the darkness of death and torment, the shrieks of damned souls, and the war of contending devils, this plaintive tale of love and sorrow brings us back to earth, and its attendant passions. The story of the ill-timed attachment of Paulo and Francesca—the murderous jealousy of Lanciotto, brother of the one, and husband of the other, and the fate that followed the intrigue of the detected pair, afford a subject adequate to the highest powers of pathetic narrative and description. The poet, wandering with the shade of Virgil through the infernal world, meets with the two guilty souls in the

second circle, among the victims of lawless pleasure. At the request of Dante, they stop for a space to answer his inquiries; and Francesca, in the name of herself and her associate, relates the history of their impious commerce.

PAULO AND FRANCESCA.

FORTH from my guide, as each illustrious name
 Of knight and lady sounded, wandering here
 In joyless durance; pity like a mist
 Came o'er me, as bewilder'd thus I spoke:
 "Poet! with that fleet pair, before the wind
 Who speed so light together, I would fain
 Short converse hold;" "When nearer they approach,
 By love's directing passion," he replied,
 "Invoke the gentle shades, and they will come."
 Their airy flight no sooner had the blast
 Wing'd closer, than I sighed in tremulous voice:
 "Tormented spirits! if no power denies,
 Deign some reply!" As doves, by soft desire
 Call'd, on their firm-stretch'd pinions, to the nest
 Fly on sweet errand through the midway sky;
 So, hurrying from the tortur'd crowd, and borne
 In baleful darkness, at th' imploring sound
 The lovers flew. "Benignant form!" she cried,
 "Who, winding dubious through these livid shades,
 Us deign'st to visit who the upper world
 Have stain'd in blood; the Universal King
 From prayer like our's turns heedless, or to heav'n
 Its notes should rise, that peace might crown the spirit,
 Where pity weeping for the wretched dwells.
 Whate'er it please thee speak: or if thou need'st
 Intelligence, while briefly resting thus
 The whirlwind slumbers, be it our's to tell:—
 Where the tir'd Po sweeps bursting with his train
 To join deep ocean, on a sea-lashed shore
 My sweet land rises. Love, whose subtle dart
 Clings to such gentle breast, that spirit seized.
 The form that once envelop'd me, enticed
 His quenchless ardour; for those vanish'd charms
 I rage, but louder for the murderous grasp
 That tore them from me.—I receiv'd the flame—
 Love, who forbids that passion to return
 Which once we kindle, woke the fiery heat
 To hell that follow'd, and that haunts me still.
 One death we shar'd: and CAINA's ravenous jaws
 Thirst for the monster fiend that did the deed."
 Such words came madd'ning: at the dolorous sound
 My face, low bent with sorrow, downward fell.
 "What musings," cried the sage, "entrance thee now?"
 "Ah me!" I murmur'd, "what delicious thoughts,
 What mutual passion, to this darkling shade
 Their equal fortunes led! Tormented spirit!

Tears well may fall, for wretchedness like thine !
 Yet tell me, when your common sighs began,
 How sprung in each the knowledge of the flame
 That burnt the other's heart ?" " No gloomier task,"
 The trembling ghost replied, " than in the hour
 When hope is quench'd in sorrow, to recall
 A brighter day—this knows thy teacher well.
 But since to find the very earliest root
 Of our strong love, such sympathy impels,
 As one who weeps, but utters still the tale
 That tears would finish, I will mourn and tell.
 It chanc'd, for pastime, as alone we lay,
 Launcelot's wooings, in the amorous page
 We read together—while the storied loves
 Went on, how frequent would the manthng blush,
 And sparkling eye, responsive at the tale
 Dart conscious ! Yet one passage only wrought
 Our hast'ning ruin : when the volume told
 That such a lover, on the smiling mouth
 Dar'd the sweet kiss, he, undivided still,
 My lips all trembling touch'd—and on the page
 That day we look'd no further." While she sigh'd
 Their well-told woes, the other's plaintive shrieks
 In answer flew :—I could no more—life's spark
 Had then nigh vanish'd ; a dark shadow round
 Hung dubious, and to earth, like sluggish corse,
 Sudden, with downward shock, my senseless body fell.

L. C.

HISTORICAL FACTS RELATIVE TO THE
 SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

[For the Literary Journal.]

THE notices which have appeared in the public prints, on Trumbull's painting, " The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown," state, in effect, that the successes of his lordship in North and South Carolina having, in his opinion, rendered his presence no longer necessary for the complete reduction of the Southern States, he, in 1781, marched with the principal part of his force into Virginia.

Attention to historical facts will show that this statement is in a great measure incorrect. Lord Cornwallis, so far from leaving the South willingly, and under a belief that he had attained the object of his campaigns in

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that quarter, was driven out by General Greene, and marched into Virginia, in the hope of joining the troops under Leslie and Arnold, or, at least, of putting himself in a situation to receive succours and supplies from the grand army under Sir Henry Clinton. True it is, that during the greater part of 1780, the British troops had been almost completely successful in the South ; Charleston, then commanded by General Lincoln, had surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton in the spring ; and in the month of August, the American army under General Gates had been cut to pieces by the British troops under Lord Cornwallis. But, even during the year 1780, the success of the royal army in the South was not uniform. In October, a detached party

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under Ferguson, amounting to 1100 men, were destroyed or taken prisoners at King's mountain; and several spirited partisan exploits were performed by volunteers under Sumpter. From the moment, however, that General Greene took command of the Southern department, the American prospects in that quarter began to brighten. With an army much inferior in numerical force to the enemy, more than half of which consisted of militia, Greene set himself about preparing the means of resistance. Aware of the stake at peril, he swore to save the Southern States, or to perish in the attempt. Notwithstanding the weakness of his force, Greene, in January, 1781, detached Morgan with a choice body of men, to watch the motions of the enemy in South Carolina. Lord Cornwallis, hoping to cut off this detachment, sent Colonel Tarleton with his corps, and other troops, amounting in the whole to 1100, to perform that service. Morgan, at first, retreated; but at length took post at the Cowpens; and after a severe engagement, forced the famed legion cavalry to fly, with a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 800 men. Wofully stung and disappointed at the miscarriage of Tarleton, Lord Cornwallis pushed his whole army, in the hope of destroying Morgan, and of retaking his prisoners. That officer, aware of the intention of his enemy, continued to retreat with great celerity. In the mean time, General Greene, leaving the command of the main body to General Huger, ordered that officer to march to Guilford Court House; and riding 150 miles across the country, almost without attendance, took command of Morgan's party, and retreated, with a view of forming a junction with the grand division. After performing many brilliant acts of generalship, and meeting some almost providential escapes, he succeeded in his object, and consolida-

ted his forces at Guilford Court House. As yet, Greene had received no material reinforcements; and not wishing to run an unnecessary hazard, he determined to retreat into Virginia, and wait the arrival of the troops from that State and from North Carolina, already promised him by their legislatures. Cornwallis, on the other hand, was no less anxious to force an engagement, than Greene to avoid it. An action, in the then state of their forces, must have been attended with almost certain defeat to Greene. The independence of the Southern States, in fact, depended upon his escape; for, had his army been destroyed, British supremacy would have been established; and the great number of the royalists in that country would have prevented the remaining inhabitants from making a successful resistance. After many days of continued danger and fatigues, General Greene succeeded in crossing the Dan; and Lord Cornwallis, baffled in his projects, gave up the pursuit. After some time passed in refreshing his troops, Greene, tired of inaction, detached Colonel Lee with his legion into North Carolina; where that officer succeeded in cutting off a large body of tory militia. Shortly after, Greene, with the main army, recrossed the Dan, and avoiding action with great address, maintained his ground until his expected reinforcements arrived. In a short time, he found himself at the head of 4,000 men; and being now in a fit situation, he went in search of his enemy, with a determination of bringing him to action. Cornwallis, though inferior in numbers, did not decline the challenge. The two armies met at Guilford Court House; and Greene, after a severe and bloody engagement, was driven from the field. But Cornwallis had the name without any of the benefits of victory. One third of his force was destroyed; and his army so completely crippled,

that after maintaining his ground for a few days, he retreated to Wilmington. The Americans retired in good order, a few miles from the field of battle; and were almost immediately in a condition for another engagement. The situation of the two armies was now completely reversed. Greene, lately a fugitive, was at the head of a powerful, and, in effect, a victorious force; while his opponent was obliged in turn to seek safety in flight. This change had the happiest effect upon the affairs of the South. Many of the loyalists had embodied themselves, with a view of joining the British standard; and the well affected were fearful of making an open declaration. But the success of the American arms, while it checked, and induced the dispersion of the tories, infused new spirits into the whigs. The American troops after this were better supplied; their levies more easily completed; and they were enabled to support a sufficient force in the field to meet the enemy on more than equal terms. Finding Greene decidedly superior, Cornwallis, to avoid another rencontre, prepared to retreat into Virginia; a measure which he preferred from some inexplicable reason, to attempting to form a junction with Lord Rawdon's division in South Carolina. He seems to have calculated on drawing Greene after him, and having joined Leslie, or obtained other aid, to have been able to hold his enemy in check; while Rawdon might at his leisure pursue measures for the reduction of Georgia and the Carolinas. Certain it is, when informed that Greene had given up the pursuit, and marched to attack Rawdon, he manifested much anxiety and irresolution; but in the end continued his march; and after some manœuvring with La Fayette, reached Yorktown. While Greene, after several severe actions with the army under Rawdon, at length succeeded in crippling his enemy en-

tirely, and secured the independence of the Southern States; having, by a series of great and splendid actions, and the ultimate success of his exertions, well deserved the title he received; that of being "the saviour of the South."
L. C.

OMNIANA, NO. 1.

[For the Literary Journal.]

THE first literary publication of American origin, is a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, made in 1623, by George Sandys, Treasurer of the Virginia Company. This was dedicated to king Charles; and the author, in the dedication, informed his Majesty, "that it was doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World."

About the same time, the poem, entitled "the Golden Fleece," was written by Dr. William Vaughan, in Newfoundland, on the confines of the United States. This was a quarto volume, and printed in 1626.

In the year 1734, a translation was made of Cicero's "Treatise on Old Age," by James Logan, of Philadelphia, in the sixtieth year of his age. This was printed in 1744, by Benjamin Franklin, in a large type, for the sake of old people. The celebrity of the original author, of the translator, and printer, makes this a literary curiosity. This, and Sandys's Ovid, are the only known translations from the ancient classical authors which have been executed in this country, in its colonial state.—*Ramsay's History of the United States.*

Royal Society of London.—Fourteen Americans were admitted as members of that Society in the colonial state of this country.

These were, 1. John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut, who was one of the founders of the Society.

2. Fitz John Winthrop, son of Governor Winthrop.

3. John Winthrop, grand-son of the Governor; as a proof of the esteem in which he was held, it need only be mentioned, that to him the fortieth volume of the Society's Transactions was dedicated by Dr. Mortimer, then Secretary.

4. John Winthrop Hollis, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in Harvard College.

5. Paul Dudley.

6. President Leverett.

7. Thomas Brattle.

8. Cotton Mather.

9. Benjamin Franklin.

10. Dr. Boylston.

11. Dr. Mitchel, of Virginia.

12. Dr. Morgan.

13. Dr. Garden.

14. Dr. Rittenhouse.

Jews and Quakers.—The Jews do not appear to have been treated with much liberality under the colonial government of this State. My readers may be surprized to find the following resolution adopted concerning them by the House of Assembly in 1737:

Resolved, that it not appearing to this House that persons of the Jewish religion have a right to be admitted to vote for parliament men in Great Britain, it is the unanimous vote of this House, that they ought not to be admitted to vote for representatives in this colony.—*Journal of the General Assembly of New-York*, vol. 1. p. 712.

The rights of the *Quakers* were much more respected. In 1734, an act was passed for granting to the people called quakers, residing within this province, the same privileges, benefits, and indulgences, as by the laws and statutes, now remaining in force in that part of Great Britain, called England, the people of that denomination are entitled unto within those dominions.—*Journal of the General Assembly*, vol. 1. p. 657.

Diseases in the city of Albany in

1746.—In the summer of the year 1746, the city of Albany was visited by a contagious disease, which proved mortal to a great number of its inhabitants. In its appearance and effects it resembled the disease which has been since denominated the **YELLOW FEVER**. The Indians then encamped near the city, experienced the ill effects of this complaint, and many of them became its victims. The Governor, who was then in Albany, dismissed them from any further attendance, on account of the ravages of the contagion. The disease subsided as the cold weather advanced, and by winter it had wholly disappeared.—*Continuation of Smith's History of New-York*, p. 489.

Wigs.—Some of our modern beaux may smile when they read that within a century it was the fashion for the young men, and even the boys of this city, to bury their heads under enormous wigs. The custom at length became so absurd and censurable, that to suppress it a tax was laid upon wigs. In 1732 the Treasurer reported the tax to amount to nine pounds seventeen shillings and five pence.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

[For the Literary Journal.]

Notice of the Pleasures of Religion, a poem. New-York: Wiley & Halsted. 1820. pp. 72.

It is observed by an English moralist, that the mind of man; when it is free from natural defects and acquired corruption, feels no less a tendency to the indulgence of devotion than to virtuous love, or to any other of the more refined and elevated affections. Those writers who have attacked christianity, and represented all religions merely as diversified modes of superstition, not only endeavour to entice man from his duty,

but to rob him of a most exalted and natural pleasure. Such, surely, is the pleasure of devotion. For when the soul rises above this little orb, and pours its adoration at the throne of celestial majesty, the holy fervour which it feels, is itself a rapturous delight.

To show the importance of religion, and to prove how transient and insufficient are other pleasures when compared with those of religion, is the object of the poem.

It is attributed to a lady formerly of this city, who, with the modesty characteristic of her sex, has, unaided by pompous dedication, or even the weight of her own name, submitted to the public this production, with the laudable and charitable motive "of contributing (to use her own words) what little she can to the happiness of mankind, which she believes cannot be effectually promoted, without that religion, some of the pleasures of which are here attempted to be described."

The following selections will sufficiently show the talents of the writer, as well as the style and merits of the poem.

Phantoms of bliss! ye glittering forms! away:
Come to my heart, thou heaven-directed ray—
Dry every tear, bid earth-born sorrows cease,
And to the bleeding bosom whisper peace.—
Give to each painful passion that repose,
That heavenly calm RELIGION only knows.

Oh sacred power! without thy cheering ray,
How cold our joys! how dark our brightest day!
And when each joy departs with fleeting breath,
Alas, how dark the awful night of death!
'Tis thou alone can'st light the fearful gloom—
To shrinking nature reconcile the tomb.

Let all thy hopes, thy boundless wishes reign,
With all the transports fancy e'er could feign—
Unite them all, and be of all possest—
Now speak, ingenious bosom, art thou blest?
Dost thou not still some unknown want deplore?
And still, insatiate, ever grasp at more? [prize
How cold must be the heart which does not
The thousand blessings lavish earth supplies!
It unexhausted treasures can impart [heart
Which win, enchant, but ne'er could fill the
But should Religion her blest influence lend,
Redoubled raptures all its joys attend;
With every charm she blends a charm divine,
She can do more—can teach us to resign.

Since all must be reasign'd, come heavenly power!
Whose smile can cheer the desolated hour,
To sorrow's wounds thy healing balm bestow,
And mingle nectar in the cup of wo.

Who would the soul in sordid wealth immerse,
Which waves may swallow, or the winds disperse?

Without the bliss of making others blest,
It gives no transports to the generous breast.
While poverty one hapless wretch destroys,
How could'st thou revel in superfluous joys?
Can the down pillow, or the velvet bed,
Give sweeter slumbers to the aching head?
To the rack'd frame can glittering gold give ease,
Or will thy pictur'd walls exclude disease?
Can the light dance, or music's softest strain,
Bid conscience sleep, or charm to rest one pain?
Full many a robe adorn'd with jewels rare
Folds o'er a breast that heaves with anxious care;
Full many a fair one lifts her languid eyes,
Sees all are gay, and wonders why she sighs.

Worlding! thy joys are transitory, wild;
Oh, happier far Religion's meanest child;
Would he exchange for all thy boasted wealth,
The peaceful bosom, or the glow of health?
The grateful heart for every blessing given?
The sweet dependence on the care of heaven?—
Secure he slumbers on his lowly bed, [shed.
While howls the storm around his straw-roof'd

The succeeding quotation, in which the authoress shows the superiority of religion, in affording consolation at the loss of friends, is highly creditable to her poetic talents. She has, with much felicity, contrasted the joys of *memory*, and the anticipations of *hope*, with the calm and benign influence of *religion*. *Memory*, by recalling to our minds past pleasures, and friends once our delight, may for a moment allure us. *Hope* can direct us to future scenes, and paint, in imagination, future blessings, which may animate for a period; but these pleasures are short and transitory. *Religion* rises superior to them all; and when *memory* and *hope* shall fade and vanish, religion shall shine forth with redoubled splendour.

How sweet this midnight scene! the breeze
that blows
Seems but to hush all nature to repose;
The full-orb'd moon, its nightly course begun,
Bright and unclouded, seems a softer sun;
See her beams glimmer where the willows wave
Their drooping foliage o'er the new-made grave!

What lovely form appears, so sad, so fair,
Her dark robes mingling with her streaming
hair?

The clock tolls twelve; sweet mourner! what
has power

To break thy slumbers at this silent hour?
No sleep is broken, Emma knows no sleep,
But steals at midnight o'er the grave to weep:
See the once shrinking fair one fearless tread,
Through the long grass, and o'er the slumber-
ing dead,

Sink on the well-known spot she came to seek,
And give the clay-cold turf her fading cheek!
No tears she sheds, but sighs of black despair
Burst from her heart, and tell the anguish there.
Two fairy forms now glide across the green,
The one with pensive, one with joyous mien:
'Tis musing Memory; gayly at her side
Moves Hope, our flatterer, our delusive guide;
Around the moonlit scene they cast their eyes,
Then bend their steps where Emma mourning
lies.

"I come," said MEMORY, "to relieve thy
pain,

Almost to give thee Henry back again;
I to thy heart his image will restore—
Will count his charms, his talents, o'er and
o'er;

Revive those scenes his smiles did once improve,
Speak with his voice, and look his looks of
love—

Bring to thine ear his touching voice in prayer,
Which rose to heaven, and told his heart was
there—

Dwell with enchanted pause on every grace,
Which once illum'd his soul-expressive face—
Recal with vivid touch those happy hours,
When in thy path love strew'd its sweetest
flowers:

Thy Henry's virtues shall each thought employ,
Which form'd thy home a Paradise of Joy."

"Hence, busy Memory, from my tortur'd
heart,

With all thy train of images, depart:
To me no power like thine can bring relief,
Each touch thy pencil gives, renews my grief;
Paint not those flowers that love and joy once
gave,

Which, blasted, wither on my Henry's grave;
Paint not his virtues, once my fond heart's boast,
To that fond heart forever—ever lost;
Oh bid no more thy heightened picture glow,
Thou giv'st each pang unutterable wo.

Come, blest oblivion! all my senses steep,
And lull each feeling in eternal sleep;
Oh my lost love! revive in breathing charms,
Or lock thy Emma in thine icy arms."

The hapless fair one, wilder with despair,
Roll'd her dark eyes, and tore her silken hair;
With frantic voice her Henry's shade address'd,
Kiss'd his cold grave, and clasped it to her
breast:

Then starts, her Henry's fancied voice she
hears,

Faints on the turf, and bathes it with her tears.
Then smiling Hope unveil'd her beauteous face,
That blue-ey'd charmer of the human race:

"Weep, Emma, weep," she said, "but cease
to rave,

Nor strew such ringlets on the unconscious
grave;

Raise from the senseless ground those charm-
ing eyes,

And view my fairy prospects round thee rise:
My richest treasures shall thy woes beguile,
The world admiring courts again thy smile;
Whole years of joy in bright succession see;
Look up, sweet maid, I promise all to thee."

"Oh flatterer! cease, my bleeding bosom
spare,

Offer no joys my Henry cannot share;
What is the world to me?—its charms are o'er,
They all expired when Henry breathed no
more;

'Twas he alone could every scene endear;
Talk not of hope—my hope is buried here."

Rejected Hope then found each promise vain,
And veil'd her blushes in her azure train,
Hid her fair head among the willow boughs,
And bound the flexible foliage round her brows.
Another form now meets the raptur'd eyes,
Whose seraph mien speaks her native skies;
Of radiant white her robes celestial flow'd,
And heaven's own halo round her temples
glow'd;

Serene, benign, her angel face express'd
The errand which her melting voice address'd.

"Is then thy hope beneath that grassy sod?

Oh, guilty mourner, hast thou left thy God?

Return! return! his word forbids despair—

Rise from that grave, thy Henry is not there;

In heaven his spirit dwells, released from pain—

And would'st thou bring him back to earth
again?—

Tear from his angel brows his heavenly crown,

And from seraphic glory drag him down?

Oh impious wish! Oh most unhallow'd prayer!

Forgive, my God, the accents of despair—

Far from thy heart such selfish grief remove,

And bid it melt in penitence and love.

Did that great God, whom countless worlds
obey,

Who fills the throne of universal sway,

To whom all nature owes her form and breath,

Descend to pain, to poverty, and death?

And shall the soul whose guilt enhanc'd his
doom,

Pour all its sorrows o'er a mortal's tomb?

Waste thus on earth its warmest, noblest fires,

And feel no anguish when its God expires?

Can thy hard heart forget his wondrous love,

Who lent for thee his realms of bliss above?

With every earthly joy thy fond heart glow'd,

Yet quite forgot the God who all bestowed.

Still, still he loved thee, and in mercy mild

He gave the wound to bring him back his child.

'Twas mercy's self that laid thy idol low,

And dash'd thy cup with bitter drops of wo.

Come to his throne, there pour thy soul's dis-
tress,

He yet will pity, and forgive, and bless;

Come to his throne! his spirit can impart

Celestial balm to heal the breaking heart:

And when a few short years of life are o'er,

Thy Henry thou shalt meet, to part no more."

Thus spoke RELIGION: was a heart e'er given

That would resist the eloquence of Heaven?

The mourner kneels; no more with sorrow
wild—

"Receive, oh father! thy repenting child;

Forgive the heart which faint'd at thy rod,

Which mourn'd its Henry, and forgot its God;

My earthly all to thee I now resign,

Oh! heal my bleeding heart, and make it thine.

Attend on RELIGION, MEMORY come!

Sweet, soothing maid; and make my breast
thy home,

The countless blessings of my life recall,
And raise my heart to him who gives me all:—
Here too, sweet **Horn!** thy joyous footsteps
bend,

Come, charmer, come! and be again my friend;
Promise no transports by this poor world given,
But come, with angel smile, and talk of heaven.”
G.

AMERICAN BARDS.

[For the Literary Journal]

Notice of American Bards, a Satire. Philadelphia: M. Thomas. 8vo. pp. 80. 1820.

It is not easy to say on what other ground than prescription, professed criticism has acquired the right of sitting in judgment on authors whose only aim is to amuse the world. In matters of science or speculation, it is fair to examine the competency of one who professes to instruct mankind; but the authority by which a cold-blooded censor deliberately mangles “the members of the bard” who sought only to beguile an idle hour—whose only crime was a little vanity, and whose sufficient punishment is neglect, may with great reason be questioned. Bad reviews have ever bred bad poetry among us, and are likely so to do for ever.

The present publication unfortunately unites a singular lack of judgment, poetry, and point. And when this is said, there would be little use of illustrating the observation by melancholy specimens of its truth in every particular, were it not that the writer has made himself fair game, by assuming the part of a general censor; and instituted in a long review, a dangerous comparison between himself and another rhymers, whom he found to have handled the same subject before him.

The poem which was published “West of the Mountains,” we have not seen; but, from the extracts our author gives, and which are of course the worst that could be selected, we are inclined to think the western bard possesses a requisite for satire, of which his brother in Philadelphia is

entirely destitute;—and that is wit. The poet of the west comes to a conclusion which we think not very far from the truth, that there is no poet to be found, “from Maine to Georgia, from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi,” and west of it too, we suppose: while the Philadelphia man has indited a thousand miserable lines about some fifty miserable rhymesters.

We shall not examine him according to his own canons, under the six heads of “*impiety, falsehood, obscenity, ignorance, incapacity, and vulgarity*,” a division which does full credit to his equally surprising acumen in other matters. We shall, however, inquire into his judgment as a critic, and take a general survey of his plan.

The volume is entitled “American Bards, a Satire.” Whether it is intended as a burlesque on Lord Byron’s Satire, or as original dullness, we do not know, but incline to the latter opinion. Should we be mistaken, we beg the author’s pardon. After making horrible work with the names of the daughters of Memory, as we shall presently take occasion to remark, and making a dowdy of the Genius of Columbia, he proceeds solemnly to his task. In making she geniuses, American rhymers are incorrigible. A she-bull would be full as correct.

Oh Genius of Columbia! bright-eyed maid,
&c. l. 41

After this, meaning to state that the Edinburgh Reviewers cannot get their fill of abuse, he says they are “ungorged in blood;” and then luminously explains how he reconciles his strictures on his countrymen, with his love for his country. No doubt the following explanation was perfectly satisfactory to his own conscience, but to us it is so much heathen Greek:

And all that love, and all that glory’s light,
Are brilliant stars to guide the mind aright:
But from the realms where purity is throned,
A mandate rolls superior to that bond;

This be my motto, wheresoe'er it flows,
Justice and truth to all men!—friends or
foes! l. 72

He next proceeds in his own peculiarly felicitous style of panegyric to rake up the unfortunate ashes of Clifton, Payne, and Dwight. Alas, poor Dwight! such is thy eulogy :

Bless'd is the bard, who labours to instil
The moral precepts of thy Greenfield Hill,
And clothes the lesson in that sacred fire,
Which truth and talents can alone inspire,
&c. l. 221

Poor Mr. Dwight, he is on fire! Freneau, Humphreys, and Barlow, are next successively mentioned. The same trite remarks which have filled the columns of so many stupid journals are here versified anew, in the most masterly style of flatness and insipidity. Then comes Alsop; and then Shaw :—

Thus Shaw, though science fed the brilliant
flame,
That shed its lustre 'round thy youthful fame,
Its wasting fires commingling brighten'd
thine,
Till their united blaze consumed the shrine.
l. 329

Poor Mr. Shaw! he is all burned up. We are then solemnly informed, that Mr. Pierpont beats one Alexander Pope all hollow; and that Mr. Sargeant, although called after a noble Roman, is withal rather uncleanly, and truly quite indecent. The rest of his gallery of poets is composed of Knight, an anonymous Philadelphian sonneteer, Paulding, Tappan, a Recluse, Allen, Dabney, Maxwell, Esq., Brown, Allston, Mr. Payne the Comedian, Helen Currie, Woodworth, Neale, (the man that got mad under Niagara falls) one Bunker, other anonymous persons, Croaker, the Reverend Mr. Perrin, a Boston doggerelist unknown, Mister Mead, Doctor Farmer, and Burt. The grouping of these characters cannot fail to be admired by every observer of taste.

He conjures up names long since forgotten, and placing them in the same light with a few, who we hope

are destined long to survive such ephemeral satires as the present, envelops them all together in one melancholy hue, till they look like a worn out painting, where nothing is discernible but a parcel of ugly faces. Along this gallery, so tastefully selected, he struts with great solemnity, and pronounces judgment with the gravity of another Sir Oracle.

"*Imagination*," and the "*Maniac's Dream*," of Doctor Farmer, are in his opinion, the chief-d'œuvres of the collection!—What a pity the fame of M'Donald Clarke had not reached east of the Cape of Good Hope!* Then might his maniac dreams have been immortalized by this "most trite anonymous," to retort upon him one of his own terms; and his portrait had a distinguished place in this gallery of departed worth, instead of being mortgaged to the Academy of Arts.

We shall next beg leave to inquire a little into our author's classical acquirements, in the exhibition of which he seems to take great delight. He has looked into Lempriere's Dictionary under the title "musæ;" but unhappily, being unable to read the marks of quantity, he has barbarously nick-named Apollo and the nine, and several other ancient worthies. Witness the following strains. The reader is to understand that the measure is heroic; as our classical "Bayes" devoutly reprobath the metre of Scott, which, as he justly observeth, "is worn out."

Oh great Musægetes! thou god of fire! 1.5
Oh dread destroyer of Niobe's sons!
Oh Aonides! Oh Castalides!
Oh Peirides! Oh Lebethrides!
Love breathing Erato! Clío divine!
Calliôpe! † Thália! Parnassean nine!
Star struck Urania! Eúterpe of song! 1.33

* It seems this Poem was written the other side of the Cape of Good Hope.

† This must be pronounced Calli-op, if the line be of ten feet; but if meant for an

Here are eight false quantities out of thirteen words. A clever Yankee would have made a much shrewder guess. Add to these samples the following exquisite line :—

Father of Arion! shed your marine charm!

In which our bard, not well knowing how to call Arion by his right name, has placed the poor minstrel in a more ticklish situation than when he was on the dolphin's back, in which he can neither straddle, sit, nor stand, on either extremity.

We shall now have a *touch* at our poet's fancy, to use an expression he particularly eschews, as being unfit for polite composition. See note, p. 77.

We remark, in general, that his favourite similes are taken from the process of combustion; and *fire* and *lyre*, *flame* and *fame*, are as regularly posted in his pages as the lamp posts in our streets. It would be well for our citizens if the lamps were as close together. The crowning fire-simile is that concerning Shaw, already quoted, in which the bard, the lyre, and the shrine, are consumed in one simultaneous conflagration.

Among other tragical personifications, he introduces Colonel Humphreys, riding a cock horse on a plough-handle, with a sword in one hand, and a lyre in the other. In this graceful attitude he is made to play on the lyre with a sword instead of a plectron; but being old and nervous, he breaks the chords with a terrible crash, and thus ends his novel and pleasant recreation.

Another patriot! one more hallowed name
To live with Vernon on the rolls of fame!
Whom war, and peace, and poetry inspire,

Alexandrine, of which we have our doubts,
it may be right enough:

Calliope, Thalia, Parnassæan nine!

what a great advantage it is to a reader of such "mumbling doggrel," as our author calls it, to have four fingers and a thumb on each hand!

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To wield the sword, the ploughshare, and the
lyre! 1. 260

The nervous arm that whirl'd the patriot
sword,

Too rudely struck the lyre, and snap'd its
chord. 1. 268

In another place he speaks of "a flimsy poet dabbling on the lyre," from which we gather that he spat upon his hands before proceeding to business.

In the following lines he prophecies Mr. Trumbull's anti-posthumous translation.

Trumbull shall live—and memory's warm-
est sigh

Shall waft his spirit to its kindred sky. 1. 277

As much as to say, he shall live till after he is dead, and then memory will fly away with him.

We think our author has *twinkled* his imagination very *obscurely* in the following passage; and disfigured moonshine in the true Bottom style.

Who has not gazed on that pale orb of night,
Which seems to slumber in her silver light,
So calm—so still—like fond affection's eye,
Beaming its charms in noiseless sympathy?
Like friendship's holiest glance, so softly
pure,

That not one sparkle twinkles to obscure?
&c. 1. 330

Our author's wit as a satyrist next claims our attention. This is truly a barren field for speculation; there is one pun in the book on the merino's of Colonel Humphreys; and a new mode of taming a bear, and curing hydrophobia.

An English "caustic" hush'd the northern
bear,

And check'd the rabies of rhyming there. 1. 136

The hero of Mr. Paulding is thus apostrophized.

All hail to thee! thou enterprising grudge,
Porter and General, Congressman and
Judge,

Pavier and Squatter, &c.

Mr. P. himself is made to perform

44

a couple of redoubtable anatomical exploits.

When Gifford's gall—apostate Southey's
brain,
Prostrated fell, and strove to rise in vain.
l. 496

Prostrated, we suppose, by a back stroke of the Scottish fiddle! well done Jemmy Paulding!

Modern names are treated in this volume with as little ceremony as ancient;—

First Generals Sheaffe and Ochterlony see!
Auchmuty, Hallowell, Coffin, and Linzee!
l. 762

A new mode of interrogation, apparently borrowed in part from the French idiom, is also introduced with great effect.

To whom this party-coloured page belongs?
l. 763
From whence those pensive notes of sorrow flow?
l. 647

Our author very justly takes credit to himself for his frank avowal of his obligations to other poets, for ideas, phrases, and rhymes. His formal acknowledgments might, however, have been dispensed with, in some instances: as where, after a mournful burlesque on the simile of the eagle, in Byron's lines on White, he has the following note: "Lord Byron has appropriated to himself this beautiful idea from Waller. *Perhaps*, although (or, although *perhaps*) there may be no competition in the expression of the sentiment, there is some little superiority in acknowledging the obligation." Now, we beg leave to state, on good authority, that our bard has never read a line of Waller, except the passage in question, and the song, "Go, lovely rose," &c. When he was imparting this gratuitous piece of information, (taken from a recent number of some magazine,) why did he not also state whence Waller borrowed the idea? He also is kind enough to inform us that his advice to an author to keep his manuscripts nine years, is taken

from Horace; and quotes that author to prove his assertion.

These desultory remarks grow tiresome; and we are sensible that they have the air of flippancy. The work before us is, however, too uniformly dull to admit of any other mode of treatment. Its general characteristic is insipidity; and it is only occasionally flavoured with cold blunders and curious nonsense. After selecting some specimens of these, it would be unfair not to mention the more successful, and, with relation to the rest of the lines, quite decent passages. He speaks of New-England with the honest pride of patriotism; and the description of the youthful rhymer's eagerness to behold his verses in the news-paper, is happy and exact. These are, perhaps, the best parts of his production.

The barrenness of his subject, and the dangerous comparison which is necessarily suggested between his own work and its model, "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," offer sufficient excuses for our author's total failure. Perhaps, too, he is too amiable to make a pungent satyrist. But speaking of him as a poet, simply, he has shown no single ray of imagination; no power of combination or expression; no distant approach to originality. Such being the case, it is not worth while to advise him to learn to invoke the nine by their right names. "They would not come, if he *did* call on them."

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Camp on Schuylkill, 34 miles from Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1777.

DEAR SIR,

THE situation of our affairs in this quarter calls for every aid, and for every effort. General Howe, by various manœuvres, and marches high up the Schuylkill, as if he meant to harm our right flank, found means, by

counter marching, to cross the river last night several miles below us, which is fordable almost in every part, and is now fast advancing toward Philadelphia. I therefore desire, that without a moment's loss of time, you will detach as many rank and file, under a proper General and other officers, as will make the whole number, including those of General M'Dougall, amount to twenty-five hundred privates, and non-commissioned officers, fit for duty. The corps under General M'Dougall, to my great surprise, by a letter from him a few days ago, consisted of only nine hundred men. You will direct the officers commanding the detachment, (now ordered) to proceed as soon as possible to reinforce me. The rout to Morristown is the best for them to pursue. Before they arrive at the Ferry, they will hear where I am; but they may know their destination when they are within two marches of it; they are to inform me by express, and I will write upon the subject.

I must urge you, by every motive, to send this detachment with the least possible delay: no consideration must pervert it. It is our first object that we defeat, if possible, the army now offered to us here. That the Highlands may be secure, you will immediately call in your forces now on command on out posts; you must not think of covering a whole country by dividing them; and when they are ordered in, and drawn together, they will be fully competent to repel any attempt that may happen. But if you are attacked, you will get all the militia that you can. The detachment will bring their baggage, but as little as possible. That you may not hesitate, you will consider this as peremptory, and not to be dispensed with. Colonel Malcolm's regiment will form a part of the detachment.

I am, your's, &c.

G. W.

Maj. Gen. Putnam.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, 8th Aug. 1786.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

I cannot omit to seize the earliest occasion to acknowledge the receipt of the very affectionate letter you did me the honour to write me on the 22d May, as well as to thank you for the present of your travels in America, and the translation of Col. Humphrey's poem; all of which came safe to hand, by the same conveyance.

Knowing, as I did, the candour, liberality, and philanthropy of the Marquis de Chastellux, I was prepared to disbelieve any imputations that might militate against those amiable qualities; for character and habits are not easily taken up, or suddenly laid aside. Nor does that mild species of philosophy, which aims at promoting human happiness, ever belie itself, by deviating from the generous and God-like pursuit. Having, notwithstanding, understood, that some misrepresentation of the work in question had been circulated, I was happy to learn that you had taken the most effectual method to put a stop to their circulation, by publishing a more ample and correct edition. Colonel Humphreys (who spent some weeks at Mount Vernon) confirmed me in the sentiment, by giving me a most flattering account of the whole performance. He has also put into my hands the translation of that part in which you say such, and so many handsome things of me, that (although no sceptic on ordinary occasions) I may perhaps be allowed to doubt, whether your friendship and partiality have not, in this one instance, acquired an ascendancy over your cooler judgment.

Having been thus unwarily, and, I may be permitted to add, almost unavoidably betrayed into a kind of necessity to speak of myself, and not wishing to resume that subject, I

choose to close it forever, by observing, that, as on the one hand, I consider it as an indubitable mark of mean-spiritedness and pitiful vanity, to court applause from the pen or tongue of man; so, on the other, I believe it to be a proof of false modesty, or an unworthy affectation of humility, to appear altogether insensible to the commendations of the virtuous and enlightened part of our species.*

Perhaps nothing can excite more perfect harmony in the soul, than to have this spring vibrate in unison with the internal consciousness of rectitude in our intentions, and an humble hope of approbation from the supreme disposer of all things.

I have communicated to Colonel Humphreys that paragraph in your letter which announces the favourable reception his poem has met with in France. Upon the principles I have just laid down, he cannot be indifferent to the applauses of so enlightened a nation, nor to the suffrages of the King and Queen, who have been pleased to honour it with their royal approbation.

We have no news on this side the

* In a letter from General Washington to Mr. Arthur Young, dated, Mount Vernon, Dec. 4th, 1788, the General, after replying to a request to obtain his permission to publish his letters on agricultural subjects, concludes with the following remarks:

"I can only say for myself, that I have endeavoured, in a state of tranquil retirement, to keep myself as much from the eye of the world as I possibly could. I have studiously avoided, as much as was in my power, to give any cause for ill-natured, or impertinent comments on my conduct; and I should be very unhappy to have any thing done on my behalf (however distant in itself from impropriety) which should give occasion for one officious tongue to use my name with indelicacy. For I wish, most devoutly, to glide silently and unnoticed through the remainder of life. This is my heart-felt wish, and these are my undisguised feelings. After having submitted them confidentially to you, I have such a reliance upon your prudence, as to leave it with you to do what you think, upon a full consideration of the matter, shall be wisest and best."

Atlantic worth the pains of sending across it. The country is recovering rapidly from the ravages of war. The seeds of population are scattered far in the wilderness; agriculture is prosecuted with industry; the works of peace, such as opening rivers, building bridges, &c. are carried on with spirit. Trade is not so successful as we could wish. Our state governments are well administered. Some objections in our Federal government might perhaps be altered for the better. I rely much on the goodness of my countrymen; and trust that a superintending Providence will disappoint the hopes of our enemies.

With sentiments of the sincerest friendship,

I am, my dear Marquis,

Your obedient,

and affectionate servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Marquis de Chastellux.

[The gentleman to whom the following criticism was erroneously directed, is not, nor never has been, the conductor of this Journal. All communications must be addressed to the publisher, as they may otherwise fail of reaching our columns.]

BOTTA'S HISTORY.

[For the Literary Journal.]

History of the War of the Independence of the United States of America. Written by Charles Botta. Translated from the Italian, by George Alexander Otis. Philadelphia, 8vo. pp. 434. Bailey, 1820.

SIGNIORE BOTTA has not only consulted the best works on the subject, but made himself master of the many secret sources of information which he found in France, and which have not yet been published in an authentic form. The predilection which he seems to entertain in favour of the French, may be easily accounted for, when we remember that he was one of the legislative corps of

France at the time when his work was published. With all due allowances for the aid which we received from France, by whatever motives that nation may have been swayed, we should not forget that previous to her offering assistance, we possessed the means of emancipation; and we can only regard the French as having accelerated our project; or, rather, as having assisted in the completion of an enterprise already far advanced. It may justly be the boast of every American, that we ourselves planned and executed the scheme of our revolution; and it is a gratification of no small weight to find even Signiore Botta inclined to the same opinion, notwithstanding the apparent stress he occasionally lays on French auxiliaries. His diligence in the search of facts, his selection of the most interesting, and the lucid order in which he has arranged them, drawn from so many sources, impress us with the most favourable opinion of his judgment.

The author has been so correct in the narrative of facts, and so judicious in suppressing unimportant details, that he has presented to us the best work on the subject of our revolution that has yet appeared. His style and classic taste have been admirably preserved by the translator.

This work comprises, in fourteen books, (divided into 3 vols.) the whole history of our war, from its commencement to the resignation of the chief command by Washington before the congress at Annapolis; a subject on which the author has dwelt with great delight, as exhibiting a most dignified and sublime spectacle; and a picture of republican and civic virtue, which is in vain sought for in the annals of ancient or modern history.

Signiore Botta proceeds in the 1st Book to give a view of the character, manners, customs, and opinions of the colonists; and having mentioned their growing discontents, and exhibited the plan of colonial govern-

ment proposed by them to the mother country, he relates the views and designs of the French government, and dwells particularly on the stamp act.

The second book commences with the troubles which the stamp act occasioned, and the consequent tumults at Boston, and the commotions in the other states. The league entered into by the citizens desirous of a new order of things, and their associations against English commerce, occupy many important pages. The effects which the American tumults produced in England, the operations of the American congress at New-York, and the proceedings of the British parliament, close this very interesting book.

The third book begins with the repeal of the stamp act; the new causes of discontent in America; and the ministerial proposition to parliament of a new bill imposing duties on glass, tea, paper, &c. which was passed; the consequent agitations, and the formation of new conventions; the entrance of the royal troops into Boston; the suppression of all taxes except on tea; the destruction of the tea at Boston, and the determination to hold a general congress at Philadelphia, is forcibly narrated. We cannot pass over the foregoing without regretting that the names of many worthies who were engaged in some of these meritorious acts have never been known; among whom we are proud to recognize the name of our respected fellow citizen, Gen. E. Stevens, who acted a distinguished part in the destruction of the tea at Boston.

The fourth book narrates the confidence of the Americans in the general congress, of which he speaks as follows:

“For a long time, no spectacle had been offered to the attention of mankind, of so powerful an interest as this of the American congress. It was indeed a novel thing, and, as it

were, miraculous, that a nation, hitherto almost unknown to the people of Europe, or only known by the commerce it occasionally exercised in their ports, should, all at once, step forth from this state of oblivion, and, rousing as from a long slumber, should seize the reins to govern itself; that the various parts of this nation, hitherto disjointed, and almost in opposition to each other, should now be united in one body, and moved by a single will; that their long and habitual obedience should be suddenly changed for the intrepid counsels of resistance and of open defiance, to the formidable nation whence they derived their origin and laws." p. 198.

The deliberations of this congress are given, together with copious extracts from their very able address to the English people, as being "peculiarly proper to demonstrate what were the prevailing opinions of this epoch; with what ardour and inflexible resolution the Americans supported their cause; and the great progress they had made in the art of writing with that eloquence which acts so irresistibly upon the minds of men." This piece of eloquence is the composition of the venerable John Jay, who with Messrs. Lee and Livingston, composed the committee. They were all three members of Congress, and the same pure and enlightened spirit of patriotism which animated their labours in that body, guided the pen in the composition of this work, the fruit of their noble and disinterested coalition. This address, though well known to the lovers of our history, may be recalled to mind by giving the first passages.

"When a nation, led to greatness by the hand of liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for

slavery and oppression, there is cause to suspect she has either ceased to be virtuous, or been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.

"In almost every age, in repeated conflicts, in long and bloody wars, as well civil as foreign, against many and powerful nations, against the open assaults of enemies, and the more dangerous treachery of friends, have the inhabitants of your island, your great and glorious ancestors, maintained their independence, and transmitted the rights of men, and the blessings of liberty, to you, their posterity. Be not surprised, therefore, that we, who are descended from the same common ancestors; that we, whose forefathers participated in all the rights, the liberties, and the constitution, you so justly boast of, and who have carefully conveyed the same fair inheritance to us, guaranteed by the pledged faith of government, and the most solemn compacts with British sovereigns, should refuse to surrender them to men who found their claims on no principles of reason, and who prosecute them with a design, that by having *our* lives and property in their power, they may, with greater facility, enslave *you*. The cause of America is now the object of universal attention: it has at length become very serious. This unhappy country has not only been oppressed, but abused and misrepresented; and the duty we owe to ourselves and posterity, to your interest, and the general welfare of the British empire, leads us to address you on this very important subject.

"Know, then, that we consider ourselves, and do insist, that we are, and ought to be, as free as our fellow subjects in Britain, and that no power on earth has a right to take our property from us without our consent. That we claim all the benefits secured to the subject by the English constitution, and particular-

ly that inestimable one of trial by jury. That we hold it essential to English liberty, that no man be condemned unheard, or punished for supposed offences, without having an opportunity of making his defence. That we think the legislature of Great Britain is not authorised by the constitution to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets, or to erect an arbitrary form of government, in any quarter of the globe," &c. p. 210, 11.

The fifth book is exceedingly interesting. It opens with a view of Boston, and of the state of the two armies; dwells on the taking of Ticonderoga, the siege of Boston, the battle of Breed's hill, and the election of Washington to be Captain General; relates the measures of Congress at this interesting moment; quotes its addresses to the king, to the English nation, to the Irish people, and to the Canadians; and closes by a careful narrative of the invasion of Canada: all of which is given with great accuracy and clearness. The taking of Montreal, and the assault of Quebec, with the death of Montgomery, is related with elegance and precision. The failure of the enterprise, and the death of the gallant leader, is thus elegantly narrated, and closes the volume:

"Such was the issue of the assault given by the Americans to the city of Quebec, in the midst of the most rigorous season of the year; an enterprise which, though at first view it may seem rash, was certainly not impossible. The events themselves have proved it; for if General Montgomery had not been slain at the first onset, it is more than probable that on his part he would have carried the barrier, since even at the moment of his death, the battery was abandoned, and only served by a few men; by penetrating at this point, while Arnold and Morgan obtained the same advantages in their attacks, all the lower city would

have fallen into the hands of the Americans. However this may be, though victory escaped them, their heroic efforts will be the object of sincere admiration. The governor, using his advantages nobly, treated the prisoners with much humanity. He caused the American General to be interred with all military honours.

"The loss of this excellent officer was deeply and justly lamented by all his party. Born of a distinguished Irish family, Montgomery had entered, in early youth, the career of arms; and had served with honour in the preceding war between Great Britain and France. Having married an American lady, and purchased an estate in the province of New-York, he was considered, and considered himself, an American. He loved glory much, and liberty yet more. Neither genius, nor valour, nor occasion, failed him; but time and fortune. And if it is allowable, from the past actions of man to infer the future, what motives are there for believing, that if death had not taken him from his country in all the vigour of his age, he would have left it the model of military heroism and of civil virtues! He was beloved by the good, feared by the wicked, and honoured even by his enemies. Nature had done all for him; his person, from its perfection, answered to the purity of his mind. He left a wife, the object of all his tenderness, with several children, still infants—a spectacle for their country, at once of pity and of admiration! The State, from gratitude toward their father, distinguished them with every mark of kindness and of protection. Thus died this man; whose name, ever pronounced with enthusiasm by his own, has never ceased to be respected by the warmest of the opposite party: marvellous eulogium, and almost without example!" pp. 432, 3.

We cannot close our brief notice without an acknowledgment of our

thanks to Mr. Otis for having translated so valuable a work. Mr. Otis is already advantageously known by his translation of De Pradt's Europe. His knowledge of the language, and his zeal in the undertaking, fully warranted the task he has now accomplished, and we look forward

with much pleasure to the appearance of the other two volumes. We can only add, that the labour is great, and the expense of publication is heavy; and we sincerely hope that our citizens will amply reward him for his trouble and expense.

R. V.

[For the Literary Journal.]

TRANSLATION OF A SPANISH SONNET, BY DON JUAN MELANDEZ VALDEZ,
LA FLOR DEL ZURGUEN.

Sweet Zephyr, cease thy wings to move,
Behold, here sleeps the maid I love ;
Go rear a bower with pleasure's train,
With flow'rets cull'd from hill and plain,
To shade the sweet flower of Zurguen.

Zephyr stop, and you shall see
The beauteous maid beloved by me ;
For whom I feel love's throbbing pain—
The lovely flower of Zurguen.

Her eye beams like the star of morn ;
The ruby doth her lips adorn ;
The blushes of her cheeks disclose
The beauties of the vernal rose.
Her golden tresses are the net
Which wily Cupid oft doth set ;
In which a thousand hearts are ta'en
O beauteous flower of Zurguen.

Go where the lily rears its head ;
Go where the violet makes its bed ;
Thère cull their sweets, with anxious pain,
For her, the sweet flower of Zurguen.

With thy soft breath, sweet Zephyr, move
That veil, where seems the seat of love ;
Remove it, and you'll quickly know,
There lies concealed a heart of snow :
A heart that's fill'd with high disdain—
That beauteous flower of Zurguen.

My fond heart once sweet hope beguiled—
I thought my fair one on me smiled :
But ah ! that hope was all in vain,
She only feels for me disdain,
That beauteous flower of Zurguen.

Though time each moment as he flies
 Bears on his wings my fondest sighs ;
 Yet to my passion thus sincere,
 She ever turns a deafened ear :
 My sighs then, Zephyr, to her bear—
 Speak of my love, of my despair ;
 Try on that lovely heart to gain,
 That lovely flower of Zurguen.

Sweet Zephyr, on thy pinions move,
 Assume the graceful form of love,
 Assume his look and winning mien,
 Then seek my bosom's peerless quen,
 Try all the blandishments of art
 To win for me the fair one's heart ;
 Perhaps she'll listen to thy strain,
 The lovely flower of Zurguen.

Yes, without fear, sweet Zephyr, fly,
 And to her dear lov'd bosom hie ;
 For cold disdain from thence has fled,
 And gentle pity's in its stead ;
 No more shall grief consume my youth,
 She knows my love, she knows my truth,
 Her smiles will yet reward my pain—
 That much loved flower of Zurguen.

M

THE DEAD INFANT.

(For the Literary Journal.)

Oh! say not death is victor here—
 These cheeks like twilight roses faded,
 Show only resting beauty ere
 Kind sleep the weary eyes hath shaded.
 Say not the breath shall come no more
 That gayly heav'd this guiltless bosom ;
 Sure even *Death* would pass it o'er—
 Charm'd by so fair, so sweet a blossom !

These little fingers meekly join'd,
 As day's last light around is playing,
 Serenely show the feeling mind,
 But lovely dreaming infant praying !
 Yet cold these lips—a ghastly blue,
 With chilly drops profusely given :
 'Tis but the closing floweret's hue,
 Wet by the genial dews of heaven !

Shall morn restore the bud again ?
 Come Hope, with all thy lore deceiving,
 Come soothe an anxious parent's pain—
 The bliss of love lives in believing.
 Say, say this youngest darling boy,
 In her bless'd bosom nestling fondly,
 Shall, lisping to his *mother's* joy,
 Awake with morn—Oh! promise kindly

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No! no—the vital life hath fled—
 Weep doating mother—never, never,
 Those eyes their laughing beams shall shed ;
 Sunk—blackea'd—clos'd, and clos'd for-
 ever !

Fair was thy dawn of beauty, fair
 Sweet innocent! the prospect round thee,
 But call'd of Heaven! thou'rt mated there,
 Some angel lov'd—an angel found thee.

Departed babe! oh thou hast left
 In happy time a world of sorrow ;
 Perchance deceiv'd, denied, bereft,
 On thee, to cheat, had beam'd each mor-
 row !

Perchance thy hapless fate had been
 To glory in a heart of feeling,
 Wrong'd, blighted, stabb'd, by hands un-
 seen—

Wo on such heart is ever stealing.

Oh! low thou liest, thou lovely one!
 Distracted love thy requiem swelling.
 Must even *thou* go, timeless, down
 To the cold grave's unsocial dwelling ?
 That smile!—and must we never see
 That pleading smile those cheeks adorn-
 ing ?

Just God! *thou* speak'st—and it must be—
 Gone in the pride and boast of morning !

Dear pledge of love! sweet balm of care!
 A father's hope—a mother's treasure!
 Where beats the heart averse to share
 The grief that mourns their wreck of
 pleasure?

Like tender snow-drop: nurs'd ere while
 By its own parent stem—decaying,
 Still, still the shadow of a smile
 Soft o'er thy loveliness is playing.

Oh! life, thou'rt but the summer ray
 Swift passing o'er a mountain river;
 Thou shin'st, and, sitting far a way,
 'Mid worlds unknown, art lost forever!
 But when the infant light is spent—
 Blameless of sin, prescrib'd no duty,
 To its own glorious fountain sent,
 It aids th' immortal bow of beauty!

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

Saturday, August 19, 1820.

SUNSET.

Deep red, in dusky mass reposes
 Along the welkin's western line;
 Above, the bending arch discloses
 A topaz sea—but more divine,
 More pure than all the hues from earth,
 Or seas, or air, that have their birth;
 Like the pellucid gold alone,
 The eternal city's pavement bright.
 Higher, like gorgeous drapery thrown
 Before those opening fields of light,
 Fringed with broad streaks of burnish'd
 gold,
 Suspended clouds their depths unfold,
 Of purple deep, and roseate hue;
 Beyond, the vault of chastest blue—
 Not luscious as the fervent sky
 Of fair and wanton Italy,
 Nor darkly rich as night's domain,—
 But free from tint of passion's stain,
 As the mild eye of seraph blest,
 Fading on mortal ken appears
 Fading into holier spheres,
 Transparent, o'er its hallowed breast
 Float infant clouds;—where near the west
 Their skirts a saffron tinge disclose;
 The farther borrow from the rose
 Or from the hyacinthine streak,
 Or from the ruby's palest beam;
 Fading in gradual hues more weak,
 Like the lost visions of a dream.
 But in the south, of heavier dye
 Huge heaving mounds, sublimely high,
 Rear their tall ramparts in the sky.
 Swart flames above their steep's aspire,
 In pyramids of dusky fire;
 As from volcano's boom sent,
 To wrap the kindling firmament.
 Dim, and more dim, in shadows faint
 Reflecting clouds the pictures paint;
 Till, o'er the north, a volumed pall
 Of sable purple covers all.

Fond, fleeting tints! ere idle pen,
 With hues unborrow'd from your own,
 Can paint your glories, they are gone,
 And darkness veils you from my ken.
 Farewell your momentary power,
 O'er musing minstrel's raptur'd hour!
 Ye give to heaven each lovely beam,
 And leave this gloomy world to him.

L. C.

COMMON COUNCIL RECORDS. NO. 3.

[For the Literary Journal.]

I observe that a neighbouring editor of a newspaper, I believe at Hartford, has lately gratified the public with some of the early records of Connecticut. I have been very much pleased and instructed with their perusal; the more so, by the circumstance of their bringing to light the very earliest history of that interesting state.

The Wyllis family, in whose possession they were found, deserve much praise for affording immediate facility to their publication.

As the period to which they relate is not greatly anterior to the records from which I have furnished you extracts, and as the proximity of Connecticut to New-York must have in a great measure blended and intermingled the affairs of the two provinces, it is probable that the simultaneous publication of the early records of both, may have a reciprocal advantage in clearing up many moot points concerning their history.

I continue to supply you with some farther details.

“By the Mayor and Aldermen.
 “City of New-York.

“Ordered, that all and every master of vessells shall at his or their arrivall at this place, as soone as hee or they come on shoare, give an account to the Mayor or Deputy Mayor of all and every passenger which hee or they shall bring in their vessells into this place upon paine of every master soe offending to forfeite

for every passenger hee or they bringe, and not give an account off as aforesaid, a merchandable bever."

No person could dispose of his goods, wares, &c., unless a freeman, or burger, and settled housekeeper, for the space of one year, unless he had given security for the same, or had received special license from the Mayor and Aldermen, with the approbation of the Governor: "And if any person or persons soe made free shall depart from this citty by the space of six months, unless such person or persons so departing, shall, during that time, keepe fire and candle light, and pay Scot and Lott, shall loose his and their freedome; and that all and every merchant hereafter to bee made free shall pay for the same, six bevers; and all handcraft trades and others, to pay two bevers for their being made freemen; (unless by special order of court) ordered and made a taxation for the building of the new dock or wharfe which is to bee layed accordingly.

"Ordered, that all persons that keepe public houses, shall sell beere as well as wyn and other liquors, and keepe lodginge for strangers.

"Dated the 20th day of Jan. 1675.

"By mee, SAMUEL LEETH,
"Clarke."

THOUGHTS ON POPULATION.

[For the Literary Journal.]

It is a curious circumstance in the natural history of man, that the earth has still room for his species. Other animals in their increase encounter many obstacles from which man is exempt. He is permitted to live until arrested by a natural death; and the exceptions to this rule are comparatively few. Why, then, has not man covered the habitable world with his species?

The object of the present essay

is to suggest a theory in answer to the above question.

First; after the population of any given space on the earth attains to a certain extent, which we will call the natural maximum of its population, the annual deaths will equal the annual births.

Secondly; previously to the population attaining to its maximum, the births will exceed the deaths, and in a ratio proportioned to the distance of the population within the maximum.

Thirdly; after attaining to the maximum, if an acquisition by importation, or otherwise, be made to the population, the deaths will exceed the births, and in a ratio proportioned to the excess of the population over the maximum.

From the foregoing theory we may reason, that the most effectual way to increase population is to spread it over as wide a surface as practicable, and the people thus diffused will increase far beyond what they will in a more confined location. If the inhabitants of the United States were collected within one state, their increase would immediately be arrested; but the old States being now continually drained of a portion of their inhabitants to supply new settlements, are kept in continued productiveness. From the year 1800 to 1810, the states of Rhode Island, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, increased in population 21 per cent. or 1,158,581 souls; whilst England and Wales, during a similar period, to wit, from 1801 to 1811, increased only 14 per cent. or 123,800 souls. That is, the increase of 4,979,036 in America, inhabiting a space of 396,552 square miles, was nearly equal to the increase experienced by 8,872,880 persons in England and Wales, inhabiting a space of only

49,450 square miles. This statement does not show the items which compose the increase of either position ; and, therefore, the increase in America may have been caused by importation &c. ; and as I have not the means of refuting such a supposition by documentary evidence, I must say, from common information, that the importation into the enumerated States during the period named, was not more than equal to the migration therefrom to the other states and territories of the Union ; and that the migration from various parts of Europe to England and Wales, during 1801 to 1811, was equal to the migration from England and Wales.

Again ; the American States just named, increased in population from the year 1790 to the year 1800, 1,169,086 souls, being a greater increase than the same states experienced during the period from 1800 to the year 1810 : That is, the increase experienced by 3,809,948 souls, which composed the population of the first period, exceeded by 40,000 souls, the increase experienced by 4,979,034 souls, which compose the population of the latter period. If the importation and migrations of the one period, equalled the importation and migration of the other, then the natural increase of the first period, exceeded, by 9 per cent. the natural increase of the latter period ; and this result agrees with our theory.

Doctor Morse asserts in his geography, that in Connecticut the annual excess of births over the deaths, exceeds (ratably) the excess of births in any other State in the Union. From the year 1790 to 1810, the population of Connecticut experienced less augmentation than any of the States which have been enumerated : the increase from the year 1790 to 1800 was only 5 per cent. and from 1800 to 1810 only 4 per cent. therefore, if the assumption

of Dr. Morse is correct, the population of Connecticut must have been kept down by emigration ; and the migration from Connecticut must have ratably exceeded the migration from any of the other states ; and, consequently, the excess of births asserted by Doctor Morse follows in our theory as a natural effect of the emigration.

The small state of Rhode Island, which, in 1790, contained a population of about 44 persons to every square mile of territory, increased only 11 per cent. in population from the year 1790 to 1810, whilst the before named fifteen States (which, taken collectively, possessed a population of less than 10 persons to a square mile) increased, in the same period, 61 per cent.

Rhode Island, during the 20 years just named, increased less than any other of the enumerated States, excepting Connecticut ; and excepting Massachusetts and Connecticut, it contained more inhabitants to each square mile of territory than any of the other States.

So far, therefore, the results conform to our theory, excepting in the anomalous case of Massachusetts. Again ;—In the year 1790, the population of the before enumerated States was a fraction over 10 persons to each square mile of territory, and the average increase of population the succeeding 10 years was 30 per cent.

The increase of the States varied materially from each other ; but all of them whose population exceeded the general average (10 persons to a square mile) increased less than the 30 per cent. whilst all of them whose population was less than 10 persons to a square mile, increased (excepting North-Carolina) more than 30 per cent.

Thus Massachusetts possessed a population of 60 persons to each square mile of territory, and increased less than eleven per cent.

| | | |
|---------------|---------------------------------|----|
| Connecticut, | 51 to sq. mile, incr. 5 per ct. | |
| Rhode-Island, | 44 do. | 1 |
| Delaware, | 28 do. | 8 |
| Maryland, | 22 do. | 9 |
| New-Jersey, | 20 do. | 14 |
| N. Hampshire, | 17 do. | 30 |
| Virginia, | 10 3-4 do. | 18 |

The States whose population was under 10 persons to a square mile of their territory, increased as follows :

| | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------------|----|
| Georgia, | 1 to sq. mile, inc. 98 per ct. | |
| Maine, | 2 do. | 57 |
| Vermont, | 8 do. | 80 |
| New-York, | 8 do. | 72 |
| South-Carolina, | 9 do. | 69 |
| Pennsylvania, | 9 do. | 38 |

North-Carolina is an exception. The population of that State was, in the year 1790, eight persons to a square mile ; and the increase during the 10 years was only 21 per cent. This exception, together with the various ratios of increase of the different States, may seem to prove fatal to our theory ; but the theory does not assume that every place is alike favourable to the increase of the human species, or that even the same place, is at all times equally favourable. Rhode-Island, from the year 1790 to 1800, did not increase one per cent. but from 1800 to 1810, it increased more than ten per cent.

It is true, that in the different examples I adduce, the population may have been influenced by other causes than natural increase ; and most probably, migration from Rhode-Island prevented an apparent increase from the year 1790 to 1800 ; yet, as the population of all the States are subject to the same causes of variation, a disregard of them in each State may produce a result nearly similar to that which would be produced by natural increase alone.

It may be inquired, what practical results can flow from a theory which acknowledges a liability in different places, to show results differing from each other ; and, also, a liability in the same place, to show different results at different periods. I answer that the theory may be insufficient to

determine, *a priori*, the number of inhabitants which any place will sustain in a given state of increase, yet it will show the cause when a want of increase shall occur, and determine the propriety of migration. The reluctance which man has to migrate, is probably the reason why the world has not yet attained to its ultimate state of population. Human beings crowd together from natural or artificial increase, until the deaths equal, and even far exceed the births. If persons so situated were uniformly to seek new countries, the earth, at no very distant period, would be inhabited to the extent of which it is capable.

It would not be difficult to ascertain the average length of life and state of fecundity of a man and woman, when they reside in the crowded street of a large city—in a spacious street of the same city—in a small village—in a cottage, a mile distant from any other family, and in a situation still more remote from other human beings. By observations, thus made, a knowledge might be gained of the space most favourable for population and longevity.

Most probably a law of nature similar to that which restricts the number of human beings which can thrive in any given space, exists with respect to each other inhabitant of the earth, both animal and vegetable, and thus the beautiful symmetry of the whole is preserved, and a permanent diminution of the number of any species of beings is resisted by the augmented increase of the remainder, and every permanent excess is prevented by a diminished increase. That this law exists, appears reasonable from many facts : Thus, the appearance of an unusual number of any insects, say grass-hoppers, is not followed the next year by a proportionate increase, but, on the contrary, by a decrease of the ordinary number. If their increase

be not affected by the number in which they exist, why is the progeny of the unusual multitude less numerous than the progenitors; and why is the progeny even less numerous than the progeny of the ordinary generation.

Malthus says, that in some societies man is known to increase in population one hundred per cent. within the period of 10 years, and consequently that no improvement in the cultivation of the earth can keep pace with a race thus augmenting, and augmenting even in geometrical progression. The quantity is stationary of the land from which food is derived, but the number of consumers is periodically doubling, *ad infinitum*. It is a truth, therefore, which he asserts, that famine would eventually arrest the increase of population, but so would also the want of space to stand or lie on; but it does not hence follow, that either of these must be the means by which nature intended to limit the number of human beings, which shall at any time exist together on the earth; or that there is not, distinct from these gross obstructions, some principle in nature, which permits not one species of created beings to encroach on the space, or air, or food, allotted for the others; a principle which regulates the utmost number of blades of grass, which can be permanently sustained in life on an acre of ground; the number of seeds which grow in a melon or cucumber of a certain size; the number of apples on any given tree; the number of mites in a cheese of a given dimension; and the number of fish in any river.

Malthus, more than once, was struck by the superior increase of small societies over the increase of large, and by the augmented increase of every society after any artificial diminution of inhabitants. From the uniform occurrences of these particulars, he would probably have adopted the conclusion, that

the result was produced by some law of nature; but he seems to have turned his thoughts from any such conclusion, by an idea that it was resorting to the agency of miracles. Yet it is not more miraculous that nature should regulate the increase of men, than that she should regulate the sex into which the increase is divided. Besides, it is a matter of common experience, that amongst the animals which man restrains from liberty, a certain degree of space will suffice to preserve them in existence, and still not be sufficient to procure from them any increase. Thus for birds we have cages for singing, and cages for breeding. A fish pond may be supplied with a continual change of water and abundant food daily, and the fish will not continue to increase, but the number to which they will attain will not much, if any, exceed what is ordinarily found in ponds of a similar size. Suggesting this opinion to a friend, he informed me that he was in Connecticut; at the house of a gentleman who had a small pond of trout, and the gentleman remarked, that he had made many efforts by feeding and other expedients to increase the stock of fish, but if they increased beyond the apparent ordinary stock the surplus would die. Without wishing to deny that diseases and death are engendered by poverty and filth, and by the ill construction of streets and houses, and, also, that many persons are withheld from increasing their species by apprehensions of an inability of maintaining offspring, yet we contend, that were all these obstructions removed, the increase of the human race would be limited and controlled, and that a city, however ventilated and cleansed, and each of its inhabitants however well clothed, and fed, and united in marriage, would still be like the fish pond above described, and its natural increase (within specified boun-

daries) after attaining to a certain extent, would be kept down by death, aided probably by a diminution of the fecundity of the inhabitants; for so much are the principles of life affected by the extent of population, that I doubt not (other things being equal) but the fecundity of thinly populated districts is much superior to that of more populous regions, and that this has a powerful agency in producing the results which we have been considering.

A. B. JOHNSON.

Utica, Sept. 6th. 1829.

[For the Literary Journal.]

MESSRS. EDITORS,

It was not with the design of "calumniating" the character of Dr. Stearns, that I communicated to you the review of his Address. As it was strictly a *literary* performance, I could perceive no impropriety in reviewing it in a literary journal. And although the writer of the reply seems to think, that none but professional gentlemen could duly appreciate the commendations, or detect the errors of my review, I do not observe in it a single point upon which any literary man is not perfectly competent to decide. But this is a matter of no importance, as it is well known to every reader, that the most celebrated literary journals of the day appropriate a portion of their pages to the examination of works exclusively professional. The Doctor must, then, liberate me from the charge of evil intention in selecting a literary magazine for the purpose of exposing his absurdities; and particularly, as it was perfectly *unnecessary* to say any thing to the *profession* on that subject.

He accuses me of evincing no ordinary degree of acrimony toward the college of Physicians and Surgeons. I deny that there is any malicious feeling shown toward that respectable institution. He wholly

misunderstands my remarks; as they are applied to the state of medical colleges at large, without fixing reproach upon any particular place of medical instruction. I will not take to myself the high compliment which the author undesignedly pays me, in accusing me of being one of those who essentially contributed to effect the important changes in the college. I had no agency in the business, except that which was exhibited by every enlightened and honest physician in the city, in praising the zeal of the gentlemen who were endeavouring to expose the abuses of power of which the college of physicians had been guilty.

The President says, that I am ignorant of the law which requires that students should read four years. I confess I do not know of the existence of any such law. There is, indeed, a law which provides that they shall, after May, 1821, study four years; but the term is limited to *three* years if they attend one or more courses of lectures. Now, it is my wish that the Regents would take this subject into consideration, and forbid the admission of young men to the doctorate, who have not completed a pupilage of *four* years.

In the review, I endeavoured to show the importance of taking some pains relative to the *admission* of young men to the study of the profession. The President wishes us to believe, that the censors have the unlimited power of determining all these things. This he must know to be incorrect. They have no such power. Their business is to examine candidates for licensure; but they have no control over the admission of a young man as a student of medicine.

The President thinks, that in the commencement of my remarks upon his Address, I have perverted a variety of his observations. To enable the reader to judge of the truth of this accusation, I shall compare what I have said with the President's own language.

The President commences by informing us, that any further discoveries in anatomy are precluded by the diligence of those who have preceded us; and that the science of diseases and their remedies has been investigated in a manner equally minute and complete. If this means any thing, it is, that any further discoveries in medicine are impossible, because every thing is known that can be known. The position is contradicted by every day's experience, and is so glaringly absurd, that we shall not attempt to refute it.—*Review.*

Anatomists have long since attained to such perfection in demonstrating the parts of the human frame, as to preclude their successors from any important discoveries. The more variable science of diseases and their remedies, has been subjected to an investigation equally minute and complete.

Address.

The author proceeds to show the danger of metaphysics, and how apt we are to perplex and confound a subject when we view it in any other light than that of plain common sense; and discovers a connexion, heretofore unknown, between Locke's theory of ideas, and the denial of the existence of the external world! —*Review.*

In his attempts to explain the operations of the mind, the metaphysician often passes the confines of common sense, and envelops the whole in a mystery, which reason cannot penetrate nor comprehend. Thus confused, it seeks refuge in the skeptic philosophy of Berkely and of Hume—adopting Locke's theory of ideas as competent to explain all the phenomena of nature, it rejects the existence of the whole external world.—*Address.*

We will not stop to inquire, with the President, whether the towering genius of Newton or Locke has added any thing new or useful to the discoveries of Plato or Aristotle; whether a physician who has not a perfect knowledge of the mind is deprived of the most potent article of the *materia medica*; whether the curse of man's fall and exclusion from paradise did or did not produce its full effects upon his mind and body until after the deluge; or whether the miraculous translation of Enoch and Elijah, or the longevity of their ancestors, affords any evidence of their being "so pre-eminent for virtue," as to be exempt from the bodily evils incident to nature.—*Review.*

*In the review, I stated, rather inadvertently, that no connexion had hitherto been discovered between Locke's theory of ideas, and the denial of the existence of the external world. I am perfectly aware that the skeptic philosophy of Berkely and Hume, has been traced to the principles of Locke's system. But it is evident from the words of the address, that the President mistook Berkely's system for Locke's.

Now, is there any thing said here that is not warranted by the President's own words? "It is even questionable," says he, "whether Newton and Locke, with all their towering genius, have added any thing new or useful to the discoveries of Plato and Aristotle." p. 14. "A physician, destitute of a perfect knowledge of the mind, &c. cannot avail himself of the use of a remedy, more efficacious than most potent articles of the *materia medica*." p. 14. "Although the seeds of dissolution, thus planted, &c. &c. they did not produce their mature and ultimate effects in depressing the mind and deteriorating the body, till after that most corrupt period of the world, the general deluge." p. 15. "Whether Enoch and Elijah were personally and by descent so pre-eminent for virtue, as to exempt their bodies from the evils incident to depraved nature, are suggestions which their miraculous translation to a new existence seems to confirm, and which acquire additional strength from the extraordinary longevity of the predecessors and immediate successors of the former." p. 16.

Now, let me ask the candid reader whether I misrepresented Dr. Stearns' words in my review? or whether, if I did, I could possibly have made them more "perfectly ridiculous" than they really are?

Dr. Stearns denies that "he utters any opinions so heterodox," as "that a life of virtue, perpetuated through a succession of generations, would restore that beauty, moral and physical, which man possessed in Paradise." And yet he tells us, in the very same sentence, that "experience and revelation afford ample evidence" of this. p. 16. Now, although he wishes to evade the imputation of holding this ridiculous notion, by saying that he does not assert it, "and that it is entirely hypothetical;" does he not evidently condemn himself by his own words,

when he asserts that "*experience and revelation afford ample evidence that a life of virtue,*" &c. would be productive of that effect? p. 16. I am willing to grant him, that he does not *positively* say, that the *moral* beauty possessed in Paradise might be thus restored. But the inevitable inference is, that he meant to convey that meaning.

The President does me great injustice, when he accuses me of charging him with referring to the scriptures for the unhallowed purpose of making them the subject of merriment and derision. He must certainly have observed, that I stated expressly, that *would have been* my impression, "were it not for the respect which he testified for religion in the conclusion of his address." By this misrepresentation, he has proved himself wholly undeserving of the commendations which I bestowed upon him in the review, when I said, that he had evinced great amiableness of disposition in his discourse.

That I did accuse him of *ignorance* of the scriptures, is true. I still adhere to this accusation; and what he has advanced in reply to this charge has only tended to confirm it. Indeed, he grants the explanation which I gave, of the reason why deformed persons were excluded from the priesthood under the levitical law, to be perfectly correct. But, certainly, it is very different from the one suggested by him in the address. He seems unwilling to acknowledge the absurd position which gave rise to these remarks. But let us see whether it is not justly chargeable upon him. "*That mental depravity produces not only disease, but also corporeal deformity,* may be inferred from that Jewish law, which precluded deformed persons from performing, and consequently 'prophane' the holy rites of the priesthood, and also prohibited the oblation of all animals with similar defects." p. 16.

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I must still declare, that I cannot conceive how the necessary connexion between our happiness and the love of God, can be *mathematically* demonstrated. I would wish the President to give us a diagram in his reply, (if he should think proper to make one,) whereby I may be made sensible of the possibility of demonstrating a *moral* truth on *mathematical* principles.

The President disclaims the idea, "that it is by the *expression* of the eye that kindred souls are to be united hereafter, and the eternal separation effected between the good and the bad." If this is not expressed in positive terms, in the quotation he has made from the address in his reply, I know not the import of language.

The President still adheres to his idea of "the concentration of the soul in the eye." Has he ever proposed to himself the query suggested in the review—whether blind persons have any soul?

The President denies that he positively asserted that *fear* has produced small-pox and plague. He does indeed rest the fact upon three authorities; but he certainly receives it "as a positive fact." "In some instances recorded by Cheyne, Burton, and Brooks, it, (fear) has produced small-pox and plague without any exposure to these diseases." p. 22.

I have thus examined Dr. Stearns' reply to the review of his address; and, I trust, I have entirely justified the criticisms contained in the review, and exposed and refuted the cavils of his rejoinder. I regret that I cannot conclude this paper with even the meagre compliment with which Dr. S. closes his reply;—for, while I despise "the depravity of heart which could dictate such gross aberrations from truth and candour," as are to be found in his reply, I cannot refrain from commiserating the *imbecility* of mind which he exhibits throughout. H.

LALLEMAND ON ARTILLERY.

[For the Literary Journal.]

A Treatise on Artillery; to which is added, a summary of military reconnoitring, of fortifications, of the attack and defence of places, and of castrametation. By H. Lallemand, General of the Artillery of the late Imperial Guard of France. Translated from the manuscript of the author, by James Renwick.

THIS work is published under the patronage of the war department, and is expressly designed for the use of the army of the United States. The author, Gen. Lallemand, has devoted twenty years of his life to active military service, in campaigns that have never been surpassed in the annals of war. In the last of them, he held the high station of commander of the artillery of the imperial guard of France. The public have, therefore, a right to expect from him, a work that will both sustain his eminent reputation, and reflect honour upon the liberality of our government. It will, we confidently believe, supply what is still a desideratum among military men, viz. a compendious system of the modern art of war, derived chiefly from actual experience in the field, and adapted to the state of our country. In the English language, no such work has yet appeared; and even in the French, none will be found at once so comprehensive and minute in details.

It rarely happens that an officer who has risen to the high rank that General L. held, has had either inclination or leisure to present the world with a practical knowledge of his profession.—Elementary works of military science, have been generally compiled by men who have had few opportunities of seeing service; but when an old and distinguished soldier publishes the results of his experience, and condescends to the labour of unfolding, step by step, the path which has led him to conquest,

they must be considered invaluable. Such we understand to be the design and the substance of Gen. L's. book, which has been written amongst us since the revolutions of Europe have placed the author upon our shores. To the American soldier it presents advantages which cannot be obtained from the translation or the republication of any foreign work, as it has been adapted to the peculiar nature of our country for military operations.

The government of the United States have adopted and published by authority, a system of Infantry discipline, which is well adapted to the service of our army; they have also patronized a translation of the celebrated work of Gay de Vernon, the text book of the Military Schools in France. Neither of these are at all applicable to the important subject of which our author treats; we therefore anticipate that his book will immediately become a subject of study at West Point, and enable the instructors of that seminary to add another link to the chain of military science. In order to complete the portable library of the American officer, there are still other works wanting; among these, we would enumerate a Treatise on Military Police, and one on Fortifications, adapted to the exigencies, circumstances, and materials of our country. We understand that an officer of high rank is engaged in drawing up the first of these, and we have no doubt that some proper person will be found to complete the latter. It is the more necessary, as the translator of Gay de Vernon has certainly not done any thing to adapt his work to the peculiar character of our country; and although many of the errors of Gay de Vernon have been corrected, and his deficiencies remedied in the work before us, yet the scope of the two is so different, that it is only in one or two places that they come in contact. Among these we would parti-

cularize Field Fortification, which in Gen. Lallemand's book, although a mere summary, is, by its conciseness, rendered both more minute, and more comprehensive, than it is in the other.

To the militia of the United States this work cannot fail to be of deep interest; so very slender is our regular military establishment, that in any future war, the entire defence of our coast and our other frontiers must be entrusted to it. Its officers not having the opportunities of service, or of regular military instruction, to acquire a knowledge of the duties they will be called upon to perform, must look and trust entirely to books.

Only one volume of this work is yet before the public, and this is the second: we understand that Gen. L. had at one time offered for sale a translation of the first by another hand; anxious, however, to render it in every respect worthy of the countenance of government, he has withdrawn it, to substitute one by the translator of the second volume, by which the work will be rendered similar in style in all its parts.

While we praise the liberal spirit with which the Secretary at War has done all in his power to encourage this work, we have to regret, for Gen. L's sake, that the limited appropriations of the last session have not left room for an adequate remuneration for his labours. To Major O'Connor's book, 16,000 dollars were devoted, while to General L's, as we perceive by the prospectus of the present work, certainly not more than 4,500, or even 3,000 dollars, as the ambiguity of that paper leaves us to construe it, have been applied. Yet the one is a mere translation, and the other a valuable original work.

The author has been fortunate in the choice of a translator, who, in addition to his other numerous acquirements, possesses an intimate knowledge of military science and of the French language. He has succeeded in the difficult task of rendering the meaning of the original correctly and perspicuously, without the useless ambition of aiming at those refinements of composition, so much misplaced in an elementary work of science.

SELECTIONS.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

Late President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in London. By William Carey.

(Concluded from page 298.)

The first interview with the King took place in February, 1768, before the exhibition of the Agrippina in Spring Gardens, that year; and it not only decided the future fortune of Mr. West, but had an important influence on the fine arts in this country. In that year, the professional

jealousies in the incorporated Society of Artists, produced a continual and violent spirit of dissention, and a constant struggle for power between two parties. That body had been formed with liberal views, but upon the imprudent and impracticable basis of admitting almost every person to become a member, who professed to be an artist. The consequences were such as might have been expected, where the rules and proceedings were to be adopted or rejected by a majority of votes. The professors of least merit were by far the greater number, and they succeeded in

obtaining a preponderance in the decisions. At length the insufferable arrogance, which always accompanies low aims with high pretensions, was no longer to be borne, and on the 10th of November, 1768, eight members, Wilton, Penny, Wilson, West, Chambers, Moser, Sandby, and Newton, sent in a letter of resignation (*Strange's Inquiry*, p. 95.) to Joshua Kirby, Esq. President of the Society of Artists of Great-Britain. This secession occasioned a great noise. The name of Reynolds had been on their rolls as one of the original members, and he had been early appointed one of the directors, but he did not act; had "long withdrawn himself from their meetings, and had declared publicly that he was no friend to their proceedings." (*Northcote's Mem. of Sir J. R.* p. 97.) He had exhibited annually with them from the first exhibition in the year 1760; but in 1767, he withheld his pictures, and his doing so may be fairly attributed to their having chosen Kirby for their President, and to their disgraceful contentions, as well as to his not having any fancy picture to send to their show, which was the motive publicly assigned for his conduct.

There were only two of the seceders, Mr. William Chambers, the architect, and Mr. West, whose access to the royal presence gave them a favourable opportunity to state the circumstances, which had caused the disunion, to his majesty. Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver, who was one of the opposite party, and a man of veracity, although a heated partisan, states, that "Mr. Chambers was appointed to carry their new proposals to the King, but it seems he *declined the office*." That gentleman was then architect to their Majesties and the Princess Dowager of Wales; and, as the King had taken the Society of Artists under his protection, and incorporated them by his royal charter, (Jan. 26, 1765,) Mr. Cham-

bers did not deem it prudent to risk his royal patron's displeasure, by being the first to propose a new establishment, in direct hostility to that which enjoyed the honour of his Majesty's countenance: he, therefore, when the seceders proposed him as their delegate to open the business to the King, declined; and, with considerable adroitness, shifted the burden from his own shoulders, by saying, that the special favour in which the King held Mr. West, rendered him a fitter person for communicating with that illustrious personage. Mr. West was as apprehensive of giving offence and of losing the royal favour as Mr. Chambers; but his enthusiasm for advancing the dignity of painting, and promoting its interests, prevailed over every other consideration; and, on his representation, the King was graciously pleased to express his desire to countenance any solid plan for the advantage of the fine arts in Great-Britain. He was further pleased to nominate Mr. West, and at his suggestion, Mr. William Chambers, Mr. Cotes, and Mr. Moser, as a committee, to digest the plan of a royal academy. The danger being over, Mr. Chambers took an active part; and accordingly they drew up a petition, which they presented to the King on the 28th of November, 1768. On the 10th of December following, the Royal Academy of painting, sculpture, and architecture, was instituted; and on the 2d of January, 1769, the president, Reynolds, delivered his first discourse "to the *Members* of the Royal Academy," (not to the students); and early in that year they held their first exhibition, at the rooms now termed the Old Royal Academy in Pall Mall.

Mr. Galt, in stating the founding of the Royal Academy, describes it as an "Institution, which has done more to excite a taste for the fine arts in this country, than any similar institution ever did in any other;" and

in the attainment of this great public advantage, Mr. West's good sense, firmness, and disinterested zeal, were principally instrumental. When Mr. Chambers declined to communicate with the King, if Mr. West had followed his example, it is probable the business must there have terminated; and, during the whole of the negotiation among the artists, while West was indefatigable, Reynolds, on what appeared to him just grounds, stood wholly neutral. Strange, in his "Inquiry," evidences this fact; and, at the time of the secession, Reynolds "promised to a particular friend of his, that he would exhibit *with neither party*." (p. 58.) Malone, in mentioning the intended Royal Academy, names Moser, Wilson, Penny, Hayman, West, Sandby, *Stubbs*, and Chambers, as "the principal artists from whom this scheme originated." But, in including *Stubbs*, he is incorrect, for that painter was in direct opposition to the seceders; in proof of which, he continued to exhibit with the incorporated society for several years afterwards, and his name appears as *President*, in their Exhibition Catalogue for the year 1773. Malone does not mention Reynolds, as one who had any share in the new scheme, and his silence admits his friend's neutrality. Northcote, the pupil and biographer of a master, whose genius, as an artist, he justly admired, and whose admirable qualities, as a man, he loved and esteemed, has named—"Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser," as the four persons who first planned the Institution, (Suppl. p. xlvi.); and his exclusion of Reynolds's name agrees with the statements of Strange and Malone. On the contrary, he expressly mentions that, at the very height of the meetings, squabbles, and resolutions of the artists, in September, 1768, Reynolds went on an excursion of pleasure with Mr. William Burke to Paris, from whence, on the 10th of October, the latter dated a letter,

stating that he and Reynolds were there, but proposed to return in a few days. (North. Mem. Sir J. R. p. 98.) In the mean time, West and the other seven seceders had increased their number, in Strange's account, to twenty-four, and, in Northcote's, to thirty. But when they applied to Reynolds, after his return from Paris, with their plan and a list of their officers, he declared to Mr. Chambers that he would join neither party, and refused his signature. Penny and Moser applied to him, but their entreaties were in vain. West was then deputed to overcome his resolution; but, although Reynolds was nominated their President, and informed that the King had appointed the next morning to receive their committee, with the plan, he persisted in his resolution, and declined the proposed honour, until he could have time to consult with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Edmund Burke. West here, again, extricated them from a dilemma, by taking his nearly finished *Regulus*, next day, for the King's inspection, and obtaining a longer time for the committee to conclude their arrangement. This accounts for the delay between the date of their petition, the 28th of November, and the 10th of December, when the King's sign-manual was obtained for the institution of the Royal Academy. On the former day his Majesty gave the deputation leave to nominate their officers; and Northcote states, that it was not until a fortnight after their application to Reynolds, that the latter gave his consent and signature. *Strange* affirms, that Reynolds did not consent until Mr. Chambers had assured him of being appointed president, and holding out a further honour, meaning knighthood. (Inquiry, p. 99.) Mr. Northcote confirms this, by stating that—"he had refused (as I have been told) to belong to the Society on any other conditions." (p. 100. North. Mem. of Sir J. R.) Mr. Farrington,

whose brief work is written with exemplary candour, admits the neutrality maintained at this period, and states, that "although he left to others who were better situated, the more active part of planning and proposing to his Majesty the establishment of a Royal Academy, he still highly approved the measure." (Mem. of Sir J. R. p. 57.) The same writer more distinctly alludes to the efforts of Mr. West and Mr. Chambers, in page 54.—"Happily, there were artists among the seceding members who, in the situations in which they were placed, had opportunity to state their sentiments to his Majesty." The proofs of Reynold's former strenuous exertions to obtain this great object, and all that depended on the application to his Majesty, which Chambers dreaded to make, and which West made, will be found in the following passage of Reynold's first lecture, delivered at the Royal Academy on the 2d of January, 1769:—"The numberless and ineffectual consultations which I have had with many in this assembly, to form plans, and concert schemes for an academy, afford sufficient proof of the impossibility of succeeding without the influence of Majesty."

These important proceedings, which form the most memorable era in the history of the Fine Arts, in this country, show the honourable character of West, in the fairest light. It is certain, if he had not been actuated by the purest zeal for the general interests of his profession, as an instrument of public utility and national glory, that he might have made use of his access to the royal ear, the favour in which he was held by his royal patron, and his rank as the first historical painter in England, to have intrigued and solicited for the office of President for himself. Although Reynolds had then painted some of those exquisite, fanciful, and allegorical groups of portraits, by which we may truly say that, like Titian, he

elevated portrait to the rank of history, he was still considered to be a portrait-painter alone. He professed this branch of art only; and his first great historical effort, the Ugolino, was not painted until nearly five years after. That his brother artists did not sufficiently appreciate his unrivalled powers, and were not, of themselves, inclined to elect him, are facts sufficiently proved by their not having elected him President of their Society in the eight years of their establishment, although he was one of their original members. They overlooked his rare merits, when they elected Mr. George Lambert, the landscape-painter, for their President, in 1760, and Mr. Hayman, a man of much good sense, but no painter, for their Vice-President. From 1760 to 1768, Reynolds had contributed twenty-nine of his splendid portraits to their annual exhibitions. Among these were Garrick between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy; his beautiful group of Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces; and his lovely picture of Lady Waldegrave with her child, in the character of Dido embracing Cupid. He had, also, exerted his extensive and deserved influence in the first circles, to render their exhibition popular; and, among other instances of his efforts in their service, he prevailed on his friend, Dr. Johnson, to write the preface to their Exhibition Catalogue in 1762. He had, for some years, spared no pains to reconcile their differences, and give dignity to their proceedings. But, after all these claims upon their remembrance, in 1768, they elected Mr. Kirby, a professor and designer of perspective, to be their President. Knowing this unfavourable disposition, West had to canvass, among the artists, for the election of Reynolds. At Court, on the subject of nominating a President, the balance of circumstances inclined in favour of West. Owing, it is supposed, to some misrepresen-

tation, Reynolds, whose fame will live for ever, and of whose works we may figuratively say that they were the offspring of Genius and the Graces, had never been employed by the King, nor been, at that period, admitted to the honour of personal communication with his Sovereign. Mr. West, who, when Mr. Chambers refused, became the organ of communication at St. James's, had the nobleness to suggest to the King the propriety of electing Mr. Reynolds as the President. His illustrious Patron, struck by so rare an instance of disinterested virtue, conceded. It is clear that there existed, neither on the part of the King nor of the artists, an obstacle to the election of West, especially after the refusal of Reynolds to join the seceders as a member, or to accept the office of President. It is probable that Archbishop Drummond, who had introduced West, and was zealously bent on advancing his interests, would have conveyed any suggestion for his promotion to the King; and a hint or recommendation from that illustrious personage, at the moment when he was about to found the Royal Academy, and to support it from his privy purse, would have insured the election of the Historical Painter, who was his favourite. The generous display of public spirit by West, on this occasion, was more meritorious, because he had as much honourable ambition, and was as anxious to obtain high rank and distinction in his profession, as any man of genius in his time. The pious simplicity of his parents, and of the Quakers among whom he was bred, had impressed him with their pardonable opinion that he was born to make an extraordinary figure in the fine arts; and this strong persuasion, cherished with enthusiasm from boyhood to age, was a prominent feature in his character. But with a voluntary sacrifice of his own personal views of exaltation, at a period of

life when men are least capable of self-controul, West, after the entreaties of Penny, Moser, and Chambers, had failed, and after he himself had canvassed the artists, and obtained the consent of the King, continued his solicitations to Reynolds until he obtained his consent, and laboured, day after day, as anxious for his elevation, as if his own fame and fortune had depended on his success.

It is not our intention here to fall into the too common error of seeking to lower one character to raise another. Truth is the best means of advancing the interests of genius, and the only permanent foundation of fame. Facts show that there was not any lukewarmness to the general interests of his profession, in the mind of Reynolds. It is plain that neither Mr. West, nor any other artist, possessed a greater share of public spirit, or a more anxious wish for the establishment of the Royal Academy. But, from the year 1754, he had seen every proposed plan for the foundation of a dignified institution of artists defeated by petty and selfish intrigues and animosities. His active and generous efforts for the common good having been grossly misrepresented and aspersed, he had, at length, retired in utter despair of ever seeing an academy upon a solid foundation instituted in this country. Although his modest reserve on the subject was remarkable, his conduct through life proved that he had all the just consciousness of superior genius; and he could not but feel the successive election of Lambert and Kirby for the Presidents of the Incorporated Society of Artists, as a neglect or slight upon himself. Where such facts proved his little influence, he might well have considered any continued exertions on his part a useless compromise of his feelings and self-respect. The word of Kirby, as a person long respected at Court, was entitled to credit; and that artist, deceived by the silence

and secrecy of the seceders, not knowing of the change in the King's mind, and relying upon past assurances, had informed Reynolds, only a day or two before, that his Majesty was determined to continue his favour and protection to the incorporated Society of Artists and their exhibitions. A correct sense of his duties, and a due estimate of the King's private and public character, had taught Reynolds, as a man and a subject, to entertain a high respect for the virtues of his Sovereign. He might well, therefore, hesitate at a proposal to join in a counter-academy, and still more strongly object to accepting the office of its President, which would, under these circumstances, have amounted to a contumacious placing of himself at the head of an opposition to the King. If Chambers, who was an established favourite at Court, and who was afterwards, with Cotes and Moser, so active, would not be first to open their plan to his Royal Patron, Reynolds, who was no favourite, might well refuse to become a leader. From his high rank in his profession, and his distinguished connexions and weight in society, he might reasonably have expected, that if his Majesty had wished him to accept the office of President, he would have graciously condescended to consult him, and have sent for him to communicate his wishes in person. Until he was absolutely convinced that the act of junction with the seceders would be in conformity with the avowed wish of the high personage, upon whose countenance the advancement of the fine arts in this country depended, he was bound in respectful deference to the King, and for the promotion of the common interest, to remain wholly neutral. These circumstances prove that his inaction was founded in motives most honourable to himself, and perfectly consistent with an earnest wish for the establishment of the Royal Academy.

We have here, we trust, impartially recorded the claim of Mr. West to the principal share of instrumentality, under the favour of his late Majesty, in founding that important school, without attributing to him a more commendable spirit than Reynolds. We were indebted, very early in life, for some essential acts of kindness to the first President; and we too highly venerate his memory, and esteem his fine taste and fancy, to underrate the generous tenor of his conduct, or his commanding genius. We now take up the course of Mr. West's professional career, and have the authority of Northcote for the fact, that the Departure of Regulus, and Venus weeping over the death of Adonis, were among the pictures which chiefly attracted the attention of the public in the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. His Majesty was so pleased with the Regulus, that he commissioned West to paint Hamilcar making his son Hannibal, when a child, swear perpetual hostility to the Romans. The merits of these pictures induced the King to continue his patronage of Mr. West, until the period of his last lamented alienation.

In the year 1770, Mr. West exhibited the Hannibal; the finding of Moses; Hector taking leave of Andromache, painted on a commission for Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol; the death of Procris; the return of the Prodigal Son; Tobias curing his Father's Blindness; the portraits of a Mother and her Child; and his celebrated picture of the Death of Gen. Wolfe. In the latter he had to contend against the extreme difficulty which the scanty, formal lines and familiar cut of the modern dresses, present to a painter of history. Upon this subject there have been three ludicrous mistakes current: first, that, from a sense of the unpicturesque effect which the cocked hats and uniforms would produce upon canvass, some of his brother artists had

advised Mr. West to paint General Wolfe and the British officers naked, according to the license of sculptors ; *second*, that they urged him to paint the British and French in Greek and Roman costume ; and third, that Mr. West was the *first* who had attempted to paint the figures in a modern historical subject, in the modern dress. It is certain that Reynolds, and some other artists, advised him not to choose an historical subject which required the modern English or French uniforms. But West firmly persevered, and Reynolds was the first to congratulate him upon his success.

It has been gravely assumed, that before Mr. West's picture of Wolfe, the artists had been in the habit of painting modern historical pictures in the costume of the ancients ; and that his picture produced a *revolution* in this point. But this egregious absurdity is contradicted by the fact, that no such ridiculous and incongruous practice had ever existed. A correct observance of the costume formed a principle of historical painting in all the schools, and a deviation from this law was considered a proof of gross neglect or ignorance. Many old masters, in painting *ancient history*, have partially violated this rule by an intermixture of ancient and modern dresses ; but no master ever fell into the general madness of attempting to dignify *modern history* by painting the characters in the costume of the ancients. In Vandermeulen's battles of Louis the XIV., Wyck's battles of the Boyne, and his other battles of King William, and in the battles of the King of Prussia, by the German artists of the last century, the armies are not painted in Greek or Roman costume. The modern implements of war, the modern hats, boots, and uniforms of the different nations, according to their own time, are introduced with so much general correctness, as to form a representation of the age, the nations, and the particular battle.

We never saw an historical subject of the 17th or 18th century in which the characters were painted in Greek or Roman dresses ; and we confidently repeat, that no such practice as that of painting modern history in ancient costume, ever existed. An historical picture is a *likeness* of a *particular event*, as a portrait is of a particular individual ; and where the resemblance and character of the head are preserved in the latter, the introduction of a fancy dress, for the sake of dignified or picturesque effect, does not prevent the individual from being still known. But by representing the actors in an event which occurred in England, France, or America, in the 18th or 19th century, in the dresses of Rome or Athens, two thousand years before, the likeness of the particular event must be lost ; the mind of the spectator be thrown back into the labyrinth of remote ages and countries ; and the *means* employed by the painter completely defeat his *end*. Doctor Johnson, in placing the merits of the Man of Ross on the basis of truth, rendered them more permanent. The reputation of Mr. West needs no mistaken sources of praise. Besides the technical merits of the picture, in choosing the recent death of a young British hero, in the moment of victory, as a subject for his pencil, he entered into the spirit of his own age and country ; and appealed to its private and public sympathies with a power of truth and nature, which irresistibly made their way to the hearts of the whole people. Undoubtedly the death of General Wolfe, the Battle of La Hogue, and some of his other pictures of that class, have *never* been equalled by any painter of modern history. Perhaps it is not saying too much to affirm, that no single picture ever produced so powerful a sensation in Europe as the Death of Wolfe. The engravings from these paintings, by Woollet, Sharpe, Hall, and

the mezzotintos by Earlom, Green, and other artists, from his sacred compositions, formed an era in the graphic art; and their astonishing circulation on the continent became an important source of fame and revenue to the country.

In 1773, Mr. West, with a view to open a source of encouragement for historical painting, proposed to some of the Royal Academicians the plan of offering their services gratuitously, to decorate a church with suitable paintings from sacred history. He first mentioned the chapel at old Somerset House, but afterwards, at Dr. Newton's, the Bishop of Bristol, he substituted St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Joshua Reynolds warmly seconded the proposal; meetings were held; Cipriani, Reynolds, West, Angelica Kauffman, Barry, and Dance, were the artists named; and the subjects for the pictures were selected. But Doctor Newton most inconsiderately obtained the King's approbation before he consulted Dr. Terrick, the Bishop of London, who certainly ought to have been applied to in the first instance; and that prelate, who could not have been wholly insensible to this indelicacy, finally refused his consent on a conscientious scruple. Thus Mr. West's public-spirited proposal was defeated. Mr. Galt, in his recent interesting Memoirs of Mr. West, has stated that this plan was proposed in 1766. We are indebted to that gentleman's work for correcting the date of Mr. West's marriage,* but our notes from Mr. West's recollections, in May, 1818, and subsequently, mention it—"about 1773;" Mr. Northcote dates it "the latter end of 1773;"—(p. 196, Mem. Sir J. R.) and Barry in two letters to the Duke of Richmond, (p. 240. 243. v. i. Barry's Works,) dated August 29, and October 14, 1793, confirms Mr. Northcote's statement and our note. Beside these con-

* Mr. West was married on the 2d of Sept. 1765.

clusive evidences, there is another. Mr. West, while the proposal was pending, executed a sketch of his intended offering to St. Paul's, which he exhibited immediately after (1774) at the Royal Academy, with this description in the printed catalogue—"Moses receiving the Tables, a *design* for a picture intended to have been painted for St. Paul's cathedral."

But although, on Doctor Terrick's refusal, the other five painters dropped the idea of gratuitously decorating a church, as impracticable, West's enthusiasm was unabated. He proposed, in October, 1773, to paint an altar-piece, and present it to a church in London. His proposition was accepted, and his sketch approved of; and Mr. Wilcox was so struck with his disinterested zeal, that he, also, gave him a commission to paint an altar-piece for the cathedral of Rochester. He exhibited the latter in 1774, described in the catalogue as "The Angels appearing to the Shepherds, for the altar of a Cathedral," and in the same exhibition, the sketch for his *gratuitous picture* was described, "Devout men taking the body of St. Stephen, a design for a picture, to be painted for the altar of the church of St. Stephen, Wallbrook." In 1776 he exhibited the finished picture of the latter; and its merits procured him a commission for an altar piece for Trinity Chapel, Cambridge, and one for the Cathedral Church of Winchester. In 1777, he exhibited the finished picture of the former and the design for the latter; and had the honour to be appointed Historical Painter to his Majesty. In 1778 and 9, he painted and exhibited "Christ denying St. Peter," for the chapel of Lord Newark. In 1780, he exhibited six portraits of the Royal family, beside that of the King; his celebrated Battles of La Hogue and of the Boyne, with another historical picture.

The King, on Dr. Terrick's refusal, in 1773, to admit paintings into St. Paul's, said to West—"Well, well! I'll build a church of my own, and you shall paint the pictures for it;"—and in 1780, when West was in his forty-first year, and holding the reputation of the most eminent historical painter in Europe, his Majesty, with the deliberate approbation of the Rev. Dr. Hurd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, the Dean of Windsor, and other dignitaries, proceeded to fulfil his promise. He gave Mr. West a commission in February, that year, to paint a grand series of sacred compositions, illustrative of revealed religion, from the four dispensations; viz. six pictures from the patriarchal, ten from the Mosaical, eleven from the Gospel, and six from the Revelation dispensation. These pictures were designed to decorate his Majesty's intended chapel at Windsor. This magnificent monument of George the Third's splendid patronage and West's genius, with some other sacred subjects, occupied his pencil many years, and was remunerated with the sum of 21,705*l.* He also received 6,930*l.* for decorating the state-rooms in Windsor Castle, with a series of pictures from the history of Edward the third; for various portraits of the royal family, 4,126*l.*; and for various other historical pictures, portraits, and drawings in water colours, 1,426*l.* When Providence visited this country with his Majesty's final alienation, Mr. West's payments from the privy-purse were stopped, and his proceedings with the paintings for the chapel at Windsor suspended. In 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was elected President of the Royal Academy; and, with the exception of the year 1806, when Mr. James Wyatt, the architect, was chosen, he continued to hold that office until his death.

On the peace of Amiens, when Mr. West visited Paris, and in-

spected the works of art in the Louvre, he was received with marks of particular distinction, by the members of the administration, the French artists, and men of letters. He exhibited with much applause, his easel-study for his Death on the Pale Horse; and politely evaded Buonaparte's wish to possess himself of that picture, by an expression of duty and respect to the King, his royal patron. That sublime production, which is at once the glory of Lord Egremont's collection, and the triumph of modern art, would, alone, immortalize the name of Mr. West, and place him in the first class of painters. The plans for the advancement of the arts, which Mr. West saw that year in Paris, furnished him with an idea which he then communicated to Mr. Charles Fox and Sir Francis Baring. On his return to London, the subject was debated, in several meetings, at Mr. West's house, when Sir Thomas Bernard, Mr. Charles Long, and Sir Abraham Hume, were present; the spirit spread abroad, and the result was the establishment of the British Institution, on the 4th of June, 1805. The King, at first, objected to the formation of this establishment, "conceiving that it was likely to interfere with the Royal Academy, which he justly considered *with the partiality of a parent.*" (Galt's Life of West, p. 185.) But on Mr. West's assurance that the duties of the two bodies were distinct; that the new Institution was designed to second the efforts of the Royal Academy, by opening an annual exhibition for the display of the works of the British artists, in order to excite a spirit of patronage for the performances of native genius; and that the latter association could not, in any way, interfere with that already founded by his Majesty, the King's apprehensions being removed, he was pleased to honour the British Institution with the gracious sanction of his name and patronage.

In 1811, the Directors of the British Institution purchased Mr. West's grand picture of Christ healing the Sick in the Temple, at the price of 3,000 guineas, and the exhibition of it produced an astonishing sum. Mr. West then painted, and successively exhibited, the Christ Rejected, and Death on the Pale Horse. These grand compositions were visited by the nobility and gentry, the foreign ambassadors, and a prodigious number of all ranks, who spread his fame, and contributed to remunerate him. The success of these pictures, painted on the verge of his eightieth year, set an encouraging example, which has been since followed by other artists. From 1768 to 1819, he exhibited 279 paintings, having never missed exhibiting during that long period, excepting the year 1806. In 1818 and 1819, his merits and the constancy of his exertions drew down on him a series of unprovoked and malignant attacks through the medium of the press. These cruel slanders were deliberately published when he was confined by alternate fits of the rheumatism and gout, and afflicted with symptoms of anasarca. In the midst of his uneasiness and sufferings he spoke with kindness of his calumniators; and a gradual debility followed. In April, 1820, the dropsical swellings disappeared; but the powers of nature were exhausted. For several days his stomach refused every kind of nourishment, and he became incapable of turning himself as he lay; yet he had no apprehension of immediate danger. He retained his usual mild and cheerful manner, and showed the same affectionate consideration for others, by expressing, late in his last evening, an anxious wish that his nurse-tender and his sons would not sit up to watch beside him. A few hours after this he expired, without a movement or a sigh, at half past 12 o'clock in the morning, March the 11th, in

the eighty-second year of his age. His remains lay in state at the Royal Academy, and were conveyed, with the regrets of esteem and affection, and the honours of a public funeral, to St. Paul's Cathedral. The Royal Academicians and his private friends, attended in thirty-six mourning coaches, followed by sixty carriages of the nobility and gentry. His corpse was interred in the crypt, at the head of the grave of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and adjoining that of Dr. Newton, formerly Bishop of Bristol, and Dean of St. Paul's, one of his early friends and patrons. The remains of Sir Christopher Wren, of Opie and Barry, lie near enough to rest, as it were, in one tomb. Our restricted limits alone have prevented our closing with a summary of Mr. West's powers as a painter, and his character as a man; and we here take leave of our valued friend, with a hope of meeting him hereafter, in "another and a better world."

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine]

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY
OF NEW-YORK.*

*De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.*

We are delighted to observe, that "the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has at last fallen into the hands of Mr. Murray, and been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued

* A History of New-York, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty. Containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the Unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalric Achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch governors of New-Amsterdam; being the only authentic History of the Times that ever has been published. The Second Edition, with Alterations; by Diedrich Knickerbocker. New-York, Inskoop and Bradford, 1812.

from the fertile press of Albemarle Street. The work, indeed, is still going on at New-York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of which, the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of this age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise, what may be called, a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his “*thews and sinews*” are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain—and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr. Coleridge’s *Sybilline Leaves*.*

Though ages long have past
 Since our fathers left their home,
 Their pilot in the blast,
 O'er untravell'd seas to roam.
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
 And shall we not proclaim
 That blood of honest fame,
 Which no tyranny can tame
 By its chains?

While the language free and bold
 Which the bard of Avon sung,
 In which our Milton told
 How the vault of Heaven rung
 When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
 While these with reverence meet,
 Ten thousand echoes greet,
 And from rock to rock repeat
 Round our coast.

* These fine verses were not written by Mr. Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him “*a dear and valued friend*.” His name should *not* have been concealed.
 C. N.

While the manners, while the arts
 That mould a nation's soul,
 Still cling around our hearts,
 Between let ocean roll,
 Our joint communion breaking with the
 sun;—
 Yet still from either beach,
 The voice of blood shall reach,
 More audible than speech—
 “*WE ARE ONE.*”

The great superiority over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The *Sketch Book* has already proved, to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier publication, of which, we suspect, but a few copies have ever crossed the Atlantic, to show that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

The whole book is a *jeu d'esprit*, and, perhaps, its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely printed volumes. Under the mask of an historian of his native city, he has embodied, very successfully, the results of his own early observation in regard to the formation and constitution of several regular divisions of American society; and in this point of view his work will preserve its character of value, long after the lapse of time shall have blunted the edge of these personal allusions, which, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to its popularity over the water. New-

York, our readers know, or ought to know, was originally a Dutch new settlement, by the style and title of New-Amsterdam, and it was not till after it had witnessed the successive reigns of seven generations of big-breeched deputies of their high mightinesses, that the infant city was transferred to the dominion of England, in consequence of a pretty liberal grant by Charles II. to his brother the Duke of York, and the visit of a few English vessels sent to give some efficacy to this grant, *in paribus infidelium*. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary Dutch Herodotus of this city, of course, considers its occupation by the English forces as the termination of its political existence, and disdains to employ the same pen that had celebrated the achievements of Peter the Headstrong, William the Testy, and the other governors of the legitimate Batavian breed, in recording any of the acts of their usurping successors, holding authority under the sign manual of Great-Britain. To atone, however, for the hasty conclusion of his history, he makes its commencement as long and minute as could be desired—not beginning, as might be expected, with the first landing of a burgo-master on the shores of the Hudson, but plunging back into the utmost night of ages, and favouring us with a regular deducement of the Batavian line through all the varieties of place and fortune that are recorded between the creation of Adam, and the sailing of the good ship *Goode Vrouw* for the shore of Communipaw. The description of the imaginary historian himself has always appeared to us to be one of the best things in the whole book, so we shall begin with quoting it. We are not sure that it yields to the far-famed introduction of *Chrysal*. Our readers are to know that Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker composed his immortal work in the Independent Columbian Hotel, New-York—and that having mysteriously disappeared

from his lodgings, without saying any thing to the landlord, Mr. Seth Handyside, the publican thought of publishing his MSS. by way of having his score cleared. The program of Mr. Handyside contains such a fine sketch of a veritable Dutch portrait, that we cannot help wishing it had been twice as full as it is.

“It was sometime, if I recollect right, in the early part of the fall of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry-Street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few grey hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight and forty hours growth. The only piece of finery which he wore about him, was a bright pair of square silver shoe buckles; and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country school-master.

“As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles, of the whole family, done in black, by those two great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and commands a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-House and Bridewell, and the full front of the Hospital; so that it is the cheerfulest room in the whole house.

“During the whole time that he stayed with us, we found him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried, or made a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a great passion, with his hands full of papers, and say something about ‘deranging his ideas;’ which made my wife believe sometimes that he was not altogether *compos*. Indeed, there was more than one reason to make her think so, for his room was always covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy books, laying about at sixes and sevens, which he would never let any body touch; for he said he had laid them all away in their proper places, so that he might know where to find them; though for that matter, he was half his time worrying about the house in search of some book or writing which he had carefully put out of the way.

I shall never forget what a pother he once made, because my wife cleaned out his room when his back was turned, and put every thing to rights; for he swore he would never be able to get his papers in order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wife ventured to ask him, what he did with so many books and papers? and he told her that he was "seeking for immortality;" which made her think more than ever, that the poor old gentleman's head was a little cracked.

"He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room, was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into every thing that was going on; this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed, he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

"He was very much given to argue, or as he called it, *philosophise*, about the most trifling matter; and to do him justice, I never knew any body that was a match for him, except it was a grave looking gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian, and, of course, must be a man of great learning; and I have my doubts, if he had not some hand in the following history.

"As our lodger had been a long time with us, and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend, the librarian, who replied in his dry way, that he was one of the *Literati*; which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodger for his pay, so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing; but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted, that she thought it high time 'some people should have a sight of some people's money.' To which

the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there, (pointing to the saddle-bags,) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways, in which women find out every thing, learnt that he was of very great connexions, being related to the Knickerbockers of Scaghtikoke, and cousin-german to the congressman of that name, she did not like to treat him uncivilly. What is more, she even offered, merely by way of making things easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would teach the children their letters; and to try her best, and get the neighbours to send their children also; but the old gentleman took it in such dudgeon, and seemed so affronted at being taken for a school-master, that she never dared speak on the subject again.

"About two months ago, he went out of a morning, with a bundle in his hand—and has never been heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were made after him, but in vain. I wrote to his relations at Scaghtikoke, but they sent for answer, that he had not been there since the year before last, when he had a great dispute with the congressman about politics, and left the place in a huff, and they had neither heard nor seen any thing of him from that time to this. I must own I felt very much worried about the poor old gentleman, for I thought something bad must have happened to him, that he should be missing so long, and never return to pay his bill. I therefore advertised him in the newspapers, and though my melancholy advertisement was published by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

"My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his pair of saddle bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about, as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW-YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish; assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned school-master, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of notes of his own; and an engraving of the city, as it was

at the time Mr. Knickerbocker writes about.

"This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent of the author; and I here declare, that if he ever returns, (though I much fear some unhappy accident has befallen him,) I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,
SETH HANDYSIDE."

Passing over all the details of the first settlement, on the site of the beautiful city of New-Amsterdam, we shall make bold to introduce our readers at once into the following graphic, and, we doubt not, correct account of the mode of living practised among the inhabitants of this yet unsophisticated colony. Any body that looks upon a Dutchman on his own paternal shore, with his ten pairs of breeches, his big wig, his pipe, and his solid mass of cheek and chin, might *prima facie* conclude, that of all human beings he must be the least liable to sudden changes of habit, costume, or customs. Under the burning sun of Java, the enormous Exotic swelters in the same old mass of flannel that had wrapped his infant limbs from the damp breezes of his native Zuyderzee. Beneath the romantic moonlight of The Cape, he sits unmoved—with the same charcoal pot smoking between his legs, and the same true stalk of Gouda between his lips. Let us see how completely he transplanted the observances of Old Amsterdam to the sedgy swamps on which (in the midst of innumerable noble, dry, and airy, and unoccupied situations) it was Mynheer's good will and pleasure to found the new.—Of course, the whole picture is meant to be a severe satire on the more fashionable manners of the present possessors of the city of New-York.

"In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambi-

tion of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion.—It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—inso-much that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

"The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

"As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imagination like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn, or knitting stockings. The

young folks would croud around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family,—and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New-England witches—grisly ghosts—horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

“In those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving diners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

“As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I, that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing-rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid, or too good natured, to pull each other's characters to pieces—nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers, who met to win each other's money, and lose their own tempers at a card table.

“These fashionable parties were generally consigned to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs; or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement.—Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up in morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same

manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or oely koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

“The tea was served out of a majestic delf teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

“At these primitive tea-parties, the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertissements of smart young gentleman, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah Mypher*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously pourtrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman ewung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

“The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy, as could af-

ford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it."

The dress of these primitive worthies next engages the attention of the historian—and he proceeds to draw various portraits, which will probably be envied by the author of the *Mad Banker*.

"Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatoned back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, rivalling the many coloured robes of Iris—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small clothes; and what is still more praise-worthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may be well supposed, they were not a little vain.

"These were the honest days, in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—aye, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of these remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

"Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissars and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribbands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the

purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted, with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot; set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find, that the gentle sex in all ages, have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an incipient love of finery.

"From the sketch here given, it will be seen, that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure, from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low-Dutch sonneteer of the province, to be as radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days, the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate a half-a-dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller—this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

"But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which no doubt entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings, was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtschatcha damsel with a store of bear skins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame nature, in water colours and needle work, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages. Such were the beauteous belles of the ancient city of New-Amsterdam, rivaling in primeval simplicity of manners, the renowned and courtly dames, so loftily sung by Dan Homer—who tells us that the princess Nausicaa washed the family linen, and the fair Penelope wove her own petticoats.

"The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in

the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curriclens nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being in full snore before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors—for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New-Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the *goede vrouw* of Van Twiller himself, thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey woolesey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawnings of what is called fire and spirit. Who held all labour in contempt; skulked about docks and market places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle cap and chuck farthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short, by an affair of honour with a whipping post

“Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey woolesey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons.—Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low crowned broad brimmed hat overshadowed his burley visage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

“Thus equipped, he would manfully salty forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which *Acis* did sweetly tune in praise of his *Galatea*, but one of true delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant *Cowpen* tobacco. With this he would resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honourable terms.

“Such was the happy reign of *Wouter Van Twiller*, celebrated in many a long for-

gotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoaked his pipe in peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins, who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches and the damsel with half a score of petticoats, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach—for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey wooleseys, equal at least to the seven bull hides of the invincible *Ajax*.

“Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when *Buttermilk* channel was quite dry at low water—when the *shad* in the *Hudson* were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!”

Behold the form of one of the primitive rulers of this primitive race—the great *Willhelmus Kieft*, commonly called *William the Testy*, who ascended the *Gubernatorial* chair of *New-Amsterdam*, *Anno Domini* 1638.

“He was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who had dried and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burnt up by his fiery soul; which blazed like a vehement rush light in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valourous broils, altercations and misadventures. I have heard it observed by a profound and philosophical judge of human nature, that if a woman waxes fat as she grows old, the tenure of her life is very precarious, but if haply she withers, she lives for ever—such likewise was the case with *William the Testy*, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried. He was some such a little Dutchman as we may now and then see, stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad skirted coat, with buttons nearly as large as the shield of *Ajax*, an old fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad, but his features sharp, his nose

turned up with a most petulant curl; his cheeks, like the regions of Terra del Fuego, were scorched into a dusky red—doubtless in consequence of the neighbourhood of two fierce little gray eyes, through which his torrid soul breathed as fervently, as a tropical sun blazing through a pair of burning glasses. The corners of his mouth were curiously modelled into a kind of fret work, not a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog—in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about nothing.

“Such were the personal endowments of William the Testy, but it was the sterling riches of his mind that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth he had passed with great credit through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars with a despatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges, which seem to manufacture bachelors of arts, by some patent machine. Here he skirmished very smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off a captive host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravished.”

Great as these accomplishments might be esteemed at New, or even at Old Amsterdam, they were, however, very far from producing nothing but good either to the governor or the governed. William the Testy is compared, by his historian, to a bad swimmer, who, floundering about on the surface, and with splashing head and tail, makes fifty times more noise and splutter than the experienced diver that plunges calmly to the bottom, and brings up whatever he sees worth the trouble. In an evil hour he set about the erection of debating societies, and had he carried over the whole of the Select Society of Edinburgh in the Goede Vrouw, he could not have conferred a more pestiferous present on his colony. The portrait may well furnish matter of reflection to wiser bodies than debating societies.

“But the worst of the matter was, that just about this time the mob, since called

the sovereign people, like Balsam's ass, began to grow more enlightened than its rider, and exhibited a strange desire of governing itself. This was another effect of the ‘universal acquirements’ of William the Testy. In some of his pestilent researches among the rubbish of antiquity, he was struck with admiration at the institution of public tables among the Lacedæmonians, where they discussed topics of a general and interesting nature—at the schools of the philosophers, where they engaged in profound disputes upon politics and morals—where gray beards were taught the rudiments of wisdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys. ‘There is nothing,’ said the ingenious Kieft, shutting up the book, ‘there is nothing more essential to the well management of a country, than education among the people; the basis of a good government, should be laid in the public mind.’ Now this was true enough, but it was ever the wayward fate of William the Testy, that when he thought right, he was sure to go to work wrong. In the present instance, he could scarcely eat or sleep, until he had set on foot brawling debating societies, among the simple citizens of New-Amsterdam. This was the one thing wanting to complete his confusion. The honest Dutch burghers, though in truth but little given to argument or wordy altercations, yet by dint of meeting often together, fuddling themselves with strong drink, and clouding their brains with tobacco smoke, and listening to the harangues of some half a dozen oracles, soon became exceedingly wise, and—as is always the case where the mob is politically enlightened—exceedingly discontented. They found out, with wonderful quickness of discernment, the fearful error in which they had indulged, in fancying themselves the happiest people in creation—and were fortunately convinced, that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy, deluded, and consequently, ruined people!

“In a short time the quidnuncs of New-Amsterdam formed themselves into sage juntos of political croakers, who daily met together to groan over political affairs, and make themselves miserable: thronging to these unhappy assemblages with the same eagerness, that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder and more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticism. We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation—like lubberly monks, we belabour our own shoulders, and seem to take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said for the sake of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations. It is next to a farce to offer consolation, or to think of elevating the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but

nothing is more easy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity ; as it is an Herculean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child can topple him off thence.

“ In the sage assemblages I have noticed, the philosophic reader will at once perceive the faint germs of those sapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent at our day—Thither resorted all those idlers and ‘squires of low degree,’ who, like rags, hang loose upon the back of society, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Cobblers abandoned their stalls, and hastened thither to give lessons on political economy—blacksmiths left their handicraft, and suffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and stirred up the fire of faction ; and even taylor, though but the shreds and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures, to attend to the measures of government—Nothing was wanting but half a dozen newspapers and patriotic editors, to have completed this public illumination, and to have thrown the whole province in an uproar !

“ I should not forget to mention, that these popular meetings were always held at a noted tavern ; for houses of that description have always been found the most congenial nurseries of politics ; abounding with those genial streams which give strength and sustenance to faction.—We are told that the ancient Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance ; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk ; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculations is dispensed with—and as it is universally allowed that when a man is drunk he sees *double*, it follows most conclusively, that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbours.”

We cannot, at present, venture upon any more extracts—and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker’s book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them, as in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, “ as good as manuscript.” Enough, however, has been quoted, to show of what sort of stuff Mr. Irving’s comic pencil is composed—and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that

this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of *Waverly*, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think, for a moment, on the variety of elements whereof that society is composed—the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scottish, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories—the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other—the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms—above all ; on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young half-old people in the world—simply as such—we cannot doubt that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage, have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr. Irving, that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita* ; for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portraiture of American life. Mr. Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country ; and he is, therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza*. The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry—and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above—and to fill them up in characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shown his strength in sketches—it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common-place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote Roderick Random before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr. Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point—but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of Knickerbocker and the Salmagundi. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about the “inspiration of melancholy,” but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. “A cheerful mind is what the muses love,” says the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*, and the *Brothers*; and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe, that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his *Childe Harold*. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration, must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influences he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self-reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr. Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollec-

tions to fly from—but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of his genius. That, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale*, in three volumes duodecimo, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory. Perhaps all this may look very like impertinence, but Mr. Irving will excuse us, for it is, at least, well meant.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

ON THE LIVING NOVELISTS—MATURIN.

THE author of *Montorio* and of *Bertram* is unquestionably a person gifted with no ordinary powers. He has a quick sensibility—a penetrating and intuitive acuteness—and an unrivalled vigour and felicity of language, which enable him at one time to attain the happiest condensation of thought, and at others to pour forth a stream of eloquence, rich, flowing, and deep, chequered with images of delicate loveliness, or darkened by broad shadows cast from objects of stern and adamant majesty. Yet, in common with many other potent spirits of the present time, he fails to excite within us any pure and lasting sympathy. We do not, on reading his works, feel that we have entered on a precious and imperishable treasure. They dazzle, they delight, they surprise, and they weary us—we lay them down with a vague admiration for the author, and try to shake off their influence as we do the impressions of a feverish dream. It is not thus that we receive the productions of genuine and holy bards—of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Spenser, or of Wordsworth—whose far-reaching imaginations come home to our hearts, who become the companions

of our sweetest moods, and with whom we long to "set up our everlasting rest." Their creations are often nearest to our hearts when they are furthest removed from the actual experience of our lives. We travel on the bright tracts which their genius reveals to us as safely and with as sure and fond a tread as along the broad highway of the world. When the regions which they set before us are the most distant from our ordinary perceptions, we yet seem at home in them, their wonders are strangely familiar to us, and the scene, overspread with a consecrating and lovely lustre, breaks on us, not as a wild fantastic novelty, but as a revived recollection of some holier life, which the soul rejoices thus delightfully to recognize.

Not thus do the works of Mr. Maturin—original and surprising as they often are—affect us. They have no fibres in them which entwine with the heartstrings, and which keep their hold until the golden chords of our sensibility and imagination themselves are broken. They pass by us sometimes like gorgeous phantoms, sometimes like "horrible shadows and unreal mockeries," which seem to elude us because they are not of us. When we follow him closest, he introduces us into a region where all is unsatisfactory and unreal—the chaos of principles, fancies, and passions—where mightiest elements are yet floating without order, where appearances between substance and shadow perpetually harass us, where visionary forms beckon us through painful avenues, and on approach sink into despicable realities, and pillars which looked ponderous and immovable at a distance, melt at the touch into air, and are found to be only masses of vapour and of cloud. He neither raises us to the skies, nor "brings his angels down," but astonishes by a phantasmagoria of strange appearances, sometimes scarcely distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, but

which, when most clearly defined, come not near us, nor claim kindred by a warm and living touch. This chill remoteness from humanity is attended by a general want of harmony and proportion in the whole—by a wild excursiveness of sensibility and thought—which add to its ungenial influence, and may be traced to the same causes.

If we were disposed to refer these defects to one general source, we should attribute them to the want of an imagination proportionate to sensibility and to mastery of language in the writer's mind, or to his comparative neglect of that most divine of human faculties. It is edifying to observe how completely the nature of this power is mistaken by many who profess to decide on matters of taste. They regard it as something wild and irregular, the reverse of truth, nature, and reason, which is divided from insanity only by "a thin partition," and which, uncontrolled by sterner powers, forms the essence of madness. They think it abounds in the speeches of Mr. Phillips, because they are so crowded with tawdry and superfluous epithets—in the discourses of Doctor Chalmers, because they deal so largely in infinite obscurities that there is no room for a single image—and in the poems of Lord Byron, because his characters are so unlike all beings which have ever existed. Far otherwise thought Spenser, when he represented the laurel as the meed—not of poets insane—but "of poets SAGE." Pure imagination is, indeed, the deep eye of the profoundest wisdom. It is opposed to reason, not in its results, but in its process; it does not demonstrate truth only because it sees it. There are vast and eternal realities in our nature, which reason proves to exist—which sensibility "feels after and finds"—and which imagination beholds in clear and solemn vision, and pictures with a force and vividness which assure their existence

even to ungifted mortals. Its subjects are the true, the universal, and the lasting. Its distinguishing property has no relation to dimness, or indistinctness, or dazzling radiance, or turbulent confusedness, but is the power of setting all things in the clearest light, and bringing them into perfect harmony. Like the telescope, it does not only magnify celestial objects, but brings them nearer to us. Of all the faculties it is the severest and the most unerring. Reason may beguile with splendid sophistry; sensibility may fatally misguide; but if imagination exists at all, it must exhibit only the real. A mirror can no more reflect an object which is not before it, than the imagination can show the false and the baseless. By revealing to us its results in the language of imagery, it gives to them almost the evidence of the senses. If the analogy between an idea and its physical exponent is not complete, there is no effort of imagination—if it is, the truth is seen, and felt, and enjoyed, like the colours and forms of the material universe. And this effect is produced not only with the greatest possible certainty, but in the fewest possible words. Yet even when this is done—when the illustration is not only the most enchanting, but the most convincing, of proofs—the writer is too often contemptuously depreciated as *flowery*, by the advocates of mere reason. Strange chance! that he who has embodied truth in a living image, and thus rendered it visible to the intellectual perceptions, should be confounded with those who conceal all sense and meaning beneath mere *verbiage* and fragments of disjointed metaphor.

Thus the products of genuine imagination are "all compact." It is, indeed, only the compactness and harmony of its pictures which give to it its name or its value. To discover that there are mighty elements in humanity—to observe that there are

bright hues and graceful forms in the external world—and to know the fitting names of these—is all which is required to furnish out a rich stock of spurious imagination to one who aspires to the claim of a wild and irregular genius. For him a dictionary is a sufficient guide to Parnassus. It is only by representing those intellectual elements in their finest harmony—by combining those hues and forms in the fairest pictures—or by making the glorious combinations of external things the symbols of truth and moral beauty—that imagination really puts forth its divine energies. We do not charge on Mr. Maturin that he is destitute of power to do this, or that he does not sometimes direct it to its purest uses. But his sensibility is so much more quick and subtle, than his authority over his impressions is complete; the flow of his words so much more copious and facile than the throng of images on his mind; that he too often confounds us with unnumbered snatches and imperfect gleams of beauty, or astonishes us by an outpouring of eloquent bombast, instead of enriching our souls with distinct and vivid conceptions. Like many other writers of the present time—especially of his own country—he does not wait until the stream which young enthusiasm sets loose shall work itself clear, and calmly reflect the highest heavens. His creations bear any stamp but that of truth and soberness. He sees the glories of the external world, and the mightier wonders of man's moral and intellectual nature, with a quick sense, and feels them with an exquisite sympathy—but he gazes on them in "very drunkenness of heart," and becomes giddy with his own indistinct emotions, till all things seem confounded in a gay bacchanalian dance, and assume strange fantastic combinations; which, when transferred to his works, startle for a moment, but do not produce that "sober certainty of waking bliss" which real

imagination assures. There are two qualities necessary to form a truly imaginative writer—a quicker and an intenser feeling than ordinary men possess for the beautiful and the sublime, and the calm and meditative power of regulating, combining, and arranging its own impressions, and of distinctly bodying forth the final results of this harmonizing process. Where the first of these properties exists, the last is perhaps attainable by that deep and careful study which is more necessary to a poet than to any artist who works in mere earthly materials. But this study many of the most gifted of modern writers unhappily disdain; and if mere sale and popularity are their objects, they are right; for in the multitude the wild, the disjointed, the incoherent, and the paradoxical, which are but for a moment, necessarily awaken more immediate sensation than the pure and harmonious, which are destined to last while nature and the soul shall endure.

It is easy to perceive how it is that the imperfect creations of men of sensibility and of eloquence strike and dazzle more at the first, than the completest works of truly imaginative poets. A perfect statue—a temple fashioned with exactest art—appear less, at a mere glance, from the nicety of their proportions. The vast majority of readers, in an age like our's, have neither leisure nor taste to seek and ponder over the effusions of highest genius. They must be awakened into admiration by something new, and strange, and surprising; and the more remote from their daily thoughts and habits—the more fantastical and daring—the effort, the more will it please, because the more will it rouse them. Thus a man who will exhibit some impossible combination of heroism and meanness—of virtue and of vice—of heavenly love and infernal malignity and baseness—will receive their wonder and their praise. They call this POWER,

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which is in reality the most pitiable weakness. It is because a writer has not imagination enough to exhibit in new forms the universal qualities of nature and the soul, that he takes some strange and horrible anomaly as his theme. Incompetent to the divine task of rendering beauty “a simple product of the common day,” he tries to excite emotion by disclosing the foulest recess of the foulest heart. As he strikes only one feeling, and that coarsely and ungently, he appears to wield a mightier weapon than he whose harmonious beauty sheds its influence equably over the whole of the sympathies. That which touches with strange commotion, and mere violence on the heart, but leaves no image there, seems to vulgar spirits more potent than the faculty which applies to it all perfect figures, and leaves them to sink gently into its fleshly tablets to remain there for ever. Yet surely that which merely shakes is not equal even in power to that which impresses. The wild disjointed part may be more amazing to a diseased perception than the well-compacted whole; but it is the nice balancing of properties, the soft blending of shades, and the all-pervading and reconciling light shed over the harmonious imagination, which take off the sense of rude strength that alone is discernible in its naked elements. Is there more of heavenly power in seizing from among the tumult of chaos and eternal night, strange and fearful abortions, or in brooding over the vast abyss, and making it pregnant with life, and glory, and joy? Is it the higher exercise of human faculties to represent the frightful discordances of passion, or to show the grandeurs of humanity in that majestic repose which is at once an anticipation and a proof of its eternal destiny? Is transitory vice—the mere accident of the species—and those vices too which are the rarest and most appal-

ling of all its accidents—or that good which is its essence, and which never can perish, fittest for the uses of the bard? Shall he desire to haunt the caves which lie lowest on the banks of Acheron, or the soft bowers watered by “Siloa’s brook, that flows fast by the oracle of God?”

Mr. Maturin gave decisive indications of a morbid sensibility and a passionate eloquence outrunning his imaginative faculties, in the commencement of his literary career. His first romance, the “Family of Montorio,” is one of the wildest and strangest of all “false creations proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.” It is for the most part a tissue of magnificent yet unappalling horrors. Its great faults, as a work of amusement, are the long and unrelieved series of its gloomy and marvellous scenes, and the unsatisfactory explanation of them all, as arising from mere human agency. This last error he borrowed from Mrs. Ratcliffe, to whom he is far inferior in the economy of terrors, but whom he greatly transcends in the dark majesty of his style. As his events are far more wild and wondrous than her’s, so his developement is necessarily far more incredible and vexatious. There is, in this story, a being whom we are long led to believe is not of this world—who speaks in the tones of the sepulchre, glides through the thickest walls, haunts two distant brothers in their most secret retirements through their strange wanderings, leads one of his victims to a scene which he believes infernal, and there terrifies him with sights of the wildest magic—and who after all this, and after really vindicating to the fancy his claim to the supernatural by the fearful cast of his language—is discovered to be a low impostor, who has produced all by the aid of poor tricks and secret passages! Where is the policy of this? Unless by his power, the author had given a

credibility to magic through four-fifths of his work, it never could have excited any feeling but that of impatience or of scorn. And when we have surrendered ourselves willingly to his guidance—when we have agreed to believe impossibilities at his bidding—why does he reward our credence with derision, and tacitly reproach us for not having detected his idle mockeries? After all, too, the reason is no more satisfied than the fancy; for it would be a thousand times easier to believe in the possibility of spiritual influences, than in a long chain of mean contrivances, no one of which could ever succeed. The first is but one wonder, and that one to which our nature has a strange leaning; the last are numberless, and have nothing to reconcile them to our thoughts. In submitting to the former we contentedly lay aside our reasoning faculties; in approaching the latter our reason itself is appealed to at the moment when it is insulted. Great talent is, however, unquestionably exhibited in this singular story. A stern justice breathes solemnly through all the scenes in the devoted castle. “Fate sits on its dark battlements, and frowns.” There is a spirit of deep philosophy in the tracing of the gradual influence of patriarchal thoughts on the hearts of the brothers, which would finely exhibit the danger of dallying with evil fancies, if the subject were not removed so far from all ordinary temptations. Some of the scenes of horror, if they were not accumulated until they wear out their impression, would produce an effect inferior to none in the works of Ratcliffe or of Lewis. The scene in which Filippo escapes from the assassins, deserves to be ranked with robber-scenes in the Monk and Count Fathom. The diction of the whole is rich and energetic—not, indeed, flowing in a calm beauty which may glide on for ever—but impetuous as a mountain torrent, which, though it

speedily passes away, leaves behind it no common spoils—

“ Depositing upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and gentle thoughts
Which cannot die, and will not be de-
stroyed.”

“ *The Wild Irish Boy*” is, on the whole, inferior to *Montorio*, though it served to give a farther glimpse into the vast extent of the author’s resources. “ *The Milesian*” is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of his romances. There is a bleak and misty grandeur about it, which, in spite of its glaring defects, sustains for it an abiding place in the soul. Yet never, perhaps, was there a more unequal production—alternately exhibiting the grossest plagiarism and the wildest originality—now swelling into offensive bombast, and anon disclosing the simplest majesty of nature, fluctuating with inconstant ebb between the sublime and the ridiculous, the delicate and the revolting. “ *Women, or Pour et Contre*,” is less unequal, but we think, on the whole, less interesting than the author’s earlier productions. He should not venture, as in this work he has done, into the ordinary paths of existence. His persons, if not cast in a high and heroic mould, have no stamp of reality upon them. The reader of this work, though often dazzled and delighted, has a painful feeling that the characters are shadowy and unreal, like that which is experienced in dreams. They are unpleasant and tantalizing likenesses, approaching sufficiently near to the true to make us feel what they would be, and lament what they are. *Eva*, *Zaira*, the maniac mother, and the group of Calvinists, have all a resemblance to nature—and sometimes to nature at its most passionate or its sweetest—but they look as at a distance from us, as though between us and them there were some veil, or discolouring medium, to baffle and perplex us. Still the novel is a

splendid work ; and gives the feeling that its author has “ riches fineless” in store, which might delight as well as astonish the world, if he would cease to be their slave, and become their master.

In the narrow boundaries of the Drama the redundancies of Mr. Maturin have been necessarily corrected. In this walk, indeed, there seems reason to believe that his genius would have grown purer, as it assumed a severer attitude ; and that he would have sought to attain high and true passion, and lofty imagination, had he not been seduced by the admiration unhappily lavished on Lord Byron’s writings. The feverish strength, the singular blending of good and evil, and the spirit of moral paradox, displayed in these works, were congenial with his tastes, and aroused in him the desire to imitate. “ *Bertram*,” his first and most successful tragedy, is a fine piece of writing, wrought out of a nauseous tale, and rendered popular, not by its poetical beauties, but by the violence with which it jars on the sensibilities, and awakens the sluggish heart from its lethargy. “ *Manuel*,” its successor, feebler, though in the same style, excited little attention, and less sympathy. In “ *Fredolpho*,” the author, as though he had resolved to sting the public into a sense of his power, crowded together characters of such matchless depravity, sentiments of such a demoniac cast, and events of such gratuitous horror, that the moral taste of the audience, injured as it had been by the success of similar works, felt the insult, and rose indignantly against it. Yet in this piece were passages of a soft and mournful beauty, breathing a tender air of romance, which led us bitterly to regret that the poet chose to “ embower the spirit of a fiend, in mortal paradise of such sweet” song.

We do not, however, despair even

yet of the regeneration of our author's taste. There has always been something of humanity to redeem those works in which his genius has been most perverted. There is no deliberate sneering at the disinterested and the pure—no cold derision of human hopes—no deadness to the lonely and the loving, in his writings. His error is that of a hasty trusting to feverish impulses, not of a malignant design. There is far more of the soul of goodness in his evil things, than in those of the noble bard whose example has assisted to mislead him. He does not, indeed, know so well how to place his unnatural characters in imposing attitudes—to work up his morbid sensibilities for sale—or to “build the lofty rhyme” on shattered principles, and the melancholy fragments of hope. But his diction is more rich, his fancy is more fruitful, and his compass of thought and feeling more extensive. Happy shall we be to see him doing justice at last to his powers—studying not to excite the wonder of a few barren readers or spectators, but to live in the hearts of the good of future times—and, to this high end, leaving discord for harmony, the startling for the true, and the evil which, however potent, is but for a season, for the pure and the holy which endure for ever!

T. D.

[From *La Belle Assemblée*.]

INGRATITUDE ; OR LAZARE AND THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.

A fact of recent date.

Monsieur Lazare, a native of Provence, and trader of Martinico in the beginning of the French revolution, but since residing at Port Spain, embarked on board a Spanish launch of the Orinoco, which was to take him to St. Thomas de Angostura. He

carried a very considerable venture with him, and had a young negro of fourteen years old as his servant.

When the boat arrived at the islets of the Orinoco, a Spanish sailor proposed to his comrades to murder Lazare and his negro, and seize on the cargo. As all the rest were not so ferocious as the author of the proposal, it was decided that Lazare should be left on one of those desert islets : and fearing that he might escape by swimming to some adjacent one inhabited by the Gouaraouns, they bound him to a cocoa tree, thus condemning him to die of hunger. When those monsters returned on board the boat, they deliberated on what they could do with the young negro, and it was decided that he should be drowned. He was therefore thrown into the river ; they also gave him some blows on the head with an oar, but these did not prevent him from diving and swimming to the islet on which his master had been left : fortunately the darkness of the night hindered them from seeing him when he reached the shore. At day-break the little negro roved about the island, and at length discovered his master, whom he supposed to be dead, fastened to the tree. Lazare's joy and surprise on this unexpected sight of his servant may be readily imagined ; the cord which bound him having been untied, his first expression of gratitude was a positive promise of liberty to his slave. They next went in search of food to satisfy their hunger ; but perceiving traces of human footsteps, Lazare, shivering with fear, spoke to his negro of people who roast and eat men. After mature deliberation, they determined that from the certainty in which they were of starving, or of not being able to escape, they might just as well go and meet the men-eaters. Following the track, they soon heard human voices ; and a little after saw men perched on the

trees, in a species of nest proportioned to their sizes—"Come, come,"* said a Gouaraoun to Lazare, looking at him from his roost.—"Heavens!" cried the Frenchman, who understood Spanish, "they want to eat us." "No, Massa," replied the little negro, who had some knowledge of the English language; "they are only calling us to them."—The Gouaraoun soon put an end to their anxiety by showing them two large pieces of fish, and inviting them, by signs, to climb up the tree, and partake of his meal. The little negro soon reached his host, but the lubberly Lazare not being able to climb, they threw down several pieces of fish, some raw and others dressed, which he devoured most voraciously. At length the Gouaraouns descended from the trees to talk with him. He that had cried "Come, come," spoke a little Spanish, and supposed Lazare to be a man who, disgusted with the slavery of social life, had come peaceably to enjoy the advantages of liberty amongst them. This Gouaraoun, who was a man of importance amongst his tribe, extolled the project highly, told Lazare he would give him a wife, dog,

and a canoe, and that he would also teach him to shoot with a bow. But when the trader related his disastrous adventure, they testified a considerable degree of contempt for him. Having next requested them to convey him to Trinidad, and made them the most magnificent promises, the Gouaraoun told him, in bad Spanish, that he could not conceive why he did not prefer living with them, happy, tranquil, and without masters, rather than return to those villanous white people!

When they saw that he was determined to return to Trinidad, they equipped a pirogue to carry him there, without its ever occurring to them to stipulate for the price of his passage. At length, Lazare, having arrived at Port Spain, gave the Gouaraouns some knives, hatchets, and a small cask of rum, and they departed satisfied. The reader will be impatient to know how he recompensed the slave who saved his life: he will naturally follow him in his mind's eye, conducting the faithful negro before a magistrate to establish his freedom. Vain illusion!! The infamous Lazare being in want of money, a short time afterwards—*sold this very negro!!*

* *Comer*, in Spanish, signifies to eat, but the Indian intended to say *come*, in English.

P O E T R Y.

MR. VAN WINKLE,

Observing the pages of your Journal open to Selections, as well as original Communications, I beg leave to ask a place for the following lines, selected from the London Pocket Magazine.

Respectfully your's,

G.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

O stranger, let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here;
But rather envy them the sleep
From which they ne'er can wake to weep.

Why mourn—since freed from human ill,
The throbbing bosom cold and still;
Why mourn—since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shattered bark, from adverse winds,
Here her last anchor drops, and finds,—
Safe, Where Life's storms no more molest,
A haven of untroubled rest.

Then, stranger, let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here;
But rather envy them the sleep
From which they ne'er can wake to weep.

Yet oh! if thou hast learned to scan,
With feeling eye, the fate of man,
Go weep for those still doom'd to sorrow,
Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

For those whose tears must ceaseless flow,
Whose round of pain each morn renew ;
Who, if they dream, but dream of wo,
And wake to find their visions true.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

People of the living God !
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort now here found ;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns,—a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren ! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely I no longer roam
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
—" Follow me !"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord ! thy steps I see ;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Sheffield, April, 1820.

FROM LAYS OF AFFECTION,

BY MARGARET BROWN.

*Ode written when the French subjugated
Holland, Switzerland, and Geneva.*

'Tis holy ground ye tread—
Why o'er the peaceful wave the gory spear?
Why, scorn the Sufferer in your proud ca-
reer?

How are their fond hopes fled,
Who late in praises to the LORD OF ALL,
Hail'd, with exulting heart, the liberty of
Gaul!

Come is thy day of wo,
Batavia! whose renown o'er many a Land
Was spread for ages. Erst thy patriot Band
Appall'd the tyrant Foe.
Their armour Faith, resistless as the sway
Of Ocean roused by storms, they rush'd
their fateful way.

City of equal Laws!

City of Science, and of Lore divine!
Who will not mourn, that Bulwarks *such as
thine*

No more the spoiler awes?
Nameless among the Nations! who shall
trace
Where Calvin's wisdom rear'd his chosen
holy place?

Thy Vales, thy Mountains wild,
Helvetia! Freedom roam'd with jocund
heart,
And little thought she from the Scenes to
part,

Where she so long had smil'd.
Ah! rush'd the Foe—thy Sons, thy Daugh-
ters pour ;
Heroic deeds are done ;—but Freedom
smiles no more.

Why could not Pity spare,
Wide grasping Gaul! the Scenes by love en-
dear'd?
Could'st thou detest the generous toils that
rear'd

All that was lovely there?
Even round the dread Volcano smile the
Vales ;
Around *thee*, ruthless Gaul! wide-wasted
Nature wails.

Is Hope forever fled?
Shall Freedom never to her haunts return?
Nations! by all your wrongs indignant burn,
For you your Sires have bled.
" Strong in the Lord," like *them*, undaunted
rise,
No longer pour your souls in unavailing
sighs.

*On hearing, when confined by indisposition,
the bell ring for Public Worship.*

THO' not to me these solemn tones repeat
The oft-loved warning to the Holy Place,
My heart will joy, while others happier
meet,
Mingling their wishes at the Throne of
Grace

In lowliness of soul. On my fixed ear,
Loud as " the voice of many waters," roll
The halleluiahs. O! propitious hear,
Thou Holiest! and each earthly wish con-
trol,

Which Sin, insidious to betray, inspires
Even in thy hallowed Courts. O! put to
shame

Her impious counsels, and her dark desires ;
For where Thy Chosen gather in Thy
name,

Hast Thou not promis'd, Lord! to meet them
there,
" And make them joyful in Thy House of
Prayer!"

VARIETIES.

Parliamentary investigation on pestilence—From information lately communicated in a letter from Sir James M'Gregor, M. D. the President of the Army Medical Board of Great Britain, addressed to Dr. Francis, of the University of New-York, it appears that the Parliamentary investigation concerning the nature of the plague, late so extensively prevalent, and so mortally destructive, has been completed, and that an elaborate report on the subject by the House of Commons will shortly be made public. The mass of testimony seems to be powerfully in favor of the specific character and contagious nature of the disease, and thus to give additional confirmation to the previous histories of the plague published by Sir Robert Wilson, M. Desgennets, late of the army of the East, and of many other eminent authorities. During the discussions in parliament, much freedom was used with the statements of Dr. M'Lean, whose singular researches on the plague of the Levant not long ago were published in London.

The following simple method of rescuing drowning persons from a watery grave, is contained in a long article on that subject, in a late Liverpool paper, and is deserving of attention. The writer says,

"If any one estimate inventions in the inverse ratio of their simplicity, they will smile to hear that the *life-preserver* which I have so highly extolled, is no more than a *hat* and a *pocket-handkerchief*; (a large silk handkerchief is the best for the occasion;) so that every man has, at all times about his person, an apparatus which may be the means of saving the life of his fellow-creatures.

"With these simple means, any man who can swim may safely venture into the water, with the certainty of rescuing a drowning person. All the preparation, which need not occupy ten seconds, is this :—Spread the handkerchief out on the ground, and place the hat upon it in the centre, with the crown upwards, in the ordinary position of wearing; then gather up the four corners of the handkerchief over the crown of the hat, giving it a few twists, for the greater con-

venience of grasping with the hand. The hat must then be inverted, (the crown downwards.) In this position, it is confidently asserted, any person may safely enter the water; as the cavity of the hat contains a much greater quantity of air than is requisite to sustain any man. I found that the hat with which I tried the experiment, would almost support me and another person clinging to me; neither of us making the least effort to float by any motion of the hands and feet. The mode I should adopt, however, in using the life-preserver, would be, to give up the handkerchief to the person whose life was in danger, and immediately disengage myself from him. He would soon discover that he was buoyed up, and would recover his presence of mind; but, whether he did it or not, it would be of little consequence, as long as he retained his grasp of the handkerchief. Whilst he was thus supported, nothing could be more easy than to push him to the shore with one hand, swimming with the other."

Protestant Museum of celebrated Reformers.—The Protestants of France have not only ventured, within a few years past, to institute new works explaining and vindicating their sentiments, but they have very recently taken a step that formerly would have been deemed the height of presumption. They propose to publish a collection, entitled *Musee des Protestans celebres, &c.*—Museum of celebrated Protestants who have appeared from the commencement of the Reformation to the present day. The work will consist of lithographic portraits of the earliest Reformers, and others of the same faith, distinguished by their rank, their talents, or their sufferings, with short memoirs of their lives. It is proposed to extend this collection to about one hundred and fifty portraits. It will be published at the Protestant Library in the Place du Louvre.

Difference in the Value of Money.

About the year 900, King Alfred left to each of his daughters 100*l.* in money.

In 1221, Joan, eldest daughter to King John, upon her marriage with Alexan-

der, King of Scotland, had a dowry of 1000*l.* per annum.

In 1278, Edward the First gave with his daughter Joan, contracted to the son of the King of the Romans 10,000 marks sterling, but this to be restored in case the Prince died before her.

In 1314, Elizabeth, consort of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, being imprisoned in England, was allowed for herself and family 20*s.* a week.

In 1350, Joan of Oxford, nurse to the Black Prince, had a pension of 10*l.* per annum, and Maud Plumpton, a rocker, had ten marks.

The pensions allowed by the King to the Cardinals, and great officers of the Pope, who were in a manner retained by the Court of England, were, at the most, 50 marks a year.

In 1351, workmen were to take their wages in wheat, at the rate of 10*d.* a bushel; a master-carpenter, mason, or tiler, was allowed by the day 3*d.* their journeymen 2*d.* and their servants or boys, three-halfpence.

In 1402, the salary of a Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench was 40*l.* per annum.

In 1408, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas had fifty-five marks per annum.

In 1545, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench had an addition of 30*l.* to his salary; and each Justice of the same Bench, and Common Pleas, 20*l.*

In Henry the Seventh's time, which in order ought to have been mentioned before, an Admiral, if a Knight, had, while at sea, 4*s.* per day; if a Baron, 6*s.* 8*d.* and if an Earl, 13*s.* 4*d.*

Humboldt, on the Increase of Sound during the Night—It has been remarked, even by the ancients, that the intensity of sound is greatly increased during the night. Humboldt was particularly struck with this fact, when he heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the Mission of the Apures. This noise is three times greater in the night than in the day. Some writers have ascribed this to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind upon the leaves of trees; but this cannot be the cause of it at the

Orinoco, where the humming of the insects is much greater in the night than in the day, and where the breeze is never felt till after sunset. Humboldt, therefore, ascribes it to the presence of the sun, which acts on the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing them with currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, caused by the unequal heating of different parts of the ground.

M. Ré, Professor of the *Materia Medica* at the Veterinary School of Turin, has discovered in a common plant a real succedaneum for Peruvian bark. This plant is found in Piedmont, and principally in marshy places, as if Providence had intended to place the remedy by the side of the evil. It is the *Lycopus Europæus* of Linnæus, and called by the peasants of Piedmont the *Herb of China*. The trials and experience of M. Ré give every confidence in its efficacy.

Excavations at Pompeii.—In the prosecution of the excavations at Pompeii, several buildings have lately been laid open in the fine street leading to the temples of Isis and Hercules, and to the theatre. In one house, which is supposed to have belonged to a man of letters, some surgical instruments of excellent workmanship were found, and several paintings of fruit and animals, very well executed.

Ancient Latin MSS.—Baron Niebuhr, Prussian Ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several ancient MSS. hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations pro M. Fonteii, and pro C. Rabirio; a fragment of the 91st book of Livy; two works of Seneca, &c. Baron Niebuhr has dedicated this edition to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

Professor Afzelius, of Upsal, is about to publish *Memoirs of the celebrated Linnæus*, written by himself, the manuscript of which was some time ago found in the University of Upsal. The work will, we hear, be translated into French, German, and English. Lord Strangford has undertaken the English translation.

Olive Oil.—In the Paris Constitutional of the 1st of August, an account is given of the following important discovery. If it is not overrated, it must be

of considerable interest to our countrymen of the south.

“Since the fatal winter of 1789, the inhabitants of Provence had insensibly replaced in their fields the olive trees which perished at that time. Several years of a moderate temperature had crowned their efforts with success, and majestic trees covered again their plains and valleys. After the vine, the olive forms the principal wealth of the departments of the Var, the Lower Alps, the Bouche du Rhone and Vaucluse. Several cantons and even whole circles contained nothing but olive plants. The proprietor as well as the cultivator founded annually all their hopes upon this fruit. Want and misery were always the result of a deficient harvest, but then the hope of a succeeding one remained. Now they are indefinitely deprived of this. A winter more cruel than that of 1789 has completely ruined them. It seems as if an angry volcano had passed over this soil which was formerly shaded by vigorous and evergreen trees, and if by chance the desolate proprietor sees some feeble sprouts ornamented with a few leaves, it serves but to make him feel more deeply the enormity and reality of his loss. Thirty years of new and constant efforts will be scarcely sufficient to repair it.

While we deplore the loss of our olive trees, and while we are threatened with the want of oil, or that we shall be obliged to pay very dear for it, Providence has disclosed to Messrs. Wallard and Bailly, of Lille, a secret of great importance at the present time. Those gentlemen have discovered that the seed of the American cotton tree contains much oil, the extraction of which is as simple as that of the oil of *colza*. After several experiments, they have obtained 6 litres of oil from 15 kilograms of the grain. The evil which we have suffered from the cold winter, could not better be made up to us. It now remains to chemistry to teach us if the oil of cotton contains no injurious qualities, and if this new liquid can take the place, in our manufactures at least, of the olive oil.”

Fruit.—The Poughkeepsie Herald states, that Mr. Joseph Waddle, of the town of Washington, Dutchess county, sold at the New-York market, during the last summer, the produce of ten apple trees for the almost incredible sum

of three hundred and sixty dollars—they were of a species called Summer Russets; the quantity fifty barrels. These apples grew on ten trees, which altogether occupy less than one quarter of an acre of ground.

At a recent inquest on the body of a child burnt to death, the following was stated to be an effectual mode of preventing such dreadful accidents:—After the clothes are washed, rinse them in a pan of clear water, in which allum has been dissolved; the quantity to be just what will give the water an acid taste; then dry and make up the clothes in the usual manner. This will make them look clearer, and prevent them from taking fire, at least from fanning into a blaze; they will burn slowly, like woollen.

Sailing Carriage.—A carriage with sails has recently been exhibited in the Garden Marbœuf, at Paris; the model having been previously submitted to the inspection of the king by Mesdames Dering and Zettely. It appears that this carriage is of English construction; the object of the inventor is to substitute sails for horses. The mechanism is simple and ingenious. A helm fixed at the hind part of the carriage serves to guide it; and by the aid of sails fastened on masts, it receives the force necessary for impelling it forward. It is said, that in favourable weather, a carriage constructed on this plan is capable of travelling thirty miles an hour.

The original idea of this machine is by no means new. About the year 1774, the Count de Gribeauval, an officer of artillery in the French service, exhibited the model of a mechanical carriage, which was set in motion without the help of horses. In Russia and Sweden, when a boat is surprised by frost in a river or lake, it is placed on skaits, and continues to advance by means of its sails. Such is probably the origin of the new invention.

Egypt—Progress of Literature and Civilization.—The Pacha of Egypt has sent several youths to Milan to study the sciences and the arts of Europe, under the direction of Sig. Morosi. These young Egyptians are charged with the duty of translating the Gazette of Milan into Arabic. By this means the pacha will have the news of Europe, as well political as literary, &c. transmitted to him, with all speed and convenience: ¶

he would also reprint this intelligence at Cairo for the information of the Egyptian people, there is no saying how soon Egypt might regain its former eminence for letters, arts, and liberal studies, as well as for commerce, wealth, and abundance.

Jameson's Marine Thermometer.—From many experiments made of late years by scientific persons, there seems every reason to believe that the thermometer is an instrument of far greater importance to navigators than it has been generally thought.

The late celebrated Dr. Franklin was the first person who noticed the great difference between the temperature of the water on the North American coast, in and out of soundings, and suggested the use of a thermometer as an indicator of an approach to that dangerous shore, as it had been uniformly found that the nearer any vessel approximated the shore the colder the temperature of the water became.

Afterwards Col. Jonathan Williams, of Philadelphia, endeavoured, with some success, to call the attention of seafaring men to the importance of the thermometer as a nautical instrument; and satisfactorily succeeded in showing, that no vessel on board of which a thermometer is, can possibly be cast away on the coasts of the United States, without at least a sufficient warning of the approach to danger, to allow of its being avoided, unless the ship should be so entirely disabled as to be totally unmanageable.

The statements of Dr. Franklin and Colonel Williams applied only to the coasts of North America; and hence it came to be generally supposed that the increased heat of the sea, when out of soundings, was caused by the Gulf Stream current, which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, sweeps to the northward along the coasts of the United States: it has of late, however, been established, that the decreasing temperature of the water, as any vessel approaches the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and Barbary, is sufficient to give warning to any attentive navigator of his approach to these coasts; and it seems probable, from the experiments of Mr. Davy, (brother to the celebrated Sir Humphrey,) that the thermometer will be found to point out, not only the proximity of land, but also that, of extensive banks, &c. in all places.

A person whose experience had shown him, that in quitting the American coasts there was an increase of twelve deg. of Fahrenheit's scale in the temperature of the sea in a few hours, run from the mouth of the Delaware, found also, on approaching the coast of Portugal, that the mercury in the tube of the thermometer sunk from 69 degrees, at which it stood in the open sea, to 60 and an half degrees, when his ship was about three or four miles from Cape St. Vincent: and subsequently, that in beating through the Straits of Gibraltar with a contrary wind, the mercury in the thermometer rose and fell in proportion to the distance he was from the Spanish or African shores, ranging from 68 degrees, at which it stood in the middle of the Strait, to 61 deg. which was the lowest to which it sunk on the African side; and on the Spanish shore it never fell lower than 64 degrees; which is easily accounted for, as the ship was never so near that shore, it being considered advisable to keep at a distance from the shoals, &c. near Tariffa.

The person already mentioned, having discovered many objections to the mode of using the thermometer recommended by Colonel Williams, and having had several thermometers broken, applied to different mechanics in various places to construct a marine thermometer case for him, which would protect the instrument, and facilitate its use, but unsuccessfully, until he some time since applied to Messrs. Gardner and Jameson, mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow. Mr. Jameson, of that firm, invented and made a case, which not only prevents the thermometer enclosed in it from being injured, but admits and retains water from any depth which may be desired; so that the results obtained by the experiments made with it are exempted from any chance of being influenced by the solar rays in summer weather or warm latitudes, or by the chill of the air in winter or cold climates, as by an ingenious contrivance the bulb of the thermometer is kept immersed in a column of water admitted and retained by the case, from the greatest depth to which it has been sunk.

Mr. Purdy, the hydrographer of London, has expressed his opinion of Mr. Jameson's invention in very flattering terms, as have also many highly respectable scientific and nautical men.

Nitrate of Silver.—M. Brandenburg has pointed out an economical method of separating silver from copper, or of making pure nitrate of silver from an alloy of silver and copper, which is an object of considerable importance to practical chemists. His method is as follows :

He dissolves the alloy of silver and copper in nitric acid, and evaporates the liquid to dryness in a glass vessel. The salt is then put into an iron spoon, and exposed to a moderate heat, keeping the salt in a state of fusion till all ebullition is at an end. It is then poured upon an oiled slab. If the liquid, which ought to have been at first transparent and colourless, does not acquire the least tint of blue, we may conclude that it contains no copper.

New Electrical Battery.—Dr. Dana, of Harvard University in America, has constructed an electrical battery of plates, extremely portable and compact, and from his experiments, appearing to be very powerful. It consists of alternate plates of flat glass and tin foil, the glass plates being on all sides two inches larger than those of foil. The alternate plates of tin foil are connected together, that is, the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, &c. on one side, and the other series, or 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, &c. on the other side, slips of tin foil extending from the sheet to the edge of the glass plates for that purpose. These connexions unite together all the surfaces, which, when the battery is charged, take by induction the same state. A battery constructed in this way contains, in the bulk of a 4to volume, a very powerful instrument, and when made of plate glass, it is extremely easy, by varnishing the edges, to keep the whole of the inner surfaces from the air, and to retain it in a constant state of dry insulation.

Chemical Analysis of Wheat.—D. Taddei having undertaken researches in fermentation, and particularly in that of grain and pulse, in various cases, has ascertained that the gluten of wheat is composed of two substances perfectly distinct from each other, one of which he has named *gliodina*, and the other *zimoma*. The first of these gives to gluten its elasticity; and the second is the cause of the fermentation which takes place in the mixtures of gluten with other vegetable substances. D. Taddei had occa-

sion to mix various gums, gum resins, and resins, with the different kinds of flour. Amongst the mixtures, it was found, that that of the powder of the resin of guaiacum with wheat flour, became of a very fine blue, as soon as it was well kneaded with water, in contact with the air. Various colours were produced with the flour of other kinds of grain; and it appeared that the shade of blue colour, produced by the various mixtures, corresponded to the quantity of *zimoma* contained in them.

The powder of guaiacum is, therefore, a re-agent, capable of discovering the alteration which flour may have undergone by fermentation in magazines, ships, &c. and also of ascertaining if it be mixed with the flour of other seeds deficient in gluten. It will also test the purity of starch. The flour of grain is consequently, too, a test of the purity of the resin guaiacum, which in commerce is almost always adulterated and falsified.

Effect of the Sun's Rays on Magnetism.—Colonel Gibbs, in a letter to the editor of the *American Journal of Sciences*, relative to the influence of light on magnetism and magnets, says, "that having kept his magnet in the dark, and lying down for a long time, he determined its power; he then exposed it to the sun's rays, lying down and remote from the iron support. In forty minutes it gained 12 oz. in power, and in five hours 2 oz. more." It is not said how much the magnet would carry, nor if the place where it lay when covered up, and when exposed to the sun, were the same.

Diseases of the Ear.—At a late Meeting of the Governors of the Royal Dispensary for the Relief of the Poor afflicted with Diseases of the Ear, it appeared that upwards of 2150 patients had been admitted since its establishment in 1816, the greater number of whom have been cured or relieved, and thereby rendered capable of following their various employments, to which, before, many were incompetent. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Curtis, the surgeon of the Institution, for his attention to the patients under his care at that useful Charity.

Amber.—Dr. Brewster maintains, from a multitude of examinations, that amber is an indurated vegetable juice.

French Agriculture.—The *Moniteur* contains a very long report by Decaze, which is published, as having been approved by the king, on the state of agriculture in France. It appears from this document that the fostering care of the government is steadily, and, in most instances, successfully, exercised in promoting every branch of cultivation adapted to the French soil and climate. One branch, that of the culture of the beet root, which it was supposed would have languished on the restoration of the sugar colonies, is stated to be gradually but firmly extending itself, and its encouragement is recommended to the government, among other considerations, on the special ground on which it was originally introduced, that of rendering France independent of foreign supplies of sugar in a period of war. It is affirmed, that those who manufacture into sugar beet root, raised on their own farms, realize a profit of 25 per cent.; and on the supposition that a quantity were raised adequate to supply the total consumption of sugar in France, it is said that the refuse of the beet root would of itself suffice to fatten for the market annually 120,000 head of cattle.

Population of Paris.—The Report of the French Academy of Sciences, on its transactions during the year 1819, contains the following statement.—The population of Paris amounts to 714,000; the number of non-domiciliated, or casual inhabitants, is 34,000; the mean number of annual births, 21,000; the proportion of boys to girls, in the births, as 25 to 24; the number of households, 225,000. 70,000 oxen are annually consumed in that capital; 9000 cows; 78,000 calves; 84,000 sheep; 72,000 hogs; 74 millions of eggs; 900,000 pigeons; 1,200,000 chickens.

Salt.—The annual quantity of salt raised from the bowels of the earth in Europe, by salt mines and salt springs, is calculated at between 25 and 30 millions of cwt.

Literary Instruction for the Blind.—An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed, which opens a new and inexhaustible source of information to those who are afflicted by the privation of sight. It is called a *Duplex Typograph*, and enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters, upon a principle adapt-

ed to the sense of feeling. Thus has science discovered a new road to minds from which she has hitherto been almost excluded. The apparatus is compact and portable, and the system so simple and intelligible, that it may be acquired by the blind in a very short space of time, and its application is instantly comprehended by others.

The inventor is Mr. J. Purkis, brother of a well known musical character, who by the aid of a skilful oculist, obtained the blessings of sight at the age of thirty, after having been blind from the time of his birth.

Italy—Character of a people by their amusements.—The history of public spectacles is not only curious in itself, but the subject assumes an importance not commonly annexed to it, when considered as a means of elucidating, perhaps of determining the character of a people, which character it has contributed to form, and of times and ages past. Sig. Gulielmo Manzi has taken this view of it in "*A Discourse on the Spectacles, the Festivals, and Pomps of the Italians in the Fourth Century, with Notes and Illustrations.*" Rome, 1818. It must be acknowledged, that the bloody and savage exhibitions which formed the amusements of the ancient Romans, the murderous combats of gladiators by hundreds and thousands, of women as well as men, the contests of wild animals with each other, in numerous successions, and of men condemned to death with wild animals, indelibly stamp the character of barbarity and cruelty on that haughty and domineering people, a people delighting in blood: while the studiously licentious displays of later nations in their public spectacles affix to them and their times a character of degeneracy that marks a perversion of feeling and principles not less barbarous, though in a different form, and more than equally fatal to the best interests of society, because more generally diffused, and more familiar throughout every rank of life.

Sight Preservers.—A gentleman has invented a machine to take the glare off white paper or needlework, and which cools and softens the rays of light issuing from a lamp or candle. It sheds a delicate tinge of green upon paper, or any other substance placed within its influence, and renders print, however small, quite distinct by candle light.

United States Bank Stock, which has been considerably depressed ever since the *exposition* of the affairs of the bank, by a committee of Congress, has at length risen above its par value.

Boots without seams.—A patent has lately been obtained for the manufacture of boots without seams. For this purpose, the patentee proposes, that the thigh of the beast should be flayed without cutting open, and afterwards dressed and curried upon blocks. The boot top, upon the same principle, is to be made of the shoulder, prepared in like manner.

Arms of the State of Maine.—The legislature of our robust eastern sister, Maine, have been busily at work organizing the new government. The following is a description of the Seal and Arms of the state, adopted lately:

“A SHIELD argent, charged with a PINE TREE; a MOOSE DEER, at the foot of it, recumbent. Supporters; on dexter side, an HUSBANDMAN, resting on a scythe; on sinister side, a SEAMAN, resting on an anchor.—In the fore ground, representing land and sea, and under the Shield, the name of the state, in large Roman capitals, to wit:—MAINE. The whole surrounded by a Crest, the NORTH STAR. The motto, in a label interposed between the Shield and Crest in small Roman capitals, viz: “DIRIGO”—*I guide, or I direct.*

A committee of the House of Representatives, on the subject of salaries of the governor and other state officers, reported, and recommended fixing that of the governor at 1500 dollars; attorney general at 1000; adjutant general, secretaries of the treasury and state, 900 each; the chief justice, 1800, and associate justices, 1500 each.

The legislature of Maine have chosen John Holmes and John Chandler, Senators in Congress from that state.

West-Point.—At the late examination of the Military Academy, at West-Point, the following young gentlemen were selected, on account of their talents and acquirements, as worthy to have their names inserted, agreeable to the regulations of the academy, in the Army Register of the United States.

First Class.—1. Stephen Tuttle, of New-Jersey; 2. Andrew Donaldson, of Tennessee; 3. Thomas E. Sudler, of Maryland; 4. Wm. H. Bell, of North-Carolina; 5. W. C. De Hart, of N. York.

Second Class.—1. Charles Burdine, of Georgia; 2. Charles Dimmack, of Massachusetts; 3. Wm. Wells, of Indiana; 4. Edward H. Courtney, of Maryland; 5. John C. Holland, of South-Carolina.

Third Class.—1. George Dutton, of Connecticut; 2. Nicholas P. Trist of Louisiana; 3. Thomas R. Ingalls, of New-York; 4. John H. Latrobe, of Maryland; 5. Wm. Wall, of Ohio.

Fourth Class.—1. Wm. T. Washington, District of Columbia; 2. Alfred Mordecai, of Virginia; 3. Frederick L. Guion, of Mississippi; 4. Reuben Holmes, of Connecticut; 5. John M'Cartney, of Pennsylvania.

Annual expenses of government in the state of Connecticut:

| | |
|--|----------|
| For Salaries, - - - - - | \$ 9,600 |
| Debentures of General Assembly, &c. - - - - - | 17,400 |
| Contingent Expenses, - - - - - | 6,300 |
| Judicial Expenses, - - - - - | 12,440 |
| Support of State Paupers, - - - - - | 8,000 |
| New-Gate Prison, - - - - - | 8,000 |
| Quarter-Master-General's department, - - - - - | 680 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$62,420 |

The Jesuits have purchased at Sabina, in Italy, in the neighbourhood of Monte Leone, a considerable estate for the sum of 36,000 piastres. It is to serve as a receptacle for those members of the order who have been banished from Russia, or who arrive from Spain, and who intend to settle in the Roman States.

For three or four years past, Hemp and Canary seed have sold, on an average, at 5 and 6 dollars per bushel in this city; and within the last twelve months, the last mentioned seed (Canary) has been sold as high as twelve dollars per bushel. The above seeds are as easily raised in this country as wheat—why then should we depend on Europe for our supply, while wheat is selling for seventy-five cents per bushel?—*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

There is about to be commenced in the city of Washington, the building of two churches, the one Presbyterian, the other Catholic; adjoining the city, a Baptist Theological Seminary is about to be built.

It is stated in an English paper, that the total number of ships employed in the king's North American colonies, during the last year, exclusive of Newfoundland, was upwards of 1600.

Religious Mission.—The Rev. John Emory has been appointed by the General Methodist Conference in the United States, a Delegate to the Methodist Conference in England.

The Rev. Dr. Milnor, of this city, was lately elected Secretary for Foreign Correspondence of the American Bible Society, in the place of the Rev. Dr. Mason, resigned; and the Rev. S. S. Woodhull, of Brooklyn, was elected Secretary for Domestic Correspondence of the same institution, in the place of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, chosen Foreign Secretary.

The new Presbyterian Church at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, was dedicated 23d July, when a very appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Van Pelt.

The church is a handsome building, erected under the patronage of the Vice President of the United States, and is designed to accommodate persons detained at the quarantine station, as well as the inhabitants of the vicinity.

It is proof of the rapid increase of population and wealth of the transmontane states, that a *type foundry* has been established at Cincinnati.—There was previously one in operation at Pittsburg. It is believed the first successful attempt to establish a type-foundry in America was made less than thirty years ago.

By the official returns from the Mayor's office, it appears, that from December 1818, to December 1819, 35,560 passengers arrived at the port of New-York. Of this number, 16,628 were Americans, and 18,932 foreigners. Among the latter were 7629 English, and 6067 Irish.

The city council at Washington have resolved to erect a City Hall by contract, to cost about 100,000 dollars.—*Col.*

Andover Literary and Theological Institution, was established in 1808; the buildings stand on high ground, and command the adjacent country to a great distance. The Institution is very wealthy. Its patrons have been numerous and liberal. Some have presented to it more than \$100,000. Mr. BARTLETT, in particular, by whose generosity the Chapel, an elegant piece of architecture, was erected, has contributed already nearly \$200,000, and it is expected that during the following summer, he will build another edifice for the accommodation of the students; cost, perhaps \$20,000. Notwithstanding the immense resources of this

Seminary, they are sometimes nearly exhausted, so great is the number (probably nine tenths) supported by its lands. No denomination is excluded a share in its liberality. *Tuition* is free to all, and a person might live the whole year round at \$2 50 per week without any inconvenience.

Graduates only are received as members; this is the general rule, but there are now several exceptions. A good knowledge of Latin and Greek and a general acquaintance with English literature, would be satisfactory qualifications, where circumstances might render greater acquisitions impossible.

The course of studies is very interesting; we will mention it for one week. Monday and Thursday, lesson in Hebrew. Tuesday and Friday, Evangesis in New Testament. Wednesday, Public Lecture, by one of the Professors. Saturday, a recitation, or lecture, as it is called, before Dr. Woods, on subjects connected with his department. The others are before Mr. Stuart. On Monday and Wednesday, after the lecture, are public exercises in Speaking original Pieces, six each time, proceeding alphabetically through the three classes. These are the principal duties of the Junior Class. The Middle Class attend on Dr. Woods. Senior on Doctors Porter and Murdoek. The Prayers are regularly attended morning and evening in the Chapel. In the morning one of the Seniors officiates. In the evening, the Professors, each a week in rotation. On the Sabbath the Professors read the exercises during the day; in the evening, one of the Sen. Class. Besides these duties, there are numerous Societies among the Students."

Alleghany College.—The Board of Trustees of Alleghany College, held a meeting at Meadville, Penn. on the 8th ult. at which resolves were passed, acknowledging the receipt of the valuable collection of books bequeathed, by their learned and noble spirited associate, the late Rev. WM. BENTLEY, D. D. Also, the donation of 422 volumes of books on miscellaneous literature, presented by Isaiah Thomas, Esq. L. L. D. of Worcester, Ms. to Alleghany College, together with a pair of artificial globes, the whole valued at 747 dollars. A committee presented a Report, with a plan of the first public building of the College, which, by a former resolve, is to be named BENTLEY HALL—the length of which is 120 feet, including two wings, each of which is 30 feet. The central part, to project six feet from the wings, is three stories in height, with a cupola, &c. The report was unanimously adopted.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone of BENTLEY HALL, was to take place on Wednesday the 5th inst. (the day of the Anniversary Commencement of Alleghany College) with masonic, academic, and military honours.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Qu. 4. *Answered by Geometricus.*—Draw any horizontal line at pleasure ; call it y ; at its extremities erect perpendiculars, (a and b ,) representing the two bamboos, from the roots to the summits of which strings are mutually stretched. From the intersection of the strings let fall a perpendicular, (x ,) dividing the line y into two segments, one lying between a and x , the other between b and x . Find the values of these segments by similar triangles.

The first will be $\frac{xy}{b}$; the second $\frac{xy}{a}$; and their sum must be y , or $\frac{xy}{b} + \frac{xy}{a} = y$, or $ax + bx = ab$, or $x = \frac{ab}{a+b}$: that is, universally, *divide their product by their sum*, for the altitude of the intersection, which, in the present case, is $\frac{15 \times 10}{15 + 10} = 6$.

It may be remarked in the above solution, that y disappears, and, consequently, that the height of the point of intersection does not at all depend upon the distance of the bamboos, but remains constantly the same, at whatever distance you place them. In this circumstance it is that the beauty and ingenuity of the Hindoo question consists.

Mr. William Forrest, of this city, sent a neat geometrical solution to this problem, but it came to hand so late as not to leave us time to procure a diagram.

Qu. 5. *Answered by Mr. D. Embury.*—If it be a rectilinear fence that is required, then by Simpson's Geom. Max. and Min. Theor. 7, it appears, that the triangle cut off must be *isosceles*. Put x for one of its equal sides, and let A represent the angle subtended by the fence ; then will either of the other angles be $90^\circ - \frac{1}{2} A$, and its sine will be equal to $\cos. \frac{1}{2} A$. The length of the fence will be expressed by $\frac{x \sin. A}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} A}$ (the sides being as the sines of

their opposite angles) and the area by $\frac{1}{2} x^2 \sin. A = a^2$, or $x = a \sqrt{\frac{2}{\sin. A}}$

$$= 2a \sqrt{\frac{1}{2 \sin. A}}. \quad \text{And } \frac{x \sin. A}{\cos. \frac{1}{2} A} = 2a \sqrt{\frac{\sin.^2 A}{2 \sin. A \cos.^2 \frac{1}{2} A}} =$$

$$2a \sqrt{\frac{\sin. A}{2 \cos.^2 \frac{1}{2} A}} = 2a \sqrt{\frac{2 \sin. \frac{1}{2} A \cos. \frac{1}{2} A}{2 \cos.^2 \frac{1}{2} A}} = 2a \sqrt{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A}$$

This expression varies as $\sqrt{\tan. \frac{1}{2} A}$; the fence should, therefore, be run opposite to the least angle, provided the including sides will admit of it.

But if the problem be not limited to a rectilinear fence, then in the doctrine of fluxions it is shown, that a circular arc is the least of all lines that will fulfil the proposed condition ; and the area cut off will be a sector of a circle. Put x for its radius, p for the length of the arc to the radius

unity, then will its length to the radius x , be $px = \frac{2}{p}$ the length of the required fence; and by mensuration $\frac{1}{2} px^2 = a^2$ or $x = a \sqrt{\frac{2}{p}}$ and $px = a \sqrt{2p}$.

Its position relative to the angles of the given triangle, should evidently be the same as in the former case.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Qu. 10. *By Geometricus.*—In a given circle, to find the arc which, multiplied by its sine, makes the product a maximum.

Qu. 11. *By Doctor Adrain, N. Y.*—It is required to determine whether or not the values of the infinite series $1-1+1-1+1-1+$, &c. be subject to the law of continuity.

Qu. 12. *By the same.*—To determine the extremely small oscillations of a particle of matter, moving freely on a horizontal plane, at exceedingly small distances from the point of contact.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,
Of the Weather in New-York, for the Month of August, 1820.

| | THERMOMETER. | | | WINDS. | | | WEATHER. | | | REMARKS. |
|----|--------------|-------|-------|--------|-------|-------|----------|--------|--------|---|
| | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | |
| 1 | 76 | 85 | 81 | s w | s | s | clear | shower | cloudy | During the first fourteen days of this month the weather continued much the same as it had been through July—remarkably hot and oppressive. After this period there was a considerable declension of temperature; and the winds coming more frequently from northerly and westerly directions, were more cooling and bracing. Altogether, the month has been very dry; indeed, since the 15th, there has not been the least rain. Vegetation, however, until within a few days past, has continued fresh and luxuriant; but it is now beginning to exhibit the effects of the drought. There have been two or three gusts, but very little thunder and lightning. |
| 2 | 75 | 83 | 80 | w | s w | w | do | clear | shower | |
| 3 | 73 | 81 | 77 | n | s | s | do | do | clear | |
| 4 | 75 | 80 | 77 | s | s | s w | shower | do | shower | |
| 5 | 74 | 82 | 78 | n | n e | n e | cloudy | rain | clear | |
| 6 | 70 | 77 | 73 | n e | n | s | clear | clear | do | |
| 7 | 69 | 79 | 74 | n e | s e | s | do | do | do | |
| 8 | 73 | 79 | 76 | s | s | s | cloudy | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 9 | 75 | 81 | 78 | s w | s | s | do | clear | clear | |
| 10 | 77 | 85 | 82 | s w | s | s e | clear | do | cloudy | |
| 11 | 79 | 85 | 84 | s w | s w | s | do | do | clear | |
| 12 | 80 | 94 | 92 | w | s w | w | do | do | shower | |
| 13 | 78 | 86 | 83 | n w | w | n e | do | do | cloudy | |
| 14 | 75 | 80 | 76 | n e | n e | n e | cloudy | cloudy | do | |
| 15 | 72 | 71 | 71 | n e | n e | n e | do | rain | do | |
| 16 | 72 | 76 | 73 | n e | s e | s e | do | cloudy | do | |
| 17 | 72 | 83 | 81 | s w | s w | s | do | clear | clear | |
| 18 | 72 | 79 | 72 | n w | w | w | do | do | do | |
| 19 | 72 | 75 | 73 | n w | w | w | clear | do | do | |
| 20 | 69 | 76 | 75 | w | n w | w | do | do | do | |
| 21 | 70 | 76 | 75 | n | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 22 | 71 | 79 | 75 | e | s w | s | do | do | do | |
| 23 | 71 | 81 | 76 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 24 | 72 | 75 | 72 | n | s e | s | cloudy | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 25 | 71 | 80 | 76 | s | s | s | clear | clear | clear | |
| 26 | 74 | 80 | 76 | s | s | s | do | do | cloudy | |
| 27 | 72 | 77 | 73 | n w | n w | n | cloudy | cloudy | do | |
| 28 | 70 | 75 | 74 | n | n e | n | clear | clear | clear | |
| 29 | 70 | 76 | 75 | n | n w | n w | do | do | do | |
| 30 | 73 | 77 | 76 | n | s e | s e | do | do | do | |
| 31 | 72 | 78 | 75 | s e | s | s | do | do | do | |

THE BELLES-LETTRES REPOSITORY.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY C. S. VAN WINKLE.

No. 6.]

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1820.

[VOL. III.

[For the Literary Journal.]

ON THE PROBABLE DURABILITY OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

THE love which we all bear our common country naturally makes its welfare the first object of our thoughts and wishes. Favourable circumstances, and the character of our people, have advanced our interests to a degree far exceeding the expectations of our fathers; and surpassing, in fact, even the predictions of speculators and enthusiasts. In commerce, our success has been unexampled. In the increase of population, it has surpassed all reasonable calculations. In the arts we are respectable; in arms distinguished. Our character, as a people, is remarkable, not only for what we have accomplished, but for the capabilities we have developed: so that our past and present prosperity seems to afford but a slight index to our future brilliant prospects. This is a subject upon which all Americans entertain exalted, and, we believe, well founded hopes. But to avoid the imputation of vanity, we will leave this tempting field, and hasten to the main object of this inquiry.

Our present prosperity, and our future hopes, depend entirely upon our free and happy institutions, and the continuance of the union of our confederated States. Were our form of government less free, we could not maintain the same manly and enterprising spirit for which we are now

distinguished. Were our union dissolved, we could have, in each part, but a small share of that power which now exists in the whole; not a proportionate share, because each branch could not so well maintain itself against aggressions from abroad; and because ambition and jealousies would perhaps excite the several parts to severe restrictions and regulations, and to wars with each other. So fully are all descriptions of people impressed with the necessity of the continuance of the Union, that some, apprehensive lest our present Constitution should not be sufficient for its preservation, recommend that the Executive arm should be gradually strengthened, and the representative system gradually reduced, in order to afford greater facilities to check the spirit of disunion, and to prevent those disputes and jealousies, which will prevail among a body of men representing a great variety of conflicting interests. For our own parts, (and we believe that the great body of our fellow citizens will concur with us in opinion,) we had rather our vast Empire should be subdivided into an hundred independent and separate nations, than submit to a change of government, necessarily so great as proposed by the authors of this scheme. If, therefore, circumstances should ever render a change necessary; if it should be discovered that our country cannot be governed under our present constitution, we believe that amicable arrangements will be made to divide it

into such sections as are capable of being governed by our pure representative system. The apprehensions entertained upon this subject are occasioned by the great extent of our country, and the jarring interests arising from so great a variety of soils and climate. As history has heretofore furnished no instances of pure republics, on a large scale, it has long been argued that such could not exist. Celebrated writers have entered the lists, and contended, that because Athens and the other Grecian republics, and the republics existing fifty years ago, were very narrow in their territorial limits, therefore, there could be no republics on a much larger scale. And the same authors assert, that over a very great extent of territory, the only government which can be successfully maintained, must be of an arbitrary form. But these assertions are founded upon the experience of other countries. Our form of government is peculiar; resembling in some particulars that of England, but in most, founded upon no avowed model but the result of the prior experience of our own country, and the practical wisdom of the sages who formed it. Standing, then, by itself, it can answer no purpose to compare it with others. We must form our opinions of its durability by the experience we have under it, and by the dictates of sound reason. A government, which in thirty-three years has betrayed no symptom of weakness; which, on the contrary, though it has been administered with great moderation, has shown upon occasion as much energy as any other, cannot, we apprehend, be intrinsically feeble. Perhaps no state of things can ever give rise to the same situation of parties, or call for greater sacrifices on the part of the most active and enterprising classes of the community, than the course taken during a great part of the Presidencies of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison. Yet

the measures of the administration, although believed to be injudicious, never met with the shadow of illegal opposition. Our commercial men saw a system adopted by which their enterprise was thoroughly checked, and the calculations of years suddenly baffled and disappointed; yet they submitted to those evils with manly firmness; while they exerted all proper means, to obtain a repeal of the obnoxious measures. Not only has the federal constitution been well tried, during the period that has elapsed since its adoption, but it has now become an uniform favourite with the people. For a long time after its passage, fears and jealousies continued to exist against it, but those are now mostly forgotten with the men in whom they originated. The constitution is particularly a favourite with the generation who have grown up since its adoption. We can recollect no prior state; we have nothing to do with the forming, or opposing it; and while history and tradition perhaps heighten the embarrassments which existed under the old confederation, we more than conceive what those difficulties actually were, and cling the closer to an instrument under which we have experienced nothing but blessings, and from which we can apprehend no possible evils. We are acquainted with it, too, in its minutest details. Its provisions are familiar to all our youth; and our state constitutions, being generally a close copy of our great instrument, further endear it to us, by making all our ideas of government, so far as they are derived from actual practice, consonant with the principles and forms which it contains. If our constitution has ever been efficacious at home; if it is the idol of our citizens; if the government administered under it, as is undoubtedly the fact, is feared and respected abroad; where shall we find any points of weakness, any marks of imbecility, to render us ap-

prehensive as to its sufficiency for all domestic as well as foreign purposes?

It must be confessed, that the extent of our territory will be attended by many inconveniences; but it will also be accompanied by some peculiar benefits. Among the inconveniences, will be the increase of representatives; a matter, however, of which Congress has the regulation in its own hands; and it cannot be presumed that that body will ever allow the number of members to be so great on the one hand, as to resemble a mob; or on the other, so few as to prevent fair deliberation.

The great distance which the members from the future States on the Pacific, and its vicinity, will have to travel to the seat of government, will also be a troublesome incident; but it can be of no serious consequence in its effects. Members from that quarter may remain at the seat of government during their term of service.

But our extent of territory will also have some peculiar advantages. It will afford abundant room for our surplus population; and, as it can support a greater number of people, so it will be the means of strengthening in the end, though it may for some time weaken the empire. Hence, at some future period, we may be able to cope in arms with all the rest of the world united. As our national expenses will not probably increase in proportion to our population, so, though our resources will be almost infinitely accumulated, there will be, comparatively, but a small demand upon the pecuniary means of our country.

Another benefit to be derived from our extent of territory, is, that it will prevent, in a great measure, the effect of secret combinations and intrigues. Our state sovereignties are among our greatest securities; they will always, while nature retains its present character, look, with a sufficient degree

of jealousy, upon the national government, and upon each other; they will always, of course, guard with special caution, those rights which they have retained in their own hands. But, as our population extends, the number of states will continue to increase, and, with each addition, will be added a new safeguard to the rights of the people, and the interests of the union. We will suppose that some powerful state has consented to become the engine of oppression to the others. Now, from the greatness of the number, the less is the danger that she will succeed in obtaining the concurrence of any large proportion of the states; and the greater the probability, that her unwarrantable designs will be defeated. Where a country is so extensive as ours, there is a greater security for the maintenance of purity and virtue, than in one of circumscribed limits. The people, in parts, may become voluptuous and corrupt, and lose their taste and fitness for freedom; while the greater portions of the country may be inhabited by a virtuous and hardy population, sufficient in number and power to counteract the effect of corruptions in the other parts.

The varieties in soil and climate, which our country affords, and its different productions, will create interests different in their kind, but not inconsistent with each other. The commercial spirit which exists in some parts of the empire, will afford great facilities for the interchange of commodities; and as some parts will afford great advantages for manufacturing over others, so those others will furnish the raw materials, and take goods in exchange. Foreign commerce will become a secondary object hereafter, from the great means which we will find at home for the employment of our capital, and the benefits which we shall derive from an internal commerce of our own. Still, the commercial spirit will be

allowed, in all probability, the same freedom as heretofore; and be left to regulate itself, according to the circumstances of the times. Nor will these necessarily be at all hostile, from the difference of the character of the people. In all essential particulars, our views will be consistent with those of our brethren in different sections of the Union; and the constant and easy intercourse which will be maintained, will be sufficient to keep up friendly feelings among the citizens of one extreme end of our territory, towards those of another and opposite extreme.

Danger, however, seems to be apprehended, principally from the arising of questions, having a tendency to excite jealousy and divisions, as to their determination; and the Missouri question is adduced as an instance, to show that it may be difficult to compromise such questions; and that they must excite many bitter and hostile feelings. Such questions will not often arise; and when they do, it will be found better to adhere to the principles of the constitution, without any compromise, rather than to yield up an undoubted right. But, in most instances, the questions that occur, will be merely those of policy or convenience, and may be arranged if conflicting interests occur, on some reasonable ground of compromise. But even if an arrangement should not take place, we believe, that whatever excitement might arise, there would be little danger of a dissolution of the confederacy. The discussion, in succession, of fifty Missouri questions, we think, would not effect it. Neither one State, nor several, can withdraw themselves at pleasure from the Union, and deny its laws as binding upon them. The same consent that was necessary for its formation, must also be required for its destruction. We are gradually making the discovery, that there is more power in our constitution than has been commonly supposed.

One of those powers, unquestionably, is to punish refractory members, if necessary, by arms. Now, we believe, that no part of our intelligent population would willingly run into the horrors of a civil war, more especially when opposed, as they must be, in every instance, to the greater force which the Union can employ against them; and when it is further considered, that beside the armies of the Union, they would have to contend with a powerful minority in their own States. A State, then, or any probable combination of States, would meet with insuperable difficulties in attempting to force a separation of the Union. But, allowing that they might succeed in an undertaking of this kind, the consequences which must follow its accomplishment, are so pregnant with evil, that, taken by themselves, they render the experiment altogether improbable. Such is human nature—such the jealousy, hatred, and spirit of revenge, that would arise among the people of two nations, thus violently torn asunder, that this, of itself, would give occasion to future strifes and difficulties. Wars would be engendered between them; ambitious spirits would make their way to distinction, and by fomenting the embarrassments of this new situation, induce attempts to make conquests, and enlarge territory; thence military forces would be supported by each; and standing armies, on a large scale, would become as necessary to the support of the different empires, as they now are in Europe, and the liberties of America might in the end become a prey to the ambition of some military despot. With such prospects, unless we, who have the character of being a cool and discerning people, lose all judgment, and become entirely blinded by passion, we apprehend that no experiment will ever seriously be made, to dissolve the Union by force; but that, if it should be found expedient, that a separation should take

place, it will be done with harmony, and under such arrangements as will leave little to apprehend from any after disagreement. The old territory of the United States is so conveniently situated, in every respect, for the administration of our government over the whole, that we see no reason to apprehend a division within its limits. When our vast acquired possessions shall have been subdivided into many

States, and have gained a great population, circumstances may require that we should yield our claims to it, and leave it to form another great republic in this western hemisphere. Filled by the same kind of people—possessing, as they will, the same free institutions as ourselves, the two nations may flourish without occasions for jealousies or bloodshed.

L. C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

REMARKS ON THE ESTELLE OF FLORIAN.

As the English language excels the French in bold energy of expression, and in the power of depicting the stronger and more vehement passions, so does the latter surpass the former in the delineation of the more delicate and refined traits of character. It is for this reason that the English succeed best in tragedy, and those writings where strong passion is looked for; the French in comedy, and light works, which abound in lively sallies of wit, brisk repartee, and delicate turn of expression.

The French pastoral writers, also, have manifestly the pre-eminence over those of Great Britain. This, independent of the peculiar fitness of their language, may be attributed, in a great measure, to the milder nature of their climate; and the pursuits and employments of the French rustics being of a more pastoral character, subjects and opportunities of portraying them are more readily offered.

Among the eminent writers of this species, Florian ranks one of the foremost; and his pastoral romance of *Estelle* is one of those performances which seem to approach very near to perfection in their kind. It is remarkably exempt from those defects in composition, against which modern criticism raises such an outcry, and corresponds very happily to the rules and restrictions it imposes. The unities of time and place are accurately observed; the characters are all given with great truth and fidelity to nature; and the episodes are introduced and managed with the happiest effect. Beside this, there is a chasteness and simplicity in the style, a beauty in the descriptions of scenery, and an exquisite tinge of romance pervading the narrative, which at the same time gratifying the taste and judgment, win their way irresistibly to the heart.

We here find none of those incongruities with which the romances of the present day teem. We meet with none of those strange and anomalous personages, who seem to have been created for no other purpose than to act and speak in a manner entirely different from every body else; and whose appearance, seen as they are through a mist of obscurity, produces no other effect than weariness and dissatisfaction. Here every thing is in perfect unison. We are introduced into a charming country, and find the inhabitants to be exactly those whom we should expect and wish to meet with:—simple shepherds and shepherdesses, who converse and act as such—in whose employments we become interested, and in whose joys and sorrows we participate. All is natural—and all is pleasing, because natural.

There is also a beautiful *keeping*, (if I may use the term,) and at the same time, a variety of scene and character, which we rarely find united in the same performance. In the sixth book, by an easy gradation, and a perfectly natural concurrence of circumstances, the whole scene is changed. The calm repose of rural life is exchanged for the bustle and anxious preparation of the tented field; the bleating of flocks, and the gentle murmur of the waterfall, for the neighing of the war-horse, and the notes of the spirit-stirring trumpet; and the peaceful tenants of the hamlet give place to princes and warriors in their most interesting situations.

The concluding address of the poet to his place of birth, and scenes of youth, are exquisitely pathetic; and cold indeed must be the heart, that beats not with the throb of sympathy on its perusal.

The pieces in verse, which are interspersed through the work, are written in the most simple and unaffected manner; and consist frequently of fine turns of expression, which it is impossible to render faithfully in another language. We give the translations of a few of these, which were attempted rather for the sake of amusement and improvement, than in the hope of doing them justice.

The following, which begins "Je vous salue, ô lieux charmans," &c. is the address of a shepherd to his native place, from whence he had been for some time exiled:

Hail charming groves! which late I left
 While sorrow fill'd my heart,
 When, of the maid I lov'd bereft,
 In grief I did depart.
 From your dear shades, that fatal morn
 I wander'd in despair;
 From my sad bosom hope was torn,
 But love still linger'd there.

In distant land, a fairy scene
 Of beauty met my view,
 Where under bowers of varying green,
 The sweetest flowrets grew.
 But nature's charms delight no more,
 Or shady bower, or grove,
 An outcast from his native shore—
 An exile from his love.

My home! oh blissful, sacred name!
 Thy mystic power I've prov'd;
 It glow'd within my thrilling frame,
 When far away I roved.
 It said, that *there* in heavenly blue,
 The streamlet flow'd more clear;
 That *there* in richer, lovelier hue
 All nature did appear.

And, as at life's calm twilight hour,
 Through youth's bright scenes we rove;
 Oh! then we own the mighty power
 Of chasten'd, hallowed love:

And in the lowly, rustic cot,
 Where first our breath we drew,
 'Tis sweet, as ends our humble lot,
 To breathe our last adieu.

A lover thus deplores his absence from his mistress :

“ Du soleil qui te suit trop lent avant-couriere
 Etoile du matin,” &c.

Star of the morn, with silver beam,
 Oh hasten on thy airy flight,
 And with a stronger, brighter gleam,
 Disperse the gloomy shades of night.
 But ah! to me, nor night, nor day,
 Can pleasure in my bosom move ;
 A listless wanderer, sad I stray,
 When absent from the maid I love.

Beneath yon mountain's graceful sweep,
 The rustling leaves, and flowers among,
 The peaceful flocks together sleep,
 Still mindful of their tender young.
 Above them, on her downy nest,
 Sits mournfully, the faithful dove ;
 But I have neither peace nor rest,
 When absent from the maid I love.

The maiden whom I love is true,
 And soon we meet no more to part ;
 Then whence these fears of frightful hue ?
 And whence these pangs that tear my heart ?
 Joys' promised beams full brightly shine,
 Hope's gayest, fondest dreams I prove ;
 But still with anxious thoughts I pine,
 When absent from the maid I love.

The following are the lamentations of a lover on the death of his mistress,
 beginning in the original,

“ Vous qui loin d'une amante,” &c.

Oh ye, who from your true-loves torn,
 The ling'ring moments chide ;
 And ye, who slighted passions mourn,
 Or woman's faith deride !
 Yet, with the anguish of your breast,
 Fancy can joy entwine,
 For hope is still your cherish'd guest—
 But black despair is mine.

In happier hour, I fondly lov'd
 A gentle shepherdess ;
 But ah ! how false and fleeting proved
 The amaranth flowers of bliss !
 Like blooming rose, whose morning pride
 Is fann'd by zephyr's sighs,
 But which at noon-day's sultry tide,
 Withers, and droops, and dies.

So my sweet love was hurried hence,
 By death's relentless doom ;
 And beauty, youth, and innocence,
 Lie buried in the tomb.
 And I shall follow : while I mourn,
 I hear a secret call,
 That whispers, " when the elm is gone,
 The ivy soon will fall."

In the sixth book, Gaston de Foix, the French Prince, and Mendoza, the Spanish commander, engage in single combat, in presence of their two armies. The Frenchmen sing the following song to their hero :

" Gaston, le sort de la patrie,
 Est remis a votre valeur," &c.

Brave Gaston ! the boast and the pride of our land,
 On thy valour her fame and her glory depends ;
 And alone in the lists as you fearlessly stand,
 How swell with emotion the hearts of your friends !
 And oh ! as your steps to the combat advance,
 Forget not their union—love, glory, and France.

When our foemen, so bloody and ruthless in war,
 Embolden'd by power, and spurred on by hate,
 The legions of France to the battle field dare—
 How vain their endeavour !—how dreadful their fate !
 For weak is the force of the sword and the lance,
 And fortune still smiles on love, glory, and France.

The Beauty despotic who laughs at the pains
 And the torments of those who so madly adore,
 And mocks, as she leads them along in her chains,
 At last feels the flame which she slighted before.
 And with blushes and sighs, that her beauties enhance,
 Confesses the power of love, glory, and France.

But the foe, when the bright star of peace doth arise,
 With the warm hand of friendship we ever will greet ;
 And the beauty, when love softly beams from her eyes,
 Sees her victor enraptur'd, fall low at her feet.
 Thus in war and in peace, in the field, in the dance,
 Confess'd is the might of love, glory, and France.

L. C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

TALES OF PASSAIC, CONTINUED.

The next in turn was an elderly man, whose manners and dress were those of a poor gentleman. He had a military air, spoke little, but looked knowing. He had been an officer in the revolution, and did not appear reluctant to obey our summons. We, of course, anticipated a relation of bloody battles, narrow escapes, and wonderful feats of valour; and were not surprised when he commenced thus:

In the disastrous spring of 1780, General Lincoln surrendered Charleston, which was consequently taken possession of by the British troops. It is well known that the conquerors did not wear their honours blushing. They indulged in unbounded dissipation; always ridiculing, often oppressing, the inhabitants of Charleston and its environs. The soothing hand of time has healed the irritation caused by those events, and we may now speak and hear of them, without any other emotion but that of pity, for the sufferers of either party.

It was a sunny morning in the prime of May, when Colonel Ashleigh, and his friend Major De Lisle, mounted their horses with the view of riding about the suburbs of Charleston. Before they had quitted the city, they had collected a group of idle brother officers, who joined their party with the laudable intention of quizzing the rebels, or the buckskins, which was the designation they chose to give the natives. They had rode ten miles before they had enjoyed a 'bit of fun'; then, indeed, they had the pleasure of crowding a waggon, driven by an old negro, so far out of the road, as to cause it to fall in a ditch, where they left it, and the incident afforded them laughter for five miles further, when they came in sight of the Seywood Plan-

tation, as it was called at that period. The beauty of this place, the air of elegance around the mansion, but above all, the known attachment of the proprietor to the American cause, determined Colonel Ashleigh's party to pay it a visit. They proceeded in a careless manner over the lawn, which spring had clothed with verdure, striking off with their swords the tender branches of the fragrant orange trees. The domestics beheld the approach of the invaders with silent indignation; they however permitted their entrance, and obeyed their imperious orders to prepare refreshment. Meantime, the officers gratified their mischievous curiosity, by examining the mansion, running from room to room, and rudely displacing the furniture. While their companions were laughing at some family pictures in the parlour, Ashleigh and De Lisle entered a spacious well-filled library, hung with some good paintings. Throwing open a door, opposite to the one which admitted them, they found themselves in a small apartment, whose windows commanded a view of the romantic grounds around the house, and caught a glimpse of the river as it wound at a distance.

The arrangements of this room bespoke a female taste; jars of spring flowers were placed in different parts of the room, and a balcony before the windows was filled with rare exotics. An open piano occupied one side of the apartment, and on the other side stood a sofa, whose cushions appeared to have been recently pressed. De Lisle threw himself and his dirty boots on the showy couch, and taking up a book that lay near him, exclaimed, "Dryden, by Heaven! why these buckskins understand English." While with one hand he was turning over the leaves of the book, and with the other was endeavouring to force his sword through the fringe of the sofa cover, Ashleigh was examining a rich work

table, from which he had previously knocked off a vase of flowers. He had turned the key, and was in the act of lifting the lid, when they heard a female voice singing a lively air, and presently a young girl came from the balcony through the open window into the room. In one hand she held a large bouquet of flowers, while in the other she carelessly swung her bonnet—at sight of the strangers, the glow of her cheeks faded, and she started back—but instantly recovering from her surprise, her colour returned, and walking up to Colonel Ashleigh, who held the half opened lid in his hand, she gently closed it, and said in a firm, almost haughty tone of voice, “who have I the honour of entertaining?” At her entrance, the gentlemen, with instinctive politeness, had uncovered their heads; and Ashleigh, in answer to her inquiry, mentioned unintelligibly enough, something about fatigue and want of refreshment, &c. The lady heard him out, and pointing gracefully to the door, said, “there lies the parlour, gentlemen; command what you please, and impute any deficiency in your entertainment to the absence of the master of the house, who would have hospitably treated guests, however unlooked for;” she bowed, while the officers, obeying her signal, left the apartment, the door of which was closed after them.

“Damn her ridiculous airs,” said De Lisle, first breaking the silence. “Ridiculous,” returned his friend, “she is an angel.” De Lisle shrugged his shoulders, and they entered the parlour, where Ashleigh prevailed on his companions to depart immediately.

Charleston, though a captive, was not a gloomy city: the conquerors promoted every kind of gayety; and the Americans, half from fear, half from inclination, attended their numerous entertainments. It was at one of these balls that Colonel Ashleigh recognized the fair mistress of

Seywood house, and learned that her name was Isola Seywood. Ashleigh soon found means to be introduced to Miss Seywood who received him with guarded politeness. In his most insinuating manner he tendered an apology for the rudeness of his party in their recent visit, which was received with an air of civil incredulity. Ashleigh was not, however, so easily discouraged; he continued his attention, till the graceful ease of his manners, the refinement of his conversation, dissipated, in part, the cloud that shaded Miss Seywood’s brow. It was with reluctance, and only urged from an affectionate fear for her uncle’s safety, that Isola had accepted the invitation to meet the English officers. But she was too young and too happy, to be long displeased with gayety. Some weeks passed swiftly by, and Isola had forgiven, almost forgotten, the offence of Colonel Ashleigh. She had returned for a day to Seywood place, and was sitting at her study window, when she observed a horseman galloping across the grounds that lay before the mansion. The steed was a powerful war-horse; but the rider, notwithstanding the mildness of the afternoon, was wrapped in a cloak that concealed his form, while his features were hid by a large hat, which was flapped over his brow. On dismounting, he was instantly conducted to the library by the old servant, who seemed to recognise the visitor. Isola saw, through the half-opened door, the stranger enter the library, and throw off his hat and cloak, when he exhibited a thin short form, shabbily dressed, which Isola thought was little worth concealing, and could be distinguished from a common peasant only from the fierceness of his intelligent eye. While she was conjecturing the object of this visit, her uncle joined the stranger; “General Marion,” said Mr. Seywood, in a tone of pleasure and surprise, “I am happy to see you once more.”—“I am

pleased to see you," said the General, as he wrung Mr. Seywood's hand, "but I have not time to devote even to old friendship; I trust I shall not be less welcome, when I inform you that the motive of my visit is to put your patriotism under requisition, and that you will excuse my want of ceremony, when I add, that the object I have in view, admits of no delay." "I need not assure you, my friend," returned Mr. Seywood, "that you may command my services to the utmost; but what is this urgent occasion?" Marion drew his chair nearer to his host, and said: "You have heard that at the time of Arnold's treachery, despatches were intercepted, the contents of which tended to criminate some of our most esteemed officers, and yet left the Commander in Chief in doubt, whether they were genuine, or only fabricated by the enemy to create suspicion and discord among us. The royalist officer from whom these letters were transmitted is now stationed at Charleston; his name is Ashleigh; and one of the American officers implicated, is no other than your nephew, Major L——." Isola shuddered at the conclusion of the sentence: Major L—— was her only brother. On his accession to a large estate, he had adopted the name of his maternal family, who resided in England. At the commencement of disturbances, Major L—— endeavoured to calm the irritated minds of his countrymen, and had in consequence been suspected of attachment to the British cause. When, however, he found that the adherence of England to her mistaken policy, rendered war unavoidable, he instantly embarked in the cause of his country, and soon became distinguished for his bravery and military talents. Isola would have periled her life on the integrity of this darling brother; and as she reverted to her acquaintance with Ashleigh, she felt indignation accompany the conviction that

he had sought her society, and professed admiration, for the purpose of giving a deeper colour to the suspicions he had already thrown upon her brother's name. But indignation gave way to softer feelings, when she heard Marion detail a plan to seize her lover, (for such at that moment her heart confessed him,) and first securing his papers, treat him as the gallant Hayne had so recently been used by the enemy. She sat for some moments stupified, till she was roused by hearing her uncle exclaim, "but the greatest obstacle is to find him without the city." "I will atone for my error," said Isola firmly, as with glowing cheek and sparkling eyes she appeared before Mr. Seywood and his astonished guest, and telling him she had heard his secret, entreated he would accept of her assistance. "I have reason," she continued, while the blush of shame crimsoned even her delicate hands, "to think I have an interest in the heart of Colonel Ashleigh; should this be the case, nothing will be easier than to lure him hither, where he may be seized and conveyed away without danger or resistance." Marion bent his keen eyes on the blushing beauty, and said in his rough manner, "If this young woman has courage to go through with her scheme, it is the best we can think of." "I would die to rescue Charles' name from infamy," returned Isola. "We will trust you," said the General, striking his hand on the table; "but when will you see this Ashleigh?" "This evening I am to meet the English officers at an entertainment in town; when I return, I will give you an account of my success." As she spoke, she left the room to prepare for the eventful evening. Mr. Seywood beheld his niece's conduct with wonder, and much as he detested the enemy, could not but blame the readiness with which she offered to betray the heart that trusted her, Marion only saw a strong affection.

for her brother, and a spark of that patriotism which fired his own bosom. Never had Isola bestowed such care on the decoration of her person, and never were the labours of the toilette more successful. The consciousness of the trust reposed in her, and the excitement it produced in her mind, lent firmness to her step, dignity to her manner, and deepened the roses on her cheeks. The enamoured Ashleigh gazed on her with rapture, and seemed to live only in her smiles—smiles he had never known so soft and winning.

When Miss Seywood retired from the gay scene, and her lover had placed her in her carriage, she extended her hand, and bade him farewell: Ashleigh sprang in the carriage, and eagerly inquired her meaning; she replied, that her uncle's will called her to Seywood place, where for the future she must remain. "Even then," said the Colonel, "we will not say farewell; I can steal an hour to see you." Isola replied mournfully, that so strong were her uncle's prejudices against the English officers, that she did not dare to receive him. Incited by these apparent difficulties, the impetuous soldier proposed assuming a citizen's dress, and as such to be presented to Mr. Seywood, who had seen him but once for a moment, and would not easily recognise him. After much hesitation on her side, and entreaty on his, Isola consented to receive him, though not without expressing her apprehensions of the danger to which he might be exposed. As she intended, this word bound him to the adventure. "Danger," said Ashleigh, pressing her hand, "what is danger to one who loves as I do." Isola trembled, and for a moment wavered. It was but a moment—she recollected the motive of those fond expressions, and became firm. Before they parted, she bade him repair the next afternoon to a house which she described as four miles from the city,

where a servant would deliver him a note, by which he must direct his actions. Ashleigh joyfully promised obedience, and they separated. Morning streaked the horizon ere Isola reached her home, but her uncle and General Marion were waiting her return. She hastened to impart to them her success, and it was arranged that a party of soldiers should lie in ambush in the wood leading to the Seywood plantation, and upon a signal from the negro who conducted Ashleigh, seize and convey him to General Marion's encampment. Marion, to whom hunger and fatigue were almost habitual, instantly mounted his horse, and was soon on his way to his secret quarters.

Among the slaves of the plantation, there was an old man known by the appellation of King Cesar. He was a privileged character with his companions: the promoter of their holiday sports—the umpire of their disputes—the favourite musician at their dances—and more important still, the foreteller of their fortunes. With such numerous avocations, it may be supposed that his majesty had as little leisure as inclination for laborious pursuits. From these he was exempted by the kindness of his young mistress, who was attached to him as a faithful servant, as well as from the circumstance of his having saved her at his own peril from imminent danger. The morning after the ball, Miss Seywood sought the old man at his accustomed lounge, seated on the step of the Porter's Lodge, indolently scraping his violin, while he enjoyed his early pipe. Isola seated herself by him, and entered into a long and earnest conversation. As she left him, and walked lightly up the avenue, he followed her with his eyes, muttering to himself, and shaking his head, till perceiving a servant approach, he resumed his violin and unconcerned attitude.

Meanwhile Colonel Ashleigh re-

turned to his lodgings, occupied alternately by "sweet and bitter thoughts." The day following he busied himself with his military duties, and endeavoured to avoid his usual associates. Perceiving his wish, they all left him to indulge his humour, except De Lisle, who earnestly inquired the cause of his friend's estrangement. The frank-hearted Ashleigh could not resist the voice of friendship, and he informed De Lisle of his intended visit to Seywood place. De Lisle heard him without surprise, for he knew the romantic, impetuous character of Ashleigh. His countenance, however, bespoke emotion, as he said, "have you forgotten the claims of"—"I have forgotten every thing," interrupted his friend, "but that I love madly." "And the lovely, gentle Emily"—Ashleigh turned round, and asked with surprise, "do you know Emily Herberts?" "I have seen her," replied De Lisle, walking to the window, and soon after taking his leave.

Ashleigh, having examined the loading of his pistols, proceeded to disguise himself in a civil dress. He had taken a last view of his metamorphosed, but handsome form, when his servant entered and gave him a letter. The direction was written in the fair hand-writing of a female. Ashleigh's brow crimsoned as he crushed the letter in his hand, and thrusting it in his bosom, said, half aloud, "I dare not read it." He walked across his apartment in emotion, till the striking of a clock reminded him of his appointment. He soon reached the house where he was to meet the servant, who he found waiting for him, and when he appeared, handed him a billet which ran as follows:—"Be directed by the bearer—he will be faithful to his instructions. Isola." Ashleigh perused this laconic note, and motioning to the attendant, they proceeded on the way. The short twilight of

the climate was fast deepening into darkness when they left the main road, and turned down a lonely path that led to the plantation. As they rode through the dark wood, an indefinite idea of danger stole in the mind of Ashleigh, which was soon rendered unequivocal when he found his arm seized, and his horse stopped by a party of men, who started from the thick trees around him. Ashleigh was not a man to submit tamely; by a violent effort he released his right arm. His first act was to fell the man nearest him to the ground—his next to seek his pistols, but they had been taken care of; and outnumbered and overpowered, he was obliged to yield, not only to be bound and led where his enemies pleased, but to submit to be rifled of his papers, which, had the alternative been left him, he would have sacrificed his life to have preserved. Cursing his own folly, and the evident treachery of Isola, he permitted them to lead him through rough paths and close woods, till they reached a log-house, before which they paused; after exchanging a few words with the person who opened the door, they were admitted. Ashleigh was conducted to a room, the door of which was fastened on him. A table spread with refreshments stood in the centre of the apartment, which was cheerfully lighted, and in one corner a comfortable bed invited the prisoner. Perplexed and irritated, Ashleigh spent the night in pacing his room, and endeavouring to force his body through the narrow aperture which served as a window. At length morning came, and with it came two negroes, who opened the door, and while one arranged a substantial breakfast, the other delivered, with profound respect, a letter to Ashleigh, who hastily breaking it open, read the following words:

"When I inform you that I have preserved you from an ignominious death, you will doubtless excuse your

reception. As a sister, I could not but endeavour to clear a brother's fame ; and as a woman, I wished to prevent an unnecessary effusion of blood. Had Colonel Ashleigh reflected a moment, he would have known that the sister of Major L. could not have compromised her reputation by so indelicate a step as inviting a lover to a secret appointment, without some high and justifiable motive. Your papers are in the hands of the commander in chief, and have exculpated my brother from the suspicions with which you had so industriously clouded the fairness of

his honour. I enclose you one letter, which was necessarily opened, but not perused farther than to gain a knowledge of its character. Adieu, Colonel Ashleigh ; attempt not to see me ; but learn, that though Isola Seywood was weak enough to admit an interest for an enemy, she had the firmness to tear it from her bosom, when he added treachery to that character." A paper had rolled from the letter to Ashleigh's feet ; he took it up mechanically. It was the epistle from his affianced wife.

C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

MOSCHUS, NO. I.

—silvas et rura colebat,
Panaque montanis habitantem semper in antris.

Ovid. Metamorph. lib. xi. v. 146.

Moschus, the friend of Bion, and the poet of love, adorned the age of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The places of his residence and birth are alike lost in obscurity ; and it would be frivolous, in repeating inquiry, only to repeat conjecture. The professed and successful imitator of him whom he claimed as his intimate in life, and so beautifully mourned in death, he has won from posterity a laurel, which Theocritus himself might not disdain to wear. An ancient in subject, and imagery, and diction, the few remaining samples of his mind might have pleased none other than the period in which he lived, had not affection stamped a lasting memorial on his name, and feeling made him the denizen of every age.

The elegy on Bion may safely be said to have fixed the character of Moschus as a poet. He lost a kindred genius, when his friend and model was no more ; and the expression of his sorrows, all nations and all times can feel. In his personifications of those objects which Bion once had sung, and which might be supposed to sigh sadly when his harp could tell of them no longer, he is indeed consonant with the systems of his own days ; but in every line he touches on a chord which vibrates in harmony with nature, and conveys its language to the soul. The Lycidas of Milton approaches nearer, perhaps, than any monody of later times, to the form and manner of this fine relic of antiquity, yet we are not so contented to endure in a modern bard the choice of those conceptions, which Greece adopted as being grounded in her mythology, and interwoven with her faith. The apologues of Moschus were dictated by necessity ; and his excellence consists, not in the selection, but in the adaptation of those fables which the pastoral muse framed ready before him.

It is to be regretted that the lyre of our poet should have been generally tuned to themes so little worthy of the hand that woke the strings. In trifling conceits, and quaint allusions, either founded upon the fabulous legends of the rural gods, or the sudden distortions of his wandering fancy, we too often see the traces of a genius sporting in rich but useless luxuriance. What may have been the character of those effusions which have perished in the wreck of time, it is impossible to say. The third Idyll would alone crown him with immortality; and could we believe that many of his efforts were employed on such elevating subjects for his chaste and tender muse, we might heave a sigh over the few remnants that live to tell his fame.

The only remains of Moschus are seven Idylls, and an epigram on Cupid; a part of which we shall offer on the present occasion, and the rest as opportunity shall occur. The epitaph on Bion, as being familiar by frequent and beautiful translations, we think it needless to insert.

The first in order which we present, has veiled a sufficiently uninviting subject in an irresistible archness and simplicity. It may be worth while for the classical reader to compare it with Bion's seventeenth Idyll, and Meleager's Fugitive.

I.

LOVE A FUGITIVE. Idyll 6.

Venus on Love, her son, impetuous call'd :
 If any on the cross paths see him stray,
 He is my fugitive, and he that finds him
 Shall have a kiss; and if those bring him back,
 Not a mere kiss, my friend, but something more.
 The boy 'mid twenty may be known: his skin
 Not white, but fiery: flaming are his eyes,
 And sharp; his mind is cunning, sweet his tongue;
 For what he speaks, he thinks not; and his voice
 Comes out like honey: when inflam'd with rage,
 His heart is deaf to mercy: full of fraud
 The child, severely playful, sly, and false.
 His head is twin'd with ringlets; and he wears
 A bold, presuming front: his hands are little,
 But he throws far, and makes his weapons fly
 To distant Acheron, and old King Pluto.
 His form is naked, but his purpose dark:
 And wing'd, like feathery bird, he darts his way
 Here, there, and ev'ry where; on men and women
 Alternate lights, and preys upon their vitals.
 Small is his bow, and small the arrow's size,
 But flies upborne to heav'n; his quiver slung
 Around his back he wears, and bitter shafts
 Are hid within it; I have felt them often.
 All, all is fierce about him; more than this,
 The Sun himself is kindled by his torch.
 If you should take him, bind and bring him here;
 And do not pity him; nor let his tears
 Lead you astray; and drag him, tho' he laugh.

And, if he wish to kiss you, turn away :
 His kiss is mischievous, his lips are poison.
 And if he say, " Take these—my arms I give you ;"
 Beware, and touch them not ; for ev'ry gift
 The urchin carries has been dipt in fire.

II.

SEA AND LAND. Idyll 6.

When gentle breezes lift the azure wave,
 E'en timid heart like mine can then be brave :
 Sick with the land, I love the billowy roll,
 And a soft calm comes lulling to the soul.
 But when the white depth roars, and ev'ry wave
 Foams crooked, as the distant surges rave ;
 For earth and trees I look disorder'd round,
 Shrink from the sea, and kiss the welcome ground.
 The shady wood sings sweetly ; and e'en then,
 When winds blow roughest, thro' the whip'ring glen
 The pine responds. Ah ! sad the fisher's life,
 His house the tossing bark, the sea his strife ;
 Deceitful fish his prey : from waves convey'd,
 Be mine sweet slumbers in a plane-tree's shade ;
 And fountain streamlet, gently gurgling near,
 With undisturbing notes, pour music on mine ear.

III.

Idyll 7.

Pan lov'd his neighbour Echo ; Echo lov'd
 The leaping Satyr ; Satyr burn'd for Lyda.
 As Echo Pan inflam'd, so Satyr Echo,
 And Lyda kindled up the little Satyr.
 So love retributive had each : all lov'd,
 And were neglected, as they slighted others.
 These rules to those unskill'd in love are giv'n :
 Love, when belov'd—thus, loving you'll be lov'd.

The following refers to the well known fable of Alpheus pursuing Arethusa, of whom he was enamoured, through the waves of the sea, without mingling with its waters. The lines are sprightly, but without meaning, and the subject is totally unworthy of the mind of Moschus,

IV.

Idyll 8.

When Alpheus thro' the deep from Pisa fled,
 To olive-bearing Arethuse he sped ;
 Water, choice leaves, and flowers, the gifts he bore,
 And sacred gravel from his pebbly shore—

Plung'd in the waves the flowing god descends,
 Runs through the sea, nor with the current blends,
 And Ocean knew him not : such potent spell
 Sly Cupid us'd : the boy had taught him well :
 Deep the designing knave had lesson'd him ;
 And taught him by a philtre how to swim.

L. C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

SALEM WITCHCRAFT, AN EASTERN
TALE.*Continued from page 335.*

The next morning at sunrise, Mr. Philip Smith was called out of his bed, by a great uproar and knocking, as if heaven and earth were coming together. Mr. Philip Smith was a Justice of the County Court ; a selectman for town affairs ; a captain of heavy armed troopers ; a member of the General Court ; a Deacon in the church ; and, withal, a most exemplary pattern of devotion, sanctity, gravity, and honesty. On inquiring into the meaning of the hubbub, he was told that there was a decided case of malignant witchcraft at Goody Hobbes', and that he was wanted in his judical capacity. But this worthy man had been dreaming about military matters just at this time ; when it was rumoured that the Ne-tops had made a descent upon Cas-co ; and full of fury against the barbarous and heathen salvages, he did not exactly comprehend the meaning of the message delivered to him. He had only time, in the increasing tumult, to get on his huge buckskin breeches, line his stomach with two quires of writing paper, and gird on his dragoon sword and belt. In this warlike attitude of preparation he descended, in his shirt sleeves, and with his wig all awry, amid the multitude, who, seeing their magistrate cut such a figure of fun, concluded

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that he must be also bewitched. A child cried out that he saw a little monkey pulling Squire Smith's perriwig. The Justice finding his mistake, quickly unharnessed his sabre, and yawning heartily, set his wig aright, and called for his coat and a mug of hard cider. Then, in company with Mr. Lemuel Lockup, the Sheriff, and the reverend Mr. Mather and his son, he headed the procession to the possessed house.

When they arrived there, the room was full of people. Deliverance and Remarkable were keeping guard on each side of the bed in which lay Beautiful, who, as soon as the Justice entered, uttered a terrible screech, and fell into hysterics. Mr. Mather, jun. then walked up to the bed, and passed his hand over the coverlid. They asked him what he felt ? He said there was something supernatural there, resembling a rat, and quickly withdrew his fingers, having received a scratch quite across his hand. The mob were now, by command of the Justice, turned out of the room, and Mr. M. senior, made a prayer of half an hour's length ; Deliverance every now and then giving her daughter a spoonful of brandy, to keep her quiet. When the prayer was concluded, Beautiful was told to say Amen ; but she only made a muttering sort of noise, which sounded more like an imprecation than any thing else. After many ineffectual attempts, they gave over asking her to repeat the word ; and the Justice asked her, " who hurt her ?" She then answered glibly

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enough, "Patience Peabody—she sticks pins in me; and there is her spectre." This was enough for the Justice, who, turning round, uttered in a magisterial tone, "Mister Lemuel Lockup, I command you to take and to hold the body of Patience Peabody until further notice." To which Mr. Lemuel Lockup answered laconically and with a profound bow, "So be it," and forthwith proceeded on the execution of his duty. Mr. Philip Smith then addressing himself to Remarkable, who since his arrival had remained tolerably quiet, desired her to go down to Doctor Drybones' and request his immediate presence. To this Remarkable replied not, but stood grinning at him, and rolling her eyes in a most gorgon-like manner. Upon his repeating the order, to his utter astonishment and dismay, she sprang up full a yard high into the air; and coming down, began spinning on her toe, and vociferating like twenty imps of Satan, her old stave,

Heigh ho! the devil is dead!

At this, the Justice retreated nimbly enough into the next room, overturning in his way the two Mr. Mather's who stood gaping with astonishment over his shoulder. He then, calling out of the window to one of the crowd, who surrounded the door, ordered him to run down to Dr. Drybones', and request him to come as fast as possible to Goody Hobbes', as there were two bad cases there.

As every body in the village, man, woman, and child, stood in the greatest awe of the Magistrate, this order was promptly executed by the person addressed, who sat off for the Doctor, as if the devil himself had sent him. This person, whose name was Ichabod Shuffle, (I love to be particular,) found the Doctor taking his morning walk in the grave-yard which adjoined his dwelling. He was a lank, long-visaged figure, skinny and withered up in his per-

son, and who bore a considerable resemblance to one of his own dried preparations. One would imagine, from his appearance, that he had become assimilated to the spot where he usually perambulated; and where it was said he had sent the greater number of his patients, as if to have them under his more immediate charge. As soon as he beheld Shuffle, who had shuffled himself out of breath, and who now stood with open mouth, in vain essaying to articulate; his first impression was, that he had gotten a fish bone, or peach-pit in his gullet, and had come to him for relief. He accordingly ran with all speed into the house for his forceps and probang. By the time that he returned, which he did with a syringe, and a pair of nut-crackers, which he took up by mistake, Ichabod had recovered wind enough to inform him of his errand. As soon as the Doctor found out what he meant, he sat off in a prodigious hurry for the possessed mansion, leaving Shuffle to follow as he might.

He soon found himself in the front parlour of Goody Hobbes', in the presence of the Squire, and the two divines. After the first salutations, they all repaired in a body to the chamber where Beautiful was lying; the consternation into which they had been thrown by the gymnastic exhibitions of Remarkable, being allayed by the presence of one of the faculty. When they entered the chamber they found Beautiful still lying in the same distressed condition, and the afflicted dame, her mother, at her bed-side, applying fomentations of rum and vinegar to her stomach. Remarkable, the violence of whose paroxysm was abated, and who now seemed to be in a state of indirect debility, sat leaning against the bed-post, with her chair tilted on two legs in the true yankee style. Of her own immeasurable shanks, one was resting on the window sill, and the other, flexed to an angle of about 45°, re-

clined gracefully on its fellow. In this picturesque attitude, she remained motionless, at times muttering to herself, and at others humming her favourite ditty, which was ever and anon interrupted by a sudden hiccup.

The Doctor, at the head of the "posse comitatus," advanced solemnly up to the bed-side, and protruding his long skinny hand, took hold of the maiden's wrist between the fore-finger and thumb, with the true Esculapian gripe. Then closing his eyes, and holding in his breath, as if to condense all his sensibilities to the ends of his fingers, he began counting the pulsations. In about half a minute, he pronounced, in a solemn, sepulchral tone, at each pause pouting out his lips, and smacking them in a curious manner—"Pulse slow—and frequent—indicating a congestion of the cerebrum—and general plethora—together with a phlogistic diathesis; you understand me, Squire." "Oh, perfectly—perfectly—exactly so, Doctor," replied the Justice, putting on one of his wisest looks; who, though he knew no more than a brewer's horse, how a pulse could be slow, and at the same time frequent; and also, how this indicated a congestion of the cerebrum, yet did not like to confess his ignorance. "And observe, Squire," continued the Doctor, who had been lately reading a work on Nosology, and wished to show off a little before the Justice—"observe, I say, the dilatation of the pupils—and the twitchings of the muscles—and the tossing of the extremities—and the spasmodic affection of the diaphragm—and the tetanic symptoms; you understand me, Squire—a very curious and complicated case, Squire." The Justice, who at each stop in the Doctor's speech, had put in his usual—"just so—exactly so—satanic symptoms, no doubt, Doctor"—coincided in this opinion. He also added, that he had discovered the witch, and is-

sued a warrant for her apprehension.

Mr. Mather, senior, now came forward, and with a sneering, and sarcastic expression of countenance, proposed, that as the doctor understood the symptoms so well, he should exert himself a little to relieve them; at the same time insinuating that drugs and doctors were mere flea-bites, when opposed to witchcraft. "Certainly—" replied the doctor in his deliberate tones, "certainly, friend Mather, I shall do to the utmost of my poor abilities to fulfil the nineteen indications which offer. Of which the first is phlebotomy—the second a cleansing emetic—the third a saline cathartic—the fourth a potent anti-spasmodic—the fifth a relaxing sudorific—the sixth"—"Now may Satan take both you and your nineteen indications," interrupted Mather, senior, who was much offended by this pedantic, and conceited speech; and whose indignation was vehemently aroused by his being called "friend Mather," which he considered a downright insult, he having a most horrible antipathy to Quakerism. "I tell you what, Drybones," continued he, "you are a person of a shallow wit, and small capacity for understanding these things; and touching the wonders of the invisible world, I hold you to be little better than an ass. Besides this, I grievously suspect you of being a Nullibist,* and a Quaker to boot." Here Mather, jun. put in his oar, saying that Drybones was a quack, and an ignoramus, and that he would not trust him to bleed his cow.

Drybones, however, who possessed a happy share of equanimity, and who prided himself upon his imperturbable countenance, paid no manner of regard to these discourses;

* The Nullibists, and the Holimerians, were two sects, who held opposite opinions concerning spirits, and the *modus operandi* of witchcraft. See *Gleanings*.

but pulling out an enormous fleam lancet, and turning to the Justice, exclaimed: "Now by the blessing of God, will I open the jugular of this damsel." Then calling for three small porringers, and setting the spring of his lancet, the edge of which he tried upon his thumb-nail, he advanced boldly up to the bed with a determination of putting his threat in execution. The Justice, at this, looked rather awkwardly towards the Mathers; and seemed as if he had half a mind to stop the proceedings of the Doctor. And, in truth, he had only sent for him for the sake of talk and argument; not dreaming that he would be so rash as to meddle with the case: it being considered as much a matter of heresy for a doctor to interfere with a case of witchcraft, as it is, at the present day, for a physician to treat one of canine rabies, by what is called *regular practice*.

But whatever were the Squire's intentions, he found them anticipated. For, no sooner did Remarkable, who had recovered from her state of collapse, and whose excitability seemed accumulated to a wonderful degree, observe the approach of the Doctor, than springing up, she doused the lancet and porringer from his hand; and tossing his perriwig out of the window, fetched him such a buffet on the side of his head, as made his whole bony fabric rattle again. This totally disconcerted Drybones, who had not before taken any notice of Remarkable; and who now thought that a congestion had actually taken place in his own cerebrum. As soon as he recovered from his stound, and saw Remarkable dancing, and singing her canticles, he snatched up his hat and fleam, and rushed out of the house; grinning with a peculiarly sardonic expression, at the Justice and his two friends, who had made their exits from the chamber in a prodigious hurry.

Here having received his wig from

Shuffle, who had just returned, and who caught it as it fell, and the effervescence of his wrath having subsided, he walked briskly homewards, repeating to himself, "*Ira furor brevis est.*"—With which moral apothegm, he appeared to be much consoled. After his departure, the Justice observed, that his bowels indicated breakfast, and proposed to the two Mathers to return to his house. Upon signifying their approbation, they all three departed, discussing, on their way, many serious topics and profound questions concerning witchcraft, sorcery, enchantments, good and bad spirits, apparitions, and such grave matters. And now, reaching the Justice's, they found breakfast waiting for them; which they also discussed in a most profound and hearty manner.

(To be continued.)

(For the Literary Journal.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

OBSERVING a series of original letters written by General Washington to the Marquis de Chastellux, published in your Journal, I presume, a short biographical sketch of a man, who was selected as a friend, by the "Father of his country," would not be unacceptable to your readers; I therefore send you the following, transcribed from a manuscript deposited in a library, to which, by special permission, I have lately had access. By giving it an insertion, you will oblige,

Your's respectfully,

* * * *

The Marquis de Chastellux was of an ancient family in Bourgogne, and was born in Paris, in 1734. In his early childhood he lost his father, who was lieutenant-general in the army of the king, and commandant in Rousillon. He entered the ser-

vice at fifteen years of age ; and at twenty-one, had the command of a regiment : a short time after, he obtained the command of a regiment of his own name. He served during the seven years war in Germany, with credit to himself and country. But, even among the busy and boisterous scenes of hostile movements, he pursued, at every interval, his favourite literary studies. The activity of his mind was equal, in a high degree, to his thirst for knowledge. A sincere desire to be useful to mankind, and firmness to encounter every danger to gratify that desire, were characteristics of his mind.

When the subject of inoculation for the small pox was introduced, it was difficult to procure a subject who was willing to submit, to the then untried experiment in France. Chastellux, though a youth of about twenty years of age, offered to submit to the experiment. After his recovery, he called upon a friend, and made use of the following noble expression : " Here I am, safe ; and what is still more gratifying to me is, that, by my example, I shall be the means of saving many others."

In 1780, he accompanied the army commanded by Lieutenant-General Count Rochambeau to the United States ; in which army, he held the rank of Major-General. In this station he never ceased to give proofs of activity, knowledge, and firmness ; by which he received, not only the applause of his King, and the American Commander in Chief, but even of their enemies. In this service, he was particularly distinguished by that penetrating judge of merit, General Washington. An intimate and sincere friendship took place between them, which ended only with their lives.

He held a distinguished rank among the literary characters of France ; and some of his works are esteemed among the most valuable productions of the age. He died in

1788 ; leaving an accomplished and amiable widow, and an infant son, Alfred, who appears to possess the active disposition of his father ; and promises, like him, to pursue the road to usefulness and fame.

The Marquis of Chastellux was taken from the world, at a time when the services of such men were most needed ; but perhaps, he might, as well as the numerous friends he left behind, have been overwhelmed by the torrent of anarchy, which, soon after his death, spread terror and devastation over his beloved country. He was a sincere friend of rational liberty ; but possessed too much firmness and integrity to have been a silent spectator of that licentiousness, which, under the perverted name of liberty, was the most horrid of all tyrannies.

The letters above spoken of, were copied from the original letters, in the hand-writing of General Washington, by permission of Madame Chastellux, in whose possession they were, after the death of her husband.

The last section of the following letter is quoted by Chief Justice Marshall, in the 5th volume, pages 10 and 11, of his biography of General Washington, whence it would appear that copies of the original drafts are still preserved among the Washington papers.

LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Princeton, Oct. 12, 1783.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I have not had the honour of a letter from you since the 4th of March last ; but I will ascribe my disappointment to any cause sooner than to a decay of your friendship.

Having the appearances, and, indeed, the enjoyment of peace, without the final declaration of it, I, who

am only waiting for the ceremonials, or till the British forces shall have taken their leave of New-York, am held in an awkward and disagreeable situation, being anxiously desirous to quit the walks of public life, and under my own vine and my own fig-tree to seek those enjoyments, and that relaxation, which a mind that has been constantly upon the stretch for more than eight years, stands so much in want of.

I have fixed this epoch to the arrival of the definitive treaty, or to the evacuation of my country, by our newly-acquired friends; in the mean while, at the request of Congress, I spend my time with them at this place, where they came in consequence of the riots at Philadelphia, of which, doubtless, you have been informed, for it is not a very recent transaction.

They have lately determined to fix the permanent residence of Congress near the falls of Delaware; but where they will hold their sessions, till they can be properly established at that place, is yet undecided.

I have lately made a tour through the Lakes George and Champlain as far as Crown Point—then returning to Schenectady, I proceeded up the Mohawk river to Fort Schuyler, (formerly Fort Stanwix,) crossed over Wood creek, which empties into the Oneida Lake, and affords the water communication with Lake Ontario; I then traversed the country to the head of the eastern branch of the Susquehannah, and viewed the Lake Otsego, and the portage between that Lake, and the Mohawk river at Canajoharie.

Prompted by these actual observations, I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these U. States, from maps, and the information of others, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it, and with the goodness of that Providence which has

dealt her favours to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to make a good use of them. I shall not rest contented till I have explored the western part of this country, and traversed those lines (or a great part of them) which have given bounds to a new empire; but when it may, if it ever should happen, I dare not say, as my first attention must be given to the deranged situation of my private concerns, which are not a little injured by almost nine years absence, and total disregard of them.

With every wish for your health and happiness, and with the most sincere and affectionate regard,

I am, my dear Chevalier,

Your most obedt ser'vt,

(Signed) GEO. WASHINGTON.

[For the Literary Journal.]

TO THE AUTHOR OF LETTERS ON THE EASTERN STATES.

SIR,

Your second letter contains some extremely severe strictures on the Olive Branch, and its author. The title of the former you regard as an egregious misnomer, and declare that the title ought to be, *the Torch of Alecto, or perpetual rancour and animosity*; and to the latter you ascribe motives of the most sinister and dishonourable kind.

Although perfectly satisfied of the glaring injustice of this sentence of condemnation, I had some hesitation about undertaking a vindication. I felt inclined to let the decision rest with the public; as I had flattered myself that the Olive Branch had taken its permanent stand in the public estimation, by a sort of common consent of all parties; that it was regarded as the production of a man of moderate talents, but of considerable industry and research; that it was admitted to have contributed,

in no small degree, towards allaying the deleterious spirit of party, so injurious to republics, by holding the mirror up to both parties, and of displaying the enormous follies, and worse than follies, of which they had respectively been guilty; and, finally, that it was, at least, as free from undue bias or partiality as, human imperfection considered, could have been reasonably expected. If in these favourable opinions I erred, I was in a great degree excusable, as they had been reiterated to me from various and opposite quarters of the union, by some of the wisest, best, and most enlightened men in the nation, of both the contending parties.

To one characteristic, I presumed, this work could fairly lay claim—that it is, probably, the only one ever written by a professed party man, which unqualifiedly holds up his own party to censure. This, I hoped, would atone for its errors, whatever they might be.

But it appears, according to your dictum, that I was egregiously wrong; that I was under a most extraordinary delusion; as “*a more malignant design was never planned, than actuated the writer of this Torch of Alecto,*”—one of the furies, whose head is surrounded by vipers, and who is armed with scourges, vipers, and torches. This, truly, is a most tremendous denunciation; and if any thing more than the effusions of a distempered and heated imagination, would prove me utterly unworthy of the delicate and important task I undertook.

Your whole letter, on the politics of the country is radically wrong, and places the parties, their principles, their views, and their conduct, in an incorrect point of light. It as unjustly elevates the one, as it depreciates the other. It might have been pardonable, if written in 1812, 13, or 14, during the effervescence of party spirit and faction; but, written in 1820, is as striking an in-

stance of delusion and error as probably ever was exhibited. Both parties have egregiously and ruinously erred; and it is no easy matter to determine which has the greatest catalogue to atone for.

However, with the view you have given of the parties, I have no concern. Let those who feel interested, point out its errors. My business is with the judgment you have allowed yourself to pass on me and my work.

But, in order to enable those who may read this reply, and may not have read the “*Letters on the Eastern States,*” to form a correct opinion on the subject, and to guard against the charge of misquotation, I annex the exceptionable part of your letter in full:

“An octavo volume, compiled by an Irish bookseller in Philadelphia, has, if the title page may be believed, gone through a dozen editions: patriotism and profit are both served by the sale of the work, which is entitled, ‘*The Olive Branch, or faults on both sides;*’ under this pretty name, parties are to be reconciled, and differences healed, by a candid exhibition of mutual errors. What is the performance? Passing over the dullness of a parcel of extracts from old newspapers, *it has selected with a delicacy and tenderness truly affectionate, a few slips on one side, which are softened with pathetic regrets and apologies; but from the other, the strongest passages in remonstrances against particular measures; ALL the violences of newspaper paragraphs, in the highest moments of irritation: ALL the ebullitions of declaimers, whose infirmities of temper may have led them, in moments of excitement, into extravagance; EVERY THING inflammatory that can be found among insulated speeches, sermons, and gazettes, for a series of years, when the highest political ferment existed; ALL THESE are brought together as a regular plan, a continued system of inconsistency, discord, and faction. This is about as fair as it would be to make extracts from the bills of mortality in Philadelphia, during the most fatal season of the yellow fever, and from those of Boston in a healthy summer, and*

give them as a true specimen of the salubrity of the two cities.

"A more malignant design could hardly have been imagined: though a smile is excited by a certain national raciness in the title of this book, which should have been the torch of Alecto, or perpetual rancour and animosity. A work, indeed, of the kind to which this makes a hypothetical pretence, might become a text book of permanent utility, to teach political morality and wisdom, to future statesmen; but it must not be the paltry impulse of party, or pecuniary thrift, that should guide the author. Who is there to undertake such a work?" *Letters*, pp. 28, 29.

The allegations against the book are:

1. That I have selected but "a few slips on one side," which I have "softened with pathetic regrets."
2. That I have collected together "every thing inflammatory that can be found among insulated speeches, sermons, and gazettes, for a series of years," to defame and disgrace the other party.
3. That I have been under "the paltry impulse of party, or pecuniary thrift," in writing the Olive Branch.
4. That this work has not gone through so many editions as is stated in the title page.
5. That it makes a hypocritical pretence to impartiality and fairness.
6. That it is a mere compilation.

The third and fourth items, are not, it is true, distinctly stated; but they are clearly implied.

I shall consider each item in detail, and hope to prove, to the satisfaction of the public, that the accusations are wholly unjust, and that you either did not read the work in question at all; or, if you read it, must have forgotten its contents; or, finally, if you remembered them, that you have wilfully misrepresented them.

From the charge of intentional misrepresentation, however, I am well disposed to exculpate you; as the fair-

ness, candour, liberal spirit, and enlightened views, displayed throughout the rest of your work, forbid me to harbour the idea of such dishonest conduct.

The Writer of the Olive Branch.
Philadelphia, Oct. 10, 1820.

(To be continued.)

[For the Literary Journal.]

OMNIANA. NO. II.

Physicians. Smith, in his history of New-York, gives the following account of the faculty in this city, about the middle of the last century:—"Few physicians amongst us," says he, "are eminent for their skill. Quacks abound like locusts in Egypt, and too many have recommended themselves to a full practice, and profitable subsistence. This is the less to be wondered at, as the profession is under no kind of regulation. Loud as the call is, to our shame be it remembered, we have no law to protect the lives of the king's subjects from the malpractice of pretenders. Any man, at his pleasure, sets up for physician, apothecary, and surgeon. No candidates are either examined, or licensed, or even sworn to fair practice." This is a melancholy picture; but we have no reason to believe it an untrue one; and we could wish that some part of it did not apply to the profession in the present day—we refer to the prevalence of quackery, which seems to maintain its ground in this city with invincible pertinacity, and from the guilt and disgrace of which, nothing but the strong arm of power will ever relieve us. It is an evil which may be corrected, and we hope that an enlightened and energetic legislature will not long delay an attention to it.

Law and Lawyers.—The state of the profession of the law, does not

seem to have been much superior to that of physic. The same author gives the following notice of it :—

“The judges and practisers, in the supreme and other courts, wear no peculiar habits, as they do at Westminster Hall, and in some of the West-India Islands ; nor is there, as yet, any distinction, or degree, among the lawyers.

“The door of admission into the practice is too open. The usual preparatories are, a college or university education, and three years apprenticeship ; or without the former, seven years service under an attorney. In either of these cases, the chief justice recommends the candidates to the Governor, who, thereupon, grants a license to practice under his hand and seal at arms. This being produced to the Court, the usual state oaths and subscriptions are taken, together with an oath for his upright demeanour ; and he is then qualified to practice in every court in the province. Into the county courts, attorneys are introduced with still less ceremony ; for our governors have formerly licensed all persons, how indifferently soever recommended ; and the profession has been shamefully disgraced by the

admission of men, not only of the meanest abilities, but of the lowest employments.”

Religion and the Clergy.—According to the testimony of Smith, this Colony was well supplied with clergymen at the time his history was published. He says, “as to the number of our clergymen, it is large enough at present, there being but few settlements unsupplied with a ministry, and some superabound. In matters of religion,” he adds, “we are not so intelligent. in general as the inhabitants of the New-England colonies ; but both in this respect, and good morals, we certainly have the advantage of the southern provinces. One of the king’s instructions to our governors recommends the investigation of means for the conversion of negroes and indians. An attention to both, especially the latter, has been too little regarded. If the Missionaries of the English Society for propagating the gospel, instead of being seated in opulent christianized towns, had been sent out to preach among the savages, unspeakable political advantages would have flowed from such a salutary measure.”

CURRUSUS.

[For the Literary Journal.]

A METAPHRASE,

From the CIRCE of JEAN BAPTISTE ROUSSEAU.

I.

High on a hideous rock, all bare and bleak,
Whose thunder cliffs were pil'd amid the skies,
Bewildered Circe sate ; pale was her cheek,
And death's dim shade was gathering oe'r her eyes,—

That still for love neglected weep,

That still explore the unbounded deep—

To mark the flying galley's foaming track ;

And still she seems to see her hero lost ;

And that vain vision sooths her passion crost,

While she recalls him back,

With broken song, 'mid sobs, and sighs,
And tears, unheard, that faintly dies.

II.

“ Relentless author of my pain !
If pity move thee, do not fly ;
Turn to these climes, O ! once again ;
And, if my dream of love be vain,
Return at least to see me die !

2.

“ This heart thy victim still must bleed ;
Must fan the flame that will consume ;
Sad love ! that hatred must succeed ;
Ye powers, and is contempt the meed
Of so much love, and death the doom ?”

III.

Thus her vain sorrows to the winds she gave ;
But soon the dreadful art she knew too well,
To turn the hero's prow that cut the wave,
Swift in its flight, she used :—with shriek and spell,
Loud she evokes the awful powers of hell.
The Fates, stern Nemesis' avenging throne,
The monster dog, and roaring Phlegethon—
Dread Hecate, and the fury snaky-haired :
The sacrifice has stained the altar stone,
Kindled by lightning flash from high that glared ;
Rank vapours round obscured the fires of day ;
The stars of heaven stood faltering in their way ;
Back to their source th' affrighted rivers flow'd,
And Pluto trembled in his dark abode.

IV.

In hell's deepest profound,
The damned gazed in wonder ;
The air bellow'd round,
With the echoing thunder.
With darkness' black veil,
All the world was benighted ;
And earth 'gan to quail,
To her centre affrighted ;
The waves their deep bed
Left in madness and fear ;
The moon, all blood red,
Recoiled from her sphere !

V.

Where the shades dwell below, her enchantments prevailed,
 And the dead in their slumbers eternal assailed ;
 The tombs yawn asunder ; the manes appear ;
 Air echoed their shrieks of wild horror and fear.
 The whirlwinds from forth their dark caverns have sped,
 And howled 'mid the clamour, with voices of dread.
 Oh ! vain all thy efforts, sad victim of love !
 The God who now sways thee, more potent will prove ;
 Tho' earth, when thou treads't, to its centre may shake,
 And the damned, by thy spells, may in fury awake ;
 In vain are thy sorceries, to kindle the fire,
 That thy charms, unassisted, have failed to inspire !

VI.

No force the unwilling bosom sways :
 Love, jealous of his empire still,
 Lord of himself, no power obeys,
 No sceptre, but his sovereign will.
 His law imperial all things own,
 Himself exempt from law alone.
 Tho' winter sheet the frozen plain,
 Flora leads back her laughing train ;
 The Halcyon flies the northern blast,
 Whose dreary empire soon is past ;
 But Love, if from the heart he sever,
 Returns not, but takes wing forever.

L. C.

 [For the Literary Journal.]

To C——

I lov'd thee when thy budding charms began
 To attract the ardent gaze of passers by ;
 I saw thee with thy cheek through sickness wan,
 And thy pale forehead swoln in each blue artery ;
 And trust me, sweet, I were much less than man,
 Or more than I may be, could I descry
 Thy meekness, and thy patience, in that hour,
 And from that time, not idolize thee more.

Cold ones, and triflers, change ; my love to thee
 Methinks can well withstand the shock of time,
 And purely glow thro' an eternity
 Uninjured, and as free as infancy from crime :
 But, yet I much suspect thou lov'st not me ;
 Tho' when I leave behind thy native clime,
 Perhaps thou'lt mention me, and sigh for him
 Who'll dwell on thy idea, 'till death his eyes shall dim.

Thou loved'st me once ;—I read it plainly shown
 In eye and gesture : tho' thou could'st deceive
 The world, I deeply felt the soften'd tongue
 To me address'd ; which led me to believe
 That thou would'st live, and love for me alone.
 The thought was idle—'tis for that I grieve :—
 Had I not seen thee, or believed thee cold,
 An age of sorrow had not o'er me roll'd.

Was it thy charms that led my heart astray—
 Those outward charms which common ones can boast ?
 Oh no !—for when those charms had pass'd away,
 And sorrow faded them, I lov'd thee most.
 And yet, in verity, I cannot say
 The power of thine eye was on me lost :—
 Oh no ! I feel it now : the glance it threw
 Increas'd my passion, and my sadness too.

For there sat cold indifference thron'd ; and still,
 Where'er I roam, that chilling glance is seen,
 As the presage of all the varied ill,
 Which to endure my hapless lot has been.
 I govern not ; nor would I rule my will
 To draw my thoughts from it, and make serene
 My days as yet unnumber'd, for I know
 A joy in grief—a luxury in wo.

I did not plead the greatness of my birth,
 Or martial deeds of fame my suit to gain :
 I did not proffer thee the joys of earth—
 I thought them trifling, and I find them vain.
 Earth's joys are subjects for my bitter mirth,
 (Nay do not smile, for there is mirth in pain ;)
 Around me they are strewn—they cheat the sight ;
 For most when they allure, then soonest will they blight.

The day has clos'd, and night has mantled all
 In solitude and darkness :—'twill agree
 Well with my soul.—In solitude I fall
 Prostrate before the shafts of misery.
 Sweet night should not be liken'd to the pall
 Which o'er the dead is flung : 'tis blazoury
 Of gems and precious stones upon the vail,
 Which hides, from hated day, the cheek with sorrow pale.

IGNOTUS.

[For the Literary Journal.]

LOVE AND HOPE.

“ And if thou do'st not hope, thou can'st not love.”

Oh ! Love and Hope are friends forever ;
For mark, the heart who Hope refuses
Love scorning leaves, and smiles on never—
A gentler home he rather chooses.

It chanced before this strict alliance,
Hope once found Love o'ercome by sorrows ;
A heart had bade the boy defiance—
He wept to see his broken arrows.

But while his angry tears were streaming,
Sweet Hope with words and voice of cheering,
While bright her eyes of blue were beaming,
Cried, “ Fye, true Love in tears despairing !

“ I'll choose a dart from thy full quiver,
Take this, that's tipped with gold and shining,
Now aim, and strong the barb deliver !
Nay smile, and scorn this piteous whining.”

“ Fair Hope,” cried Love, with eyes of gladness,
“ I take thee to my heart delighted,
And swear in sober truth and sadness,
To fly the breast where thou art slighted.”

It was not Love's first vow, by many,
But firm and true the urchin spoke it ;
Yet, will it be believed by any ?—
Love made a vow—and never broke it.

C.

[For the Literary Journal.]

A SONG.

Oh ! Henry, why, in sorrow,
Thy blameless Julia leave ?
Unvers'd the smile to borrow,
Alone her heart must grieve !
Has one unkind expression,
One frown, thy love estrang'd ?
Yet, tell me not, thou dear one,
Thy heart is wholly chang'd.

And do we part forever,
 Thus part to meet no more ?
 Ah ! why should warm hearts sever,
 E're truth's bless'd morn is o'er ?
 Turn those dear eyes upon me,
 In pitying kindness mild,
 And if we must be parted,
 Let, let me think thou smil'd.

Oh ! wilt thou stay ? the stranger
 Shall bid thee cheerless roam ;
 Unus'd to be a ranger,
 Thou'lt have no friend, no home !
 Stay, stay my own dear Henry,
 One thoughtful moment stay,
 And, like the evening sunbeam,
 Thy hate shall melt away.

S. OF NEW-JERSEY.

SELECTIONS.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

THE VISION OF LAS-CASAS.

LAS-CASAS, the eloquent, the indefatigable defender of the Americans, lay stretched on his death-bed in his ninetieth year. For a long period preceding his demise, all his thoughts were directed toward the happiness of a better world ; and though now about to enter that world, he trembled on the brink of eternity. Conscious of the purity of his heart and the innocence of his life, he had encountered, without dismay, the angry glance of kings, and he dreaded no earthly judge ; but the Judge before whom he was speedily to be summoned, was God, and he was awed by the supreme sanctity of infinite justice. Thus the strongest as well as the weakest eye is overpowered by the dazzling beams of the sun.

At the foot of his couch, was seated

an aged monk, who had long been his faithful friend. Equal in virtue to Las-Casas, he loved him as a brother ; inferior to him in courage and talent, he respected him even to admiration. He was continually near his death-bed, and observed with sorrow the decay of nature, though he still endeavoured to rouse the hopes of his dying friend ; but the great thought of eternity filled the soul of Las-Casas : he begged the old man to retire, and leave him in the presence of his judge.

Las-Casas collected himself : he recalled the past to his memory, and cast a retrospective glance over his whole life ; but to whatever point he fixed his attention, he discovered errors and faults ; he saw them in their full magnitude, and their consequences lay extended before him like a vast ocean. His good actions, on the contrary, seemed poor, covered with blemishes, and void of the fruits which he had expected they

would produce ; like a feeble streamlet which loses itself amidst the sands of the desert, and whose banks are adorned neither with flowers nor verdure. At this aspect, overwhelmed with shame and repentance, in his imagination, he knelt down before God, and fervently exclaimed : " Oh, Almighty Father of mankind, do not condemn me ; let me find grace in thy presence ! "

This emotion overpowered his strength, and he sunk into a profound sleep. Suddenly he thought that the stars of heaven lay scattered beneath his feet, and that he ascended, supported on clouds, through boundless space. At an immense distance he beheld rays of dazzling light issuing from majestic obscurity ; and on every side innumerable legions of beings rose from, and descended to inferior worlds. Scarcely had his eye gazed and his soul admired, when an angel, with the severe brow of a judge, appeared before him, and opened a book which he held in his hand. A shuddering like that of death—like that which seizes the criminal at sight of the scaffold, chilled the heart of the old man when the immortal being pronounced his name, and enumerated all the noble faculties with which Heaven had endowed his mind—all the mild and generous affections, the seeds of which had been diffused through his blood—and named the opportunities for the exercise of virtue, the aids and encouragements which his situation afforded him. At this moment, all that was good in him seemed to belong to God, and only his errors and sins appeared to belong properly to himself.

The angel commenced the history of his life ; he turned in search of the inconsiderate aberrations of his youth ; but they were no where to be found : the first tear of repentance had obliterated them. The tear alone was visible in their stead ; and every serious resolution to do well—

every joyful emotion on the fulfilment of a duty—every sentiment of virtue and humility, and every triumph over terrestrial nature, which is ever revolting against Heaven, was carefully noted down. Hope then began to kindle in the heart of Las-Casas :—for, though his errors were more numerous than grains of sand on the sea-shore, yet his life abounded in acts of goodness ; and these acts became the more frequent, and his faults the more rare, in proportion as his years increased—in proportion as experience and reflection developed the energy of his mind, and the habit of fulfilling his duty strengthened his desire and his power of fulfilling it. Yet his most noble actions were not perfect in the eye of God, and the source of all his virtue was still troubled and tarnished.

At length the angel raised his voice, and his words flowed eloquently :—the youth had attained the age of maturity, and the new world, formerly peaceful and happy, was a prey to carnage and despair, when Las-Casas appeared like the hero of humanity. The angel described what he suffered and what he achieved ; how all the sorrows of innocence became his own, and fired his soul with that ardent zeal which even old age could not extinguish ;—how, supported by the justice of his cause, he braved the vengeance of power, and pronounced a loud anathema on the fanatics who smiled on murder, and the policy which neglected to punish them. The angel enumerated the instances in which he had risked his life on the waves of the sea, regardless of storms and shipwreck, to lay the complaints of the innocent at the foot of the throne, or to convey hope and consolation back to the afflicted. He mentioned how Las-Casas had appeared before the proud conqueror, the first who had ever ruled over two worlds, when, on hearing the voice which reproached him for his crimes,

the monarch imagined himself in the presence of the Judge of the universe, and that his death-bed was enveloped in avenging flames. The angel painted the sorrow of the virtuous man, when he wept over his blighted hopes,—his courage, when he re-assembled his forces, and dashed into new enterprises,—and how, when his hopes were finally extinguished, he buried himself in retirement, renouncing all pleasure and consolation, regarding his terrestrial abode as a dungeon, and devoting his whole soul to the thoughts of eternity. As the angel perused the book, his eyes became animated, his countenance grew more and more radiant, and beams of pure and gentle light expanded around him:—For zeal in the cause of truth and justice, though reduced to silence, and testified only by tears, is of inestimable value in the eye of Heaven.

The old man listened with downcast eyes; and melancholy thoughts were expressed in his countenance. A sad recollection oppressed his heart, namely, the fatal counsel which he had once given, in a phrenzy of despair, to relieve one people by the oppression of another.* His thoughts wandered on the banks of the Senegal and the Gambia, and to the interior of that quarter of the world, where eternal warfare resigned millions of men to the chains of European barbarians. The angel, at length, pronounced that fatal action, more dreadful in its consequences than a crime of darkness, more fertile in murder and tears than the old man could have imagined in his

* Though the introduction of this incident appears to be the object for which the *VISION* is principally written, yet it is very doubtful whether Las-Casas did really recommend the cultivation of the American colonies by African negroes. The fact has been strongly contested by many writers, and the *Abbé Gregoire*, in a Memoire which he presented to the Institute, seems to have proved, beyond contradiction, that this ancient tradition respecting the origin of the slave-trade, is not founded on truth.

most disturbed dreams. That immensity of horror, beyond the power of language to express or fancy to picture, spread over continent, sea, and islands; the crimes of barbarity, the tortures of innocence, the stifled shrieks of agony, the silence of despair, all were present, all were reckoned up before God. Las-Casas stood motionless and almost petrified with horror. At this awful moment his thoughts were no longer occupied with the presence of the supremely holy and just Being, from whose eye no darkness can shelter, and no wings protect: his heart, moved by compassion, felt only the misery of so many millions of his fellow-creatures. The angel beheld him tormented by the serpents of remorse, and shed a tear of pity.

A voice then issued from the sanctuary—a mild and gentle voice like that of a forgiving father, and the angel heard the words,—“*Tear the book.*”

He obeyed; and the wrecks of the book were annihilated. “Thy foibles,” said he, “are effaced from the recollection of God; but thy name is inscribed before him in characters of light: Were he to punish faults such as thine, no mortal could be justified, and Heaven, void of inmates, would be a mere desert. God doomed immortal souls to wander amidst dust, that through errors they might come to the knowledge of truth, acquire virtue from faults, and happiness from suffering.”

“Oh, take from me!” exclaimed Las-Casas, shedding a torrent of tears, “in pity take me from the recollection of my fault, or I shall eternally bear my punishment within my own bosom. Destroy this terrible recollection, as thou hast destroyed the book wherein it was inscribed, or in Heaven I shall vainly seek the presence of the Almighty;—in the bosom of happiness, I shall vainly sigh for repose.”

“Mortal,” replied the angel,

"does not happiness exist within thyself? And where canst thou find it, imperfect creature—thou who art not, like God, exempt from faults and errors!—where canst thou find happiness, if not in the proof which thou hast given of having employed all thy faculties to do good;—in the sincere and profound love which animates thy heart for the meanest of thy fellow-creatures,—and in thy nobleness of mind which is evinced by thy very repentance?"—"But this inexpressible affliction, prolonged through the lapse of ages,"—"It will be converted into happiness and plentitude of joy, in fulfilment of the plan of HIM who created thee. Thou hast acknowledged thy weakness; now acknowledge HIM in his grandeur."

He motioned to the clouds, which opened with the roaring of thunder, and the angel descended with Las-Casas to created worlds. The immortal being showed him the earth, which rolled beneath his feet; he pointed to the steep mountains covered with eternal snow; and marked out the devastation occasioned by earthquakes and tempests. Brooks and rivulets flowed down from the hills, and millions of beings were happy on their banks; the blessing of Heaven descended in thunder upon the earth, and the woods and plains were clothed with fresher verdure. In those places which had suffered from the ravages of the storm, man breathed more freely, and his countenance bore the ruddy hue of health:—for contagious disease no longer floated amidst the atmospheric vapours; the tempest had broken its wings, and it had vanished.

Then the angel having developed to the eyes of Las-Casas the scourges which afflict the earth, and the blessings which are diffused along with them, he conducted him from visible to invisible nature, and initiated him in the sublime truths which no mortal hand can unfold to

mortal eye. He taught him that, amidst the revolutions and agitations of mortals, the Almighty pursues his course with an equal pace, surrounded by glory, and that no vice, no error, is permanent in the vast space of the creation, from the first to the last of the stars. "Suffering," said he, "awakens the activity of the soul;—in the bosom of misfortune arise the noblest sentiments that honour humanity. Torn from his country, on a foreign soil, the witness of his labour and his sorrows, the slave gathers up a treasure for eternity. His mind receives impressions containing the embryo seeds of knowledge dear to the inhabitants of Heaven; in his oppressed and sorrowing mind, a thousand virtues will one day spring up, and amongst them, that which crowns all—the gentlest—the most sublime—the fulfilment of the law—the perfection of humanity, namely, *that holy love* which extends to all beings, and embraces even one's enemy. And that enemy, covered with the wounds which vice has inflicted on his moral nature, will one day rise from his degradation; his punishment is but the delay of happiness: he travels by a steep, thorny, and winding road, which recedes from Heaven, and nevertheless leads to it. In the order established by Supreme Wisdom, perversity engenders misery; misery gives birth to repentance; the fruit of repentance is virtue; that of virtue is happiness; and in the bosom of happiness arises a virtue increasing in purity and sublimity. Every earthly discord is changed into divine harmony, and every complaint into a hymn of joy.

Seized with the holy tremor announcing the presence of God, Las-Casas attentively listened to the angel, and became acquainted with the mysteries of Divine love. At this moment a veil seemed to fall from his eyes. The darkness of ignorance, with all its horrible phantoms, sud-

denly vanished ; the day seemed to break to him on the eternal world, and to disclose to him all its secrets ; the light arose, pure, serene, and brilliant, and an ecstasy of joy announced its approach. Still, however, every fibre of the old man trembled with grief and compassion ; his joy was mingled with sorrow, and tears flowed from his eyes. " Oh, Thou !" he exclaimed, falling on his knees, and raising his eyes and hands toward the Sanctuary—" Oh, Thou whom I sought in my childhood, and who now revealest thyself to me, such as thou art, all grace, all mercy, all love !—my Father, and not my Judge ; the Father of all thy creatures—the Father of these numberless worlds, the work of thy hands !.... Thou who hast raised a rich harvest of salvation, even where my ignorance had planted the seeds of ruin ;—who makest me feel in my inmost soul, that to belong to thee is happiness, and to see thy greatness is the summit of bliss ; Thou who rewardest me with ecstasies of joy for the mere will to do good—Alas ! for the mere will, with powerless efforts to effect it !—Thou who hast ordained that even errors should be transformed into new and fertile sources of bliss ;—Supreme, incomparable Being !..... But I can no longer regard thee ; my soul sinks !"—His tongue now became mute. The angel extened his hand toward him, and with a look beaming with Divine love, pressed him to his bosom, and said, " My brother !....."

Here Las-Casas awoke. On raising his eyes, he beheld his terrestrial angel, his faithful guardian, who had approached his bed-side to listen whether he still breathed. He attempted to speak ; he wished to describe the happiness he had experienced ; but his eye-lids closed, his head sank on his pillow, and his limbs were already stiffened by the icy hand of Death. The pious monk, in an agony of grief, kissed his cold

forehead, and bathed it with tears. Then clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to Heaven, he prayed that his own death might resemble that of his venerable friend ;—for Las-Casas had gently yielded up his breath like a child on its mother's bosom ; and the peace of Heaven still smiled on his countenance amid the shades of death.

[We translate from the *Biographie des Hommes Vivans* the following sketch of the life of Botta, the author of the history of our Revolution, of which the first volume of a translation, from the pen of Mr. G. A. Otis, has just appeared in Philadelphia.]—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

Charles Joseph William Botta, born at St. George, in Piedmont, in 1776, studied medicine at the university of Turin, devoted himself to the subject of botany, and made good progress in that study. Having made himself an object of notice, as a partisan of the French revolution, he was arrested by order of the King of Sardinia, in 1792, and was confined till 1794. On being set at liberty, he repaired to France, and was employed as a physician in the army of the Alps, and afterwards in that of Italy. It was at this time, that he composed a work of some extent, containing the project of a government for Lombardy. At the close of 1798, he was sent to the Isles of the Levant, with the division which Bonaparte had detached to that quarter. Returned to Italy, he published a description of the Isle of Corfu, and the diseases that prevailed there during his residence, in two volumes 8vo. In the year VII. General Joubert appointed him a member of the provisory government of Piedmont. This government having been dissolved on the arrival of the Commissioner, M. Musset, M. Botta was made a member of the administration for the department of the Eridan. On the invasion of the Austrian and Russian troops, he retired

again to France. The minister of war, Bernadotte, intended him again as physician of the army of the Alps; and after the battle of Marengo, the commanding general of the army of reserve appointed him a member of the Consulta of Piedmont. At the beginning of 1801, he was a member of the executive commission, and afterwards of the council of general administration, for the 27th military division. M. Botta was also a member of the deputation which was sent to Paris in 1803, with the thanks of the Piedmontese, for their union to France. On this occasion, he published at Paris "An Historical Sketch of the House of Savoy and of Piedmont," 8vo. 128 pp. Immediately on the union, he was chosen member of the legislative assembly for the department of the Doire; and in 1808, was chosen vice president of that body. He was re-elected to the chamber in 1809, and was a candidate for the questorship. The emperor granted him the decoration of the Order of the Union. April 3, 1814, he adhered to the expulsion of Bonaparte and of his family. The 8th, he assented to the constitutional act, which recalled the Bourbons to the throne of France; but he ceased to be a member of the legislative assembly, on the separation of Piedmont from France. On the return of Bonaparte in 1815, he was appointed Rector of the Academy of Nanci; but he was deprived of this place on the return of the king. Besides the works which we have mentioned, he has published, 1st, at Turin, in 1801, an Italian translation of the work of Ignatius de Born. 2d, A Memoir on the Brunonian System, 1800, 8vo. 3d, Recollections of a Journey in Dalmatia, 1812. 4th, A Memoir on the nature of Tones and Sounds, in the transactions of the Academy of Turin. 5th, The History of the War of the Revolution in America, 8vo. 4 vols. 1810, which has been translated into French by M. Sevelinges. [This is

the work of which Mr. Otis has begun the translation.] 6th, Camillus, or the Conquest of Veii, an epic poem in 12 cantos, Paris, 1816: a work which has received the commendations of the journals. M. Botta has furnished several articles for the Biographie Universelle, among others, that of *John Adams*. [It is not much to the praise of the *Historian of the American Revolution*, that, in common with the minor biographical dictionaries, he has represented our illustrious citizen, President Adams, as having been several years dead; and gives him an age at the time of his supposed death which does not correspond with his birth, as previously stated in the article.]

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

[The following is taken from "Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings."]

ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.

Brussels, 1816.

Going, yesterday, with Frimont, into a coffee-house in this city, he desired me to observe four men who were sitting at a table near us; they were talking very loud of the kings of Europe, and showed very small respect for those wise sovereigns. According to them, one was a tyrant, another a despot, a third an ungrateful blockhead, and a fourth a swindler. Astonished at such language, I asked an explanation. "The first," says Frimont, "whose eyes roll so wildly, and who is now spitting on the floor, was one of the main promoters of the resistance to Bonaparte at Madrid: he was wounded five times in the cause of Ferdinand, and would now have been in his prison in chains had he not made a timely escape; his crime consisted in making a speech against the inquisition. The next is a Frenchman, who distinguished him-

self in overturning Bonaparte in 1815; he was rewarded and caressed at first by the Bourbons, and remained quiet, till he was banished by the amnesty law, for his behaviour in 1792. The next was active in organizing the societies in Prussia, which liberated the country, and secured the throne to the present king; but having been an object of suspicion ever since, he is come here to publish a work on the extinction of the military spirit in Europe. The fourth is a hair-dresser, who was a favourite of one of the deposed Napoleon queens."

"Well," said I, "it is then no wonder they do not like their sovereigns; but, see, there are a party of gentlemen decorated with orders: amongst them, as Christian knights, truth, constancy, valour, and generosity may be expected to prevail. Let us hear what they say."—My friend smiled; but, heedless of him, I joined the company, and heard the most enthusiastic praises of all that every government had done, was doing, or was going to do: they did not even omit to speak of the Dey of Algiers with the respect due to a crowned head; and one of them was very eloquent on the legitimate imperial race of China. My friend hinted to me to ask their names; accordingly I inquired of my neighbour the name of the gentleman sitting opposite, who, no doubt, from his large star, must be a person of merit. "You are right," said he, "in general, to suppose an order is the reward of merit, as it is in my own case; but that gentleman is a Genoese of great fortune, who having been a sad democrat, left his party in order to obtain that star from the King of Sardinia." I soon left this side of the table, and went over to the Genoese, to inquire concerning my former neighbour. "Indeed," said he, "he is a wretched fellow: he was formerly a man of science in France, and distinguished for that kind of thing; but now he pretends to live with *gens comme il*

faut, and in order to do it, got that decoration for abusing Bonaparte, who was a favourer of science, and praising the Bourbons, who discourage it: I wonder they give their orders to any but men of rank and fortune."

The next name I inquired, I was told "the gentleman is a member of the Belgian chamber of deputies. He ran away at the battle of Waterloo, but obtained that cross for voting in favour of Holland, against his native country."

Tired of such characters, I took up my hat.—"You now see," said my friend, as we were going away, "that orders are not always the reward of merit, and even are sometimes given to cover the want of it. We are apt to despise the South-sea islanders for exchanging their pigs and yams, for beads and red cloth; but you see that, for stars and ribands, red, green and blue, the Europeans will truck their fortune, their character, and even their liberty."

[The work from which the above is extracted, is now in the press in this city, and will, we understand, be published in a few days. It is thus spoken of in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August:]

"Another little volume, published in London this spring, which we think is pretty sure to survive the mass of new books thrown out for the diversion of the reading public, is entitled "Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings." We have seldom perused any similar volume with higher pleasure. It is written throughout with great facility and elegance, and bears every where indubitable marks of an upright and honourable mind, richly cultivated both by study and travel. The author is evidently both a gentleman and a scholar, and the only thing we have any objection to about him is that he is a *WHIG*. We rather think that we trace some

resemblance between his style, both of writing and thinking, and that of a certain little book "On the Faults of English Manners," which we reviewed a good many months ago. But in this we may be mistaken, not having at present that interesting work at hand for the purpose of comparison."

[The London New Monthly Magazine remarks:]

"These Sketches are by a masterly hand, and comprehend an extensive view of society, while they evince a thorough knowledge of fashionable life. Among their numerous excellencies, we were much pleased with the author's views of the heartless civility and apathy of metropolitan society, as well as with his remarks on the improvement attained by travel."

[The following vivid description of degraded intellect is extracted from "The Hermit in the Country," written by the author of the Hermit in London. The work is now in press in this city. We have had an opportunity of slightly perusing it, and were much pleased with the beautiful moral stories it contains]

VISIT TO A PRIVATE MADHOUSE.

THERE are many who seem to possess souls full of sensibility, yet who are so alarmed at contemplating suffering humanity, that it is repulsive to them in every shape. Such persons, instead of truly sympathising with their fellow creatures, turn aside from their sufferings, and shut their eyes to every distressing scene, under the pretence that their exquisite feelings could not bear the shock. This, however, is the delusion of weak minds, and has no part in charity.

The man who visits the mansions of wo, who is eye-witness to the scenes of mourning which our prisons and our hospitals exhibit, will exercise his active benevolence with far more

effect than the retired philanthropist; or rather than he who assumes that name, contenting himself with the narrative of distress, and with alleviating it out of the superfluity of his fortune!

People in general fly from the abodes of misery, and satisfy themselves by sending pecuniary relief; where sympathising visits would really enhance the value of the offering, and would materially alter and amend the sad condition of the succoured person. There appears to me to be ten-fold more genuine benevolence in a personal visit to the prisoner, or the sick man, than there is in any donation short of entire relief.

I remember a poor officer who was confined a long time for debt. A rich companion visited him at first for three successive days; he then made a weekly look in upon him; at last he contented himself by writing to him, and by lending him a small sum of money. Another comrade, whose means were few, and who was reduced to half pay, on which he had to support a wife and family, joined his dinner on a Sunday to the scanty meal of his unfortunate acquaintance, and on every other day passed the evening with him, smoked his segar, drank his ale, and beguiled the lingering hours of captivity by his social converse, as well as by sending him the newspapers, and any amusing publication he could meet with.

The conduct of the rich man, and his gradual relinquishment of friendship and intimacy, pierced the sufferer's breast in the most acute manner; for, under such circumstances, a man is always jealous, his observing eye discerns a slight, in a moment, whilst his loss of freedom greatly increases the irritability of his mind. Such a man seems alone on earth, cut adrift from all mankind—under quarantine, deserted, avoided; nay, indeed, too often are such sufferers shunned like a contagious house. The charitable

heart and hand, therefore, which open to them, are hailed with gratitude's warmest blessing.

So was it with my friend. He never could consider his rich acquaintance as his friend again after his enlargement; whilst his poor sympathising visiter was to him, through life, more than a brother.

It is in like manner with a sick friend or dependent. How often we see the daily visit decline into a formal inquiry; and the excuses for such conduct are many and successful—such as the heat of the room, the lowness of spirits which such visits produce, not liking to see the person suffer, want of time, and so forth.

Such delicacy has never been my lot. I have invariably, unless in cases of infection, visited my sick companions, my servants, and the poor. I have also been a constant attendant upon any poor acquaintance whose misfortunes, or imprudence, had deprived of his liberty; and I have eaten a scanty meal under such circumstances with as much appetite as I could have had in feasting at a ministerial dinner; and, when in my power to administer comfort or relief, with ten times more real enjoyment.

Of all the houses of mourning, that to which poor unhappy mortals are sent under mental derangement is certainly the most gloomy, strikes the imagination with most horror, and is most repulsive to enter; yet has a visit to such an abode much utility in it, and it serves as a wholesome lesson to pride and incredulity; for who can enter the maniac's cell without putting up a fervent orison of thanksgiving to his Maker, who has not extinguished in him the intellectual ray—that spark whose loss make total darkness upon earth, and levels us with the brute creation? Who can quit such a mansion without having his heart and mind filled with religious awe, with salutary humility, with subdued ambition and pride,

with charity, with pity, and, above all, with gratitude?

Having never been backward, or scrupulous in visiting scenes of human distress, I was applied to, a short time ago, to accompany a person in a visit to a relation who was confined at some distance from London in a private madhouse. My acquaintance felt much aversion to this task, as he considered it; and it was with a view of rendering it less melancholy, that I was pitched upon as a companion. We found the unfortunate object of our inquiries in a lucid interval; and I was convinced that more frequent and kinder visits, a strict and frequent observance of the progress of returning reason, a fostering of the intellectual ray, an innocent diverting of the imagination, every possible diminution of the idea of madness, discipline, or confinement, would tend as much to the cure, as regimen, retirement and coercion, particularly when administered by those who may have an interest in detaining the sufferer.

On this occasion I studiously avoided every inquisitive look, all searching and prying expression, and above all, every thing like suspicion, drawing back, or gloom of countenance. I addressed the deranged person with the cheerfulness of an old acquaintance, and with the urbanity and confidence due to one possessing his mental faculties in undisturbed integrity. I also advised my companion to do the same; and I perceived the good effect of such conduct. A look of pity, though well meant, is a dagger to a diseased mind or body. Pity, like wit, should be wisely and dexterously, delicately and moderately used; else do both oftener wound than please—oftener injure than bring relief.

The case of the deranged person in question was by no means desperate; it was the effect of fever; and he recovered from it; but there was within the same walls, a female,

whose lovely form, interesting appearance, and sad story, harrowed up my heart. I shall give it as briefly as possible; for even now my bosom swells with an indescribable pang—the blood mounts up to my head—my mind is all indignation, and the sorrowful remembrance shakes my nerves to a degree of womanish weakness.

Passing an apartment next to that of the person whom we visited, I saw a young person, whose fine dark hair overshadowed a bosom of snow, fly across the room, and then hide herself in a corner, covering her dejected eyes with her lily hands. "Poor Ellen!" exclaimed the keeper: "that girl is to be pitied." At this moment, we heard her say, in a low, incoherent manner: "A man! a man!—Fie for shame! Out of doors with you! A disgrace to your family! For shame!—A man, vile, base, a murderer!" Here she paused, drew a deep sigh, and then repeated—"a murderer of woman's peace." I listened again, horror-struck; when, throwing herself on her knees, she whispered, "Spirits of gentleness and peace!—ye who inhabit the mansions where spring ever flourishes—where the sun's ray scorches not, and the cold, cold wind bites not, protect my tender babe, for she died in her innocence." I could bear the scene no longer: yet curiosity led me to inquire her history.

She was the seventh daughter of a poor lieutenant who had retired on a small pension for his wounds. She lived in the neighbourhood of a very rich man, who, for four successive years, had watched her growing beauties and attractions, and after using every artifice which the worst of minds could invent, and the basest heart could practise, succeeded at last in ruining her under a solemn promise of marriage. Time rolled on, and with it various pretexts and excuses for delay. At length her situation betrayed her shame; her

distracted father cast her from beneath his roof; and her infernal seducer at once denied his promise, and refused her an asylum. The fruits of this guilty flame, a lovely daughter, was taken from her by the desire of its monster-father, and was put in the Foundling Hospital, whilst the distracted mother was told that it had died.

Here her reason left her; nor has she ever regained one lucid moment since. Fixed and deep-rooted melancholy has seized upon her mind; it was now too late for her proud father to be reconciled; nor could the seducer of her innocence make reparation even if he were inclined. The former is no more. The latter still struts like prosperous vice, and holds a high place in society; yet murder is white to this. Let us dismiss the subject. Execrable villain! Alas, poor Ellen! often has thy faded form, thy wo-worn countenance, flitted, in a moment of solitude and reflection, before the fancy of

The Hermit in the Country.

NOCTES ATTICÆ.—REVERIES IN A GARRET.

Containing short and original remarks on men and books, &c. by Paul Ponder, Gent.

Nubes et inania captat.

ARCHITECTURE.

I remember an Italian author who proposes consigning his state rooms to the different virtues suiting the noble inhabitants and guests: chastity, temperance, honour, integrity, &c. Integrity lodges a prime minister, temperance a city alderman, and chastity a young widow of quality, &c. I fear this writer was somewhat of a wag, and required a delicate duty from the master of the mansion,

ANTIQUITIES.

Students in antiquarian researches

are valuable persons ; and should be considered as great law officers in the literary world : as they arrest the hand of oblivion, and prevent the ravages of time from injuring the views of future ages, in spite of the indignant exclamation of time on these useful and diligent purveyors for futurity.

Fox on't, says Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

To such valuable reporters we are much indebted, that as we grow old we do not subject ourselves to the bitter sarcasm of Junius, of being old men without the benefits of experience.

ADVICE AND CAUTION.

When old persons inveigh against the vanity and nonsense of the world in order to check the wishes and curiosity of young persons from making their experiments also, they remind me of the indifference with which a man hands a newspaper to his neighbour, after an hour's enjoyment of it, saying, "There's nothing in it, sir." The poet speaks more philosophical on this subject :

—For youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his tables and his weeds
Importing health and graveness.

Shakspeare's Hamlet.

HEALTH.

How many persons labour under lowness of spirits, from not being aware that a very slight medical aid would liberate them from these "blue devils." Were we all able to distinguish moral from physical evils, we should not so often talk of unhappiness, misery, &c. ; and it may be feared that many men have applied a pistol to their heads in a great agony of mind, when a few gentle cathartics would have restored them to cheerfulness and health.

FIELDING AND RICHARDSON.

Fielding, like a modern portrait-painter or statuary, made his characters resemble individuals. Richardson, on the contrary, painted from fancy, in imitation of the *beau ideal*, by which the statue or painting represented no real person, but a character made up of various excellent qualities from different persons, as in the exhibition of the superexcellent *Lais*. Fieldings's *Tom Jones* is an individual we often meet with in life ; *Sir Charles Grandison* an ideal excellence, and compiled from others—

"A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw."

DEMOSTHENES AND CICERO.

Many ingenious critics have puzzled themselves in making comparisons of the respective merits of these authors, when their difference is the more obvious subject of this discussion. Demosthenes might be compared to thunder and lightning, astonishing and terrifying the reader ; whilst the eloquence of the Roman orator might be illustrated by artificial fires, which are at once luminous, elegant, and amusive.

GIL BLAS AND DON QUIXOTE.

These very ingenious and diverting authors seem calculated to please readers of very different descriptions. I have observed that literary men are most delighted with *Don Quixote*, and men of the world with *Gil Blas*. Perhaps the preference of *Don Quixote* in the former may be ascribed to the sympathy which learned readers feel for the knight, whose aberrations of intellect originated from too intense an application to books of his own selection, and from whims which his own brain engendered.

(To be continued.)

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

MEMOIR OF SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART.
G. C. B. P. C. AND PRESIDENT OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

If to unite a love of science, personal activity, energy of mind, and a fortune commensurate with the pursuits of its possessor, be the best qualifications for a modern philosopher, we may safely aver that no individual of the present day possessed these requisites, in the aggregate, to a greater extent than the subject of our biography, whose recent loss will be felt by all the scientific world, but more especially by that learned and patriotic body over which he has presided for upwards of forty years, with a reputation throughout Europe, nay the universe, fully equal to that which he has maintained at home, in spite of the opposition of some of his coadjutors, the malevolence of others, and the poetical satires of one, who, with a refined taste for literature, and a genuine love of art, was unfortunately rather the *Thersites* than the *Juvenal* of his day.

Not even excepting the great Swedish Naturalist, it may with justice be asserted, that Sir Joseph Banks was the most active philosopher of modern times. For this he was peculiarly fitted by nature, not only in mental abilities, but in bodily powers. Tall and well formed in person, he bade defiance to fatigue; manly and expressive in countenance, he spoke confidence to his companions in enterprise; whilst his dignity and intelligence were ready passports to conciliation and friendship. Of latter years, indeed, old age and the gout, in some measure, checked his personal exertions; but his mind was ever active, as his purse was always open, for the cause of science.

His family is said to have been of noble Swedish extraction; and the first, of whom we find any account,

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was Simon Banke, who, in the reign of Edward III. married the daughter and heiress of — Caterton, of Newton, in Yorkshire. From him descended Robert Bankes, who, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. was an eminent attorney at Giggleswick; and whose sons distinguished themselves on the king's side in the civil wars. Since that period, Sir Joseph's ancestors have intermarried with the families of Frankland, Hancock, Whichcote, and Hodgkinson, of which latter the fortune was possessed and the name borne by his father, an estimable country gentleman, residing principally at his seat in Lincolnshire, Revesby Abbey, about 22 miles E. S. E. of Lincoln, and seated on high grounds amongst the fens, over which it has a most extensive prospect. This house is nearly on the site of a Cistercian monastery, which, at the dissolution, was granted to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, from whom it passed to the Burleighs, afterwards to the Howards of Berkshire, and from them it was purchased by an ancestor of the late possessor. There Sir Joseph, an only son, with one sister, was born on the 13th Dec. 1743.

His school education passed rapidly over, and he was sent to Oxford at a very early age, where he soon formed a strong attachment for natural history, a love for which was then spreading over Europe in consequence of the writings of Linnæus; and in that science he speedily displayed a great proficiency, in addition to the general pursuits of liberal knowledge. His ardent ambition, to distinguish himself as an active promoter of his favourite pursuit, soon began to manifest itself; and his collegiate course being completed at the early age of twenty, he nobly resolved to forego the parade of courts, the glitter of fashion, and the pleasures of a town life, for the investigation of Nature in her wildest haunts, and in her most inclement regions.

This was in 1763, when he left England on a transatlantic voyage to investigate, during a summer trip, the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, both of which, though frequented by fishermen, were then unknown, it may be said, to the philosophic world. In this pursuit he acquired, or improved, those habits of investigation excited by the contemplation of rare and novel objects; and he found his difficulties and dangers fully compensated by numerous additions to his cabinet of natural history: whilst those very difficulties, dangers, and deprivations, served to fit him for further exertions in the cause of science.

It were much to be wished that some literary friend of the venerable President may yet furnish to the world some account of this first expedition, from his papers. Even at the present moment, Labrador is very little known; except from some slight observations of the late Sir Roger Curtis, when a lieutenant in the navy; and more recently from the pen of the late Captain Cartwright, but who seems to have dedicated his time solely to hunting, or to the commercial details of a fishing establishment.

After his return, he became acquainted with the much-esteemed Dr. Solander, a Swedish gentleman, the pupil of Linnæus, who had recently visited London with strong letters of recommendation, which, in addition to his philosophical merit, soon procured him an appointment in the British Museum, then first established.

Thus occupied in various scientific pursuits until the year 1767, having previously become a member of the Royal Society, his desire for further investigation of new worlds was again excited by the plan proposed by that learned body, for observing the expected transit of Venus on some island of the South Sea groupes, then lately introduced to public notice by the recent voyages of Byron, Wallis,

and Carteret: part of a system of discovery and nautical research, instituted upon the most liberal and public-spirited principles by our late revered Sovereign, who was scarcely seated on his throne, when he determined to avail himself of the courage and abilities of British seamen, to set at rest for ever all the geographical doubts and theories of the learned world.

No sooner did Mr. Banks understand that the *Endeavour*, commanded by Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook, was equipping for her voyage, and intended to prosecute further discovery after the observation of the transit, than he determined to embark in the expedition, not only to satisfy a laudable curiosity, but also in the hope of enriching his native land with a tribute of knowledge from countries yet unknown, and on whose rude and uncultivated inhabitants he might bestow something that would render life of more value, by an acquaintance, though at first a limited one, with the arts and productions of Europe.

Speaking of Sir Joseph and his philosophical friend, Captain Cook himself says, "In this voyage I was accompanied by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander; the first, a gentleman of ample fortune; the other, an accomplished disciple of Linnæus: both of them distinguished in the learned world, for their extensive and accurate knowledge of natural history. These gentlemen, animated by the love of science, and by a desire to pursue their inquiries in the remote regions I was preparing to visit, desired permission to make the voyage with me. The Admiralty readily complied with a request that promised such advantage to the world of letters. They accordingly embarked with me, and participated in all the dangers and sufferings of our tedious and fatiguing navigation."

Mr. Banks, indeed, entered upon his preparations with a most gene-

rous spirit; providing himself with two draughts-men for landscape and figures, and for natural history, Messrs. Buchan and Parkinson, a secretary, and four servants, together with all the necessary books, instruments, &c.; whilst at the same time every convenience and accommodation were readily and liberally afforded by government. The Endeavour sailed from Plymouth Sound on the 26th of August, 1768; and even between the Lizard and Cape Finisterre, our philosophers commended their additions to natural history, not only investigating many marine animals, previously unknown to naturalists, but also discovering a bird, undescribed even by the accurate Linnæus, and evidently blown from the land, as it expired in Mr. Banks's hand, from apparent exhaustion. This new species of wag-tail Mr. Banks very appropriately called by the name of *motacilla velificans*, saying that none but sailors would venture on board a ship that was going round the world.

On their arrival at Madeira, Mr. Banks had the satisfaction of receiving permission for himself and Dr. Solander to search the island for natural curiosities, and to employ persons to take fish and gather shells, which time would not permit them to collect for themselves; a permission which the ignorant jealousy of the Portuguese only granted through the urgent solicitations of Mr. Cheap, the British consul.

Our limits forbid us to trace all Mr. Banks' observations on this interesting island, but we cannot omit the whimsical ignorance of the nuns of Santa Clara, who appear to have supposed that philosophers must be conjurers, inquiring of them, when on a visit to their grate, when it would thunder, whether a spring of fresh water were to be found within the walls of their convent, and several other questions equally absurd and extravagant; the philosophical si-

lence upon which, did not tend to raise our men of science high in their estimation.

Passing by Teneriffe, they proceeded towards the Cape de Verd Islands, Mr. Banks taking every opportunity of adding to his stores of natural history, both aquatic and aerial; and thence, crossing the Atlantic towards the coast of Brazil, they arrived at Rio Janeiro in November.

Here Mr. Banks' hopes and expectations were completely frustrated by the ignorant stupidity, and obstinate political jealousy of the Portuguese governor, who, understanding that there were men of science on board, not only refused them permission to reside on shore, but even to land from the ship. Even when they attempted to go on shore to pay a formal visit to the viceroy, they were prevented by the guard-boats; nor was Mr. Banks' own memorial on the subject attended with any better success.

In this dilemma, with a world of new creation before his eyes, and the very Tantalus of philosophy, his first resource was to send some of his servants on shore at break of day, who came off after dark in the evening with so many plants and insects, that he and Dr. Solander were induced to evade the vigilance of the guard-boats, and go on shore themselves the ensuing day; Dr. Solander getting admittance into the town in character of surgeon of the ship, at the request of a sick friar, where he received many marks of civility, whilst Mr. Banks got on shore in the country, but did not venture towards the city, as his objects of pursuit were in the fields and hedges, where he made considerable acquisitions.

It was understood, however, the next day, that the officers of government were making a strict search after some persons who had been on shore without permission, and accordingly our philosophers determin-

ed to remain on board, in preference to a Brazilian prison.

They sailed on the 7th of December; and no sooner had the guard-boat left them, than Mr. Banks most impatiently availed himself of the opportunity of examining the islands at the entrance of the bay, where he collected many species of rare plants, and a most brilliant variety of insects.

Proceeding toward the south, nature began to open upon them in her most gigantic attire. Beds of seaweed were met with, to which they gave the name of *Fucus Giganteus*, upwards of one hundred feet in length of stalk; and immense numbers of insects were caught blown off from the coast of Patagonia. Approaching Terra del Fuego, they passed through Straits Le Maire, where Lt. Cook afforded Mr. Banks every possible opportunity of making observations, sending him and his attendants on shore, and standing off and on with the ship when he could not anchor.

The Endeavour now put into Good Success Bay to wood and water, when many curious observations were made on the rude inhabitants of that wild district. Whilst lying there, Mr. Banks and his companions had nearly perished, in an excursion to the mountains in search of plants. Mistaking their route on their return, in a snow storm, though then the middle of summer in that hemisphere, they were first checked in their progress by Mr. Buchan falling into a fit, which forced them into a chain of circumstances that led to their passing the night upon a woody mountain, exposed to cold, hunger, and fatigue, under which a seaman and a black servant of Mr. Banks expired; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Solander was saved. During the whole of this trying scene, the activity, spirit, and presence of mind of Mr. Banks, were most admirable; owing to which alone

did the whole party escape from perishing.

While passing round Cape Horn, and in their route to the north-west, Mr. Banks made great additions to the science of ornithology, he having himself killed no less than sixty-two birds in one day; and as they approached the immense, and then new, Archipelago of the South Sea Islands, the first land seen was discovered by his own servant, Peter Briscoe, to which, from its shape and appearance, was given the name of Lagoon Island. Running through a number of new islands, the recently-discovered land of Otaheite was seen on the 10th of April, 1769, the island to which they were directed to proceed for the observation of the transit which was to take place on the 3d of the ensuing June.

During his long residence amongst a newly-discovered people, lively, bold, and not half civilized, Mr. Banks distinguished himself much by his activity, good temper, and conciliatory manners, which tended much to the comfort and success of the expedition. He soon became a great favourite with the chiefs, and indeed with all ranks, as his leisure gave him more opportunities of cultivating their acquaintance and friendship than Cook could possibly spare from his professional avocations. He became, of course, the friend, the mediator, and the umpire upon all occasions of doubt and difficulty, which could not fail to occur in a situation so novel. With the ladies, too, he was a great favourite; and a whimsical scene once occurred upon a visit to one of the chiefs, whose wife, *Tomio*, the moment they sat down, did our philosopher the honour to place herself close by him, indeed on the same mat. Unfortunately the high-bred dame, like some of her sisters in our world of fashion, was not in the first bloom of her youth, nor did she exhibit any traits of ever having been a beauty; he therefore manifested no extraordinary gratitude

for those public marks of distinction : but seeing a very pretty girl in the crowd, and not adverting to the dignity of his noble companion, beckoned to her to come and sit by him. After a little coquetry, the girl complied, when, seated between his rival queens, he unfortunately paid all his attentions to the latter, loading her with beads and with every showy trifle that he thought would gratify her. This soon produced evident marks of disappointment in the countenance of his more elderly *chère amie*, yet she persevered in her civilities, assiduously supplying him with the milk of the cocoa nut, and such other dainties as were within her reach, evidently with the design of taking his heart or his trinkets, if not by storm, at least by saps, when this most ludicrous scene was hastily broken up by the ingenuity of the Baringtons and Soameses of the island, who had emptied the pockets of some of the gentlemen as dexterously as if they had been coming out from the Opera.

This produced considerable confusion, but was, however, at length got over by the judicious conduct of Mr. Banks, which led to the immediate recovery of the stolen goods. So strong indeed was his desire to avoid giving any offence to the natives, with whose customs they were then unacquainted, that when one of his draftsmen, Mr. Buchan, died, he declined bringing him on shore, and consented to his body being sunk in the offing, which was done with as much decency and solemnity as circumstances and situation would admit of.

The natives soon began to put such confidence in Mr. Banks, that as soon as his tent was set up in the little fortification constructed on Point Venus, one of the most powerful chiefs paid him a visit, bringing with him not only his wife and family, but the roof of a house, and materials for fitting it up, with furniture

and implements of various kinds, declaring his resolution to take up his residence there ; an instance of goodwill and confidence highly pleasing, which Mr. Banks used every means in his power to strengthen and improve.

Our philosophers were now busily employed in collecting and preserving such specimens of natural history, in various branches, as they could procure ; but in this pursuit they were much annoyed by flies and other insects, which not only covered the paper on which Mr. Parkinson, the natural history painter, was at work, but actually eat off the colour as fast as he could lay it on.

The voyagers were soon gratified by a visit from the well-known Queen Oberea, who then lived separate from her husband, and seemed determined to pay every possible attention to Mr. Banks, who, on one occasion, happened to catch her majesty in a little faux-pas ; for, proceeding not very early in the forenoon, to attend her drawing-room in her canoe, he popped unexpectedly into her bed-chamber under the awning ; and stepping in to call her up, a liberty which he thought he might take without any danger of giving offence, he discovered there, to his great astonishment, a handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty. Propriety, of course, induced him to retreat with some degree of haste and confusion ; but the lords of the bed-chamber and *dames d'honneur* immediately informed him, that such occurrences never excited the animadversions of tea-tables, or gave offence to the prudens, nor brought grist to Doctor's Commons, but were as universally known as the most *secret* arrangements of the same kind in European coteries. Indeed, the lady herself was so little affected by the *mal-adroit* discovery, that she arose and dressed with all expedition, and admitting Mr. Banks to her dressing room, as a mark of special grace, clothed him with her own royal hands in a suit of fine cloth, and pro-

ceeded with him to the tents, where she was received with all due respect and ceremony.

Mr. Banks became now the universal friend of all the natives of every rank. To him they applied in every emergency and distress; and on his assurances, on all occasions, they placed the most implicit confidence. This was of the highest consequence to the expedition, when a short time before the expected transit, the astronomical quadrant, which was then carried on shore for the first time, was stolen from the tents during the night. The loss of this instrument would have amounted nearly to the total failure of the object in view, and Mr. Banks, who, "upon such occasions declined neither labour nor risk, and who had more influence over the Indians than any" of the officers, determined to go into the woods in search of it, accompanied only by a midshipman and Mr. Green, the astronomer. After great fatigue and exertion, and with considerable presence of mind, as detailed in Hawkesworth's account of the voyage, the quadrant was happily recovered, and Mr. Banks had the satisfaction of displaying his zeal in favour, not only of science in general, but of a branch to which he was not attached by any personal predilection.

We might fill our pages with many whimsical anecdotes of the subject of our biography, during his visit to Otaheite, where he was prominent upon all occasions, but for these must refer the curious reader to Hawkesworth, particularly in regard to some adventures with *Oberoa*, which, after his return, prompted some wicked wit to write to him, or rather to *print* to him, a poetical epistle from that princess; an epistle attributed to the late Professor Person, though not correctly, as we have noticed in our biography of that gentleman.

When the day of observation arrived, Cook, in order to guard against disappointment from cloudy weather,

despatched a party in the long-boat to Eimeo, an island in the vicinity; Mr. Banks, in his indefatigable zeal for science, determined to accompany them, though it was certainly at that time, a service of some risk to go with so small a force amongst strangers. Such, however, was the confidence with which he himself had inspired the natives, that Tubourai Tamaide, one of the principal chiefs, together with his wife, readily accompanied the little party without fear or apprehension.

So ardent was Mr. Banks in the investigation of every thing novel or curious, that he actually consented to act a part in one of their funeral processions, since upon no other terms could he be permitted to witness it; he therefore officiated in this ceremony in the capacity of *Nineveh*; for which purpose he was striped of his European dress, and a small piece of cloth being tied round his middle, his body was smeared with charcoal and water as low as the shoulders, until it was as black as that of a negro. The same operation was performed upon several others, amongst whom were some ladies, who were reduced to a state as near to nakedness as himself; and thus they set forward, not as an European procession, with a crowd at their heels, but driving every body before them with terror and affright; when, after half an hour's marching in silence and solitude, the mourners were dismissed to wash themselves in the river, and to put on their customary apparel.

Preparing for their departure, Mr. Banks most sedulously employed himself in rendering to those gentle islanders all the services in his power; for which purpose he planted a great quantity of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees, which he had collected at Rio Janeiro, even at the risk of his personal liberty. Nor was his generous care unappreciated by the natives;

for having planted some of the melon seeds soon after his arrival, these had thriven so well that the islanders pointed them out to him with great satisfaction, importuning him for more seeds, which request, of course, he readily granted.

All ranks were justly partial to him ; but one individual became particularly attached, so much so indeed, that he determined to proceed to England in the ship. This was *Tupia*, who had been prime-minister to *Oberoa*, in her days of active sovereignty, when Captain Wallis was there, and who was also the chief *Tahowa*, or archbishop of the island, and consequently, a most interesting individual to bring to England, either for obtaining information respecting *Otaheite*, or for carrying back again the arts and knowledge of Europe.

For various scenes and anecdotes during their range through new-discovered lands, in their voyage from *Otaheite* to *New-Zealand*, we must refer to the printed account of the voyage itself, merely noting, that the name of Banks was given to an island on that coast by Cook, in lat. 43. 22. S. and lon. 186. 30. W. not very far distant from that point which is the antipodes of London.

After coasting the two islands which form *New-Zealand*, the voyagers proceeded toward the coast of *New-Holland*, to which part Cook gave the name of *New South Wales*, where Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander made so many botanical acquisitions in one bay, that the name of *Botany Bay* was given to it ; but *Port Jackson* they merely passed, so as to see that it was a harbour deserving of a name. Whilst running along the coast of *New-Holland*, they met with an accident which had nearly deprived Mr. Banks, and the world at large, of the fruits of all his labours ; for the ship having struck upon a coral reef, to the manifest risk of all their lives, of which there is a most interesting

account in *Hawkeaworth*, they afterwards got her into *Endeavour River*, where, on bringing her by the stern to get at the leak under the bows, the water in the limbers rushed aft into the bread room, where all his botanical collections were stowed, together with his other acquisitions in natural history, which were so completely wetted through, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could be restored.

From *New Holland* they visited *New Guinea*, proceeding thence through the *Indian Archipelago* to *Batavia*, where both Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander had nearly lost their lives from that unhealthy climate. There, too, to his inexpressible regret, he lost his *Otaheitan* friend, *Tupia*, whose superior intelligence and goodness of heart had endeared him to his patron. After visiting the *Cape of Good Hope* and *St. Helena*, the *Endeavour* anchored in the *Downs* on the 12th of June, 1771 ; and Mr. Banks had the pleasure of landing on his native shore, after an absence of three years all but two months.

Our enterprising philosopher was received on his return, by all ranks, with the most eager admiration and the utmost kindness ; and on the 10th of August, by his Majesty's express desire, Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, accompanied by Sir John Pringle, then President of the *Royal Society*, attended at *Richmond*, where they had the honour of a private royal interview, which lasted some hours. Indeed, neither of those distinguished naturalists had been unmindful of the predilection which he, whom we may now call the great father and patron of British science, had for botanical novelty ; and accordingly they had taken care to bring home a great many specimens for the royal gardens at *Kew*, which were most graciously received.

Amidst the display of philosophic admiration of the voyagers, there were still some envious individuals

who affected to despise their exertions and acquisitions. The younger Forster, who, with his father, accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage, seems to allude to this when he says—"The British legislature did not send out and liberally support my father as a naturalist, who was merely to bring home a collection of butterflies and dried plants." But this is the less deserving notice, as Forster was a professed grumbler, became afterwards an admirer of the rights of man, and through the exercise of those rights, lost his head somewhere in Germany.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Banks in London, he became entangled in a dispute with the relations of one of his draughtsmen, Sydney Parkinson, who had died in the course of the voyage, having been engaged at a salary of 80*l.* per annum, as natural history painter, for which he had shown considerable genius. Parkinson's friends seemed to have formed the most extravagant ideas respecting the property left by their young friend in general effects, curiosities, and drawings; and consequently they felt much disappointed, accusing Mr. Banks, by implication, of having unfairly taken possession of various articles, independently of drawings, which he claimed as the work of his own draughtsmen. But these charges, with the whole affair of the publication of Parkinson's account of the voyage, may be found in the preface to that book; but as much of it seems the result of passion and prejudice, no farther notice of it is necessary here; and indeed, Mr. Banks appears not to have considered himself as at all called on to offer any vindication in the affair.

Early in 1772 an expedition was prepared under the command of Captain Cook, to proceed in search of the so much talked of Southern Continent; in which Mr. Banks most

anxiously took a part, intending to perform the voyage; he prepared his establishment upon the most extensive scale, and was to be accompanied by Zoffany the painter, under his Majesty's express patronage. On this account orders were given by the Admiralty for fitting the ships out with every possible accommodation that Mr. Banks could desire; but the Resolution having sailed from Long Reach for Plymouth on the 10th of May, she was found so very crank, from the additional upper works, even in the smooth water of the river, as to be obliged to be carried into Sheerness to have the additional cabins cut away, with such other alterations as were necessary to make her sea-worthy. This, of course, struck at the very root of Mr. Bank's project, in curtailing him of the space and accommodation absolutely necessary for the establishment which he had formed; but so anxious were the Admiralty to do every thing possible for him, that the first Lord, the Earl of Sandwich, and Sir Hugh Palliser, actually went down to Sheerness to superintend the alterations, and to preserve things in such a state as to accommodate the man who was nobly resigning all the delights of polished society in the cause of science. It was impracticable, however, with any regard to the safety of the ship, and the success of the geographical objects of the expedition, to preserve the necessary accommodations; and Mr. Banks gave up his plans, though with great regret, and not before the early part of June, on the 11th of which month the Messrs. Forster were engaged to perform the voyage upon a smaller scale of preparation; during all which Mr. Banks most sedulously gave his best advice and assistance.

Disappointed in this expedition, Mr. Banks was prompted to engage in some other active research, and accordingly determined on a voyage to Iceland and the western islands of

Scotland; partly for the purpose of scientific observation, and, as Van Troil states, who accompanied him, in order to keep together and employ the draughtsmen, and other persons, whom he and Doctor Solander had engaged for the South Sea expedition.

The vessel which he hired for this voyage was engaged at 100*l.* per month; and the party was agreeably increased by Dr. James Lind of Edinburgh as astronomer, and the late Captain Gore, who accompanied Cook in his third voyage, then a Lieutenant; to which we may add, another Lieutenant of the navy, three draughtsmen, two writers, and seamen and servants, to the number of forty in all.

They sailed from the river in July, and called at Portsmouth, thence to Plymouth, and proceeded up St. George's Channel, meaning to call at the Isle of Man for the purpose of examining some Runic inscriptions; but the weather being unfavourable, they gave up the design, and pushed on for the Western Islands, visiting Oransay, Columbkil, Scarba, and Staffa, so remarkable for its basaltic columns, but till then, we may say, comparatively unknown. In fact, previous to this, Staffa had only been slightly mentioned by Buchanan; so that Mr. Banks had no idea or intention of stopping there, nor would he, had it not been that the strength of the tides obliged them to anchor, during the night, in the sound between the Isle of Mull and Morven, opposite to Drummen, the seat of Maclean, a Highland chieftan, who invited the travellers on shore to breakfast the next morning, when they received information of the pillars from Mr. Leach, who had visited them a few days before. Mr. Banks' desire for information could not resist the offer of that gentleman to accompany the party to Staffa, and accordingly they set off in the boats the same day, arriving at the

spot late in the evening, the distance being about nine leagues from their anchorage. For probable inconveniences they had well provided, having taken two day's provisions, and a small tent, in which they cooked their suppers and slept, in preference to taking up their abode in the only house on the island.

Having ordered their vessel to wait for them at Tobirmore, a very fine harbour on the Mull side, they joined her, after gratifying their curiosity by an accurate investigation, and proceeded on their voyage, which was now directed through seas hitherto unexplored by the eye of philosophic science.

They passed the Orkneys and Shetland islands without any particular investigation; being anxious to have the whole summer before them for the examination of Iceland, whose rocky coasts promised them great acquisitions in ichthyology; whilst its extensive plains, under the rapid and exuberant fertility of the northern hemisphere, would present a new scene in the botanical world.

On the 28th of August, 1772, they arrived off the coast of Iceland, and anchored near to Bassestedr; from whence they proceeded to investigate the natural curiosities of that extraordinary, and then little-known, island. Their journey to Mount Hecla occupied twelve days, the distance being considerable, and between three and four hundred miles of it being over an uninterrupted track of lava. Mr. Banks and his party, on the 24th of September, were the first that ever had reached the summit of that celebrated volcano; the attempt having until then been prevented, partly through superstition, and partly from the extreme difficulty of ascent, previous to an eruption which had taken place some time before.

Those who have a curiosity on this subject, may consult Van Troil's

Letters, from which we shall select only one extraordinary fact, that when at the summit, which was a space of ground about eight yards in breadth, and twenty in length, entirely free from snow, but the sand quite wet from the snow having recently melted away, they experienced at one and the same time a high degree of heat and cold; for in the air Fahrenheit's thermometer was constantly at 24° , yet when set on the ground, it rose to 153° .

After completely investigating every thing curious, they left Iceland, and arrived at Edinburgh in November, from whence they set off by land for London.

It is gratifying to reflect, that the inquiries of our scientific and benevolent fellow countryman were not confined to objects of natural history alone, in his hyperborean excursion. We understand that Iceland was considerably indebted to him, even after his return, for various benefits derived from his communications with, and representations to, the Danish government, in aid of extensive plans for the amelioration of many circumstances connected with the political and social state of its population.

The objects which Mr. Banks had in visiting foreign countries, seem not to have led him to the Continent; to him France and Italy had no peculiar charms: but content with his native home, yet anxious to embellish and improve it, he now passed his time principally in London, or at his paternal seat in Lincolnshire, surrounded by men of letters, and by persons of the first rank and fortune, corresponding with the most eminent foreign naturalists, attending sedulously to the meetings of the Royal Society, forming a splendid collection of natural curiosities, and, above all, dedicating his time and fortune to scientific benevolence, and judiciously applying the dis-

coveries of philosophy to the important uses of human life.

Sir John Pringle having retired from the office of President of the Royal Society in 1777, Mr. Banks was called to fill the vacant chair; upon the duties of which, however, he did not enter until the ensuing year, when his ample fortune enabled him, as his generous spirit prompted, to commence a system by which his house became, through a long series of years, a scene of hospitality, and of more than benevolent kindness, to genius of every country, and of every rank in society. His house was, in fact, the common resort of men of science from all parts of the world; and, upon Sunday evenings, in general, during the sitting of Parliament, and of the Royal Society, his apartments were open to his friends, and to all strangers of fair character; a decent appearance, and quiet, though not polished manners, being all that was required in addition to genius, to procure for it a liberal reception.

Indeed, the humblest votary of science found encouragement to resort there to enjoy a participation in the conversations, in a view of models, inventions, specimens, &c.; in ready access to his magnificent and extensive library, and multitudinous, yet select, collection of the curiosities of nature and of art. The value of such a boon may be judged of by the fact, that the *catalogue* alone amounted to four octavo volumes.

Yet his liberality at home, and his indefatigable attention to the public duties of the President's chair, could not secure him from the attacks of envy or of party spirit. But the assailants and the assailed are now in the dust; and neither our space nor our feelings will permit us to enter further upon the subject. Those who are fond of controversy may consult something that purports

to be a memoir of him in the "Public Characters," but we have too high a respect, both for him, and the leaders of his assailants, to render our pages the record of what we wish to be forgotten. As for the President himself, it has been well said, that he maintained his position firmly; and that he lived to behold that intimate union which ought ever to exist between the patrons and the votaries of learning, producing all the grace and all the power of such a combination, giving science a home in the courts of greatness, and alluring the honourable to win additional honours in the retirements of philosophy. The close attention which the President now paid to the duties of his station, induced him to select a rural retirement nearer to London than his seat in Lincolnshire, meaning also there to conduct various horticultural experiments with more convenience to himself, and to public advantage. For these purposes, he, in the year 1779, took a lease of the premises at Spring Grove, on Smalberry Green, from Elisha Biscoe, esq. who built it; and on the 29th of March in the same year, he married Dorothea, daughter and co-heiress of William Weston Hugesson, esq., of Provender, in the parish of Norton, county of Kent: her sister being the wife of Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart.

On the 24th of March, Mr., then Sir Joseph Banks, was elevated to the same honours; soon after which he was attacked by the well-known Peter Pindar, whose slipshod muse was as capable of adorning and of giving dignity to any subject, as of revelling in those which had already disgraced a Swift and a Pasquin. Like his gracious Monarch, however, Sir Joseph laughed at the witty, though virulent, poet, and never caught a butterfly less, notwithstanding the attack on the *Emperor of Morocco!*

Sir Joseph Banks now became a

distinguished leader in, and an assiduous patron of, all the public and patriotic societies of the day. His ready encouragement was given to Sir John Sinclair, in preparing and collecting the statistical account of Scotland. He was a member of the Board of Agriculture; patronized the breed of sheep; the drainage of the Fens; and was on all occasions the steady encourager both of gardening and husbandry; so that his various avocations only permitted him to reside on his paternal estate in Lincolnshire in the autumn of each year.

The proceedings of the African Association have now acquired so much interest, that it cannot be irrelevant to notice the active part which Sir Joseph took in their earliest institution. He was at that period member of a "Saturday's Club," which met at the St. Alban's Tavern, consisting, beside himself, of the late Earl of Galloway, the present Marquis of Hastings, General Conway, Sir Adam Ferguson, Sir William Fordyce, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Beaufoy, Mr. Stuart, the Bishop of Landaff, Lord Carysfort, and Sir John Sinclair. The different members had long been impressed with a desire to promote the investigation of African geography, and the civilization of African society; and on the 9th of June, 1788, being all present but the three last named members, they entered into various resolutions, preparatory to more active exertions: forming themselves into a society for that purpose, for three years, with a subscription of five guineas annually. From such a small beginning sprung up one of the most important associations of the present day.

Of the first committee of four, Sir Joseph was elected a member, on the same day, and their proceedings were soon in a state of activity; for which purpose Sir Joseph introduced to them the well-known enterprising adventurer Ledyard, who had just

then returned from an attempt to cross the Russian dominions to Kamtschatka and Northwest America on foot; for which purpose he had been liberally supplied with the pecuniary means by Sir Joseph himself.

With a heart beating with grateful loyalty, and warm with national patriotism, Sir Joseph still considered himself a citizen of the world in the cause of science, as he evinced in 1796, by most generous conduct, and which deserves particular mention.

The uncertainty of the fate of Peyrouse, the French navigator, had for some time interested the whole philosophical world, and the old French government and national assembly had sent out an expedition in search of him, under the command of D'Entrecasteaux, on board of which was embarked an ingenious naturalist, Labillardiere. During their absence, the revolution took place; D'Entrecasteaux also died, and was succeeded in the command by M. Dauribeau, who, hearing of the change of politics on their arrival at Jaffa, determined to hoist the white flag, a circumstance disagreeable to Labillardiere, and some others of the officers.

The Dutch were then at war with revolutionary France, and Labillardiere was given up to them as a prisoner, and his journals and collections taken possession of. He was afterwards permitted to go to the Isle of France, from whence he sailed for Europe, and arrived, in 1796; soon after which he received information that his collections of natural history had been sent to England. The French government immediately put in their claim for them, which was most generously seconded by Sir Joseph, with all the exertions, as Labillardiere acknowledges, "that were to have been expected from his known love for the sciences." In this he was successful, the British government feeling the

same liberal principles, and acting as they did afterwards on several similar occasions.

A life of such general advantage to the country, could not fail to merit the attention of his venerable and patriotic sovereign, who speedily selected him as an effective member of the Privy Council, and conferred upon him, in 1795, the red ribband of the Bath. Sir Joseph, however, took no part in politics, at least as a partizan; he had not even a seat in Parliament, notwithstanding his parliamentary connexion with Boston, as Recorder of that borough.

In 1804, he became active in forming the Horticultural Society, to which he was a contributor of several papers, explanatory of his mode of cultivating several scarce, yet useful productions, in his garden at Spring Grove, and also at Revesby Abbey; particularly his plan with respect to the American cranberry, the paper on which, in the Society's first volume, gives an interesting description of the garden and orchard at his suburban villa, where he expended large sums, though only a tenant, until 1808, when he purchased it in fee.

In 1817, Sir Joseph Banks had the misfortune to lose his sister, Sarah Sophia, a loss which he severely felt, as her amiable qualities, together with those of Lady Banks, had often rendered Spring Grove the favourite and familiar resort of royalty, not only before his late Majesty's unhappy illness, but afterwards.

During the latter years of a well-spent life, Sir Joseph laboured under an afflicting complaint, which in a great measure had so deprived him of the use of his lower extremities, that he was unable to take his accustomed exercise; but his spirits still supported him, and to the last he was the active patron of science and literature. In the month of April of the present year, however,

he found himself so totally unable to sustain the duties of his office at Somerset House, that he expressed a wish to resign; but this resignation the society were unwilling to accept of, and he continued to hold the office until his demise, which took place soon after, on the morning of the 19th of May, 1820, at his house in Soho-square.

We have not space to record the numerous instances which we could adduce of his liberal encouragement of science, of his benevolent attention to public and private charities, or of his generous hospitality. His last will displays his feelings toward his country, by the bequest of his library and collection to the British Museum. Dying without issue, his title is extinct; and his estates go to collateral connexions, after the death of the dowager.

We trust that public gratitude will do honour to him and to the country, by all that can now be done—*an appropriate monument*

[From the *New Monthly Magazine*.]

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

KOTZEBUE is known in our country chiefly as a dramatic writer, and even in that respect, as one more distinguished by his voluminousness, and a mawkish sensibility, which laid him open to every kind of ridicule, than by any other qualifications. His writings certainly form a kind of epoch in modern dramatic literature; and the representation of his pieces caused a sort of sentimental hysteric in the public, which, however, it grew ashamed of, upon more sober reflection, by finding that what it took for dignity was rant, and what it imagined to be pathos was silliness. Kotzebue's literary career was an extraordinary one;—it began early, it continued to the last moment of his existence; and though he

never produced any thing that could be said to cause an universal sensation, yet those effusions of his pen made up in number what they wanted in weight, and though each struck only a feeble blow, yet before the impression of it was gone off, another and another was produced, and thus the public mind was kept in a state of constant irritation by the rancour and abominable personalities in which he indulged himself, and which those who have hitherto been accustomed to think of him only as a dealer in lachrymals and soft speeches, will scarcely be able to reconcile to the idea they had before formed of his character. Kotzebue was, at an early age, imbued with a taste for reading by his mother, who, left a widow whilst yet in the very bloom of life, renounced all its gayeties to devote herself entirely to the instruction of her children. At six years old he could dwell with pleasure upon the story of Romeo and Juliet, the exploits of Don Quixote, and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. He was in love, and wrote poetry, at seven years old, and he was likewise at that tender age extremely devout; but he was cured of this species of enthusiasm by his tutor, who enforced upon him a rigorous attendance at church, and a noting down of the sermon as it was delivered. The destiny of man often turns upon an event apparently the result of mere accident. So it was with Kotzebue. An itinerant company of players came to Vienna, where he resided. One of his relations took him to see the "Death of Adam," by Klopstock, and from that moment he seems to have literally thought "all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The entire absorption of his faculties in his intense contemplation of the drama, his veneration for the persons of the performers, his own unwearied assiduity in getting up pieces for private representation, in which he would perform, by

turns, every character that might be wanting, are all related in a lively manner by his biographer, who, at the same time, attributes to the versatility of his personifications at this period, and the ease with which he adopted the most opposite sentiments of different writers, the corresponding versatility in political opinions, and inconsistency of ideas on moral and religious subjects, which disgraced him at a future period of life.

“ Nature had undoubtedly endowed him with considerable abilities and talents ; but they were obscured by his excessive vanity. He soon lost the finest bloom of youth—innocence, simplicity, and purity of heart. His mind was not stimulated by the wild pranks and gay thoughtless tricks of boys ; he was a stranger to the sports of youth, which by absorbing the faculties for a time, give them a greater elasticity. Human life, not as it is, but as it appears in good and bad comedies, and in marvellous tales and novels—amorous declarations tendered to grown-up young ladies, who provoked the youth in order to laugh at him—family circles that were amused by his errors, and an idle striving to feed his overweening vanity on such unhallowed grounds—these were the delusions under which Kotzebue reached the age of youth.” Thus distinguished solely for his early licentiousness, and a quickness disgraced by obscenity and scurrility, he was forced to leave Weimar in his sixteenth year, in order to avoid the unpleasant consequences of a most shameless lampoon, replete with immoralities. From this time his whole life was a scene of literary scribbling and disputation. Even his theatrical pieces were made the vehicles of private scandal ;—he introduced the worthiest characters upon the stage, in order to hold up their peculiarities to ridicule ; he unfolded the most important family secrets to public view, and drove the sensitive and

high-minded to despair, by making them subjects of scorn. The fecundity of his pen was a general curse ; he took the management of several periodical and critical works into his own hands, and disgraced them all by his virulence.

The same conduct naturally producing the same consequences, Kotzebue was compelled to take refuge in Russia, from the indignation of his countrymen. In that country he was much caressed, and among other appointments, was made governor of the German theatre at Petersburg ; he made an honourable marriage, was loaded with distinctions, lived among players, and might be regarded as at the very acmé of human felicity, according to his perceptions of what it consisted in, had he not, unfortunately for himself, about this period, made the same discovery that Solomon had made before him, that all was “ vanity and vexation of spirit.” He therefore fell into deep melancholy. From this state, as real sufferings always cure imaginary ones, he was roused by the death of his wife, whom he professed to idolize ; and after having vented a part of his grief in an account of his wife’s last illness and departing moments, written with about as little taste, feeling, or delicacy, as Mr. Godwin displayed on a similar subject, he went to Paris to dissipate the remainder.

Toward the end of the year 1790, shortly before Kotzebue quitted Paris, a pamphlet was published in Germany, which involved him, as its author, in very serious embarrassments, and rendered all his subsequent efforts to obtain a consideration founded on moral worth absolutely unavailing. It was entitled “ Doctor Bahrtdt with the Brass Forehead, or the German Association against Zimmerman. A Play, in four acts, by Baron Knigge, 1790.” This Zimmerman was the celebrated physician of Hanover, more especi-

ally known in this country by his *Essay on Solitude*. Kotzebue had become intimate with him at Pymont, and this play was set forth in the dedication, as being intended to avenge him against his many literary enemies. The *dramatis personæ* were all men much respected in Germany, and whose literary fame was far from being confined to their own country. In the first act they are represented as meeting at Bahrdt's country seat, near Halle, in Saxony, and entering into a league against Zimmerman, which they seal with a solemn oath; the remainder of the piece is taken up with declarations from each of the conspirators, respecting the mode of attack proper to be adopted, and it is concluded by a mock apotheosis, of Doctor Bahrdt and his accomplices, which sets all decency at defiance. It would be difficult to conceive a more impudent, scandalous, and malicious production. Aristophanes himself might have been ashamed of it; and to add to its atrocity, the name which was falsely introduced in the title-page as its author, was that of a man who was universally esteemed, both as a writer and as holding an honourable situation in the state. At that very time he was on bad terms with Zimmerman, who had unjustly accused him of entertaining reprehensible political opinions, and who had had an action for defamation brought against him in consequence. To most persons, therefore, it appeared highly improbable that Knigge should take upon him the task of chastising this imaginary junto of Zimmerman's enemies; for, after all, it was only in the imagination of the author that such a junto ever existed. But others thought, or affected to think, that he assumed the mask of generosity in order to wound Zimmerman more severely in this secret manner. "Whilst public indignation was every where roused, and the

police of several states interfering to stop the circulation of this atrocious libel, the Regency of Hanover felt itself particularly compelled to take every possible step for the discovery of the audacious libeller. Klockenburgh, who was at the head of the police in Hanover, enjoyed the esteem of his superiors, and the confidence of his fellow citizens, and lived on the best terms with Zimmerman, against whom he never wrote a syllable. In this farce he was, however, ranked among his enemies, and accused of the most odious vices. This imputation distressed him to such a degree, that he lost his senses, and died in a state of insanity. Several persons were suspected. Zimmerman himself was considered as the author, but generally absolved, on account of his known regard for morals and decency. Others still suspected Knigge, although it had been proved that the pamphlet had been printed without his knowledge and concurrence. Suspicions fell upon *Doctor Bahrdt*, at Halle; *Mauvillon*, at Brunswick; *Frederick Schultz*, at Mittau, and others; but none upon the real author. Many innocent individuals were involved in the affair, exposed to judicial proceedings, and disturbed in their domestic peace." At length, in the midst of all this ferment, Kotzebue was discovered to be the author, and stood before the public, loaded with infamy, amidst a tissue of the meanest falsehoods, and the most revolting hypocrisy. By the most servile flattery to Catherine of Russia, he averted the punishment which hung over his head, and which he so richly deserved. But from that moment the public withdrew its esteem from him, and though the sarcastic, and sometimes humorous wit of his comedies, continued to excite a laugh among those who either read or witnessed the performance of them, the name of their author was never more pro-

nounced, except with the utmost contempt.

It is not our intention to follow Kotzebue through the remainder of his life, clouded as it was by the disgrace under which he laboured. One of the most important events of it, viz. his banishment into Siberia, by order of the emperor Paul, he has already made known to the public in a very minute account, entitled, in his usual spirit of egotism, "*The most memorable year of my life.*" After his return from his dreary exile, he took up his residence at Berlin, where the natural compassion excited by his sufferings caused him to be received in society with somewhat more of outward respect than had been shown to him of later years. Here he increased his literary assiduity, but not his literary prudence. It was at that moment a peculiar epoch for Germany. In the cause of liberty all her leading states had combined together against the gigantic encroachments of the French, then extending even into Russia. Kotzebue fanned the sacred flame, by which every breast seemed animated with his utmost breath, and put the whole strength of his facility and practice into the Russo-German weekly journal, which he began to publish in April, 1813, one month after the Russians had driven the French from Berlin. This journal obtained a wide circulation, not so much for its manner of treating the subjects it embraced, as that the subjects themselves were as dear as life itself to the Germans; and as it helped to spread favourable news, to excite pleasing hopes, and combat apprehensions, it was generally read and applauded, and most of all in those places where French spies were most anxiously watching to prevent its circulation. This journal lasted, however, only a few months. It closed with the armistice; and how were the feelings of his countrymen revolted when

they saw it succeeded, almost immediately afterwards, by a "*History of the German Empire,*" from the same author, in which all the opinions he had before professed to maintain were disavowed, and all the notions he had affected to venerate were held up to ridicule and censure! Immediately after the publication of this work, which drew down the deadliest rancour of his countrymen upon its author, Kotzebue was appointed by the Emperor Alexander, Russian Consul at Königsberg. Being afterwards sent on a sort of literary mission to his native country, he injudiciously enough took up his residence at Weimar; but when we consider that he was influenced, in so doing, by some of the most laudable feelings of the human heart, by attachment to his aged mother, and to the friends and relatives of his youth, we are ready to forgive him the imprudence of returning to a place, where, out of his own immediate family circle, he could expect to find only the enemies which he had been but too active in making for himself.

He remained at Weimar until the close of the year 1818, when he removed with his wife and children to Mannheim; where, on the 23d of March, 1819, he had a dagger plunged in his breast by a student of Jena, named Sand.

Kotzebue had passed the day in his usual manner. In the afternoon, at five o'clock, when his family was receiving a visit from a lady, he was informed that a young stranger wished to speak to him. He immediately went to the adjoining room, into which Sand had been ushered by the servant. At the end of a few minutes a piercing cry was heard. The servants hastened to the room, where they found their master on the floor, weltering in his blood. He was still wrestling with the stranger, who held with a firm hand the bloody dagger, with which

he had stabbed the unfortunate Kotzebue through the heart and lungs. Surrounded by his sorrowing family, Kotzebue, at the end of a very few moments, closed his eyes for ever. And whilst all was hurry and confusion, and a surgeon was sent for, Sand left the room, rushed down stairs, and reached the street, where he fell on his knees, and proclaimed, with a loud and sonorous voice, "The traitor is no more, my country is saved! I am his murderer! Thus must all traitors perish! Father in heaven! I thank thee, that thou hast allowed me to perform the deed!" At the same instant he tore his clothes open, turned the dagger against himself, and inflicted a deep wound in his breast. The multitude that crowded about him carried him half-dead to the hospital, where he was slowly cured of his wounds; and on the 20th of May, 1820, he was beheaded at six o'clock in the morning, in a plain between Manheim and Heidelberg.

We will conclude this article with the following account of the domestic habits of Kotzebue, from the volume before us.

Kotzebue was highly pleased with his residence at Berlin, but it did not agree with the health of his consort. As she was frequently indisposed, she attributed her indisposition to the climate; she saw no company, and devoted herself entirely to the care of her children, and to her domestic duties. Kotzebue, himself, had that attachment for his offspring which is so natural to human feelings. He delighted to see his children, but never attended to their education; this he committed to their mother and to strangers. When his sons grew up, he placed them in the military schools at Petersburg and Vienna. His daughters were brought up under the eyes of their mother. Kotzebue's great activity was confined to literary occupations, the stage, and company. It is not likely that he changed his mode of living

in the latter part of his life, as it was only by a constant adherence to it that he could find time for his inconceivably numerous literary productions. He generally rose before five o'clock in the morning, and smoking a pipe to his coffee, sat writing at his desk till eleven, when he received or paid visits, attended at rehearsals or reading of plays, or took an airing in his carriage. He used to dine soon after one, and rarely accepted of invitations to dinner, because he preferred dining with his family. After a short nap he resumed his seat at his writing table. The evening was devoted to the theatre, to company, or to his domestic circle. He was fond of passing the summer evenings in the open air; in the winter evenings he liked to play at cards. In every society he readily joined in the amusements of the company. He seldom sat up later than eleven o'clock. The pleasures of the table had great attractions for him, yet he desired not a variety of dishes, but well-dressed victuals. His rooms were elegantly furnished; he liked to see every thing about him wearing the appearance of good taste and elegance, and could be bitter in his censures for any neglect in this respect. A good economist of his time, he was not less economical in his expenses, without either avarice or covetousness. He was compassionate and charitable, were it only to keep every disagreeable impression at a distance. Though easily irritated, he was not less easily reconciled; and whoever had studiously observed him for a length of time, could not possibly hate him."

ON THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CHARACTER OF THE CORSICANS.

THE Corsicans in general are of the middle stature, rather spare than corpulent, and of a robust constitu-

tion. They bring with them into the world great irritability, and are susceptible of the most violent passions. Next to the indispensable necessities of life, the objects of their most ardent desire are arms. The Corsican will deny himself every enjoyment, and even sell his horses and cattle, to obtain possession of a gun, pistols, and stiletto : the latter thenceforward becomes his constant companion, without which he never stirs abroad, and which he does not even put out of his hand, unless obliged by his occupations.

He lives in a state bordering on indigence, and is capable of enduring severe hardships. He bears with patience the inclemency of the weather and the fatigue of long marches. He is very courageous, extremely temperate, and seizes every opportunity of distinguishing himself. All these qualities, combined with the dexterity which he possesses in handling his weapons, fit him in a particular manner for the profession of a soldier. Accordingly, full one fifth of the population of the whole island is in military service on the continent.

The Corsican who has established a reputation for courage is respected, courted, desired in preference for a husband by the young females, and imitated by the youth of his own sex. But by this very reputation, so highly flattering to his vanity, he is exposed to inevitable dangers. He is often necessitated, if he will preserve his honour untainted, to encounter persons as bold as himself, and either to take the life of his antagonist, or to sacrifice his own.

What particularly contributes to cherish a martial spirit in the Corsicans is a kind of exhibition called *Moresca*, which consists in a mock fight, and to which both men and women resort in great numbers from various parts of the island. Challenges and duels are connected with this spectacle, and the general engagement terminates in the defeat of the

party representing the enemies of the nation. Bodily strength also is considered in Corsica as a high recommendation. Frequent challenges take place between those who are most distinguished for this quality ; and the vanquished, besides the disgrace of being beaten, often carry home with them contusions and injuries, of which they feel the effects all the rest of their lives.

Personal enmities furnish occasion for still more dreadful conflicts. If individuals have any disagreement on matters where interest is concerned, quarrels often ensue, which, as the disputants keep no bounds in their language, terminate in a fight with poniards. Sometimes also blood is spilled because a man, who conceives his own honour or that of his family insulted, has not been able to obtain satisfaction. When blood has once been shed, either justice hastens to punish the guilty, and then the animosity subsides, or she remains indifferent, and in this case fresh murders are required to afford satisfaction to the party which considers itself injured.

The personal feuds of the Corsicans are attended with fatal consequences ; for as they shun neither pain, nor danger, nor even death itself, they are prepared to endure any hardship, and to sacrifice every thing to the gratification of revenge. A Corsican who is deprived by assassination of a near relative, suffers his beard to grow, allows no fire to be kindled in his house, becomes melancholy and uneasy, and does not recover his serenity till he has found means to despatch the murderer. A Corsican will travel forty miles in a single day merely to reach a place through which his enemy has to pass. Here he will remain in ambush four successive days, and even longer, without sleeping, nay, sometimes without food, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Wo then be to the foe for whom he is ly-

ing in wait ! The wounds, inflicted with the rapidity of lightning the moment he appears, instantaneously extend him lifeless on the ground.

Mothers of families who lose their husbands by assassination, preserve their clothes till their children are grown up ; they then show to them the garments still stained with the blood of their fathers, whom they exhort them to avenge. In short, the character of the people is so constituted, and the power of prejudice so strong, that such unfortunate creatures, in order to save their honour, are compelled to become the murderers of their fathers' assassins, and to plunge, however reluctantly, into the most atrocious crimes.

Families involved in feuds of this kind must not, however, abandon themselves implicitly to the suggestions of their hatred : the public opinion, on the contrary, prescribes certain rules to be observed in such cases. Thus, for example, in the department of Liamone, when one hostile party has killed one more of its enemies than it has lost itself, its members must not, upon pain of disgracing themselves, despatch another individual, should even opportunity offer. It is not till their adversaries have committed fresh murders that they are justified in resorting to new assassinations.

Nevertheless, nature herself, by subjecting man to certain wants, will not permit the Corsicans, though at variance, to live in a state of permanent hostility. Through the mediation of spirited persons having numerous relations, truces are concluded in seed time and harvest. These persons are called *Parolenti*, mediators—and in their presence mutual enemies promise, upon their word of honour, to do one another no injury during a specified period. Such promises are almost without exception held sacred ; for, in the contrary case, the *Parolenti* repair with a numerous retinue to the residence of the party

who have violated their promise, and there exercise all the rights of sovereignty, burning the houses, laying waste the lands, nay even taking the lives of those who have broken the truce.

The Corsicans, like all the natives of southern regions, are ardent in love ; but the austerity of their manners operates as a strong check to this propensity. It is very rarely that a wife proves false to her husband, but still more rarely does a husband, in this case, suffer his wife to survive her guilt. A young female loses with her honour all hopes of a matrimonial alliance, unless it be with the author of her disgrace ; but wo to the latter if he should deem her unworthy to be his partner for life ! Her relatives, in this event, would resort to arms and pursue the seducer, till they had either put him to death, or driven him from his home.

The dowry of females is insignificant, for the fathers of families reserve, in a manner, their whole property for their sons. The ground of their predilection for the latter is, that they have to pass their whole lives with them, but only part of them with their daughters, who, when they have once quitted the paternal habitation, only visit their parents from time to time ; whereas the sons constantly remain near them, assist them in their labours, and nurse and attend them when they are overtaken by the infirmities of age.

The towns of Corsica are so small as scarcely to deserve that appellation. With a single exception, they are all situated on the sea-coast. The villages, on the other hand, are mostly built on elevated and not easily accessible spots. The houses have, at a distance, the appearance of citadels ; they are constructed of stone, with great solidity, having very thick walls, but few conveniences. Most of them have but a single hearth for making fire, which stands

in the centre of one of the rooms. The smoke serves in some parts of the island for drying chestnuts, which are spread upon wicker-work over the hearth. Relatives and neighbours are accustomed to pass the evenings together in the winter season. The news of the day, tales or narratives connected with the history of the country, form the subjects of their conversation and entertainment. Verses, and even long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, the sublimity of which captivates their imagination, are also frequently recited. The women, cowering in a corner of the room, are meanwhile engaged in the occupations of their sex. Their presence obliges the whole company to observe strict decorum in language and behaviour. On such occasions the party never breaks up without emptying a few bottles of wine.

With all their attachment to the Catholic religion, the inhabitants of Corsica are neither fanatics nor intolerant. The Jew, as well as the Protestant, nay even the Mahometan, if he conducts himself with propriety and does not ridicule their customs, is sure of an asylum and protection among them.

One of the most solemn festivals of the island is that of the *rogations*. On this day the country people quit their villages and repair in procession to the most elevated point of their fields, where the parish priest pronounces his blessing upon the produce of the earth, the whole congregation kneeling with the most profound devotion. When the prayers are finished, they return in the order in which they came to the church, where they find bundles of crosses, which they carry away and set up in different parts of their lands.

The festivals of the patron saints of their parish churches are also devoted by the Corsicans to piety and the effusions of the tenderest feelings. On these days both rich and poor make the best provision in their pow-

er for the entertainment of their guests, who are mostly allied to them by blood, as every person is then expected to dine with his nearest relative. Whoever deviates from this practice is considered as disgracing himself by being ashamed of his family. At such meetings of relatives and friends, all matters respecting the marriage of their children are invariably discussed.

There are among the Corsicans ministers of religion, who from the sanctity of their lives, are truly men of God, and who by means of their public sermons possess a powerful and extensive influence. These persons have inflamed many a mind with the love of virtue, converted many a villain into a good man, induced many to repair the wrongs they have done, and to restore goods which they have stolen, and extinguished in many a bosom the fury of the most rancorous animosity.

The people of Corsica have been in all ages celebrated for their hospitality. Strangers are received by them with great kindness; but they would feel affronted if money were offered them in payment for board and lodging. They are philanthropic, and fond of doing good, but without ostentation.

Notwithstanding their natural talent for eloquence, they speak little; but in what they say, there is sound sense, energy, and fancy. Owing to their character, they aspire to what is great; if they fail to attain it, this is frequently no fault of theirs, for we find, in fact, among these people no traces of the attempts which are said to have been made to diffuse knowledge among them. In the Corsican schools nothing is to be acquired but the very first and most indispensable rudiments. For want of the means of instruction, the more than common capacity of the young Corsican for the sciences and useful arts is doomed to sterility: if he would make any progress in them, his only

resource is a residence on the Continent, which is of course too expensive for his limited means. Among the few who are enabled to avail themselves of this advantage, the majority are sure to distinguish themselves; but as these are at length obliged to return into the bosom of their families, there to follow in obscurity the professions of physic or the law, emulation ceases, and the hopes which their early career justified, are soon extinguished.

Honour is the power that governs these islands with despotic sway. They would rather endure hunger and misery, than stoop to any occupation which they regard as degrading. There is no instance of a Corsican having performed the office of executioner; neither would one of them in his own country accept the situation of a menial servant; indeed, it is very rarely that they engage themselves in this capacity abroad.

The Corsicans have but few public diversions throughout the year. Their holidays are the religious festivals, which they spend in exercises of devotion. In plentiful years the carnival is always a very jovial time. The principal amusements at that season are, simple dances in the public places, accompanied by violins and guitars, masquerades, and public entertainments, at which the poor, seated beside the rich, forget their troubles amidst the good cheer furnished at the expense of the latter. On the last evening of the Carnival the Corsicans kindle a large bonfire, and seat themselves round it. One of the company appears dressed in the most grotesque manner. In this disguise he is called Zalambrina. Several persons join in singing a song, while others conduct the unmarried females of the place to Zolambrina, and offer them to him in marriage. He accepts all such as are young and of good character; the others he rejects with a pantomimic action, which never fails to ex-

cite the laughter of the spectators. The practice of bringing the young women before this kind of tribunal contributes to strengthen their sense of honour, and to encourage modesty and chastity, which are indeed their primary virtues.

When a newly married female is removing from the paternal home to that of the bridegroom, the inhabitants of the village are accustomed to escort her, and the cavalcade resembles a triumphal procession. Whoever is connected by consanguinity or friendship with the families between which the matrimonial alliance has been formed, repairs on horseback to the habitation of the bride. Salutes of musketry give the signal for departure, and the bride is led forth like a queen going to take possession of her throne. The firing of guns is continued until the procession reaches the village where the bridegroom resides, at the entrance of which it is welcomed with music and the discharge of guns. In the streets through which the bride has to pass, corn is strewed before her as an emblem of plenty, and expressive of the wish that she may find it in this her new home. It is of importance for all who join such a cavalcade to be well mounted. Those who are provided with the best horses, run a race with one another, to decide who shall arrive first at the house of the young couple. The fortunate victor is rewarded with a handsome ribbon, and a place at dinner next to the queen of the feast.

The poor man is consigned to the grave in silence and without parade; but the death of the rich is attended with more ceremony. Scarcely has he closed his eyes, when the event is announced by the bells of the parish church, which continue tolling the whole day. In the evening the family of the diseased provide a supper for such of his kindred and friends as remain in the house to sit up with the corpse. Next morning all the inha-

bitants of the village, of both sexes, repair to the house of the deceased, who lies upon a bed of state with his eyes turned towards heaven, and a crucifix in his hand. The women take their places round the corpse according to their degree of consanguinity, or the friendship which they entertained for the deceased. The cleverest of them stands at his head, and pronounces an extemporaneous poetical panegyric, which, delivered by a young and beautiful female, with an agreeable voice and in pathetic accents, often produces a profound impression on all present.

[In our June number we published a communication signed H, reviewing the annual address before the Medical Society of the State of New-York, by John Stearns, M. D. President of the Society. This drew forth a reply, by W., in No. 4; to which, in No. 5, H. responded. We were offered another communication on the subject, by W. which we declined inserting, for the obvious reason, that when a subject is discussed with acrimony, as this has been, it leads only to angry feelings, and never to the conviction of either party, nor benefit to the public. But in justice to the address, we insert the following remarks, taken from the *Montgomery Monitor*, that our readers may have an opportunity of knowing what has been said of it elsewhere:]

“*Dr. Stearns' Address.*—We beg leave to call the attention of our readers, and the public, to the very interesting address of Dr. Stearns, which we hope will be generally copied into the *Gazettes* of the day. It is a production of sterling merit:—and it breathes a strain of thought no less original than exalted—of sentiment, pure, holy, and sublime.”

[We cannot refrain from expressing our astonishment at some of our newspaper editors for polluting their columns by republishing the disgusting tirade of nonsense and degrading immorality which issues from the English presses, called the *Trial of the Queen of England*. The following just remarks are

extracted from the *London Literary Gazette* of the 2d of September.]

The deplorable trial of the Queen still proceeds, and the country is daily inundated with statements so polluting, that they must not only greatly disgust, but greatly corrupt the good feelings of Britain. No man of observation can look around him without being sensible that we are both a less pure, and less moral people, than when this odious business began. The grossest improprieties are publicly exhibited; and it is impossible to estimate the evil effects of this contagion, on private life. Generations yet unborn will have cause to remember the present epoch with sorrow. Since our last, several witnesses have sworn to circumstances of much personal depravity, and of some national disgrace.”

A second edition of the first four Numbers of the *Sketch Book* has been published by John Murray, Albemarle street, London. From this an inference may be drawn, that Mr. Walsh's *National Gazette*, of a late date, had not yet traversed the Atlantic, when the ship *Cortes* sailed from Liverpool.

Medallic Biography.—A subscription is opened for striking a hundred medals in bronze, silver, and gold, in honour of those men, in all countries, who have acquired the greatest real glory by the distinguished services they have rendered to society and to the world at large. H. M. the king of Sweden has subscribed nearly 5,000*l.* towards the completion of this undertaking.

Jacob Perkins, late of Philadelphia, America, but now residing at Austin Friars, London, Engineer, has obtained a patent in England, for certain improvements in the construction of fixed and portable pumps, such as pumps fixed for raising water from wells and other situations, or ships' pumps; or for portable pumps, which may be employed for garden-engines, or in engines for extinguishing fires, or other purposes.

VARIETIES.

*University of the State of New-York.
College of Physicians and Surgeons.*

The college of Physicians and Surgeons in the city of New-York, will commence their annual course of lectures for the ensuing winter session, on Monday, the 6th of November next, at the College in Barclay-street.

Dr. Hosack, on the Institutes and Practice of Medicine.

Dr. Macneven, on Chemistry.

Dr. Mitchell, on Botany and Materia Medica.

Dr. Post, on Anatomy and Physiology.

Dr. Hamersly, on the Clinical Practice of Medicine.

Dr. Mott, on the Principles and Practice of Surgery.

Dr. Francis, on Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children.

The fee to each professor does not exceed 15 dollars for each course of Lectures; and the lectures of professors holding joint professorships are considered but as one course.

By order,

SAMUEL BARD, M. D. *President.*

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D. *Recorder.*

** We understand, that within the last year, the Trustees of the College have materially enlarged the Library of this institution, and that there has been a considerable augmentation of the college in the natural history department.

Forgery of English Bank Notes.—A curious pamphlet has recently been published in Paris, entitled "Forgery of English Bank Notes." It reveals a crine, connected with the despotism of Napoleon, of so odious a nature that his warmest partizans will not surely attempt to justify it. M. Castel, the author of the pamphlet, established himself at Hamburg, with the French army, in the year 1810, and was employed to build sloops of war for the Imperial government. At the beginning of the year 1812, General Saunier, who then held a command in Hamburg, requested M. Castel to procure him money for English bank notes to the amount of 5000*l.* Castel, having occasion to travel to the Hans Towns, paid away some of the notes, amounting to about 2000*l.* These notes, however, on being remitted to England, were discovered to be forged, and M.

Castel was obliged to indemnify the persons to whom he had paid them. In the meanwhile General Saunier having set out for Russia, he had no means of making any demand on him. With regard to the other notes, which still remained in the hands of Castel, he received orders from d'Aubignos, director of the police at Hamburg, to deliver them up to him, which he did. Forged English bank notes, however, still continued to be circulated in the north of Germany. In the year 1813 an insurrection broke out in Hamburg, and Castel was obliged to fly to France. No sooner had he reached Paris, than he received a summons from the police. He confesses that he was at first so much alarmed that he dared not obey the summons; but a second order forced him to appear. Instead, however, of the rigid interrogatory which he says he dreaded, though he cannot tell why, he found a divisional officer, who politely addressed him as follows: "You will render the minister and me a most essential service, by stating exactly what sum you paid to General Saunier in exchange for the London bank notes." These words revived the spirits of poor Castel, who was almost dead with alarm. He gave the information that was required, taking care not to mention that the notes had been discovered to be forged, and that he had been obliged to pay the amount—such, he declares, was the terror with which Bonaparte's police inspired him. There is, however, reason to suppose that it was not fear alone that withheld him from speaking out: he probably wished to avoid being compromised in an affair, with the secret of which he was apparently acquainted, though in his pamphlet he positively affirms the contrary. He asserts that his dread of the Imperial police took such an effect on his mind, that he lost the use of his reason, and was treated as a lunatic for several months. During his mental disorder, he fancied he saw the officers of the police, with Savary at their head, passing under his window, to be led to execution. He called them swindlers, and ordered them to deliver up his bank notes. On his recovery the Imperial government no longer existed. The Royal authority had assumed its place. The unfortunate

merchant then resumed his courage, and on making some inquiries respecting the origin of the bank notes, he discovered a secret which, had it not been for the change of government, would in all probability never have been made known.

Under the Imperial régime a secret printing-office was established on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, in Paris. It was conducted by a man, who is now one of the richest printers in Paris, and it was under the immediate direction of Savary, the minister of police. All that was done in this printing-office is not known, but it is certain that the workmen, who did not themselves know what they were doing, were employed in forging Bank of England notes. Bonaparte had conceived this odious plan of circulating forged notes, in order to enrich himself, whilst he would at the same time ruin the trade and the Bank of England. He never bestowed a thought on the immorality of the action, or its destructive effects on the whole commercial world. It is a singular circumstance, that the inferior police had no knowledge of the printing establishment which was under the control of the high police; and one day the agents of the Paris prefect of police were on the point of forcing an entrance into the printing-office. A few powerful words, however, induced them immediately to depart. An agent of the high police had been sent to Hamburgh to circulate forged notes to the amount of 30,000*l.* The director-general of the police of that city, who had not been made acquainted with the secret, arrested the agent, and sent him to Paris; but, on his arrival there, he was immediately restored to liberty. Another agent was despatched to England in the summer of 1811; he was accompanied by a Hamburgh Jew. They visited London under the pretence of commercial business, and they circulated the forged notes which they brought with them. The fraud, however, was speedily detected, and measures were adopted for tracing the notes. The agent of the French police escaped, but the Jew was taken, found guilty, and hanged. The French agent, on landing in France, was suspected and put under arrest by the authorities on the coast; but no sooner was his name known in Paris than orders were immediately issued for his release. By way of reward, Savary appointed him to be contractor for the public gaming-houses.

After the restoration, some communication on the subject of these forgeries took place between the English and the French government. The Count de Blacas summoned Savary, and interrogated him respecting the business. It appears, from Castel's pamphlet, that Savary confessed the whole, observing that he had merely executed a measure of state, which his sovereign had ordered. M. Castel, however, adds, that Savary kept possession of the engraved copper-plates from which the notes were produced; and that in 1815, during the hundred days, and even since the battle of Waterloo, new notes have been printed from them, which are now in circulation, to the ruin of trade. Such is the substance of M. Castel's memoir. The accusations he prefers against Savary and the other agents of Bonaparte's police, are of the most odious description; but he relates facts so circumstantially, and quotes names and dates with so much correctness, that he has evidently been very careful in collecting his information. None of the persons thus accused have yet thought proper to publish a word in their own defence.

Important Geographical Discovery.—

An opinion of the existence of an Antarctic Continent has prevailed ever since the discovery of America rendered us more intimately acquainted with the figure of the earth; nor, when all the circumstances that led to it are considered, can it be called an unreasonable opinion. The vast quantity of floating ice in the higher southern latitudes, justly indicated its origin to be in fresh-water rivers and lakes, at no great distance. And again, the immense space of ocean in the southern hemisphere, in the absence of such a continent, led to an inference, that that beautiful arrangement and disposition of land and water, so conspicuous in the northern, was overlooked, and the equilibrium neglected in the southern hemisphere. In 1599 land was first discovered in this quarter by Dirck Gherritz, a Dutchman, who commanded one of a squadron of five ships that sailed from Rotterdam in 1598 for the East Indies, under orders to proceed by a western course, through the straits of Magalhanes, (or Magellan,) and across the South Sea. At that period the Dutch trade to India was in its infancy, for the first voyage actually performed by them to the continent of Asia sailed from

Holland in 1595, and proceeded by the Cape of Good Hope. The above five ships having been dispersed by bad weather, that which was commanded by Gherritz was driven to the south of the Straits, to 64 south latitude, where he saw a high country, with mountains, and covered with snow like the land of Norway. He ran about one hundred leagues along the coast of this new country; but discovery not being his object, he soon directed his course toward the coast of Chili. He, however, was captured by the Spaniards at Valparaiso. The whole of this voyage, which is detailed in Burney's History of Discoveries in the South Seas, is curious and interesting. The discovery of Gherritz is noticed in Kitchen's Atlas, published in 1787, where the land is laid down as extending in a bay-formed shape for about two degrees from north-west to south-east. But the name of the Dutch navigator is in this map anglicized to Gerrard. Captain Cook failed in his endeavours to make out this land, and several other navigators have been equally unsuccessful. But last year Mr. Smith, master of the brig William, of Blythe, in Northumberland, and trading between the Rio Plata and Chili, in endeavouring to facilitate his passage round Cape Horn, ran to a higher latitude than is usual in such voyages, and in latitude 62° 30', and 60° west longitude, discovered land. As circumstances did not then admit of a close examination, he deferred it till his return voyage to Valparaiso, during which, in February last, he ran in a westward direction along the coasts either of a continent or numerous islands, for two or three hundred miles, forming large bays, and abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. He took numerous soundings and bearings, draughts, and charts, of the coast; and, in short, did every thing that the most experienced navigator, despatched purposely for the object of making a survey, could do. He even landed, and in the usual manner, took possession of the country for his sovereign, and named his acquisition, "New South Shetland." The climate was temperate, the coast mountainous, apparently uninhabited, but not destitute of vegetation, as firs and pines were observable in many places; in short, the country had, upon the whole, the appearance of the coast of Norway. After having satisfied himself with every particular that time and circumstances per-

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mitted him to examine, he bore away to the north, and pursued his voyage.

On his arrival at Valparaiso, he communicated his discovery to Captain Sheriff, of his Majesty's ship *Andromache*, who happened to be there. Captain S. immediately felt the importance of the communication, and lost not a moment in making every arrangement for following it up; he immediately despatched the William, with officers from the *Andromache*, to ascertain the nature of the country. The ship has returned from this voyage, and on her arrival off the harbour, and making her report to Captain Searle, of the *Hyperion*, orders were given that no intercourse with the shore should be permitted. This has naturally led to the inference, that the discovery turns out to be important, and that this precaution is taken to prevent the interference or claim of any foreign nation, previous to the usual measures of taking possession in the name of his Britannic Majesty. The only draughtsman on the station, competent to perform the scientific part of the investigation, was Mr. Bone, a son of the distinguished artist of this name: he accordingly went in the William, and made the drawings of the coast, &c. Government is, it seems, fitting out an expedition for the new country, and several of the southern whalers have already sailed thither.

Discovery of the original Ossian's Poems.—The following extract is taken from a letter from Belfast, dated August 4:—"On opening a vault where stood the cloisters of the old Catholic Abbey, at Connor, founded by St. Patrick, the workmen discovered an oaken chest, of curious and ancient workmanship, whose contents, on being opened, proved to be a translation of the Bible into the Irish character, and several other manuscripts in that language. The box was immediately taken to the Minister of Connor, the Rev. Dr. Henry, who unfortunately did not understand the aboriginal language, and he sent it to Dr. Macdonald, of Belfast, who soon discovered the MSS. to be the original of the Poems of Ossian, written at Connor, by an Irish Friar, named Terence O'Neal, a branch of the now noble family of the Earl of O'Neal, of Shane's Castle, in the year 1463.

"The translation by Macpherson, the Scotchman, appears to be very imperfect; this is accounted for by the Scotch Gaelic poets having no character in

59

which to preserve their poems; they had, therefore, borrowed from the sister country. The Irish translation of the Poem, however, by Baron Harold, who dedicated the work to Edmund Burke, is nearer the original, for the wily Scot, Macpherson, to give them a greater air of antiquity, omitted all allusions to the religious subjects which the originals possess.

"The fixing of the scenes of the Poem at and round Connor, by the antiquarian Campbell, who travelled here a few years ago, gave rise to the digging and searching about the old Abbey and Castle, which has thus happily terminated in making, against his will, 'the Land of the Harp,' the birth-place of the author of the elegant Poems of Ossian. I conclude in the words of Smollet—'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!'"

The Hon. Richard Skinner is elected governor, and Wm. Caboon, Esq. lieutenant-governor, of the state of Vermont.

Dr. Daniel Osgood, of the city of Havana, has just published a letter, in a pamphlet of 70 or 80 pages, on the "*Yellow Fever of the West Indies*," addressed to Dr. Cyrus Perkins, of this city.

Missouri.—The first election in the state has resulted in the election of Alexander M'Nair as governor of the state, and John Scott as its representative in Congress, by large majorities. The total number of votes given in was nearly, if not quite, ten thousand.

An Ecclesiastical History, from the commencement of the Christian era to the present time, including a History of the American Churches, by the Rev. James Sabine, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Essex-street, Boston, has lately been published.

Literary.—Proposals are issued at Albany, for printing by subscription, "Travels in France and Italy, in 1817 and 1818, by the Rev. Wm. Berrian, an Assistant Minister in Trinity Church."

The loss in buildings at the late fire at Mobile, is estimated at \$40,000; of merchandize and other property, from 20 to \$25,000. About 100 bales of cotton were consumed.

The Salem Gazette contains a list of privateering vessels fitted out and chiefly owned in Salem and Beverly, from March to November, 1781. There were twenty-six ships, sixteen brigs, eight schooners,

and two sloops—total, 52, carrying 746 guns, and 3,940 men.

The Royal Board of Trade, &c. at Berlin, has ordered the auctioneers not to sell by auction any foreign productions or manufactures for the account of foreign owners; they are duly to inform themselves who is the proprietor of such goods, and if it is a foreigner, to refuse putting them up to sale.

The stem and stern of a large frigate have just been raised at our Navy-Yard, and almost every piece of live oak to be attached to her, is shaped to its place, and ready to be put up. The frigate is building on the spot recently occupied by the Ohio, 74.

Mr. Kean.—A letter from Mr. Bartley, now in London, has been lately received in this city, in which it is positively stated that Mr. Kean will shortly leave England for America.

A writer in the Kentucky Reporter, proposes to establish a communication between the East Indies and the mouth of the river Columbia. He proposes to apply to the General Government, not for the loan of money, for that is not wanted, but to incorporate an American fur company, "with leave to form a port of entry at the mouth of the Columbia, and to establish a chain of posts, and trading stations, from thence to the upper navigable waters of the Missouri." He asserts, "that within two years, they would have this plan in operation, and would begin a revolution in commerce, that would check the drain of gold and silver in the United States."

Generous Donations.—One hundred and sixty-five volumes of valuable books on theology, have been presented to the Episcopal Theological Seminary, at New-Haven, by some of the patriotic citizens of New-York; also, a splendid collection of the works of the ancient fathers, in 65 folio volumes, by gentlemen of the same city.—*Albany Gazette.*

British House of Peers.—Whole number, 371; viz. 6 Royal, 291 Lay, 26 Ecclesiastical, 16 Scotch, 28 Irish, (11 Minors, and 6 Roman Catholics.) There are 54 bachelors, 41 widowers, 237 married; 60 are childless, 218 have 1068 children. The Earl of Lindsay, aged 5, is the youngest peer; the Marquis of Drogheda, aged 90, the eldest. Lord Lansdowne is of the most ancient family

ennobled, (1181.) Lord Colchester is of the latest creation.

Compressibility of Water.—Mr. Perkins, the ingenious American inventor of the siderographic art, or of multiplying engraved impressions by transferring them from a hardened steel plate to soft steel, or copper, is said to have placed beyond a doubt the most important fact that water submitted to a pressure of 326 atmospheres is diminished in bulk about one twenty-ninth or 3 1-2 per cent.

General Post-Office.—The number of Post-offices of the United States is 4830, and the length of post roads is 71,522 miles. The amount of postage, for the year 1819, was \$1,204,680; the cost of transportation of the mail \$71,7843; and the compensation to postmasters 375,964 dollars.—*Nat. Intel.*

A table showing the number of Indians within the state of Ohio, exhibits the number of 2,408. We had no conception that the white population had so far expelled the Indians from the territory which was so lately all their own.—*Ib.*

Princeton College.—The anniversary commencement at this college was held on the 27th ult. The number of graduates was 43, and 16 were admitted to the degree of A. M.

The honorary degree of master of arts was conferred on the Rev. Jacob Green and Mr. Robert B. Croes, of Queens college; on the Rev. Jacob C. Baker, pastor of the Lutheran church at Germantown, Penn.; on Mr. George Waldburg, of Georgia; on Com. Charles Stewart, of the U. S. Navy; and on Lieut. Robert F. Stockton, also of the navy.

The honorary degree of doctor in divinity, was conferred on the Rev. Conrad Speece, of Virginia, on the Rev. George Burder, of London, and on the Rev. John Phillip, of the Cape of Good Hope.

The honorary degree of doctor of laws was conferred on the Hon. Robert G. Harper, of Maryland, and on William Johnson, Esq. of New-York.

Ceilings and Whitewashing.—A French chemist has recently discovered that from the starch of potatoes quite fresh, and washed but once, a fine size, by mixing with chalk, might be made. The stucco plasterers of this country have benefitted by the discovery, and they find that this kind of size is particularly useful for

ceilings and for whitewashing, being more durable in tenacity and whiteness, and not putrifying like animal size or exhaling any unwholesome odour.

The following receipt, published in the Watchman of the 31st of December last, we are informed, has proved generally successful on trial; as the disease of the tongue in cattle has again made its appearance, it may be useful to re-publish it.

Honey, saltpetre, and alum. One pint of honey to half an ounce of each of the other, boiled together. Rub it with a swab on the tongue. Oil of spike is also very good to rub with.—*Delaware Watchman.*

Sicily, which is the most fruitful island of Europe, and the largest in the Mediterranean, contains about 1,300,000 inhabitants. Under the Romans, it had, at least, 12,000,000. There are in Sicily nearly 30,000 priests. The nobility and clergy own almost all the land, and the peasants are in the most miserable condition. The nobility consists of 58 princes, 17 dukes, 37 marquises, 27 counts, and 79 barons. Agriculture, from not having been encouraged, has fallen into a state of complete degradation. The capital, Palermo, contained formerly more than 200,000 inhabitants. It now has not more than 130,000. The population of Messina is 80,000, of Catania 25,000, Gigenti 20,000, and Syracuse 15,000.

A report on the finances of the city of New-Orleans estimates the expenditures of the current year at 195,597 dollars, and the revenue at 167,130 dollars. The sources of revenue are, rents, 48,000 dollars; tavern and boarding-house licenses, 20,000 dollars; wharfage 23,245 dollars; real estate and slaves 16,000 dollars; notes for lots sold 42,727 dollars; duty on prisoners, 1,500 dollars.

Among the expenditures are, city watch 17,760 dollars; salary of Mayor, 4,000 dollars; clerk and other officers, 6,500 dollars; six police officers 6,000, dollars; two overseers of chained negroes, 720 dollars each; maintenance of chained negroes, 2,458 dollars; New-Orleans library, 27 dollars 50 cents; box at the theatre for the Mayor, 40 dollars; lighting the city, 9,310 dollars; cleaning, 5,997 dollars; printing, 1,237 dollars, &c.

Weight of great characters, Aug. 10, 1783.—Weight at the scales at West Point.

| | |
|----------------------|---------|
| Gen. Washington, | 209 lb. |
| Lincoln, | 225 |
| Knox, | 260 |
| Huntington, | 132 |
| Greaton, | 166 |
| Col. Swift, | 219 |
| Michael Jackson, | 252 |
| Henry Jackson, | 238 |
| Lt. Col. Huntington, | 232 |
| Cobb, | 182 |
| Humphreys, | 221 |

The above memorandum was found in the pocket book of a deceased officer of the Massachusetts line.

Curiosity respecting the form, physiognomy and stature of eminent men is universal. Biographers usually attempt to gratify their readers by detailing all such minute circumstances—yet who knows the weight of Gen. Bonaparte or the Duke of Wellington? Those who read their biography would be gratified to know the cubic inches, and exact dimensions, of the clay tenements occupied by such martial spirits.

The average weight of these eleven distinguished revolutionary officers is 214 lbs. and exceeds, we think, that of an equal number of any other nation.

Salem Gaz.

Vegetation in cold climates.—The following is a calendar of a Siberian or Lapland year.

| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Snow melts | June 22d. |
| Snow gone | July 1st. |
| Fields quite green | do 16th. |
| Plants at full growth | do 17th. |
| Plants in flower | do 25th. |
| Fruits ripe | Aug. 2d. |
| Plants shed their seed | do 10th. |
| Snow | do 18th. |

From August 18th to June 22, snow and ice. Thus it appears, that from their first emerging from the ground to the ripening of their seeds, the plants take but a month; and spring, summer, and autumn, are crowded into the short space of 58 days.

Indiana rapidly increases in population. At the recent election in that state, there were from sixteen to twenty thousand votes given in for Representatives to Congress, nine tenths of which were in favour of Mr. Hendricks.—*Nat. Int.*

About 25,000 to 30,000 bushels of potatoes were imported from England and

Ireland into this port during the last year, and sold on an average at more than double the price of those of domestic growth.

Patron of Industry.

It appears by an official statement, published at Alabama, that there were over twenty-seven millions of dollars due to the United States for Public Lands, sold at the Land offices in Mississippi and Alabama only.

The present population of Washington City is 13,322, having increased 5,114 in the last 10 years, being at a ratio of 6 per cent. per ann. The population of the whole district of Columbia, it is supposed, exceeds 30,000 souls.

The waters of the Ohio have fallen so low as to put a stop to much of its navigation. This circumstance, and the dullness of the times (says the Louisville Gazette) have occasioned the hauling up of 18 steam boats at Shippingsport and Portland.

The town of Waterford in Connecticut, it appears by the late enumeration, contains a population of 2240 souls—among whom are 29 persons, whose united ages amount to 2443 years, on an average of 85 years to each. The oldest among them is 97, and the youngest 79 years.

Georgetown, Sept. 2.

A large Shark, which measured upwards of twelve feet, was thrown up on the North Island beach. From the uncommon size of its stomach, some persons felt a curiosity to see the contents of it. On opening it, a very large turtle, upwards of 33 inches in length was found in it, together with several king crabs and other fish. The turtle was undigested and entire; and from the inflamed appearance of the intestines of the shark, we have but little doubt but that its death was occasioned by the exertion of the turtle, or rather by the friction produced by this exertion.

The Indiana Silver Mine.—A paragraph announcing the discovery of a Silver Mine in the state of Indiana, has been for some time circulating through the newspapers of the United States.—Within a few weeks specimens of the ore referred to, and a metallic mass, having nearly the colour of silver, have been brought to the Western Museum by different persons. The managers directed me to make an examination of both, and

publish the result; this I have done, and the products of analysis as well as the ore may be seen in the Museum. The ore is common galena, or sulphuret of lead, exactly similar to the mines of St. Genevieve; the metallic mass, said to have been extracted from the specimen of the same ore, was an artificial alloy of tin and copper, nearly in the proportions in which they exist in bell metal. As the examination was conducted with sufficient care to detect the smallest particle of silver, and as none was discovered, it seems to be a correct conclusion, that a fraud has been practised by some person for the purpose of speculation.

R. BEST, *Curator.*

Western Museum, Cincinnati, Aug. 31.

St. Louis, (Missouri) Aug. 23.—Arrived in town on Saturday, 19, Colonel Morgan, Captain Kearney, and Captain Pentland, of the U. S. army. These gentlemen, together with Captain Magee, left the Council Bluffs about six weeks ago, and went to the falls of St. Anthony. They describe the country between the Bluffs and the Falls as eminently beautiful, the prairie predominating, but covered with grass and weeds, indicating a rich soil, the face of the country undulating, the streams of water clear and rapid, and occasionally lakes of living water of several miles' circumference, embosomed in groves of timber, and edged with grass, and presenting the most delightful appearance in nature. They saw immense herds of buffaloes and elks, sometimes several thousand in a gang. Having missed their way, they fell on the Mississippi at Lake Papin, then went up the Falls. The garrison there was in good health and cheerful, and had fine gardens and a promising crop on hand. Descending the Mississippi, they also saw good crops at Prairie du Chain, and among the Indians which inhabit the borders of the river. They confirm the accounts of the fine gardens and crops at the Council Bluffs. Mr. Calhoun deserves well of the country for having instituted this system of cropping and gardening. It adds to the health, comfort, and cheerfulness of the men, and gives a certain subsistence to these remote posts. Major Bradford, who commands on the Arkansas, also arrived in town last week, and gives the most pleasing accounts of the comfort, health and cheerfulness of his garrison, and the

adequate supplies which they are deriving from their own labours.

Emigrants from the old country are daily arriving, in numbers far greater than has been witnessed any former years. On Monday last, the steam-boat Malsham brought up no less than 344, and on Wednesday the Car of Commerce arrived with 119 on board, making a total of 464 in two boats in the course of one week. It is fully expected, that before the end of the present season, there will be an addition of 12,000 souls to the population of the Canadas, and that increase formed of industrious robust characters from the old country, such as are well adapted to change our dark impervious forests into fertile fields.

All the Emigrants who arrived in the Commerce, have reached their destination in safety, and are now locating on their lands. The settlement consists of three townships, named Calhousie, Larnark, and Ramsay. The village is placed upon a fine stream of water named the Clyde.—*Canada paper.*

Lead Mines of Missouri.—Missouri is famed throughout Europe and America for the extent and value of her lead mines. She would be able to furnish all the U. States, the West-Indies, Mexico, and South America, with that article. In the mean time the United States are purchasing lead from England. About \$300,000 per annum, is usually paid by Americans to Englishmen for lead. Last year, however, it was about \$500,000. The difference of the policy pursued by the two nations is the cause of this state of things. In England, foreign lead pays a duty of 20l. 13s. 4d. sterling on every quantity of an 100l. worth imported; and the lead mines are private property. In America, foreign lead pays but little duty, and the mines are monopolized by the government.

A Perpetual Log or Sea Perambulator.—Robert Raines Baines, of Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, (Eng.) has invented a Perpetual Log, or Sea Perambulator. The object of this invention being to ascertain the rate of a ship's way, or going, at sea, with a greater degree of accuracy, and with much less trouble than it is at present performed. This is effected by means of a vane, composed of sails or flyers, similar to wind-mill sails, fixed on the stern-post of the vessel, near the

keel, so as to front the current of water made by the ship's way, which acts upon the sails or flyers as the wind does upon the windmill-sails. To this vane is connected a dial or index, by which the distance the vessel has made in a given time is shown or ascertained, and the time may be known by any of the usual means. And another machine of the same kind being placed below the keel, but parallel with the keel of the vessel, or by placing it in a hole through the stern-post, sufficiently large to admit the vane or fly, and at an angle of fifteen degrees (the angle on both sides being alike;) it will then show the lee-way the vessel has made in any given time, adding or deducting the tide or current, which are known, or may be known, by anchorage, and seen on the dial of the index of the machine for showing the ship's way.

Recession of the Magnetic Needle.—Colonel Beaufoy is induced to believe, from his magnetical observations, which are published in Thomson's "Annals," that the greatest variation of the compass has been attained, and that the needle is now slowly retrograding, and returning towards the north pole. In 1580, it pointed $11^{\circ} 15'$ east; in 1658, due north; since which time, until lately, its western declination has been increasing. During the last nine months of 1818, the variation gradually increased, and was in the morning, $24^{\circ} 37' 4''$ and at noon, $24^{\circ} 41' 20''$. It fluctuated during January, 1819, decreased in February, and again fluctuated in March. Since that time, the mean monthly variation has decreased continually; and Col. Beaufoy, therefore, places the maximum of western declination about the month of March, 1819.

Method of preserving Vessels.—An American ship, now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination, filled up again.

New-York State Arsenal.—It appears by a statement in the New-York Columbian, that this Arsenal, situated in Elm-street, contains arms, implements and equipments, sufficient for 10,000 infant-

ry, 3,000 artillery, 300 dragoons, and 1000 sea fencibles: viz. 10,000 muskets, 10,000 knapsacks, 10,000 canteens, 10,000 gun-slings, 13,000 sets of cartouch boxes and belts, 13,000 bayonet belts, 600 swords, (non commissioned officers.) 600 dragoon pistols, 308 tents and marquees, together with a large number of drums, fifes, tent poles, wires, brushes, worms, &c. &c. in proportion to the arms. The park of artillery consists of 72 pieces, twelve, nine, sixes, and two pounders, the greater part are of brass, and American manufacture, said to be equal to any pieces in the world. There are also here, several most beautiful long brass 18 pounders, taken from Burgoyne, at Saratoga, objects of real curiosity and pride to every American. Connected with the park of artillery, are a proportionable number of caisson waggons of all forms, travelling forges, with a full complement of all the implements required by artillery. The ammunition belonging to the arsenal is kept at some distance from the city: It consists of 150 bbls. of powder, and 35 tons of shot, besides three hundred thousand rounds of fixed ammunition. For the use of the artillery there are several hundred sets of harness, saddles, with all the apparatus calculated to fit out the whole of the artillery in a few hours.

It is stated in the Liverpool Advertiser of the 1st of August, that the 77th annual conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, commenced its sittings in that town a few days previous. The Rev. Jabez Bunting, A. M. was elected President, and the Rev. George Marsden, Secretary. A representative from the American general conference had arrived. Upwards of 300 ministers were present. Seven years have elapsed, says the Advertiser, since the representatives of this large and respectable body met here on a similar occasion.

The votes in Massachusetts in favour of calling a Convention to alter the constitution of the state, were 11,576 and 6,953 against it.—The Governor has issued a proclamation directing an election of delegates to the convention, which is to assemble on the 20th of November next.

Red River Copper Mines!—We learn from Alexandria, Lou. that a company under the direction of a distinguished re-

tired officer of the United States' army, has been formed for opening and working copper mines on the Red River, a few miles beyond the boundary of the United States.

Progress of the Methodists.—We have seen a printed copy of the "Minutes of the annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the year 1820," from which we make the following interesting summary.

Bishops and Superintendants, William M'Kendree, Enoch George, Robert R. Roberts.

Principal of the Wesleyan Academy, state of New-York—Nicholas Morris.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Travelling Preachers, | 904 |
| Preachers admitted on trial this year, | 120 |
| ——remaining on trial | 102 |
| ——admitted into full connection, | 99 |
| ——located this year, | 35 |
| Deacons, (91 of which admitted this year,) | 152 |
| Elders, elected and ordained this year, | 51 |
| Supernumerary Preachers | 15 |
| Superannuated Preachers | 42 |

| | |
|---|------|
| Ministers expelled from connexion this year | 3 |
| ——withdrawn, | none |
| ——died | 2 |

Numbers in Society.

| | Whites. | Col'd. | Total. |
|---------------------|---------|--------|---------|
| Ohio Conference | 34,286 | 770 | 35,056 |
| Missouri do. | 5,338 | 185 | 2,523 |
| Tennessee do. | 21,224 | 1,920 | 23,164 |
| Mississippi do. | 2,170 | 461 | 2,631 |
| S. Carolina do. | 21,221 | 11,748 | 32,969 |
| Virginia do. | 17,626 | 6,130 | 23,756 |
| *Baltimore do. | 25,754 | 7,535 | 33,289 |
| Philadelphia do. | 26,572 | 8,279 | 34,851 |
| New-York do. | 22,065 | 1,391 | 23,456 |
| N. England do. | 17,521 | 218 | 17,739 |
| Genessee do. | 23,831 | 116 | 12,947 |
| Total | 217,628 | 33,753 | 255,881 |
| Total last year, | | | 240,924 |
| Increase this year, | | | 15,957 |

* Three circuits in the Baltimore conference were not returned; but allowing the numbers to be the same this year as the last, they amount to 3,409, which, added to the above, will make an increase of 19,366.—*Patron of Industry.*

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Qu. 7. *Answered by A.*—It is well known that the lateral strength of beams of equal sections, is as the distance from the centre of gravity of the section to the fulcrum, or to the point where the force is applied. In the present case, let r = the radius of the cylinder, s = the side of the square beam, and d = its diagonal = $s\sqrt{2}$; also put $\pi = 3.14159$, &c. And because the sections are equal, $\pi r^2 = s^2$, whence $s = r\sqrt{\pi}$, and $d = r\sqrt{2\pi}$: therefore the strengths of the cylinder, of the square beam on its flat, and on its edge, are as the numbers 2, $\sqrt{\pi}$, $\sqrt{2\pi}$; the first of which is of an intermediate value between the other two.

Qu. 8. *Answered by the same.*—The resistance being supposed proportional to the square of the velocity, according to the common hypothesis, the time of vibration depends only on the effective gravity. Let a and b be the specific gravities of the air when the barometer is at 30 and 34 inches respectively, and let p be the specific gravity of the pendulum; then the apparent or effective gravities of the pendulum are as $p-a$ and $p-b$: let T and T' be the corresponding times of vibration, and, by the doctrine of pendulums, we have

$$T : T' :: \sqrt{(p-b)} : \sqrt{(p-a)}$$

And if $T = 1$, we have $T' = \sqrt{\frac{p-a}{p-b}}$

NEW QUESTIONS.

Qu. 13. *By Mr. Daniel Embury.*—In a given circle, the m th power of an arc, multiplied by the n th power of its cosecant, produces a maximum ; required the arc.

Qu. 14. *By Mr. M. Berree.*—Find two square numbers such that their product may be equal to their difference.

Qu. 15. *By A.*—To find two numbers x and y , such that $x-y^2$ and $y-x^2$ may be rational squares.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,
Of the Weather in New-York, for the Month of September, 1820.

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| | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | 7 A M | 2 P M | 7 P M | |
| 1 | 70 | 80 | 73 | s w | s w | n w | cloudy | rain | clear | |
| 2 | 63 | 72 | 69 | n | w | n | clear | clear | do | |
| 3 | 64 | 74 | 70 | n | s w | s | do | do | do | |
| 4 | 66 | 77 | 72 | w | s w | s | do | do | do | |
| 5 | 66 | 80 | 75 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 6 | 70 | 80 | 77 | s w | s w | s e | cloudy | do | do | |
| 7 | 70 | 81 | 74 | n | e | e | clear | do | do | |
| 8 | 71 | 80 | 75 | e | s w | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 9 | 71 | 84 | 81 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 10 | 76 | 84 | 82 | s | s | s | clear | do | do | |
| 11 | 76 | 83 | 78 | s w | s | s | do | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 12 | 75 | 70 | 66 | s e | n w | n w | rain | do | clear | |
| 13 | 59 | 70 | 67 | n w | n w | s | clear | clear | do | |
| 14 | 61 | 73 | 70 | s | s | s e | do | do | cloudy | |
| 15 | 66 | 77 | 71 | w | s w | s | do | do | clear | |
| 16 | 64 | 76 | 71 | w | s | s | foggy | do | do | |
| 17 | 70 | 80 | 74 | s | s | s | cloudy | do | do | |
| 18 | 69 | 78 | 74 | s w | w | s e | foggy | do | cloudy | |
| 19 | 68 | 66 | 58 | n | n | n e | cloudy | rain | rain | |
| 20 | 54 | 62 | 53 | n | n | n | do | clear | clear | |
| 21 | 48 | 58 | 55 | n | n e | n e | do | do | do | |
| 22 | 55 | 67 | 59 | n e | s e | s e | clear | do | do | |
| 23 | 57 | 69 | 66 | s | s | s | cloudy | cloudy | cloudy | |
| 24 | 65 | 69 | 65 | s | s | w | clear | clear | clear | |
| 25 | 56 | 73 | 64 | s w | w | n w | do | do | do | |
| 26 | 46 | 59 | 54 | n | s w | s | do | do | do | |
| 27 | 54 | 68 | 61 | s w | s | s | do | do | do | |
| 28 | 55 | 70 | 62 | s | n e | e | do | do | do | |
| 29 | 59 | 62 | 60 | e | e | e | cloudy | rain | rain | |
| 30 | 59 | 71 | 67 | n | n e | s | clear | clear | clear | |

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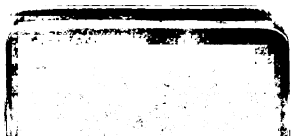
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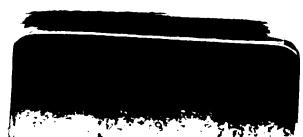
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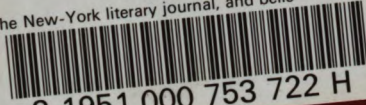
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